

Enchanted 445

Joseph turned to look at her. The neon light made his eyes deep and bright, just like water. She was attracted to it. His eyes became soft gradually, not as serious as when he was at the police station.

The car made a sudden side turn, so his body leaned against her and whispered, "I'm worried about you."

Her heart beat quickly.

The car went straight again, and Joseph sat straight too. He leaned against the seat and didn't look at her while he gripped her fingers tightly.

Irish heard the sound of his heartbeat. Her ears also became hot from his breath.

And when Irish went back home, it was already 8:30. It was the peak time at night. Actually, she also felt hungry.

It was all because Joseph had returned, and she thought the night in New York was so beautiful. He continued his business after sending her back home.

She took an oil bath, cleaned herself, then wrapped herself with a bath towel and watched TV on the sofa. She couldn't get calm, so she took out her mobile phone. As she took it out, she found it was out of power, so she immediately approached the charger and plugged it in. She found that there were several missed calls, and they were all from Joseph's private mobile phone when she opened her phone.

Having been in a doze for a while, she figured out something.

After one or two minutes, she called Daisy. And as she got it through, a man was laughing, talking, and cheering on the phone. She must have been beside Joseph. And then, all these noises disappeared. Daisy was out of the box.

Daisy felt strange about Irish's call.

Irish asked directly, "Did I destroy his plan?"

Daisy was silent for a while, and Irish soon added, "He told me that he would come back after Veteran's Day."

"Mr. Dover knew the police took you, so he decided to return earlier. And actually, the dinner tonight was not planned in New York." Daisy told her everything since Irish didn't hide anything.

So her guess turned out to be true.

Irish felt anxious and ached for him, "How did he know that?"

"Mr. Dover called you many times, but he couldn't contact you. He was so worried about you." Daisy said lightly, "I don't know how he knew that. But I heard Mr. Dover's wife's sound, and she said Mrs. Lake had mentioned you. So maybe he knew your whereabouts through his wife."

Irish hated to hear "Mr. Dover's wife." Actually, addressing "Ruby" was better.

"Do not be so regretful. Actually, Mr. Dover's brother was taken to the police station too. He had to come back earlier." Daisy comforted her sympathetically.

Irish knew that it would be easy to plan something, but not when you actually conducted it.

She sighed lightly, "I see. Did he drink?"

"Yes. The customers are important tonight." Daisy said it helplessly.

She was saddened by it and bit her lips, "So.... please prepare some alcohol chaser for him."

"I will."

She hung up the phone and gripped it tightly. She vowed that she would never let it drain.

It was until 11:00 PM that dinner finished.

Joseph drank a lot of wine, got into the car, and leaned against the seat. He closed his eyes, slightly pale.

Daisy was the last to get in the car, worried, "Mr. Dover, I'd better buy you some hot water, you'd better wake up before you go home."

Joseph kept his eyes closed and said a minute or two later. His voice sounded heavy, and his drunkenness was already evident.

Daisy saw the situation and had to follow him and told the driver not to drive.

Moonlight poured through the rear window, and Joseph's face was so clear that each line of his face was bright and profound. He sat there, lazy, sexy, and his cashmere coat was on the side of the seat, and his suit button was opened.

After a long time, he opened his eyes and glanced out of the window.

"Why not drive?" He pulled his tie and his eyebrow brimmed with drunkenness.

Daisy turned around and asked softly, "Would you like to return to your home or the resting room in your office?"

Joseph was silent.

In the gloom, his eyes twinkled and darkened, like a lighthouse of fog under the mist over the sea, almost impossible to figure out, and after a long time, he looked up at his wrist and thought.

Daisy was always patient and waited for his decision.

"Daisy." Joseph opened his mouth, sounding magnetic on a deep night. "It's too late, you go home directly."

"Then you..." The boss was drunk, as his assistant, how could she leave to relax?

Joseph closed his eyes again but hesitated a little. A few seconds later, he decided, "Go back to Midtown Manhattan."

On hearing that, Daisy was surprised, looking at Joseph, whose heart was like waves. She understood that Joseph was thinking of Irish that night. Irish lived there, and Joseph had slept there, but either he drove by himself, or she sent him there. When he returned to New York, he and Irish were no longer able to stay together as they had been in South Africa to avoid unnecessary rumors.

But that night, Joseph was drunk and openly decided to go to Irish's house, and he even asked the driver to send him over, which really made Daisy feel uneasy. The driver was employed by the company, and did Joseph want to go public, or was he just doing it because he was drunk?

She could not fathom what Joseph was thinking. Perhaps, for him, the sneaky life was too tiring. So she told the driver to go to Irish's house around 05:00 AM to pick up Joseph before she left.

She knew that every time he went to Irish and left early the next day. He didn't want her neighbors to point the finger at her.

When Irish was nesting in bed, reading, the doorbell downstairs rang.

Wearing pajamas down the stairs, a look at the door mirror made her really surprised, and she hurriedly opened the door. Joseph was standing outside. With one hand on the door frame to support his drunken body, the coat on the other arm, and the tie loosely around his neck, he smiled at her when he saw her open the door, then staggered into the room.