

Enchanted 45

When Joseph finished his meeting, it was 8:00 PM, and his assistant followed him while reporting his schedule for the following day. As soon as he opened the door to his office, he stopped walking and slightly lifted his hand to interrupt the assistant.

They were slightly shocked and looked in the direction Joseph was looking, finding a woman lying on the black sofa beside the floor window, she appeared to be falling asleep. The assistant was speechless. Why would this woman break into the office of a general manager? He turned around to call security but paid attention to Mr. Dover's deliberately depressed voice, "Put the schedule on the desk, and you have the rest of the day off."

The assistant hesitated, then nodded.

Tempered glass obscured the neon and noise from the window. The lights were not turned on in the office, but the street lights splashed with color. Irish's face shone in the evening.

She quietly laid on the sofa, her soft, long hair looked like seaweed. Sometimes the shadows of cars swept past, like waves in the ocean making shapes on her. Joseph didn't wake her up but instead chose to sit beside her and stare at her quietly, his shadow covering her up completely.

At this moment, the office fell into an unspeakable silence. Irish looked like a quiet cat, normally very fierce but calm in her sleepiness. The faint light fell on her long lashes, which seemed to be unable to hold their own weight, and she shivered. Seeing that, Joseph suddenly thought about a butterfly's wings, beautiful but fragile.

A strand of long hair hung down her chest, setting off her snow-white skin. He really wanted to reach out and twirl his finger around her hair. Although perhaps because of the air conditioner, the strand felt slightly cold, he was moved by this.

Asleep on the sofa, she looked affected. She shifted her posture, and the hair he had in his fingers fell.

Looking at her, he couldn't resist smiling and touching her furrowed brow. Irish seemed to feel comforted, and she nuzzled her cheek childishly and hummed subconsciously.

Perhaps it was a beautiful night, but he felt moved by this. His fingers turned and fell on her lips, her soft skin made his heart tender. Seeing this, he gradually bent over and placed his lips close to her nose, he even felt her warm fragrant breath. Her charming lips tempted him to lower his head.

The breath stirred the thin air between their lips. Suddenly, a neon light flashed just as he was about to kiss her lips, he suddenly froze and looked at the woman in his arms whose eyes were still closed, and he sat straight up again.

He suppressed the unreasonable attraction, he was stubborn. He mocked himself. When Irish finally opened her eyes, she forgot where she was. She smelt familiar masculine wooden air and the slight smell of tobacco. As she lowered her head, she saw a man's coat which she hadn't realized had been placed on her. Her heart fluttered, she lifted her eyes and glanced up at the man beside the office table.

Joseph appeared to be looking through a document, concentrated and serious, and only a faint light fell, which incidentally traced the outline of his cheeks, his straight nose, slightly closed lips, and square chin. Everything about him seemed impeccable.

It was said that men were the most charming under two conditions, one was when he spent money on a woman, and the other was when he concentrated on work. She was lucky to have seen both of these in Joseph.

To be honest, he was very attractive while he was working. His eyes looked assured and steady. But she didn't understand why a man so thoughtful and successful found only fault with her?

Thinking about that, she couldn't resist sighing and calling his attention. The office was too quiet, only the clock and page-turning could be heard. After hearing this sound, he raised his head to look at her, "Have you woken up?"

His voice sounded nice on such a lonely night.

"Mm-hmm." Irish was afraid of his voice, especially in this strange setting. She looked out the window, thinking it was maybe late and they were maybe the only two left in the building.

"Your meeting took long enough." On the surface, she sounded tough, but she was actually just annoyed at herself for falling asleep there. She was really tired. The secretary had taken her in and then went back to doing her other business, so the quiet environment made her sleepy.

"Sorry," Joseph apologized fictitiously. "If you're that tired, you can sleep in my lounge."

"No thanks, I think we'd better get on to business."

"Then..."

"Oh, what were we talking about before?" She interrupted him, turned over his satchel, and took out his tie from inside. "Here you are. I'm giving this back. I don't need this because it was you who hung it on my neck."

As soon as she left work today, she raced home to get his tie, then was stuck in a traffic jam on the way to the Runestone Group. It had been a long day.

Seeing that, he reached out his hand for it.

Irish rolled her eyes, thinking his temper was big enough to be a young brat. She clenched the tie and subconsciously moved forward, first looking at his palm. His hands were very large, his fingers long and bony, and even his palm print was profound. For example, the work line, which ran from the lifeline to the ring finger, had a very long stroke, which meant he had a very strong fighting power in his career. He worked and would forget to sleep or eat but treated other people harshly and coldly, which inevitably led to misunderstandings.

In other words, he was the kind of person who was so hard to talk to and get along with because he was extremely principled.

Irish handed the tie over to him, but he immediately took it with one finger, then frowned. "Would you not have given it back if you were angry?"

Irish fixed her eyes on it and felt embarrassed. His tie was already crumpled. Her eyes turned to him, she rushed over to him and hung it straight around his neck, with great flattery, said, "Well, it's nighttime now anyway, who's watching? Put it on and press it hard, and the creases should come out?"