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Mr. Kim smiled, and such a smile surprised Irish that his golden teeth were all gone. Instead, he had white teeth, which were even neater and white than the leading actor of the Korean TV series. She pointed at his teeth in surprise, "Your....teeth."

"They are all the best and thinnest strips in the world. Don't you say you don't like swagger? What do you think of my image today?"

Irish chagrined and regretted not having discussed the subject of hypnosis with Cheska upstairs. People around all cast curious eyes. "We are impossible," she said in a low voice, "I just don't like you, okay?"

"The feelings can be slowly developed, and for a long time, you will fall in love with me, Dr. Irish. As long as you follow me, I will share half of my shares in the industry. Mine is yours, and you can spend as much as you want."

Irish had a headache and said directly to him, "Sorry, I can't promise you. I'm married."

"Huh? I don't believe you, you don't have a ring." Mr. Kim shook his head.

"Who says I must wear a ring when I get married?" Irish asked. "In a word, you and I have no fate. Don't waste your time on me." She said this and turned away.

"Don't lie to me, I've asked. You're single."

"Can't I get a hidden marriage?"

"Well, who is your husband?"

Irish frowned.

"Fail to answer, and you lie to me."

"He is J..." As soon as she had poured out a word, she stopped, and some words could not be said indiscriminately, for there would be trouble in the future.

Mr. Kim gazed at her for a long time, saying nothing out, and chuckled, "J..what? Can't you tell? And you are not lying to me?"

"It's me who sticks to her every day." Suddenly a sound rose behind her. Before Irish could respond, the man's arm stretched out, very powerful, to cling to her shoulder.

As soon as she turned her head, she looked at Leo's smiling eyes.

Jesus, what was he doing here?

Mr. Kim squinted. "Are you?" He looked familiar to him.

Leo reached for him, "Mr. Kim, right? It's a pleasure to meet you. You can call me Leo."

This guy was quite polite.

After hearing his name, Mr. Kim was shocked, and he suddenly remembered, "The General manager of the Lily?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you are Mr. Shelton." Mr. Kim immediately reached out to shake hands with him.

Leo originally did not intend to remember anything with him, but, in the car, he saw that Irish could not get rid of the old man who kept bothering her, and he went up to help. Of course, before he helped, he researched the man, by the way. He wanted to see how much fortune he had as he dared to pursue a woman in her twenties without regard to his image.

His information was really found by him.

There were two or three companies under his name.

"Excuse me, would you mind returning me back, Dr. Irish?" Leo laughed very kindly.

Mr. Kim was startled for a moment, hesitating, "You two..."

"Yes." Leo hugged Irish and waved his hand to Mr. Kim. "Well, goodbye."

Although not willing, Mr. Kim did not dare to chase forward. Leo owned a big group, and he had no courage to provoke him. And it seemed that he had been prepared to come.

"Leo, do you think my cell phone is broken down?" On the table, Irish's hands were with a fork, eyes always staring at the side of the mobile phone in a tone of resentment.

Leo looked at her, took out his mobile phone, pressed a string of numbers, and soon the phone in front of Irish rang, and Leo's name flickered on the screen. Irish reached for it and sighed.

"It turns out that you are living one day like a year." Leo mused, "Just no contact for a few days, too much."

"Isn't it a cold war?"

"It's not a breakup."

"What's the difference between breaking up?" Irish poked the phone two times and directly picked it up, and threw it into the satchel.

"Here's a difference." Leo smiled brilliantly. "After breaking up with him, you have a bright future."

"Go away."

"I mean, if you two are really broken, I will get you, what are you afraid of?" Leo slowly poured some red wine and said slowly.

Irish glared at him, holding his head in silence.

Leo, seeing that her mood was really low, was no longer joking. "I don't like Joseph, but I still have to say a few words fairly," Leo said with seriousness.

She looked up at him lazily.

"He, how should I talk about him? He's just a little bit..." Leo tried to find the right words to describe Joseph, "A little too serious. I mean, ah, in work, ah, you, well, actually violated his principles in this

matter. I believe you also understand this truth. But. He's used to being serious. Who do you think he has joked with?"

Along the way, Irish was unhappy until Leo pulled her into the car, she reacted and asked him how he had arrived. Leo said he just wanted to try his luck to see if he could ask her to have a meal, so she didn't know what to say. He saw Irish's unhappiness and asked her what had happened to her. Irish had been suffocating in her heart these days, so she told Leo all the things that had happened the previous few days. After that, Irish became a chatter. First, she complained about Joseph's unkindness and inhumanity, said how aggrieved she had been, and finally, Leo was also involved because she said that men did not understand women.

After hearing Leo's words, Irish closed her lips, ate a beef without taste, and sighed, "He is not serious, he is unkind."

"By your description, I think he is really angry." Leo said slowly, "Joseph is a man who knows a lot of things better than anyone. If he doesn't care about you, he doesn't bother to lose his temper with you."

"Me too."

"So why just let it go and just give him a call?" Leo was direct.

"No." Irish began to be keen on face-saving.