

Enchanted 550

Irish gripped the tissue, sighed a long time later, and put the dirty tissue in a small bag.

"To tell you the truth, I particularly hope that it was what she did this time so that I really have a reason to fight with her. After that, I also thought that Shirley had admitted that she had colluded with Mia to take the key, so there's no need for her to hide the matter of the picture, isn't it?"

"Perhaps, things don't look as simple as they seem." Joseph was in meditation.

"What do you mean?"

Joseph looked at her, smiled faintly, and reached out his hand, "Give me the tissue."

Well?

Irish stupefied for a few seconds, obediently handing over the tissue.

He took over, but the door was opened, and he got out of the car.

Waiting for his answer, Irish rose and watched him walk to the glass and wipe the stains with tissue.

Blinking a second later, Irish pushed the door and got out of the car, "I haven't finished talking yet."

"Say what?" Joseph was puzzled.

The cool winter wind blew, and Irish wrapped up her clothes and came up to him, "You just said it wasn't that simple, and then what?"

"No more." Joseph gripped the dirty tissue and played it down.

"What?" What was the logic of this man?

"Hurry up, and it's too cold." Joseph pushed her, "I've already told you that all you have to do now is to keep your ears off the window. Don't be so curious."

"But the heroine of the photo is me." She tried to regain the initiative.

Joseph looked at her, saw her lips white, simply opened the co-pilot's door, and ordered, "Get in the car."

She was not reconciled when she couldn't ask the answer; though she was unwilling, Irish was definitely not prone to self-abuse. The cold wind outside the car deprived her of the courage to ask questions. When she returned to the car, the warm air in the car finally brought her back to her soul.

She waited in the car for a while but did not see Joseph get in, wondering, rubbing her legs. She looked through the windshield and saw him standing still in front of the car against the sun, his disdainful spine stiffened.

Irish slightly slanted her head, looking towards the back of Joseph. The next moment she also froze.

At the alley entrance, a car was parked, the door opened, and a man came down from it. With an unusually firm pace, the man hit the ground with a crutch, followed by two bodyguards.

It was Henry.

The cold wind blew his hair, the grey hair a little messy, but without losing his authority.

Irish did not know why he had come, but when she saw Joseph's tall body stiff, she was also aware of the tension in the air. She inadvertently remembered what Henry had said when she was in the house, and in Henry's heart, the chief culprit was Joseph.

The alarm bell in her heart, and she felt bad about it.

She quickly opened the door and got off. As soon as she reached Joseph, he frowned and yelled in a low voice, "Go back to the car."

"No." Irish stopped by his side and replied stubbornly that if something really happened, she would face it with him.

After hearing the words, Joseph frowned even tighter.

At this time, Henry arrived two meters away from them. The authoritative eyes fell from Joseph's face and then Irish, and displeasure quietly spread in his eyes.

He didn't say anything to Joseph. He just turned slightly and ordered, "Take Miss. Irish got in the car."

The bodyguards behind him rushed to the front, facing the direction of Irish.

Before Irish reacted, her arms were seized by two bodyguards. She was surprised to see Joseph, who had just planned to show off his skills, and Joseph reacted. He crossed an arm, firmly blocking in front of Irish, and the deep voice raised intolerably. "Let go!"

The voice was cold, like the bleak winter wind on cheeks.

The bodyguards naturally knew Joseph, listening to his cold yelling, for a time, they dared not move. Seeing that, Henry yelled at them, "Surprised at what? Get her in the car!"

"Yes, sir." The bodyguards could not attend to so much this time and simply did it strongly.

The next second, however, Joseph pushed away the bodyguards' hands, grabbed Irish like a chicken, and followed, his tall body was in front of them.

The bodyguards were embarrassed, and they could not fight Joseph.

"Joseph, do you want to rebel?" Henry was angry, crutching heavily on the ground.

Irish's heart shivered, not knowing whether it was because of a sudden cold wind or because of the tension of the moment.

Standing behind Joseph, she could not see him but heard his voice low and firm. "I'm sorry, President, Irish has to follow me."

Although the wind was cold on her cheeks, she felt that a warm stream of water had melted into her heart, and she knew that it was a bit out of time for her to have this state of mind in this atmosphere suddenly. But she felt very glad to hear the words and attitude that Joseph was so sure to take her away.

However, Henry's face changed, even became green, and the furrow between the brows deeper, eyes like fire staring at Joseph, unhappy, "If not you, can things be like it is today? Joseph, in my heart, you have always been a steady and measured child, how could you make such a low and unforgivable mistake? There's a lot of gossip going on right now. Do you think you're protecting Irish now? You're hurting her! You're pushing her into the fire!"

"I will be responsible for my mistakes, but Irish must not leave." Joseph was calm as usual, and his plain tone was immersed in the cold wind, which also seemed to be cool.

Henry was furious, "If you really for her good, in this period of time, do not meet with her, do not contact her! Wait until it's over! Don't you know that the Runestone Group is affected indirectly now?"

"If the President trusts me, I'll fix the company, and I'll protect Irish," Joseph said resolutely.

"Can you solve it? What are you gonna do? The best way you can solve this now is to stay away from my daughter!" Henry bit his teeth.

Joseph stood in the wind, his forehead wide and firm, his eyes as steady as a rock, and when Henry had finished talking, he bowed himself respectfully and said, "I'm sorry."

Henry could almost be described as "burning in anger," and his whole body shook.

Irish slightly diverted her eyes from Henry. Somehow, she saw his gray hair, which was standing in the cold wind and shaking, and his heart as if gently scratched by a sharp blade, and then some pain spread silently into her heart.