

Enchanted 634

Gnawing her teeth, she bargained, "Joseph, you're a successful businessman. I know I'll have to pay the price for asking for your help. Even if I no longer care about the title of the Lake, for the sake of Emery, I also have to protect my interests. Joseph, I can give up some of my shares in exchange for the condition that you have to suppress this matter completely. You have to make sure I'm safe with Emery."

"Are you going to give me your shares?" Joseph hummed with a smile.

Ruby took a deep breath and nodded heavily. "Yes,"

"If your father knows this, he'll give you a dream and call you a loser," Joseph said lightly.

"I. I only give you 1%."

Unexpectedly, Joseph shook his head and looked at her with a smile, "I'll take your two points of your shares."

"What?" Ruby suddenly rose from the sofa, "Then you..."

"Yes, after I hold two points of the Lake's stock, plus my family's, I can break Roy's absolute control; at least, we balance each other." Joseph accepted her words, leaning on the sofa, and his slender right leg elegantly crossed on his left leg. Looking at her, he lightly added, "So, you better think carefully, transfer your stock under my name or not."

"You..." Ruby's fingers trembled, and she stared at him as if staring at a great beast. "Joseph, you are now the general manager of the Runestone Group. Roy's president position is just a title. He can't come back and compete with you for the Runestone position. Why are you doing this?"

Joseph did not immediately give a reply but took a cigarette box, pulled out a cigarette, and ignited it. He took a deep drag, gently spitting out. Green white smoke hazy made his cheeks ambiguous, weakening the sharp lines on his handsome face.

He hummed in his nose as if he were sarcastic or helpless, "I'm not discussing with you the two points. If it wasn't for many years, we've known each other, and if I didn't want to keep your noble status, I would ask you directly for all the shares in your hands. So, Ruby, I have given you enough face. You have no room to bargain with me. Either you go out from there and continue to live a life of fear, or you give me your shares, using the interest in hand to change a stable environment for Emery."

Ruby pressed her lips tightly.

Her tea had cooled before her eyes, the scent of roses had cooled, the smell of tobacco was subtle, and her breathing was always refreshing.

"Joseph, you're really on the move." Half a minute later, she shook her head and grinned, "You managed to make use of my relationship with Emery to get up, and now you're looking at the stock in my hand. Is that all your calculation?"

Joseph released heavy smoke, shaking off the ash, and did not pander to her words but said lightly, "I just want to remind you, this kind of problem that dragged for more than one day, you, as well as

Emery, will feel another day of torture. I'm not in a hurry to take over your stock, you go back and think about it."

"Do I have to choose?" Ruby smiled coldly, staring at his word for word, "I agree to give you two points, but don't forget, now the Runestone's stock price is very unstable!"

"I will buy your shares at 10% above the market price, so you can guarantee a good return." Joseph's attitude was calm.

Ruby bit her teeth hard, "Okay."

Joseph smiled triumphantly, got up, and went to his desk. He pressed the intercom button and ordered, "Come here."

Soon, Daisy came in.

"Draw up a contract for the transfer of shares as required by her and send it to the lawyer."

Daisy's eyes were slightly shocked, and two seconds later, she reacted and respectfully said, "Okay, I will do it immediately." She went to the sitting room, looked at Ruby, and said softly, "Miss Lake, please."

Ruby's hands clenched and sank deeply into her palm, causing it to bleed. After a long time, she got up, hardly pulled her delicate satchel, and gnashed her teeth when passing by Joseph, and she said, "Joseph, you will be punished, certainly will!"

Then she left without turning back.

Daisy looked at this scene with a little worry and hurried out.

The cigarette in the tea-table ashtray was left half, and the end of the cigarette flamed from scarlet to faint light, and the tobacco, like a cocoon, flamed faintly in the air.

Joseph stood in front of the window, his hands thrust into his pants pocket, looking down at the traffic. The busy streets, the crowd, and everyone in the world was heading for their own goal.

Neither did he. It was a path of no return for him, no chance of turning back, but a constant walk. He was used to this, seeking a point of security for what he already had and demanding absolute control over what he was about to have.

For only in this way could he prove that he was still alive.

From childhood to adulthood, Irish had no deep feelings for New Year's Day, just as she hated Christmas very much because Christmas Eve made her feel that Christmas was sad and that it was associated with it.

She still left Leo's place, and although Leo was unwilling, she could not always stay in his home; moreover, she hated others to take care of her, and she didn't want to trouble others.

Of course, she couldn't go to Cassie's house. It would be the day on which she registered her marriage. If she went there, she must take happiness to her. How could she add sadness to others on a day of great

joy? So, when Cassie called her on her own initiative and was in a hurry, Irish just smiled and said to her, "I'm fine, really."

She thought she was a good liar.

Because even though she began to believe that she actually had a purpose in approaching Joseph, and she only believed in her own lies, she could not go so hard later in life, didn't she?

When necessary, people should use the ability to deceive others; otherwise, life is short. There was only one way out when their memory was full of pain.