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Daisy put the last paper into her box and said meaningfully, "If I could have arrived in Pennsylvania earlier, he wouldn't have gotten drunk."

"Why?" Irish asked out of unconsciousness, but soon she felt that she had asked a silly question and actually knew the answer.

Daisy repeated the answer to her, "The biggest advantage as his assistant is that I don't have to see him being drunk every day. But sometimes, there are some banquets that cannot be declined, so I often drink for him instead. I don't know what happened that night, but I know he could have absolutely avoided drinking unless...." She stopped and looked at Irish with a meaningful expression. "Unless he had a reason to drink."

Recalling the situation that night, Irish clenched her hands, and her nails were embedded in her palms, but the pain in her palms still couldn't counteract the pain in her heart.

The morning felt like it took forever, and Irish didn't even know how she packed up everything. Then, after finishing packing up everything, she felt her back was soaked in sweat.

Daisy said goodbye, and Irish sat in the office for a long time until she couldn't restrain herself anymore. Then, she rushed out into the washroom to wash her face with cold water, making her feel better.

When she was sitting on the toilet, two people came in. They came here to do their makeup, and soon Irish heard her name in their conversation.

"I never expected Doctor Irish would submit her resignation so soon." Irish could tell who it was from the voice. She was the head of the personnel department.

"She had to resign since such a serious incident occurred." It was a soft voice, and Irish knew she was the finance department head."

"Do you think she was forced to do it? Perhaps it was Mr. Dover who pushed her to the brink to protect himself. We don't know if the video is true or not."

"But I don't think Mr. Dover is that kind of person."

"Then do you think they had an affair?"

"Yes, I think so. On the first day when Doctor Irish came here, many colleagues saw that they had dinner together, and rumors started from that day, right?"

"But who decided that the boss couldn't eat with his subordinates?" The head of the personnel department said indifferently.

"Irish! We don't know what happened to them, but I know it was something weird. "

"What?"

The head of the finance department lowered her voice and asked, "Do you know the test for our employees?"

"Yes, I know. Doctor Irish got a straight-A grade."

"Our company mandates that the bonus for straight A grade employees was 20 thousand dollars, and consultants could get thirty thousand dollars."

"Yes, I know the bonus structure."

"But Doctor Irish got eighty thousand dollars!" She said in an even lower voice.

"Huh? Why did she get so much?" The head of the personnel department was surprised.

"Be quiet," She whispered and added, "I got the news occasionally. Before the test, Joseph came to our director and deposited fifty thousand dollars into Irish's account in his name so that she could get eighty thousand dollars."

"Oh my God! Why did he do this?"

"I don't know. It seemed that they really did have an affair. I guess that it was just hushed money for her." Then she urged several times, "Don't talk about it with others, or we might get fired."

"Don't worry."

"But to be honest, I don't want Doctor Irish to leave our company."

"Me neither. Although she looks very harsh, she's actually an enthusiastic person and is diligent with her work. And I like her training classes. They're excellent! I even heard that she did a bunch to help Bernert."

"Yeah, it's a shame she resigned."

Then they left.

Irish sat on the toilet and found that she was really bemused. Her face was pale, and his words lingered in her ears: "You will get eighty thousand dollars as long as you pass the test."

It was eighty thousand dollars. Joseph knew her well, and he was trying to encourage her in a secret way.

"Joseph..." She murmured.

She called his name in a shallow voice but then felt the pain in her heart.

It was 3:00 pm in the National Library. Lilith sat in the reading room and felt dizzy because of the quiet environment around her, and the man beside her was looking through a book with concentration. He read quickly, but he turned the pages quietly. She heard the sound of book pages turning and wanted to sleep.

When she was fighting her drowsiness, Jay suddenly patted her head, frightening her. She forgot that she was in the library and cried out in a loud voice. Jay was trying to stop her, but it was too late. For a moment, many people frowned at them.

The library administrator also walked over to them, so Jay hastened to apologize.

He roared at her in a low voice when everything calmed down, "Why are you screaming?"

"It was because you patted me." Her face was scrunched, and she gazed at him. "Why is a big police officer still bullying a girl?"

Jay found that the administrator was still looking over at them, so he held her head in his arms and said, "Did you forget that you came here to help me search for information? It's only been an hour, and you want to sleep."

"I really forgot where I saw it. I can't find it because so many years have passed." Lilith escaped from his arms and frowned.

"Whatever, you can't leave until we find it." Jay couldn't help pinching her nose slightly.

"Ouch!" She pushed him and said resentfully, "Don't you know that really hurts?"

Jay looked at his hand and replied, "But I didn't even use any strength."

Lilith stood up and was about to leave. Jay hastily pulled her with his broad hands, and there was a callous that rubbed her hands. She knew it was caused by the gun, and then she lowered her head, finding that he was holding her hands tightly and her heart was beating quickly. She did not immediately draw back her hands and let him hold hers.