

## Perfect Match: Irresistible Desire For You – Chapter 20

Joseph's dark eyes looked searchingly into Ashley's as she calmly explained the purpose of their team's visit, seemingly oblivious to his indifference. In a sudden burst of motion, Joseph stood up and held a hand out toward Ashley across the desk. Without missing a beat, Ashley took the large but slender hand in a firm handshake. After a few heartbeats, their hands were still clasped together.

"I'm Joseph Marshall. Please have a seat, Miss Guzman." Joseph let go of Ashley's soft hand and sat back in his chair as usual.

After hearing his introduction and invitation, Ashley sat down in the chair opposite to Joseph. She turned to her bag to take out the revised cooperation proposal and was about to offer it to Joseph with her professional smile in place when the CEO suddenly spoke up. "Miss Guzman, have we met before?"

The smile on Ashley's face froze, and doubt clouded her eyes for a moment. As far as she could remember, she had never had the chance to encounter Joseph before now. She replied in a calm, polite voice, "Mr. Marshall, you must be mistaken. I am just an ordinary employee; there has been no opportunity for me to meet you before this."

Her eyes were clear and sincere. Joseph felt his heart stutter in hesitation. The question was deliberately placed—any other woman would have answered "yes." The woman answered in such straightforward manner that she did not know him, which inspired both irritation and a reluctant admiration in Joseph. As expected, Ashley did not remember him, after all.

Joseph did not say anything, and his face was a blank, unreadable mask. His expression made Ashley second-guess herself, but she was sure that they had never met each other before and told herself so. She had racked her mind and established that there was no connection between them.

Her mind finally at ease, Ashley handed the revised proposal and declared once more, "Here is the newly revised proposal, Mr. Marshall. Please take a look at it." For a few moments, Joseph did not say anything, so she added, "We took your company's advice and increased the price, as you can see here. If you have any other opinions or suggestions, we can negotiate them further."

Joseph did not spare the contract a glance, nor did he acknowledge her comment. Staring at the professional facade of the beautiful woman before him, Joseph said in a low, deliberate voice, "One month ago, at night. Hotel room."

Before the words connected with a memory in Ashley's head, Joseph asked coldly, "Miss Guzman, do you not remember?"

When Ashley realized what the occasion that the man was referring to, her entire body froze. She put the words together and recalled that one-night stand during the night of Charlie's birthday. A mental image of how her body looked like riddles with hickeys on the next day flashed in her mind. She had no memories of the man. That night, her consciousness was severely blurred by the drug in her system. When she woke up in the morning, she only saw the wide back of the tall man beside her in bed. Understandably, she was in no mood to linger and chat with someone who was a call boy in her eyes.

During the past one month, Ashley had suppressed the memory of that night from her consciousness that she had forgotten about it. The last thing she expected was for Joseph, as the person involved, to bring it up.

Ashley's head snapped up in shock, and her eyes flew to Joseph, who was staring at her intently. Was he the man who had se.x with her that night? She couldn't keep the pleasant, calm pretense anymore

Joseph saw the shock and disbelief on Ashley's delicate face and felt an inordinate sense of accomplishment at being able to make her professional smile disappear.

"Remember? We know each other. Quite intimately, in fact." Joseph's low voice drifted into Ashley's ears once more. The complacent expression on Joseph's cold face had Ashley bristle inwardly, and her eyebrows rose up. What was his intention in mentioning that night?

Whatever it was, it didn't matter. Ashley never let her personal matters interfere with work and ruthlessly pushed her feelings down. She replied nonchalantly, "Ah, I remember now, Mr. Marshall. So what? We can just treat it as a game that adults play. However, I fail to see what bearing it has over our discussion. It is still work time. Let's talk about work."