

Enchanted 305

Her smile was as light as a gust of wind, only shown beside her lips, but it touched Joseph and made him feel uncomfortable. He frowned and grabbed his fingers. At this moment, he felt fretful without any reason. It might have been because of her smile or the loneliness and helplessness implied by her smile. He didn't know how to comfort her, so he just released his fingers and put them into his trouser pockets again. His slender figure seemed to stand up straighter.

Irish felt a little bit cold. The wind blew and brought the smell of wood that she was familiar with. She suddenly felt distressed.

Joseph looked more handsome against the moonlight, but his tall and straight figure seemed lonely and melancholic. She wanted to embrace him tightly regardless of her hesitation and nervousness. But what she next did was ask the question that she hardly dared to know the answer to but had lingered in her mind for a long time.

"Why didn't you tell me the truth, especially when you asked me to find Alston?"

Joseph closed his lips tightly. His look had been a lure for Irish. When he kept silent, his lips and chin would form a perfect and sexy appearance. However, at this moment, Joseph's expression made Irish question him since she didn't know what he would answer.

And then his low voice came, "It's simple. I didn't want to make any new problems."

This answer seemed to be blown to Irish. Her body trembled and soon became numb. Only his voice lingered beside her. Seeing her hurt expression, Joseph knew that she misunderstood him, so he just sighed, "Irish. Sorry. I didn't mean to. Clever as you are, you are not as experienced as Alston. Any unnatural action you made would arouse his doubt, and you would finally be immersed in this dilemma of conscience and reality. There was no need for you to endure it. In addition, it was I who insisted on purchasing the mine, and actually, I was not so sure about whether it was an empty mine. Besides, how would I let my woman suffer in this bloody battle between businessmen."

Irish looked at him silently.

His voice was so light, and his expression was soft, "I had no other choice in this gamble. I needed to win." He stopped briefly and then continued, "Love is the same. You have to gamble to get the woman you love."

Actually, it was the same case for her.

Every breath Irish made was painful. She had an impulse to cry, so she just looked somewhere else and nodded. She said, "I understand." Then she couldn't say anything else. The statement "I understand" was not meant vaguely but to express a true understanding of his words.

She admitted what he said and would not question it. He was just such a man who would never hesitate when it was the right time to confess. She felt sorrowful because the truth was always the most difficult to accept.

Joseph was right. Whether she found out about it sooner or later, she would be in a dilemma. She was not a child, so she understood that he would always take a step-by-step approach that could even be

regarded as cruel. It was only because Irish didn't know the truth that she was able to be so calm in front of Alston. And that was Joseph's intention.

What she felt upset about was not that Joseph didn't tell her the truth but the issue of conscience. It was because Alston thought it was an empty mine that he chose to commit suicide by jumping from the roof of that building. A statement made him end his life, and that was what she could not forget. But in reverse, if Alston hadn't been told, Joseph would have been in danger.

"The M100-2 mine is very valuable. I just thought that if you had given Alston a higher price for it, he might not have killed himself." Irish said in a very low voice, and she sounded like an injured bird. Then she just shook her head and forced a smile. Before his answer, she continued, "No, just as you said, you don't want to create new problems. If you offered a higher price, he would have found something."

Joseph felt sorry for her. Sometimes he hoped that she was not so clever since the clearer she was about it, she would condemn herself. She was a psychologist. Although sometimes she was stubborn, what she did was comfort others. However, in the business field, human beings' kindness could be neglected, conscience could be ignored, and sometimes one's life could be a stepping stone for someone else while pursuing their interests. Until now, he hadn't realized that he was wrong and should not have involved her. However, at that time, she was the only one he could trust, and he knew that everyone except her could potentially betray him.

He didn't tell her about this. She was instinctive about everything, so there was no need to explain it. After a while, he just said in a low voice, "Sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

His analogy made Irish feel both touched and suffocated. Joseph was so proud of himself, and his apology was torture for her. She understood that his apology was not for his behavior but for the psychological burden caused by it.

She had one last question.

Irish wanted to ask for it but couldn't. Joseph looked at her and asked lightly, "You still have one question."

She opened her mouth but finally shook her head helplessly.

Joseph walked toward. The moonlight made him look cold.

He pinched her chin lightly with his slender fingers, "What's your fourth question?"

He was most concerned about her final question. Irish looked at him, and his eyes looked deep. Those eyes could draw every woman's attention at any time. This was her beloved man. Maybe he just couldn't understand that the more a woman loved a man, the more she would be in terror and the more paranoid she would become...