

Enchanted 712

Irish figured out his mistake, "So you admit that you are a kid?"

Jordan was so embarrassed that after a great while, he said, "I haven't admitted it."

"A man only takes so little money with him? You don't have a card?" Seeing his empty hands with car keys beside them, she knew that he didn't take a wallet.

Jordan said, "I was in a hurry. Well, actually, you have so much."

"Do I have so much?" Irish stared at him.

"Okay. Let me check it." Jordan turned out to be an accountant. "As a psychoanalyst employed by the Runestone Group, you must have a large salary. Besides, you work for the mental institute. Your salary must be more than 50,000 dollars per month, and then your annual income must be more than 600,000 dollars, except for a bonus. In addition, you work for a university. The salary there must be at least 20,000 dollars, and then the annual one is 200,000 dollars. As a result, your annual income may be 1 million. See, you are so rich."

Irish just looked at him without any words.

"And then, as a woman with 1 million annual salaries, you force me, a man with so little money, to pay for lunch?" Jordan pretended to be with exaggerated expressions.

In the next second, Irish patted his head, which made Jordan shocked.

"Buddy, you calculate my salary? Don't you know the amount of the net profit of the share you hold? Am I a woman with a 1 million annual salary? Maybe you can earn so much just in one day!"

Jordan didn't think that she was right. He just said, "Do not say that. There are great risks in the stock market. I can be poor at any time."

"Well, if you can't feed me, I will go right away," Irish said directly. She really didn't take money with her.

Jordan felt annoyed but helpless. "Miser!"

Irish was not angry at his words. She felt it pleasant not to pay her.

After lunch, Jordan went to pay the bill. And soon, he came back gladly. Irish felt strange about it. Jordan told her that someone had paid for their lunch.

Irish was more surprised. She asked the owner of the restaurant about it.

The restaurant owner told her that someone paid for their lunch as they ordered.

Irish asked who paid for it.

The owner said after thinking for a while, "A young woman with uniforms. Oh, she said that she was called Daisy."

Daisy!

Irish felt amazed immediately. Why did she come to the restaurant?

She remembered that Daisy called her when the meeting was finished. At that time, she didn't pay attention to her. More importantly, Daisy must have had orders from Joseph. Actually, she ran because she was afraid of Joseph.

So Daisy followed her?

Oh my god! She was so dedicated!

After lunch, Jordan left. Irish felt unhappy that she had to come back to work.

What did Daisy mean by doing this?

Irish walked to the foot of the building and stopped.

Looking up at the high building in front of her, she saw the sunshine through the clouds. Splendid light and shadows fell on the glass, behind which she didn't know how many profits had been made. She only knew that she didn't want to come back to the company at all.

Other employees in this building walked past her and entered the building, and went back to their positions. They diverged into different places, just like the flood.

As she came to the door of the company, she just looked around just like a thief. Having found that there was no danger, she walked into her office quickly.

She dipped the coffee and planned to start staff training soon, so she could not be available until the duty was off. However, obviously, this idea was not practical since the training could not last so long.

Thinking for a while, she decided to call Roy. Although he had no right to decide, he was at least the chairman of the board. She believed in him. She asked for a leave from him and apologized that she was really sick.

It would be better if she could have approval for the leave tomorrow so that she could have longer holidays along with the weekend.

She would rather spend her holidays traveling outside. It seemed that she tried her best to run away, but it was the only solution for her.

As she grabbed the phone, someone knocked at the door.

Daisy was there.

Daisy pushed the door and came in.

Irish hadn't thought that she was there, so she was very surprised.

Daisy walked forward and looked at her, "Irish, Joseph asked you to go to his office."

Irish felt terrible immediately. She had no time to swallow the water. She deeply knew that something would finally come. Joseph would not let her go easily.

Irish was clever. She stood up and looked at Daisy, "Anything else?"

It would be enough for Daisy just to call Irish about the order from Joseph, so she came here not only for this.

Daisy looked at Irish and smiled lightly, "As a psychoanalyst, you really know everything."

"Sometimes I may be wrong, especially this year." There was implied meaning in her words.

She didn't know whether Daisy understood it or not; after all, Daisy laughed. She asked, "Nice lunch?"

"You deliberately let me know that you have paid for it. Of course, I had a nice lunch." Irish asked again, "It seems that I don't need to pay back?"

Daisy sighed, "Irish, we are all smart enough that there is no need to hide something. I think you should be distant from Joseph's brother."

Irish looked at her. She was clear, "Did you see it?"

"He kissed you. It will be troublesome if Joseph knows it." Daisy said it directly.

"You come here for this. So actually, you haven't reported it to Joseph?"

Daisy nodded, "Sure. It is the first time for me to conceal something from Joseph."

"Jordan is only a child." She was grateful for Daisy, but she also needed to explain.

"I understand that you are clear. But it will not be so good for Joseph to know about this. On the one hand, Jordan is his brother. On the other hand, Jordan himself is an adult now."

Irish nodded lightly. "Thank you for reminding me. I will take care."

Daisy felt assured, and she asked again, "Are there any conflicts between you and Joseph?"

Nobody knew what had happened to Joseph and Irish after Joseph went to Chicago.

Even Daisy wasn't clear about it.