

Enchanted 423

"It is simple, and I am just loyal to Mr. Dover." Daisy replied directly and then explained, "I am an assistant of him, but not the assistant of Runestone Group. My job is to take care of everything for him and to do some work he is not comfortable doing. In other words, if he loved another woman someday, I would say the same words to her."

Irish was shocked and then laughed since she thought only Daisy could act like this while ignoring the distractions, so she didn't talk too much about this to her but took out a CD and handed it to Daisy. She just took it out of her office, but Daisy was confused while Irish smiled and explained, "Please give it to him. It is a gift for him."

The daytime was getting shorter in autumn, so when she finished her work and walked out of the building, it was getting dark, and the street lamps were lit. The Villa had begun to be renovated across the street. At the intersection of Madison Avenue and the street of Midtown Manhattan, the new projects were under construction and were fenced up. It was said that the Swire real estate agency had teamed up with Morgan Stanley Real Estate Fund to invest 4.8 billion dollars in acquiring the equity of the New Midtown Manhattan project. But Irish did not care about that at all since it did not have any effect on her. The new shops emerged in an endless stream, and the goods were still expensive. But she didn't want to go shopping, so she walked home quickly. She bought two bags of instant noodles in the convenience store downstairs. She stopped when she passed the pharmacy, and after hesitating for a while, she walked in and bought a bottle of ethyl alcohol.

When she returned home, the air was a little bit cool since it had dropped in temperature, so she turned on the air conditioner, stood up, and was about to boil the instant noodles until the room was warm. When she turned the bag, her finger touched the alcohol bottle, then she took it out, opened it, and soon the room was suffused with the smell of alcohol, reminding her of Daisy's words this afternoon. She said Ruby forced him to drink it, and he had a few drinks in front of her. She couldn't figure out how much he drank; perhaps Daisy was also unclear about that.

Taking a deep breath, she took a sip of it with her eyes closed, and in the next second, she immediately threw the bottle of ethyl alcohol and rushed to the washroom. She felt that she was burnt by the fire and was stuffy.

She brushed her teeth, rushed back to the washroom, and began drinking as much water as possible. But she felt her throat was burning, and her stomach was in severe pain as if they were protesting her reckless behavior.

She did not know how much water she had drunk and curled up on the couch while tears were streaming down her cheeks. It was as if it turned out that people would cry easily if they drank a lot of water.

However, his behavior made her heart more painful than her stomach. After trying it in person, she now could have the same feeling with him, but Joseph still didn't frown even if he felt pain. It was the first time Irish cried out of happiness, and she thought people would always smile if they felt happy, but now her happiness made her cry out. The tears kept falling down, burning her skin as if the alcohol was volatilizing from her body. She called his name in her heart and "blamed" for his reckless behavior. He was the most "stupid" man in the world. She hated him for being like this, and she would not be so

sorrowful even if he explained it to her that night because some words once spoke out from others; it was impossible for her to bear the severe pain.

She cried for a long time, and it was not until she felt the water in her body evaporate that she stopped crying. Her eyes were red, and then she walked to the kitchen where the ethyl alcohol was spilled on the floor while the instant noodles were lying quietly on the counter, making her lose her appetite.

Her stomach was still burning, and she had a headache, so she took a quick shower and then went to bed with her phone in her hands, but she didn't dial him.

She was clear about their relationship when they returned to New York, and she had no choice but to be passive because their relationship couldn't be exposed to the public. And once she acted actively, both of them would have to face endless troubles.

Suddenly she heard the doorbell ring, and in a daze, she opened her eyes abruptly to look at the clock on the wall. It was ten o'clock at night, but the doorbell was still ringing. She couldn't help wondering who would come here at this time. Therefore, she went downstairs and opened the door, but soon she was shocked when she saw the man standing outside the door. It was Joseph who leaned against the door leisurely while his tall figure blocked the light in the corridor. He smiled softly at her while his eyes were warm.

What surprised Irish was that he even held a bunch of flowers. It was a water lily that usually bloomed this season, but the flowers were in the rare deep purple of which the buds were getting ready to burst and looked so beautiful under the light. Irish was so surprised that it took her a long time to react and stared at him motionlessly since she never expected that he would come so late.

"It is for you." Joseph handed it to her at first while Irish blinked and took it soon, his woody fragrance spread over, and she was moved and felt warm.

"Are you here to send me the flowers? Are you leaving soon?" She held it tightly and asked.

"Do you want me to leave now?" Joseph was amused by her and smiled gently. Then Irish reacted and replied while pulling him in, "Of course not."

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