

Enchanted 630

Lilith crept to the door, clenched the woodcarving in her hand, listened to the approaching footsteps outside the door, and swallowed her saliva nervously.

The sound of footsteps stopped in front of the door. Then there was the sound of the door handle turning slowly.

Lilith raised the woodcarving in her hand, only waiting for the other side to push the door to give each other a fatal blow. She had heard Irish say that the explosive force that people generated when faced with danger was extremely powerful, and it was important that she could escape the tiger's mouth.

But the question was, was she going to wave the woodcarving at the man's head?

The wood carving in her hand was very heavy, which indicates it was solid wood carving.

Was this going to be hard enough to beat people on the head? In hesitation, the door opened.

A man's foot first stepped in, followed by half a body.

Lilith only saw a tall and burly figure come in, very nervous, clenched the wood carving in her hand, staring at the back of the man's head, and swallowed saliva again. She had never attacked anyone, and she had never experienced such a scene. She only thought that the people on TV would be able to hold up their weapons in their hands when the bad guys invaded and hurt them to protect themselves. But why could she not do it when it was her turn?

Her arms were shaking so much that the high wood carving was as heavy as a huge rock, and she could not hit the man in the back of his head.

At that moment, the man who found no one in the room suddenly turned his head, and his eyes locked unmistakably behind the door, holding up Lilith, who was in trepidation at the back of the door.

Lilith's awareness of danger was ignited, followed by the automatic opening of self-protection mechanisms.

She shouted, holding up a wood carving, and rushed to the man.

When the wood carving fell, the man easily caught it, then his hand tightened, and the wood carving from Lilith's hands was forcibly snatched down.

Without a weapon, Lilith suddenly felt like a winged bird. Her legs were feeble on the ground, staring at the invading man, and her eyes widened.

"I, I warn you, if you dare to do anything to me, I will kill you!"

An original threat was said in stammer, and it became a complete expression of her fear for mercy.

The man did not expect her to be so frightened, and stepped forward.

She retreated with terror and cried, "Don't come closer!"

The man saw the situation and stopped, "I am not a bad man."

"Bad, bad people don't say they're bad guys! How could you have been brought here for no reason if you were not a bad man?" Lilith was frightened to close her eyes tightly, her heart popping out of her throat.

When the man saw her too nervous, he simply gave up and said nothing, squatting on the opposite side of her, watching her.

There was no movement for a while.

Lilith felt strange, carefully opening her eyes.

"Ah..." again, the next second, she cried, but the voice was short.

The man crouched opposite her, gazing at her with interest. "You, what are you looking at me for? Who the hell are you? What am I doing here? I, I warn you, I don't know anything, you caught me in vain!"

She saw the man on the other side, very manly, with a strong eyebrow. He didn't look like a bad guy.

Hearing that, the man smiled and said, "If I were a drug dealer, I would know what you know."

Lilith was stunned.

The man smiled brightly and got up. "You are Jay's girlfriend, aren't you?"

Lilith's eyes were full of vigilance.

"I am Jay's colleague." The man saw her as a hedgehog and introduced himself hurriedly.

Lilith stared at him, hesitating.

"Miss Lake, we had no choice but to bring you back. Rest assured, we didn't mean to hurt you." The man was calm and soft, "Please come with me. It's our Captain who wants to see you."

Lilith held the wall to stand up and suspiciously said, "Captain? What Captain?" She was afraid of being in a trap and never dared to say anything to the policeman.

The man seemed to see through her mind and could not help laughing, facing the direction of the door, "Rest assured, our captain is upstairs, you do not want to see Jay?"

After hearing this, Lilith immediately followed him out of the room.

When Daisy knocked on the door, she saw Joseph leaning on his office chair and falling asleep with his eyes closed.

The light out of the window reflected his frowning brows in his sleep. Two buttons on the collar of his shirt were unbuttoned, and a tie was loosely around his neck, which made Joseph look tired.

Daisy did not know exactly what had happened. It should be said that no one knew what had happened when Joseph was in Chicago. After he returned, he seemed to have changed his personality and became more taciturn than ever before. The already silent face could not show any smile.

He seemed to grow up in the company, but he spent all his energy on his work. He used to see only work, but at least he was tired and took a rest in the resting room. At that time, he seemed to have to take a bath and change his clothes when he used to stay in that room. The rest of the time was spent dealing with Leo's stock.

Daisy sighed silently, stepped forward, and hung up the coat that Joseph had thrown on the sofa at will. She looked at the light outside the arc-shaped windows around him and thought of putting the screen back.

When her hand first touched the veil curtain, Joseph opened his eyes, and his fingers trembled a bit.

Daisy clearly saw that his eyes were confused when he first woke up, a little panicked, his broad forehead reflected in the light with sweat, and she speculated that he had a nightmare.

Who brought him the nightmare? Daisy was unclear, but this was the first helpless Joseph she had seen after working with him for a long time.

After opening his eyes, he seemed to be adjusting to the light before his eyes.

Daisy came forward, hesitating, "Mr. Dover?"

After her voice came to his ears, Joseph realized he had been asleep. He raised his hand and pressed his sore forehead. He leaned his head on the chair and asked, "What time is it?"

"It's almost nine o'clock." Daisy answered, could not help but add a sentence, "Mr. Dover, you did not sleep in the resting room last night? Your physical body might suffer."

Joseph did not care about Daisy's concern, opened his eyes, and lightly asked, "What is the situation at Leo's company?"

"It seems silent," Daisy reported immediately.

"Go on," Joseph ordered.

Daisy hesitated, "Now the media is staring at us very strictly, and shareholders also have objections."

"It doesn't matter." Joseph's condition looked a bit bad, with his fingers tapping two times on the table, "You just have to remember that when you let the outside world know that we can still have the chain of funds to compete with Leo, there is the hope of a rebound in the Runestone's share price." He calmly declared.