

Enchanted 161

Joseph got closer to her and asked again, "Who do you love? Adam or Fredrick?"

She opened her mouth but didn't know how to answer him.

"Huh?" The man's solemn voice sounded again.

"Fredrick. It's Fredrick." Irish finally spoke out, the name lingering in her mind. She had averted eyes, and her thick eyelashes covered her lonely expression. She licked her lips and continued, "He has played an important role in my life. He helped me get through the hardest days abroad. I'm in love with him deeply, and I..."

His sudden kiss prevented her from continuing. Irish didn't expect it and felt her head buzzing. The man's breath that was so familiar and wild to her spread out around her. She tried to resist, but he held her head and embraced her with the other hand tightly.

He had kissed her before, but in the past, his kiss was gentle and considerate.

But now, he kissed her in such a crude manner, opening her mouth, forcing her to play up to him. Her head leaned forward forcefully, and his strong arms curved her body. His kiss was more like a punishment that made her tongue grow painful, and the pain from her chin spread all the way to her lips.

What was even more horrifying to her was that she could clearly feel Joseph's physiological change in his trousers since they were so close to each other. The temperature almost burned her through the thin fabric and made her understand that he was growing in sexual excitement.

Immediately afterward, Joseph left her lips, but his cheeks were still so close to her that she could even see her pale face in his eyes.

"I'll ask you for the last time," The man's sullen breath swept over her nose. His voice was hoarse and furious, "Do you love me?"

"No." She replied directly, without any hesitation, and without even a subtle change in her eyes.

She could feel the pressure from the man's hands behind her head, but she also felt the man's eyes gradually cool down, together with his breath.

It seemed that even the clocks and watches had all stopped, and the air in the room was frozen, making it hard to breathe.

After a long time, Joseph gradually loosened his hands and straightened his stiff spine. When his big hand passed her cheek, he stopped for a moment. But finally, the generous palm passed through her long hair, forcing her to look directly into his eyes.

Slowly, with a dismal expression hanging on his face, he said, "I don't force you because I want to taste the feeling of cherishing someone. I only dream of being with you; sadly, it seems no matter what I do, I can't have you." His eyes eclipsed in emotion.

He knew clearly that he could tell love from sex, so he understood how meaningless and lonesome sex without love was. It was like a drug that may bring physical pleasure but would leave you feeling endless loneliness.

She was stunned by the man's words, and an unnamed emotion surged up in her heart that almost overwhelmed her.

Joseph stared at her silently for nearly a minute, and then he turned away and never looked back.

When the door slammed shut, she felt that she had just finished performing in a gorgeous and tragic drama. Ringing in her ear was the music of the cello, accompanied by the last words he spoke to her.

Every word hurt her severely.

Irish slowly slipped down against the wall and finally fell on the carpet. She clasped her chest tightly and felt severe pain in her stomach as if something was seizing it. She knew that the stomach was near to the heart, and since her heart was in great pain, her stomach would too.

She knew from the beginning what she had lost. Tears slipped down her cheeks, dripping off her face, leaving dark spots on the carpet that gradually disappeared.

The news that the stock price of the Runestone Group had been stabilized successfully demanded people's attention. It was because of the video that had surfaced that Joseph could regain such a high appraisal. Of course, there were different opinions exclaiming that Joseph didn't gain back the trust of the board of directors and that he had to make a more remarkable achievement to reacquire the trust.

During this time, Irish didn't work and refused to meet friends. But sometimes, Cassie and her Uncle Steven would come to visit her. She always talked in a jovial mood when facing them but never mentioned the past.

After a few more days, Irish officially submitted her resignation to the Runestone Group, and Joseph approved her resignation without making a scene. Soon her salary and bonuses were transferred into her account. That day, Irish came to the Runestone Group for the last resignation process, and then she went back to her office to pack up.

Although she hadn't been there for several days, it had been cleaned up by the cleaners. She had only been working there for only two days every week, but her office was always kept clean and without any dust, while she had to ask Christy to tidy up her desk every day.

She sighed slightly and went to her office with a box, and began to pack up. She had worked there for some time, and it was enough for her to have feelings for her colleagues. Suddenly someone knocked on the door, and when Irish looked up, she found that it was Daisy. She walked in directly and said, "Mr. Dover is on a business trip, and he asked me to pack up your things for you." After speaking, she began to roll up her sleeves.

Irish hastily prevented her. She knew that Joseph was not in the building today, which was why she came. She didn't want to bother him anymore or the people around him. But Daisy insisted on helping her and said in a low voice, "It's a task directly from Joseph, so I need to finish it."

Irish didn't know whether to smile or cry and said, "He wouldn't know even if you didn't help me."

"No." Daisy declined her request and put her files into the box.