

Enchanted 714

His image was in every picture. As he saw them, he wanted to laugh, though annoyed.

His image was ugly in the painting. He made an akimbo and stretched his neck. His nose became that of a pig, and everyone in her picture pointed at Joseph and scolded him, "Bad boss!"

She became so bold!

Irish was also embarrassed. The point was that it was she who lost face, not him.

She stretched to take the picture, planning to throw them into the shredder as he went out of the office.

She had to admit that it was really childish to vent her anger by drawing, which didn't conform to her image as others imagined.

As she approached the papers, Joseph said, "Did I ask you to take them away?"

Irish pulled her hands back.

"Go back to your office and write the two items you have just read in your memory. A sincere and deep-meaning written self-criticism should be attached. Remember to write it by hand. Do not type it or ask for help from others. I can figure out your handwriting."

"What?" Irish stood up suddenly. Write it by memory? Write it by hand? Most importantly, a written self-criticism was needed.

What era was it now? Was self-criticism needed?

"I don't know how to write it." She couldn't bear it anymore.

Joseph was indifferent to her resistance. His tall figure leaned forward lightly and knocked at the table for emphasis. "Put them onto my table before you get off duty. Otherwise, your share bonus will be postponed with unlimited dates."

"How does it come?" It was really cruel to her.

Joseph said lightly, "I am your boss."

Irish clenched her fists and stared at his face. She really hated him, so she just stared at him for several seconds and turned around angrily.

"Did I allow you to go?" Joseph spoke idly.

Irish suddenly stopped.

Looking back, staring at Joseph, she became alert.

She was like a reindeer chased by a lion to the edge of the cliff. The lion stopped chasing, but the reindeer had no way but to wander on the edge of the cliff, restless.

In the case of no way forward and no way out, she had to keep an eye on the danger ahead with a pair of vigilant eyes, aware of possible attacks anytime, anywhere.

But Joseph was not in a hurry. He was more like an elegant and leisurely lion. He didn't push her hard, and of course, was there any chance that the reindeer which had been forced to the edge of the cliff could escape?

He got up and walked slowly in her direction.

Irish only felt that her scalp was numb and tight for a while.

The tall figure of the man was getting closer and closer, and the faint wooden breath rushed into her breath with the air. This good smell, which had always brought her safety, had become a nightmare. Every time he approached, it made her feel as if a ribbon had slipped gently across her neck, and the surface of the ribbon was smooth, and it was cool and soft when it fell, but it became tight when one was about to be intoxicated.

Until it almost suffocated her to death.

Irish subconsciously took a step back.

However, Joseph passed by her and went to the window, quietly closing the shutters.

Irish immediately felt her heart begin to tighten.

What was he doing?

The shutters obscured the possible glances outside the office, so the office became completely closed.

"Second." Joseph did not return to his chair. His tall figure casually leaned against the desk, his hands in his trousers pocket, much more leisurely than the look of seriousness just now.

"When the boss hasn't finished his words, his subordinates are obliged to wait."

Irish was clear that the second thing would have nothing to do with business. She was avoiding him because he was bound to avenge.

Joseph was not unaware of the vigilance in her eyes, which had been watching him all the time.

His lips rose vaguely, and he seemed to have a smile at the bottom of his eyes. But this smile seemed a little dangerous.

He said indifferently, "Irish, do you think that you're in New York, and I can't do anything to you?"

Irish was standing in place, and the pores of her whole body opened.

"So, you're not afraid to ignore me, right?" His voice was very light, and at first, it sounded love-like, gentle, and careful, but from the light tone, she felt there was a warning in it.

Irish straightened her back and took a deep breath, she said, "We are in a lawful society, so you don't think you really can do something to me."

She wouldn't be so stupid to be knocked out by him again. And at present she's in the company, she didn't believe that he could do anything dangerous to her. If he really did, she would shout. At the worst, they could perish together, and the one who would lose face was not Irish alone.

When he heard what she said, he smiled, and his smile was very light, such as a light cloud. When it floated, nobody understood whether he was angry or happy.

He nodded gently and stared at her. "Well, a woman's promise is unreliable."

"I never admit to being a gentlewoman." She retorted.

Joseph picked his eyebrows, "So, you have an objection to your original choice?"

"I won't fulfill such a ridiculous contract." However, Irish had a tendency to change her mind.

The promise to him was expedient, and she would not be a lover. This is New York, and they were not on his island. She didn't have to be afraid of him.

Joseph smiled instead of being angry. "Do you think it's funny to be my lover?"

"Yes." Irish raised her chin slightly. Though her tone was tough, she was ready for him to rush over, and she could run away.

Joseph did not resort to violence against her; even his usually calm face had not changed, as if he had long expected her to turn back. And there was always a smile in his eyes.

"Since you find it funny to be my lover." He slowly opened his mouth, adjusted his posture, and crossed his arms over his chest. "Then you can redecide to marry me."

Irish smiled, too. "Joseph, when did you like to joke so much?"

Joseph looked at her calmly and asked, "So, are you going to tear up the agreement?"

"As I just said, I'm not a gentlewoman."

"Okay." Joseph accidentally said the word.