

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 23 23: What A Luxurious Car

The car was stuck between people, and it got difficult to move.

Irish held back her laughter the whole time and snuck glances at his face from the corner of her eye. He looked gentle and drove the car slowly. Irish thought for a while and finally asked, "Is it your first time driving here?"

"Yes, it is." He definitely had not passed the business district.

"Oh." Irish pretended to be surprised and said, "It's usually crowded around this time. We'd better walk."

Joseph lowered his chin and asked calmly. "Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

"I didn't think you would be so kind as to drive me all the way here," Irish said in a reasonable tone. "But you can't just stop the car in the middle of the alley now."

"You did this on purpose." But she could tell from his tone he wasn't the least bit upset.

"Do you find me so petty and mean?"

She continued the banter and shanked down as she found many pedestrians were staring.

"Have you seen the jealous glares? Your car is so conspicuous."

"I think they're just mad at me." It was really annoying for other people that the car was driving in the middle of the pedestrian street.

"In that case, it's better to drive faster, and if you didn't keep making way for them, you wouldn't be stuck here."

"Why do I feel like this is a trap?"

Irish laughed and said, "It's impossible for someone like you to do something so spontaneous as to drive backward out of this alley. How about you let me drive?"

Joseph was surprised by her words and put on the breaks. He turned to look at her to make sure she wasn't just joking around. Without any nonsense, she unclipped her seat belt and got out of the car, and rushed to his side, under the harsh eyes of the people. Knocking on the window, she said, "Get out. Let me drive."

Joseph knew everyone was looking and had no choice but to get out of the car. As soon as everyone was able to get a good look at how brilliant he appeared, the hostile atmosphere vanished rapidly. Gradually the sound of wonderment rose one after another.

Now that those people were all able to indulge in his appearance, Irish felt goosebumps. She quickly got into the driver's seat to avoid any further probing glances.

"What a luxurious car! Sit tight. I'm not used to wearing a seatbelt when I drive." She said as she strapped herself in.

Joseph hadn't taken her seriously, there was no way she could drive as fast as she boasted in such a crowded alley. While he was just about to pull the seat belt over his chest, he felt the car rush forward like a rocket. It was really breathtaking that a girl could drive so fast amongst a crowd this big.

Many people were irritated and threw things at them, but most of them were crushed on impact.

When he realized what had happened, Irish braked suddenly, and the car stopped, she undid her seatbelt promptly.

"If I was driving at the speed you were, it would have taken at least 15 minutes to arrive. But I got here within two minutes." She saved 13 minutes so she could have some dessert!

Joseph looked at her for a long time before saying, "I've never seen a girl like you before." He fancied himself fairly educated as far as women went, as there were always mild and virtuous girls he understood, except for Irish. From the moment they met at the bar that night, it seemed that she was always full of surprises.

For instance, she liked to drink. People who were acquainted with him knew that he hated drunkards. Even if they were his partners, he ignored them when they drank. But that night, she not only drank but rushed into his arms, holding him tightly very unexpectedly.

What's more, she was also covetous. He was good at reading people's minds, especially those who were close to him. But this woman told him straight up that she loved money and, in fact, asked for it. People needed to pay her if they wanted to take up her time. She accepted Ken's case because of money, which was also why she was willing to work for him.

In his opinion, there were too many people nowadays who would betray each other at the drop of a dime. But somehow, he found her to be more honest than the rest.

He thought all psychologists were gentle and modest, but Irish was absolutely the exception. She looked arrogant and cool, and she could even be impatient when it came to her time in the office. This night, she even drove through a crowd regardless of others' feelings which was enough to change his opinion of psychologists altogether.

But it seemed as though she was trying to hide something. Be it with her thoughts or her unforgettable past.

Irish didn't get out of the car; instead, she looked at the cheese store from the window and said quietly, "Human nature is like this, if you make a concession, if you give an inch, they will take a mile. As a result, you may often find you cannot move a single step anymore. No matter what you do, they will blame you, so why not rush to your destination regardless of their feelings about it. Moreover...." She suddenly stopped and looked at him with a sweet smile, "I have a scapegoat right next to me."

"What do you mean?" Joseph looked at her quietly.

"It's hot outside. You wouldn't let me stand in line all alone, would you? Or being a gentleman has been thrown out the window at this point." Irish was being facetious. But her eyes were so touching, like a stray deer whose eyes were flickering with helplessness, and anyone who looked at them would have to help.

As an intelligent man, Joseph followed her words naturally since she didn't hide her intentional teasing game. But, he kindly reminded her, "Even if you're playing a prank, you were the one driving, so I'm not sure I'll be held accountable."