

Enchanted 759

This time Joseph suddenly froze, and he stood there like a piece of wood, the anger in his eyes had turned stagnant, and his brain buzzed for a moment. He never expected that what he had said besides Henry's deathbed would be heard by her.

After a while, Joseph stared at her before he spoke, but his voice had become exhausted. "So, did you kill my child because you heard that?"

"Yes!" Irish cried even harder, sobbed, and angrily looked into his eyes even though her answer was a pure lie. "Why should I give birth to a child whose father is like you? You don't deserve it! I tell you, I won't give you a child in this life! You really want kids, don't you? Do you really want children, or do you want them to keep them as your chess pieces so that you can swallow the Runestone Group completely? No way! I won't allow you to use my children as your chess pieces. If you want to have children, I won't obey your will. I already had a contraceptive injection when I underwent surgery, so no matter how hard you try, you won't have children with me!"

After crying, Irish struggled to get up from the ground and ran out of the house without looking back.

Joseph suddenly deflated like a used tire and fell against the sofa. A long time later, he quickly moved, suddenly got up, picked up his coat in one hand, and grabbed the keys to chase after her.

Irish didn't drive away; her car was still parked in the underground parking lot. She quietly stayed there. She should have taken a taxi, making it more difficult for Joseph to find her.

She didn't bring her bag and a mobile phone when she ran out.

Looking at the road, Joseph quickly called all his friends who knew Irish, and he failed to know where Irish went.

Finally, Joseph had to make a phone call to Irish's uncle.

Steven's lazy voice sounded, and his eyes were still on Irish. He thought for a while and said, "Irish is here. Come here."

Joseph was relieved. He turned the steering wheel, heading for Steven's house.

Steven had made tea and waited for him.

As soon as Joseph entered the door, Steven waved to him. "Come here, sit down."

Joseph also had no plan to drink tea; he went into the living room and looked around, but he hadn't seen Irish's figure.

Steven noticed his reaction and explained, "Irish and her aunt went out."

Went out? It was so late. He thought.

"I didn't ask where they're heading. The two were so silent."

"I'll find them." He couldn't sit down for a moment.

Unexpectedly, Steven stopped him. "Where will you look for them at night? Don't worry, they'll be back in a minute. We just wait here."

He had to do it.

The tea with aroma was enough to meet the coming sleepless night. Anyway, he was doomed to be sleepless. Joseph had no interest in tasting the tea, but his brain was bothered by Irish's crying face full of tears and her complaint.

Joseph never believed in "coincidence." The reason why Irish had been able to hear what he had said besides Henry's deathbed was all planned by that old man. He suddenly realized the unfinished words that Henry had asked him the moment before his last breath because he had realized the consequences of his paranoia and temptation.

In fact, trouble had risen.

Steven added some hot tea to him, and he was also a clear-sighted man. He could see that Joseph was sitting on pins and needles and quietly said, "When Irish entered the door, her eyes were red, and she didn't even bring a bag. It was her aunt who went out to pay for the taxi."

Aware of Steven's worries, Joseph closed his lips and tried to explain but could not do anything about it.

But Steven opened his mouth, and this time he asked bluntly, "Is something wrong between you and Irish?"

"Uncle, it's just a misunderstanding."

Steven looked at him and asked, "Is it really just a misunderstanding?"

Joseph was a smart man who naturally knew what Steven referred to. Even if he did not like to watch the news, Becky's thing was known in the city, so it was not difficult for him to know this matter.

Sighed, Joseph put down the teacup that had been held in his hand. There was still a trace of temperature on his palm, like Irish's, gentle and fierce temperature.

"It's really just a misunderstanding. I have nothing to do with that actress."

Steven, after listening to him, said nothing, nodded his head, and he was relieved.

As Irish had always grown up around him, so in Steven's heart, Irish was no different from his daughter, and because of this, he tended to be a father to her. That was, he was almost picky about his future son-in-law. No matter how good Joseph was, he was not worthy of his admiration. But to be fair, Joseph was indeed superior to other men, especially on the day Henry Lake was buried, Joseph's efforts looking for Irish were folded before Steven's eyes, so he accepted him.

That day, Steven knew that once a man like Joseph was willing to explain, it showed that there was nothing to hide in his heart. Rumors were rumors, and Steven still had his own criteria for judging.

"Joseph." Steven took a sip of his tea, put down the teacup, and said, "I don't want anything rich in my life. I just want my family to be healthy and my children to be happy. Irish, well, has lost her mother since she was a child, and she has also suffered a lot. So, the last thing I want to protect is her. I hope

you can treat her well and give her happiness. As long as she is happy, I can assure my sister that I handed her daughter to the right man."

Joseph added some hot tea to Steven and whispered, "Uncle, rest assured I will take care of her."

He didn't say many oaths, nor too much commitment, just saying "rest assured" alone was enough to relieve Steven.

"You told us before Irish was upset about her father's death, and now what's going on with her?" Steven asked him a sudden question.

He knew that Joseph had found a place to let Irish relax and learned from Joseph's mouth that her mood was unhappy. During that time, in fact, he was distraught. Irish was a psychiatrist, and he also knew more or less how terrible a fact it should be once she suffered from depression. He was afraid that Irish would never say anything to them and got depressed. Although Irish returned later and said she was okay, Steven also wanted to ask Joseph if Irish had no problem.