

Enchanted 506

Pushing the door into the office and throwing the satchel onto the sofa, her first thing was to grab the phone on the desk to call the general manager's office directly.

The phone rang twice, then was transferred to the Secretariat.

The secretary told her that Joseph had not come, so Irish was unhappy. He left early in the morning, originally not going to the company. Asking the secretary where he was going, the secretary replied that it seemed that municipal leaders would come to visit the company in the morning and that he would be with them.

The impulse had passed, and Irish hung up the phone after saying a few words to the secretary. In this way, another series of psychological assessments were made to the staff, and around 10:30 AM, the administration called her out.

The girl in the administration office saw Irish with an ambiguous face protruding toward the outside corridor. Irish was surprised, and along with the girl's smiling eyes, she went all the way out of the company.

Then, she saw a man holding a large bouquet of flowers in the corridor.

At the end of the corridor was an arched window, and the outside wind blew away the haze, cold as it was but with unusually bright sunshine, which, by the way, fell on the man's shoulder, making his shadow long.

Perhaps he heard the sound of high-heeled shoes touching the ground, he turned around, and when looking at the eyes of Irish, his clean white teeth in the sun reflected the shell-like light.

When she saw him, she stopped suddenly, and her thought was broken for a moment.

It was Adam.

She didn't expect him to find her in the company.

Adam walked forward with a bouquet in his arms, smiling brightly.

After standing in front of her, he handed the flowers to her. "Do you have time at noon? Have lunch together."

They were dazzling red roses, and she could not count them, but her eyes looked at them as though she had fallen into a river of blood. It could be seen that every rose had been carefully chosen by him and was in the right place. The petals were tender, and the thorns on the branches had been cut off, leaving only mottled scars.

Irish thought of blood again, and her scalp tightened. She thought this sickness had gone.

Adam saw her stupidly look into her eyes, and smiled, slightly feeling sorry, "Am I scaring you?"

His voice turned so soft that he might be really afraid of scaring her.

Only then did Irish react, the corner of her eyebrow pushed out a trace of a smile seeing him always holding the flower. She was also embarrassed, so she had no choice but to take over, no longer lowering her eyes to look at the big piece of bright redness.

"Excuse me, I should have asked you in advance what flowers you like." Adam thought she didn't like it and said at once.

Irish gently shook her head, "In fact, you don't have to waste the money."

"I just want to ask you out for lunch." Adam was very patient.

Irish's brain turned at full speed, and the second after he offered the invitation, she said, "I've already asked someone out today. I'm sorry."

"We can have dinner." Adam persevered.

Irish's head shook like a rattle. "I'm sorry, I still have an appointment."

"It doesn't matter. Can we have another day, or do you have time this weekend? We can go out."

"Adam, I made it very clear the last time I went on a blind date, and I was forced by my aunt. I have a boyfriend. We are impossible."

Adam smiled softly. "We haven't married yet, and people always have the right to pursue happiness. Besides, if your aunt really agrees with your choice now, how can she force you to go on a blind date?"

Irish was startled for a moment, opening her mouth, not knowing what to say.

When she met him last time, she clarified her intention and explained to him that she had a boyfriend. Adam did not say much at that time, and they had no connection during this period. She thought that the matter was settled. Who would have expected him to come again and use her aunt to force her?

"You misunderstand. My aunt doesn't know about my affair yet. I'll explain it to her later." After a long time, Irish said such a sentence. What she thought was to send him away quickly. This was in the company, when turning around, it was an elevator, which made people reverie.

Adam felt slightly helpless, "You really don't give me a chance?"

"I'm sorry, but don't waste your time."

Irish thought he was not a troublemaker and that he was naturally polite.

Adam sighed and nodded. "I see."

Irish once again apologized to him and handed him the flowers into his arms.

Adam smiled and pushed them to her. "What's the reason for bringing back the things you sent out? Take them down. If you really don't like it, take the petals and soak them in water. I heard that it's good for women."

His words amused Irish, but he was quite amused.

When Adam prepared to leave, the elevator door opened on this floor, and a group of people came out.

Irish did not look up, and Adam walked into the elevator and said to her, "See you."

She responded politely, with her lips raised, and as she turned around, only to see Joseph among the crowd.

He stood not far away. His tall figure showed indifference. A large expanse of light had obscured him, and Joseph looked so remarkable that she could not remove her eyes.

Through the shallow air, he looked at her, whose eyes were as calm as the sea, in wide and boundless silence.

The people standing behind Joseph looked so familiar that Irish stared at them and remembered that they were often exposed on television. They were municipal leaders to direct their work.

Somehow her heart shuddered because of Joseph's eyes and because the leaders caught the scene.

In the workplace, its influence was not good. What's more, Joseph was still paying much attention to the influence. The last time she only encouraged employees to decorate their desks to be lively, he deducted her salary. The others suffered, too, and Irish was still afraid of it. This time she was doomed.

Moreover, she still vaguely thought Adam had appeared with a big bouquet of flowers at the wrong time.

Joseph's eyes did not stay on her for too long, then quietly ordered her to come forward. Irish did not know what he was going to do, so she had to come forward and, standing firm, only listened to Joseph's introduction to the municipal leaders, "This is Irish Lake, a psychological consultant of the Runestone Group, the second daughter of Henry Lake. Her psychology thesis has gained a lot of international acclaim, and she is an expert in the field of psychology."