

Enchanted 135

Jasmine, who was regarded as her number one enemy, made Irish's life difficult from the first day she rented her house. The main reason was the way she asked Irish to pay the rent. Jasmine asked her to pay the rent for the whole year upfront, but Irish obviously could not do that. Then she used all her means and paid the first quarter year of the rent, and there was always a conflict between them about whether the rent was paid by season or year.

"Irish, I am just a property manager, taking care of the house for others. Is annual payment convenient for both you and me? Besides, you see the surrounding rental situation. You live in a very high-demand area, so the rent is \$5,000. This price is low enough for you."

Irish listened to her, her head ached, and she felt pity for herself for a moment.

She had just lost half her wages due to her unscrupulous boss and now was being asked hurriedly by the philistine property manager to pay the rent, and she still had a bad cold. Was there anyone more unlucky than her in the world? She expected not.

She was so unfortunate.

"Jasmine, I..."

"Well, Irish, I'm not haggling with you today. If you can pay the rent for a year, you can continue to stay here, but if not, you can just find another house."

The conversation was over.

Irish looked at the mobile phone, feeling a moment of dizziness. Lying down on the sofa, she pulled a pillow over her head and then counted the rent. She would be glad to see the numbers in her passbook if she paid the rent by season, but if she had to pay for the entire year.... The thought of it made her heart ache.

Then the sneezing began again, tears streaming. Outside the window, the neon lights lit up.

Irish, the poor creature, sniffled hard and stared out the window at the light, gnashing her teeth. She began to hate Joseph, the unscrupulous capitalist who made her heart ache.

The doorbell rang, a little inappropriately, she thought.

She got up and pulled her slippers on with untidy hair.

She opened the door.

The man who stood at the door was the man she wanted to kill.

It was Joseph.

She looked up at him. How dare he come here without an invitation?

Joseph stood at the door, and when he saw her, he could not help raising his lips.

She did not appreciate it and reached out to close the door. Unexpectedly, he held the door open and sighed, "Isabel, don't be angry."

The word "Isabel," which sounded thick and warm, puzzled her instantly. She had never heard him call her that way, and she was even tired of the term, but since that day, he had been whispering in her ear. It made her feel warm and moved in a way that she couldn't pinpoint.

Irish let go, only to find that he had a supermarket bag in his hand. She hesitated and said nothing and turned into the living room. Joseph came in and put his keys on the shelf, and put the bag in the kitchen. Seeing her sniffing on the sofa, he came up to her and sat down, reaching over her forehead.

She did not move, and her eyes were red.

"Have you seen a doctor?" Seeing her without a fever, Joseph was a little relieved. When he was at the factory earlier, he saw her pale face and red nose. God knew his heart was aching. If there were no staff around, he would not have been able to control himself from holding her in his arms.

In fact, he had come back in advance just to see how her illness was but did not expect the matter of Bernert's mistake to arise.

Irish shook her head, "In summer, getting a cold is common. I also have to work hard for you, how would I have any spare time to go to the hospital?"

Hearing that she was angry, Joseph laughed instead of feeling upset. He came out of the kitchen with medicine, poured a glass of warm water, and sat beside her. "If my attitude made you unhappy, I apologize."

He gave the medicine and water to her in a soft and tender way, "but you have to take the medicine. You can be angry at me after you get better."

Irish looked at him, and he was different from his serious self earlier in the day. He was soft, patient, and talkative. With a faint pain in her heart, a great deal of rage was suppressed.

"Go on." He whispered again.

Irish took the medicine with her head up.

Joseph said with a faint smile, "What would you like to eat, I'll make it for you."

"You went to the supermarket?"

He nodded.

She was shocked. Thinking of this big man pushing a cart around the supermarket was mind-boggling. "You...can you cook?"

Joseph looked at her as if she had asked a silly question. He smiled and said nothing and unbuttoned his cufflinks, putting them on the coffee table, and rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt. Irish realized he was wearing the cufflinks she had given him.

"Oh," she said, reaching for him when he was ready to get up. "Don't do that. I don't have an appetite."

Joseph looked at her face. She was sitting unhappily on the sofa, holding a pillow. He put his chin on her head, "You're sick, you need to eat."

She heard his heartbeat, and it struck her eardrums, so steady and powerful. His voice was no longer serious and merciless but full of concern.

What a man he was.

He was hateful while being serious.

He was heart-warming while being tender.

In fact, she wanted to say to him, "Take a break. Your bloodshot eyes look scary." But these words stuck in her throat and could not come out.

Seeing her speechless, Joseph bowed his head to stare at her pale face and lowered his voice. "Still angry?"

Shunning his gentleness, Irish said faintly, "I'm not so narrow-minded. You are effective in separating public from private interests, but I have been caught in the crossfire."