

Enchanted 46

At the same time, with a smile, she had tied the necktie around his neck at super speed. Joseph wore only a thin silver-gray shirt without a tie that day, making it easier for her. He sat there motionlessly, letting her bully him. For a moment, he caught a scent, and her long hair poured over his chest. Even though the cloth, he could feel the slight coolness of her touch.

Having no idea what he really thought, Irish's eyes and hands fell on his tie, thinking about how to save the unfavorable situation, and pressed the plea out, then her attitude became good. "Look, you helped me push the car and then paid for it to be repaired, which is very kind of you. I've been waiting for you for a long time today, but you've also been waiting for me to wake up. I've fixed your tie now, so we're even."

"Just tie a necktie?" Joseph thought this was funny and annoying. "I am a psychiatrist and need to be paid every minute. Mr. Dover, you're the manager of this billion-dollar business empire, but my time is not cheap compared to you. Don't be unreasonable." Irish showed such elegance that it would put a lawyer to shame.

Her hair fluttered gently across his chest, he couldn't help but reach for her hand, and for a moment, he felt the urge to pull her in, but his reason prevailed.

"Don't worry, I don't intend to be paid back for that." He said quietly, pulling as far away as possible.

He admitted he was no saint. He was an ordinary man, and it was true that he couldn't help but think of many other things to do with such a beautiful woman on such a quiet night.

Hearing these words, she breathed out slowly and hurried away from him with a smile, "I have said that you wouldn't oppress common people without some ammo."

"It seems like something meaningful from you, though." How shrewd he was! He leaned against the back of his chair and stared at her with a smile, playing with a pen. He knew that she was not an aimless woman, and it wasn't true, of course, that having his tie back would pay for everything.

Irish held back a smile. It wasn't relevant to talk in such a grand way when it came to this. She pulled the chair across from him and sat down, looking directly at him, and said, "In this age, forcing people to do unwanted things is looked down upon. I've told you, and there is no need for you to compel me with threats."

"If a businessman wants to succeed, he must have the ability to make the impossible possible. It's like investing in a person, and it's not impossible to take that initiative when necessary." Joseph said slowly. "The process of striving for it is reckless. It's unpleasant to hear that someone would force another, but it's also something that's important."

"I just want to know, if I really refuse your invitation, is Professor Tim's research funding scrapped?" Irish went straight to the matter.

"Yes." He replied even more bluntly. Irish stared at his face, and fire rushed into her throat. "So why would you give him hope at all in the first place?"

Joseph's lips seemed to have no trace of a smile, and his long, tall body leaned forward, his eyes burning. "Doctor Irish, I only need you to understand that I am a businessman who only cares about business. So it's absolutely impossible for me to put human or financial resources on people I have no use for."

"A good line, so could I describe this kind of business as the kind that would be used by a merchant?" Her fingers were slightly clenched, and her nails nearly sunk into her own palms. She kept telling herself to remain calm, at least not to make him look smugger than he did already.

Joseph looked at her, "If you'd like, you could describe me as such."

Irish's eyes met his, her lips tightened, and her brain was racing to find a spot that might defeat him. Unfortunately, he was good at resolving almost anything, and she did well, but he used soft power to defeat her, which was like a piece of cake for him.

For a moment, the atmosphere of the office tightened, and neither said anything, but the amount of competition in the air increased as well. Until...

"You're really still in the office, Joseph."

Like spring water, a voice completely broke down the quietness, delicate and vivid to hear. But the sound was so familiar that Irish turned around to take a look.

At first glance, she looked as pure as a fresh grad student, with a clean white lotus dress and skin as pale as Snow White. She was holding an old man, but the original smile faded when she saw Irish turn her head. The old man was also surprised when he saw her there.

"Chairman, Ruby?" Rising up, Joseph was a little startled. But Irish turned her face again without changing her expression.

Standing at the door, Henry Lake didn't speak, but Ruby went forward. She was a little hesitant when passing Irish and then smiled at Joseph, "I accompanied my father to play golf, and he mentioned we had not all eaten together in a long time, so we came up here to see if you'd like to."

Finishing these words, Ruby took a look at Irish, who wanted to say something but stopped herself.

Joseph didn't see them come in. Henry walked in and sighed, "It's time for us to sit down and have a meal."

His voice was unusually heavy, but it wasn't about Joseph. His gaze fell directly on Irish, and Joseph saw that clearly. There was helplessness, hesitation, and even a touch of guilt in his eyes.

Ruby looked slightly embarrassed. Joseph was uneasy, but then he saw Irish stand up and take the satchel as if nothing had happened. Her eyes only looked at Joseph, and she said in a calm manner, "Mr. Dover, it's late now, and I think we should discuss this another time." She didn't wait for his answer and prepared to turn and leave.

"Irish," It was Henry Lake. His voice was heard slightly trembling. His voice made Joseph frown slightly, and his eyes turned dark, but he continued to watch without a word. Irish stopped, looking back at Henry with calm eyes, "Do not say my name."

