

## Enchanted 453

Looking at this color, the mood of Irish was not beautiful.

When he saw her coming in, he looked up at her casually, but it made Irish feel ominous.

Joseph looked back at the document, and when seeing the last page, he signed his name on it.

When Irish saw the situation, her alertness was raised. She thought he was going to speak, but he picked up another document, opened it, and looked it up.

She was bewildered.

Should she sit down or not?

She looked at the time, 06:05 PM, which passed the time of work.

The huge stone in her heart fell to the ground.

Irish gently breathed, sitting on the sofa nearby, but noting to wait for two seconds, she listened to the man's dignified words, "I let you sit?"

She looked up at him.

He kept reading the papers, not looking up at her.

Unable to understand whether he was calm or angry, Irish got up and went to his desk. "So, what do you want me to do?"

Joseph did not attend to her, and two documents were processed in the twinkling of an eye.

Irish was bored and looked around.

"Is my office so far away?" Joseph coldly said.

"Well." Irish reacted, her eyes rolling, and smiled, "I have to finish my work in my hand."

Joseph stared at her, his dark eyes darting in a glimmer of light.

She smiled and carefully touched the chair opposite him. "Can I sit?"

He disagreed, but he didn't object.

Irish then sat down in the chair.

After looking thoughtfully at her, Joseph went on with his meticulous handling of the documents. She tried to poke out her head to take a look. It was full of dense numbers and probably involved the problem of the chain of funds.

Joseph glanced at her.

She hastened to take back her eyes. Then, after a long time, Irish said boringly, "It's time to get off work, you can no longer scold me, you can not deduct my money. Off work means you are not my boss now."

She kept talking for fear that her money would fly.

Joseph also allowed her to nag. And what he said was probably based on her eagerness to get rid of the charges and to keep her own purse. At last, she added, "Most importantly, I am really willing to help others. You didn't see the little girl in the administration department crying. I couldn't help trying on the dress. Marriage is a big matter in life. How important the wedding dress is!"

Joseph, who handled the documents, not knowing whether he was listening or not, did not raise his head.

"You have to pay more attention to your employees, don't just put on a poker face and look at them. Your staff in the administrative department was scared to their wits by you."

Joseph stopped his pen and handed her the glass on the table calmly.

"Thank you." Irish had dried her mouth and gulped down his glass.

When she put down the cup, Joseph had just finished processing the documents and closed the folder. He slightly raised his lips and said, "Your explanation is done?"

Irish blinked and nodded.

Joseph got up, picking up the cup to fetch water. She didn't know what he was thinking, and she didn't dare to move. She sat in her seat and waited for him to come back.

He took a glass of water and locked the door quietly as he passed the door. The sound of the lock was so faint that Irish, in her chair, did not hear it.

Returning to his seat, Joseph put the cup back into place.

"Is the evaluation finished?" He stretched out his hand and loosened his tie.

On hearing this, Irish's face was overshadowed, bitten hard, and then pitifully said, "With all the reports, I wouldn't be able to finish working late tonight."

Joseph heard the words, looking helpless and shaking his head, "There is no way, so you can only accept the deduction on your salary."

"Joseph." With a whine, she came around to him, swinging with one of his arms, "Give me a few more days, it's not an urgent job, and you know I never work overtime."

Joseph closed his lips.

"Are you angry? I have explained to you that I had no idea that Leo would come."

"It's no use being coquettish. We're in the office now." Joseph seemed to smile.

Irish directly sat on his thighs and put her hands around his neck. "It's time for off-work, so you have to suppress me with your boss's voice? That is okay, then can I seduce you and send my red lip to please you?"

At the end of the speech, she gave him a "kiss" on his cheek.

"That's it?" Joseph slightly raised his eyebrows.

On hearing that, Irish stared at him.

"Joseph, I have appeased you, do not go too far."

"Then go back to your work," Joseph said, pushing her away.

"Don't." As soon as she heard it, she took back the attitude she had just shown and put her hand around his neck even tighter. "I thought I had a little grievance."

This man, if she directly hit him, at last, she was the one who suffered.

There was no problem of principle, and there was nothing to show weakness to him.

Joseph had no intention of letting her go. Just now, he was just scaring her. His stout arms put on her waist and stared at her, and the picture that she was wearing a wedding dress ran past in his mind inadvertently. There seemed to be warm blood in her chest. Such a wonderful image of her fully satisfied the nature of a man.

But he thought of Leo. Damn it. It seemed that he had this kind of idea about Irish then!

His eyes became dark suddenly, and hostility quietly spread.

Irish did not know that he had so many changes in his thoughts in such a short period of time and sensed that he had taken the initiative to hug her waist. She decided to make further efforts. "Today is the weekend, and you really want me to work overtime?"

"Of course not." Joseph breathed her hair smell and lowered his tone, his deep voice was with unbridled lust, and his thin lips clinging to her cheek, ordering. "Take off."

Irish was startled, slightly pushing away from him, unimaginably gazing at him.

"If you don't want to work overtime and withhold money, take off your clothes." Joseph smiled slightly but was full of deterrence, and he slowly added two words, "Right now."

Irish reacted and got up quickly, "You are kidding. This is the office. How can I have a pervert boss like you? Not everyone worked overtime tonight. Those people in the marketing department were still there. When she went out, she still saw the director of the marketing department planning the assignment. What if he pushed in again to report on his work?"

"As you said, it's off work." Joseph's big hands were covered on her legs.