

Enchanted 50

Irish sighed heavily, he came here for her today, and she could imagine how hard it would be for her to get rid of him next.

She was going to turn around and avoid him, but he stared at her through the crowd. It was impossible to avoid him. And obviously, he was well prepared this time; otherwise, he wouldn't let the girl deliver a message to her.

Taking a deep breath, she stepped forward calmly. Joseph still stood there without moving, with a faint smile on his face.

"Mr. Dover, are you interested in investigating a certain association in this university?" Irish asked him patiently.

Joseph answered directly, "I came here for you."

"You shouldn't come here if you want to hear a story," Irish frowned.

"I'm not interested in your story."

"Absolutely, it's really not worth talking about old-fashioned conversations." Irish began to pace to and fro impatiently and said, "You understand that it's impossible for me to work at Runestone Group."

"It's not your first day in society. Can't you tell the difference between work and private life?" Joseph said seriously. Then added, "Of course, you can also just let Fredrick's father's work end up nothing."

Irish looked up at him speechlessly. It was so weird that Fredrick's name was spoken by him.

"You dare not offend me openly since you love him, right?" He pierced the truth with a single pertinent remark.

"Who told you that I love him? Nonsense."

His word was like a blasting fuse that ignited a bomb buried in her heart. She was destroyed by the explosion.

Joseph looked at her quietly as if he was watching a clumsy performance.

"Well, I apologize for what I just said." He was as cool as a cucumber and, after a long while, suggested, "Maybe we can go drink a coffee and then have a talk."

"Sorry, I'm busy, and I have no time to talk with you."

His sharp words and deliberate indifference were like a hammer that knocked out a corner of her heart. He was like a thief who peeped at her secrets with his sharp eyes. How could he peep at her thoughts so deliberately? He just disclosed her secret that had been hidden cautiously for many years, and now she had nowhere to hide it.

Irish left angrily while Joseph just kept standing in silence.

When Irish turned her car out of the parking lot and was about to drive home, Joseph stopped his Rolls-Royce before her soundlessly and blocked her way.

"Why are you still here?" Irish was irritated by his behavior and turned the steering wheel, and soon her car sped out of the campus.

Inside the car, Joseph smiled lightly after seeing her car drive away.

From Manhattan to Brooklyn, Irish picked a route that was suitable for her escape but, at the same time, also inconvenient for Joseph to catch up to her. His Rolls-Royce obviously had a better performance than her Jeep. At the thought of this, she couldn't help being angry with him. She must have fallen on evil days this year since all of them tried to humiliate her.

Irish was always in a favorable position when having an automobile race with Leo or Joseph because she was born in New York and was familiar with every road here. Though the roads had undergone tremendous changes in the past few years, she still knew the layout perfectly.

Because of this knowledge, she soon escapes Joseph.

Breathing a sigh of relief and looking up at the signpost, Irish was about to head onto the Ring Road. Unexpectedly, when she had just pulled out of the side street, Joseph's car showed up before her and blocked her way out.

There was no way back up, and she had to drive forward. Staring at Joseph's car, Irish honked at him several times.

But Joseph didn't move his car, and instead, he opened his door and walked out of it. Stepping forward to Irish and leaning on her car leisurely, Joseph took out a cigarette and lit it, then took a drag and exhaled the smoke.

Behind the white smoke, he smiled at Irish, who hid behind the windshield. However, his smile reminded Irish that he was teasing her, just like a cat playing with a tiny mouse.

"Come out!" Protruding her head from the window, Irish looked at the man in front of her impatiently.

"Come out of the car," Joseph said again.

The irritation in Irish's eyes was even stronger. "I'll say it for the last time. Come out!"

Joseph took smoke and said with a calm voice, "Come out of the car."

Irish didn't want to talk nonsense with him and started her car directly. Then, stepping on the throttle, the car rushed to him. She didn't believe that he would stand there without moving.

However, she was wrong.

At least he didn't move when she started the car, he still leaned in front of it, perfectly still.

And even when the car rushed to him, he still stood there motionlessly.

So she had to turn the steering wheel when her red Jeep was about to dash against him. The car was like a donkey whose head had been forced to turn in another direction and stopped just before hitting his luxurious car.

Getting out of the car angrily, Irish slammed the door and stepped forward to Joseph. "Are you crazy?" she said through gritted teeth.

Joseph snuffed the cigarette slowly and said to Irish, "Perhaps you should be polite and call me brother-in-law."

"And then? It seems that you are trying to pressure me with your identity." Irish was even more annoyed now.

"If you have nothing to do with them, I think I would have enough patience to persuade you. Now that you belong to the Lake family, it's natural for you to come back to the Runestone Group." Joseph stepped forward while the shadow of his tall figure almost enveloped her.

It was absurd that he said she belonged to the Lake family. For Irish, she had nothing to do with the Lake family anymore.

"Are you trying to use hard tactics on me?"

"Though your father didn't say anything, he really hoped you'd go back to Runestone Group. So it's my ultimatum for you. If you don't report to Runestone Group next Monday, then Linkus Mental Research Institute won't get any investment." He said victoriously.