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Joseph was not far, looked like he had just returned from a business trip, but his charm couldn't be hidden. As he stood beside Jordan, he seemed to be more dignified. He wore a light blue T-shirt with a navy blue business suit, and his tie was also the same color pattern. The pants were a cream-colored business, and the light tan cashmere coat reached to his knees. His leather shoes and briefcase were all black, and even the black belt was shown a little.

She knew that he liked the brand Stefano Ricci in terms of the belt, and it came from Florence. This brand was famous for its excellent quality. Joseph was dedicated to being perfect both in work and life. He was very particular about watches and belts. For example, the belt he wore now was made from a whole piece of crocodile skin in the far Mississippi. The workers chose the perfect parts and cut them into a complete long strip. And then they varnished it many times. The lining of the belt was calf leather from the French mountains, whose existence added a soft texture to the belt. Actually, there was never a trace of leather stitching in Stefano Ricci.

She had thought that was why he was rigid even in his belt, but now as she saw Joseph, all his actions showed the luxurious temperament. He himself even looked authoritative.

As he finished it, he also saw Irish.

When their eyes met, Irish felt extremely sorrowful. But without the surrounding people, Jordan and Daisy, she would have already rushed into his bosom and even cried out. She must have asked him, "Why are you back now?"

His appearance was just like a dream. She just stopped there because she was afraid that what she saw was only her hallucination.

However, Joseph walked toward her with an unhappy look. He looked so obviously unhappy, which could be demonstrated by his forehead wrinkles between his eyebrows. And even Irish, who was in a daze, could feel that he was angry now.

And when she recovered herself, Joseph was already in front of her. He stopped and took a serious glance at her. Then he looked somewhere else and reached his hand to her behind, "Thank you, Wills."

Irish turned around, surprisingly. When did he appear? She thought.

Wills, who Joseph called, was over 50. He was very heavy. And when he smiled, his eyes would nearly become unseen. But his action was so light that Irish didn't hear the sound of his footsteps.

Wills walked forward and shook hands with Joseph, smiling. "We won't treat the innocent unjustly." And then he looked at Han and asked, "Have you found anything suspicious during the interrogation?"

Han shook his head.

"Doctor Irish, We are so sorry, but we hope you can understand that it's our duty." Wills apologized to Irish.

"Okay. Thanks. See you later." Joseph raised his lips. He seemed to smile or just express politeness.

Han answered, "Okay."

And then Joseph looked at Irish again and said lightly, "Sign your name and go quickly."

She signed her name and walked out of the police station with Joseph.

Out of it, Joseph walked quickly in front. The moonlight brightened his back, which was tall but cold. He seemed to be a shadow she could not grasp or like a stranger. Somehow Irish felt sad.

However, Jordan bumped against her without warning. And then she looked back to Jordan beside her, frowning. Jordan seemed to joke to her, "You are really troublesome."

He said it in French again and changed to speaking English after seeing Irish's fists, "I mean, we are all troublesome."

Irish didn't respond.

She was also angry because Joseph was so cold to her. She was not the one who made problems. What's more, she didn't call him. If Jay hadn't left the police station, Joseph would have had no opportunity to show off his good relationship with the police. She thought. As she planned to take a taxi to go home, Joseph yelled in a low voice, "Hop in!"

She stopped and raised her eyes to look at Joseph nearby.

He stood beside the car and looked there. But his yell was for Jordan. At this time, the driver had started the car, so Jordan got on very reluctantly. Then Daisy also went on. Irish thought that she had thought too much, so she just tried her best to leave. But as she was to do so, Joseph said again, "Hop in."

This request was much softer than that before.

She felt great joy again and went on quietly.

The atmosphere inside was frightening because, most of the time, Joseph kept scolding Jordan. Actually, it was the first time Joseph reproached someone. Of course, Joseph had reproached her before, but not so heavily. Jordan also refuted him, and as a result, Joseph became more impatient and more serious.

They kept talking in French and didn't use any dirty words, but Irish was still terrified and sighed silently that their relationship had gotten so terrible now.

Finally, Jordan shouted, "None of your business!"

She saw Joseph's obvious anger in his eyebrows and his gripped fingers. His lips were closed tightly, and his chin got tightened. This facial expression was so scary. Thinking of whether he would slap Jordan, she just heard him say, "Send him back to my house first."

The driver drove in the direction of his house.

After sending Jordan back home, the stressful atmosphere got released. Irish dared not to take a breath by sitting beside Joseph. She was afraid that he would vent his anger from Jordan to her, so she just kept silent.

"Send Doctor Irish back home," Joseph ordered again and leaned against the seat. He looked wholly cold.

Irish shook her head immediately, "No, thanks. I can do it."

Joseph took a glance at her and didn't say anything.

Daisy turned around to look at Joseph and said lightly, "Mr. Dover. The dinner has already begun. And just now Richard has called you and said he has arrived at the hotel. So..."

"Send Doctor Irish back home first," Joseph emphasized again, pulling Irish's hands to play with them.

Daisy saw this scene obviously and nodded, "I see." And then, she guided the driver in the right direction.

In the dim space, Irish only felt warmth on her palm. His palm was wide and strong. All her sadness and pain disappeared with his action. Since the driver was there, she dared not to lean on him but grip his fingers silently. She lowered her voice, "You can just do what you will do. I can take care of myself."