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"The money!" Irish replied without any hesitation. "I choose money." No matter how valuable the brocade or the metasequoia were, they had nothing to do with her, but she would have to pay so much money for them, and what was more important was that Joseph had paid a great amount of money for her. Since he was a profiteer, he would certainly ask her to do something for him. In short, what she was worried about was her future since she didn't know what kind of tricks he would play.

Hearing this, Joseph smiled meaningfully. He had expected it because she was a money grubber. Looking at his smile, Irish felt more anxious since she thought he wouldn't be happy after losing such a great amount of money. But why did he still smile? He must have made a plan already. Finally, she realized something was wrong and said hastily. "Wasn't it you who picked me up from the bar? But why was I alone when I was back at the hotel?"

Joseph was patient and asked, "What do you mean?"

Irish got out of his arms, but his hands soon grabbed her waist again, rubbing her lightly. But she ignored it and said, "Joseph, this is actually your fault. Why didn't you stay with me? Don't you know that a drunk person always causes trouble?"

Hearing this, Joseph nodded as if he agreed with what she had just said. He looked up at her with his deep eyes, and there was a faint light flickering in them. From her perspective, he looked very enchanting and sexy.

"I was answering a phone in the living room for a few minutes." He said briefly while his implication was that her destructive power was huge.

Irish was speechless at his words.

But Joseph was amused by her, and when he was just about to continue to mock her, his cell phone rang, so he patted her head lightly and then stood up, walking to the window to answer the call.

His stalwart figure ward off the sunlight, but the faint light fell on his shoulders, causing him to be enveloped in the warm sunshine. Irish looked at him and felt guilty since he looked like a man without a care in this matter.

She couldn't figure out who had called him. Though he spoke with a different voice, it sounded forthright. After finishing the call, he turned aside slightly and smiled a big smile when he saw Irish's gloomy look in the corner of his eyes.

She heard Joseph apologize on the phone, so they must have been discussing the destruction she caused last night. Soon Joseph said firmly, "No, no, no, I have to compensate you for it,"

After hearing this, Irish stood up immediately while her eyes were flickering. She rushed over to hold his waist, and Joseph took a quick glimpse at her but said nothing. Irish perceived that he didn't intend to avoid her, so she walked in front of him, leaning against his chest to eavesdrop on his phone conversation.

Unexpectedly, Joseph reached out and embraced her and didn't stop her from eavesdropping. In this way, Irish could hear more clearly.

It was the person in charge of the hotel, and he was complaining that Joseph didn't regard him as an old friend and said he needn't compensate him for the damages.

After hearing this, her heart beat fast, so she hastily hinted to him to find an excuse to take back the check.

However, Joseph didn't respond to her at all but smiled and said, "It is because we are old friends that I need to compensate you."

Irish was shocked and widened her eyes at him.

She was confused about why he insisted, and she felt so anxious.

But the man on the other end of the phone said again, "Joseph, you've trapped me in a dilemma."

But Joseph laughed and replied, "I don't mean that. Though we are intimate friends, I have to obey the rules. I didn't compensate you at the market price, and I took a discount."

After hearing this, Irish felt that her head was buzzing.

Joseph couldn't help laughing when he saw this, and when he was about to raise his hands, Irish said immediately, "Don't touch me, please, I feel so sorrowful at the moment."

"You are so dramatic." He said in a low voice.

While Irish replied feebly, "My heart is almost broken."

"Well, can I change my shirt before your heartbreak?"

"Why?"

"My shirt is covered in your tears and snot."

Irish stood up slightly and then replied, "Okay."

Staring at Irish, who looked like a chump, he laughed and held her back to the couch, then turned away to change his shirt.

After a minute, she reacted and rushed to the dressing room. Joseph was taking off his shirt, which was stained with her tears and snot. He was not surprised when he saw her rush in, and he put on a gray shirt.

She stared at his sturdy chest and began to chatter and complain to him, "Joseph, the manager has said that we don't need to compensate him for it, why are you so stubborn? Maybe the brocade and the trees were counterfeit and not worth as much..."

Joseph turned to her and kept silent, but he showed a faint smile, raising his hands elegantly to fasten the buttons of his shirt, which adorned his proud body.

But Irish still chatted to him without stopping, "Even though you are rich, you can't spend all the time extravagantly. I don't think the brocade is worth that much money or how I could tear it up so easily. As for that metasequoia grafting, perhaps it's also worthless now that the technology has improved."

Joseph fastened the last button and then looked at her calmly. "Are you finished?"

"Yes..."

He then walked from her side.

Irish was shocked, and it took her a long time to react, so she followed him to the washroom and said, "Hey, what do you mean?"

He was washing his hands and didn't look back but looked up at her from the mirror and said softly, "The unique feature of this hotel is that each president's suite is unique because of the furnishings. The items are different. Just like the one we're in now, the items are all different. The brocade you destroyed is said to be a curiosa, and the manager who called me just now spent more than two million dollars bidding on it.