

Enchanted 324

After hearing this, Irish was still confused and thought for a while since she really didn't know what she had done to Mr. Liang. After a while, she said hesitantly, "I don't remember doing anything to him."

"Yes, but you almost tortured me to death," Joseph replied helplessly.

"Huh?" She then reacted and said, "You mean I did some horrible things when I was drunk? But I remembered that I just slept quietly."

Joseph took a deep breath and embraced her into his arms for a second, and then took her into another room. They opened the door and went in.

"Wow, there is still a big room." Irish was surprised.

It looked like a study from its structure, with a floor-to-ceiling window from which they could see the scenery of the city. What was more shocking to her was a giant painting, which was the same width as the wall. Though it was a painting, it looked like embroidery of scenes with hills and rivers that looked very lifelike.

Though she was not familiar with embroidery, she still could figure out that it must have cost a great amount of money to embed it into the wall. She never expected that this presidential suite would be so big, but it made sense that she knew nothing about it since she had only really slept in the bedroom.

But when she looked carefully at it, she felt something was weird about it. Reaching out and touching it, she found that the flying bird on this brocade was out of shape and had been ruined, which totally destroyed the integrity and beauty of this spectacular work of art. "Why hang a broken painting in such a nice hotel?" She sighed slightly.

But Joseph didn't reply to her and just kept silent, and Irish suddenly trembled and turned to him as if she had recalled something. Looking into his deep eyes, an ominous premonition rose from her heart, and after a long time, she asked hesitantly. "Does this have something to do with me?"

But Joseph just looked at her with a meaningful look.

After seeing this, she widened her eyes and said, "How could this be possible? Did I destroy it?"

Joseph shook his head helplessly and replied, "It was because you wanted the flying bird in this brocade."

"I don't understand."

Joseph sighed and said, "Come over here."

Her heart beat so fast, but she still stepped forward.

"Do you see that bunch of branches?" He held her shoulders and pointed her to the corner of the wall.

Irish looked at the branches, which were piled up to half a person's height, with leaves scattered on the ground. She originally thought it was just a decoration, but now it was not so simple.

"You wanted to have a BBQ with the flying bird as well as those branches." Irish was greatly shocked by his words and looked at him with astonishment.

How could it be possible, and where did she get the branches? But Joseph soon explained it to her, which made her feel shameful. "There were two pots of precious ornamental graftings of metasequoia. It was a newly introduced indoor tree species. Each one of them was more than 20 years old. You cut them apart last night to light a fire to BBQ that fake bird."

Metasequoia was a precious tree species known as a living fossil. Irish had a particular liking for this elegant plant in the past, but now there were destroyed branches of the valuable tree in front of her eyes.

What was more important was that she didn't ignore Joseph's words, it was a newly introduced indoor tree species. Each of them was over 20 years old. The outdoor metasequoia had become a state-level endangered species, let alone indoor graftings. Looking at this, Irish felt dizzy. She couldn't figure out if it was the aftermath of the alcohol last night or if it was because she couldn't accept the truth. Anyway, she staggered to the ruined branches, looked at them, and felt at a loss.

She took one of the branches and couldn't help wailing in her heart.

It was too horrible to look at.

The beautiful branches were forcibly broken, and the unevenness of the fractures was proof that they had been ripped off. She loosened her hand, but her fingers were stained with the smell of its fragrance. After a long time, she turned back at Joseph and tried to calm down, asking against her conscience, "You must have made a mistake. It isn't possible for me to do such a thing...."

It seemed that Joseph had expected she would say something like this, so before leaving the room, he said, "Come with me."

Irish stood up slowly and looked back at the branches, and finally stepped out of the room.

The reception room was located in the southeast corner of the president's suite, and different from the cloudy weather a few days ago, the reception room was suffused with sunlight as if there was a layer of gold on the ground. Joseph was sitting in front of the computer, and Irish couldn't figure out what he was doing. The sunshine illuminated his chest, and the white shirt blurred his handsome face. Irish stood close to him, staring at him since she never expected a man could look as handsome as this.

"Come to look at this." He said calmly.

Irish didn't know what he wanted her to look at and stepped forward hesitantly. When she just sat down, she found a paused video on the computer, which stunned her, and she blinked out of consciousness.

Compared with her panic, Joseph looked indifferent and began to play the video for her. He then leaned against the couch leisurely with his eyes staring at the computer screen.

It was taken by the camera in the study room since the people staying there were very rich, so the study room was more important than the bedroom. It was necessary to install a camera there in case of an

incident. Some people will choose to turn it off as soon as they stay there, but Irish obviously hadn't done so.