

Enchanted 259

Leo leaned against the couch with his hands crossed in front of his chest and said, "It seems you wouldn't come here for nothing."

"Yes, I have something to talk to you about," Irish said frankly.

Leo raised his eyebrows and yawned again after staring at her for a while, "Do you mind if I have a shower first?"

"Please."

He then went to the washroom.

Irish began to look around this room. It was big, and the bedroom, living room, assembly room, and study room were all divided independently. There was even a gymnasium in it.

There was a door at the end of the bedroom, which was the entrance to the study room. One had to pass through the bedroom to get into the study room; it was designed to maximize privacy. However, the door wasn't closed, so even though she was standing in the bedroom doorway, Irish could vaguely see the carpet corner on the floor in the study room. Somehow, her heart suddenly beat quickly, and she thought that perhaps he would have left some confidential documents there.

Irish gazed at the room and thought she just had to pass through the bedroom, and then she could enter it.

An idea drove her to move forward and step into the bedroom. Though she was wearing high heels, the carpet muffled the sound, and she noticed the bedroom was suffused with Leo's scent. Finally, she got to the door of the study room. She took a deep breath and then stepped in.

Because of the rain, there was little light coming through the window. However, the room was a little dim. Irish could still see her surroundings.

To her surprise, it was very orderly. The computer on the desk was in standby mode. Beside it was a pile of documents lying on the desk, and it was easy to tell that Leo had been dealing with his business here.

Irish reached out, but she hesitated when her fingers touched the documents. She accidentally touched the keyboard when she was about to draw back her hands. At that moment, the monitor lit up, and she could see the computer desktop directly without inputting a password.

She suddenly felt that she had opened Pandora's box. Irish was frozen in front of the computer. She looked at the file names on the desktop and found the file names strange. The names were made up of numbers and letters, followed by an English word that meant 'bid document'. Irish carefully analyzed the letters and numbers in the file names, which looked very familiar. Soon, she remembered the scene when Joseph took her to the diamond mine in the helicopter.

She suddenly recalled that these numbers were the longitude and latitude of the diamond mine because she had heard Joseph mention it to her.

She realized the document was about that diamond mine. She felt like her heart was going to jump out of her throat.

Her breath began to rush, and she squinted. Her heart beat so fast that she felt distracted, but her hands moved slowly to the keyboard, and she clicked on the file. As long as she opened the file, she could see the content inside and view the amount of money.

Leo would lose to Joseph this time. Her hands clenched several times.

Outside the window, the dark clouds became even thicker, which made it hard for her to breathe.

She clicked the mouse and finally opened the file.

The document opened before her eyes, and she was right, it was a document pertaining to his bid.

Irish could only hear her fast heartbeat, and her ears were ringing because of the sound. Her mind was in a whirl because of the stuffy atmosphere, or maybe it was because she was so nervous.

She suddenly stopped, and she didn't continue to look at it. She was trapped in a huge contradiction since, on the one hand, she knew that she could help Joseph if she looked through it, while on the other hand, she knew it was immoral and Leo would suffer from a great loss that would make her feel guilty for her whole life.

Should she help Joseph in such an immoral way?

Irish sat in the chair and pressed her chest with her hands, finally turning it off.

Her panic and anxiety vanished. Then, the next second, a man's voice sounded abruptly, "Why not look through the file now that you've opened it?"

Irish was startled by his sudden voice, and when she turned back, a flash of light suddenly crackled in the sky, illuminating the man standing in the doorway.

She didn't know when he came in. He just leaned against the door leisurely with his upper body exposed as droplets fell from his short hair onto his sturdy chest muscles. The bath towel on his lower body had been replaced with loose white trousers, which made him look lazy.

But his eyes seemed dark as if there was a layer of thin ice in them.

Irish had never seen such a cold look on Leo's face. There was a thick air of tension in the room, but she didn't get up, sat in the chair, and looked at him calmly. "I am more eager to learn the answer from your mouth rather than find out by reading this document."

Leo smiled and stepped up to her. He stopped in front of her and said in a sarcastic tone, "You're really a brilliant psychologist that you can still be so calm at such a moment being caught."

"I could have looked through all the contents of that file." She looked up at him and did not try to exonerate herself. She tried to tell him she didn't read it because she cherished her friendship with him.

"Well then, should I be grateful to you?" Leo walked behind her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Leo, I almost made a mistake just now, but in fact just wanted to know if you are going to compete with Joseph fairly." Irish straightened her back, and she could feel the warmth of his fingers through her thin clothes and the blame hidden under his faint smile.

"Be more specific." The man's hands pressed her harder.