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But Irish behavior at that moment was slightly unpleasant. She rubbed her eyes unconsciously and sometimes twisted her facial muscles. Joseph, opposite her, was concerned about whether her little arm had been broken.

"Doctor Irish, how many parts of you I still don't know?" He had never got to know a woman who could knock a strong man down with only an arm. He didn't think it was a kind of self-protection under the emergency, or she was like a blinded squirrel finding a nut. It had been out of his expectation that she even had such a tough side.

"Mr. Dover, you were originally not familiar with me." Irish lowered her head and looked at her slightly red arm, thinking the neck of that strong man had been too stubborn and didn't directly answer Joseph's question.

Joseph didn't speak but smiled; seeing that she was still rubbing her arm, he shook his head and pulled it. "What do you want to do?" Irish was slightly surprised and prepared to withdraw her arm.

But he added some strength, which stopped her from moving. She lowered her eyes to see her arm; unexpectedly, his rough thumb gently caressed her inflamed skin, raising his eyebrows, "Does it hurt?"

"No."

When his thumb was put on her arm, she felt a little itchy. His palm was thick and warm, and his fingers were a little cold, which were immersed in her body when touching her skin. His roughness formed a vivid comparison with her smoothness, and her heart flipped.

"I'm okay." She repressed the heat generated at the root of her ears and enforced to draw her wrist back.

Joseph didn't force her and said in a light voice, "Not so bad, your muscles and bones were not hurt."

Irish tried to smile, saying nothing. Then, quickly, the rich lunch was served in turn. Appetizers, main course, soup, and dessert were all available. Irish could not control herself before the dessert, and when she finished it, she found that Joseph, opposite her, was staring at her without words and seemed to be interested in her look before the food.

His eyes were deep and silent, making her imagine the peaceful and broad seas.

"I'm sorry, all the desserts are eaten by me." She closed her eyes slightly with an embarrassed look.

"Never mind, I ordered them for you."

Irish smiled lightly, putting the tableware aside and stretching out her hand toward him. Joseph slightly raised his dashing eyebrows.

"Money." She reminded him kindly. Joseph suddenly realized, and the corners of his eyes and eyebrow tips hid a glimmer of a smile, looking at her helplessly. "You are direct." She differed from other women, though worldly wise but cute.

"Do I need to hide myself when I am asking for my own salary?" Irish seemed to hear a funny joke with slightly widened eyes and looked assured and self-confident.

Joseph said nothing and smiled, taking a piece of check from the suit pocket and pushing it toward her. Irish was a little startled and took it to have a glance. She opened her mouth subconsciously, looking at the amount of money and then seeing Joseph. When she restored her eyes onto the check, her face was in extreme happiness. She put away the check with a smile and then took a look at him, said with spineless flattery, "There you go. Mr. Dover, you are the general manager of the listing company, and you won't rob me of my salary, which is just a little money compared to what you have. Thanks."

"Are you satisfied with the amount?" Joseph took a sip of the red wine quietly.

"This is enough." The joy on her eyes' corners made her feel like a mouse stealing the nuts. "Actually, this afternoon, I saved you, and you don't need to pay me more, but...." She added, seeing that he was ready to speak, "my arm was still hurt, and I'll take the extra money as medical fees."

Joseph shook the wine glass in his hand without words, only staring at her. Irish felt uneasy because of his gaze, but he didn't say anything. An abnormal silence generated and lingered between them, which made her uncomfortable.

"Well... I am full, and thank you, Mr. Dover, for your generous hospitality. I have a patient waiting for me, so I have to go."

Money was in her hand, so she planned to leave.

Actually, she was not a snobbish woman, but the man opposite her always looked at her inspecting every move she made. His silence and quietness were like a huge net that fell on her head soundlessly and slowly trapped her. This man, though saying nothing, still brought much unspeakable pressure, and she didn't like the feeling of being seen through.

"Doctor Irish," Joseph stared at her back, slowly speaking.

Her step of leaving suddenly stopped, and she turned around with a patient smile.

"Don't you think your medical fees are a little high?" Medical fees? She was good at imagination.

"Is it?" Irish rolled her eyes, and an idea occurred to her, "No, the price of basic commodities nowadays is increasing, so doctors should increase their salary too."

Joseph leaned back on the chair, graceful and confident, showing a victorious smile, "You are a smart woman." He said a half-sentence, and the end of his words was meaningful.

Irish was smart indeed, so she could guess the implication of his unfinished words, which was, 'so don't waste my time to tell you.'

Irish breathed deeply, and when she was about to sigh, she stopped. She had to put her bag aside and sat opposite him again with an impatient tone and looked, "What do you want me to do?"

The number on the check was far larger than that according to the rule, and that was the reason why she was surprised when taking the check, and that was why she wanted to run away. There is no free

lunch and besides such a large amount of extra money. She knew he wanted her to do something, but she didn't want to have a connection with him.

However, she was clever, but he was smarter who seemed to have found ways to read her mind. Unfortunately, money was innocent, so she had to continue dealing with him.