

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 22 22: Are You Afraid Of Me?

Needless to say, Irish saw his expensive car glowing even in the darkness. She shook her head and said, "You're wasting a gift from God. If I owned this luxurious car, I wouldn't even let the smog of New York touch it."

Looking at how free and easily she was speaking, Joseph suddenly felt relaxed, and he remembered the scene of the night they first met. Then, she was dressed in business wear but drove a red Jeep.

He stepped forward and swiped his fingerprints. The car doors opened. Irish arched her eyebrow and said, "It's absolutely true that you get what you pay for. I would like to install fingerprint recognition for my Jeep one day."

Joseph could hardly suppress a smile and opened the passenger seat side for her. When she got in, he walked to the driver's seat but didn't start the car immediately; instead, he turned to face Irish and said in a deep voice, "Have you got Ken's report?"

"Mr. Dover, is work the only thing you think of? Even a man that is made of steel needs to rest sometimes." Irish said thoughtfully.

Joseph looked at her with a little bit of impatience in his eyes, "I believe it's your job to report Ken's case to me, even if it's not during office hours."

Hearing this, Irish wasn't angry. The street light spread over the car window, and a few beams of light splashed into her eyes. She leaned in slightly to confront his harsh gaze, stretching her hand out to him without realizing it. "Fine. Then give me overtime pay."

Joseph was puzzled by what he deemed unreasonable behavior and frowned after a few seconds.

"I don't work for free. It means you need to pay me since you need to know information when I'm not at work. I usually charge a higher price." She sank casually into the comfortable seat and added, "Oh, and overtime pay is stipulated by the national labor laws."

After hearing her smart quips, Joseph laughed without any anger and said, "Okay, name your price."

"Maybe the cheesecake from the South Alley shop could be used as part of the interest." She was going to eat the cheese there because at least the delicious dessert could calm her nerves. Now that she had met up with him accidentally, she was going to get what she wanted. "Will you take me there?"

Finishing her words, she raised an eyebrow and looked at him deliberately. Joseph quietly looked at her face, and the judgment in his eyes had vanished. But she couldn't tell what he was thinking, his eyes gave nothing away, so she just kept smiling to compete.

Irish was afraid he was a man of his word and never drove people around.

Suddenly, Joseph's tall figure bent down slightly, he stretched a hand out to her. Irish was caught off guard and subconsciously held onto his chest.

"Though you are the CEO of a big company, know you wouldn't say no to me. It's just like the old saying goes: 'Keep an army for a thousand days and use it for an hour, it isn't wise to kick me out now and continue to be angry with me. I'm just here for the free ride.'"

Joseph was a little bit dumbfounded, but he always had good control of his emotions. Looking at her hand that was still placed on his chest, he changed his mind suddenly. He didn't get up; instead, he pressed against her deliberately and said with a deep voice, "It's unlikely I'd drive off without you."

As he was pressed against her, she found her hand becoming sore, so she used her arms to hold him. This left almost no distance between them. Their breath mixed together, and Irish could feel the coolness of it.

He looked down at her as she blushed. From his point of view, she looked hot, and he tried to get even closer as his tone became more intense, "It's very dangerous for you, being so beautiful, to get into my car in the first place."

Irish looked up at him and caught a discernible smile. Suddenly a flash of uneasiness came over her, just like the feeling when he was in front of her in the office that night. She played it cool, although she was quite flustered. She asked calmly, "What would you like to do?"

The smile in his eyes spread to a faint smile on his lips. He raised his hand, so his fingers were touching her hat, and he seemed powerful.

Irish was nervous since she hadn't been expecting this on her walk. She stared at him vigilantly to see what his next move would be as she pressed her back to the seat. He slowly slid his big hands downward, passing by her tummy to the side of her waist. Now she could hardly breathe.

"I mean..." He said very deliberately, "It's very dangerous for you not to be wearing a seat belt like this."

Irish felt like her heart would beat out of her chest, then suddenly relaxed. She stared at Joseph, and this time she easily caught a trace of teasing in his eyes.

Damn him!

Her mood had already been terrible today, and she couldn't stand his teasing, so she quickly loosened the seat belt and abruptly got out of the car. At the same time she was getting out, she heard a voice from behind her, "Are you afraid of me?"

Her hand was about to open the car door, but Irish turned to look back at him. He now looked calm and peaceful, suddenly changing her mind. She turned around to tighten her seatbelt and sank back into her seat. "Who's the coward now?"

Joseph licked his lips without saying anything and started the car, driving toward the South Alley.

Outside the window, the street light was stretched out by the high speed of the car.

They didn't speak a word to each other and didn't even turn on the radio, and they stayed in complete silence until they reached the South Alley.

Tourists were crowded around the entrance of the alley.