

Enchanted 509

Moreover, he would see it as a betrayal, a betrayal of her promise not to go on a blind date.

Her brain was running fast, licking her lips, smiling at him sweetly. "He is a client of mine and came to thank me."

"Really?" Joseph gently smiled. The corners of the eyebrow between the eyes seemed to disappear, clasping her fingers, he sighed, "Your customer is very persistent, he was chasing you even inside the company."

Like a knife into his heart, the sharp blade cut his whole heart into pieces. The pain from the last time spread quickly, mixed with this pain, and wrung the wound's position. He smiled softly, and the corners of his lips were soft. Staring at the quiet smile that appeared on Irish's face and seeing her lying to him again naturally, he wanted to pinch her by the neck several times, and he wanted to ask her, Irish, how can you cheat me again and again? Why do you hurt me again and again?

She quickly analyzed his words, and he did not look angry, but she always felt something was wrong. He tightened his fingers slightly and pointed his smiling black eyes into her eyes.

"Joseph, in fact, actually, he's chasing me." She confessed slightly.

Joseph looked at her with a silent smile.

"As you can see, he sent me a bouquet of flowers." Irish clenched his hand and swallowed the saliva nervously. "But please, believe me, I really didn't agree. I told him I had a boyfriend, and I had already thrown away the flowers. If you don't believe me, you can go to my office to check if I did what I told you."

Joseph always listened patiently to her without saying a word.

Irish's heart began to beat quickly.

After a long time, he got up. His tall body almost covered her. She looked up and into his deep black eyes.

Joseph's lip angle was always slightly raising, lifting his slender fingers and gently caressing her eyebrows, and then his tone more gentle and gentle, "Is he really just your client?"

Irish opened her lips slightly, and for a moment, she wanted to say to him, "No, he is Adam, and don't get me wrong. He's not the Adam I know."

But the words from the bottom of her heart swung back and forth in her throat, and she couldn't speak them out loud. She dared not take the risk. She did not want him to think that she was still thinking of Adam. She did not want to lose him. "Yes." Finally, she spat out the words softly.

The smile on Joseph's lips froze faintly, and the bottom of his eyes was gloomy as the dark clouds, and the fingers caressing her cheek trembled slightly but in a subtle way. And Irish couldn't feel that.

At last, the wound widened as if it had torn his flesh, and before his very eyes, this woman mercilessly did it. All these years, no woman has broken his heart, trampled on his feelings, or lied to him with such a smile.

His eyes smiled again, but with the pain to the extreme.

The next moment, his slender fingers swung around her back head, pressing her towards him and tilting her face.

Irish did not expect that he would do this, and she screamed suddenly as she felt the extreme pain.

He bowed his head and shut her mouth.

The thin lips brushed Irish's lips with fire, she panted, but he took the opportunity to force in, nearly gnawing her lips, overbearing and strong.

Irish tilted her head to receive his sudden kiss.

And just then, the conference room door suddenly opened, followed by a scream.

It was the little girl from the administrative department who was thinking of cleaning up the conference room but did not expect to be hit by this scene. Perhaps the scene in front of her was too exciting, and she was frightened for a while.

When Irish's heart trembled, Joseph stopped at this moment but listened to him yelling, "Get out, close the door!"

The next second, the door of the meeting room was closed by the little girl, and the sound of footsteps darted away.

Everything was quiet again.

But Irish's face, like a layer of white paste, turns pale. It could be imagined that the girl was shocked and how this matter once spread.

Her scalp was numb, and her hair was almost erect. Her fingers and lips trembled gently and involuntarily.

The first thought that crossed her brain was: OMG!

Not for her, but for Joseph.

She had never been afraid of gossip. It didn't matter how hard it was, but she didn't want to see or hear negative news about Joseph. Even though he and Ruby had announced about their fake marriage, although it was said that after their lunch, there was more gossip about them, it was better than the kissing scene, which outsiders directly caught.

As she was in a panic, Joseph reached for her chin and ordered her to look him in the eye, his tone becoming a little deep.

He said, "Isabel, don't see him again."

Irish froze.

"Don't see that man again." Joseph put his arm around her, his chin against her head, his heavy tone was depressing.

She looked up at him in astonishment. "We were just seen."

Was that the point?

"What if she saw it? Don't you love me?" Joseph asked.

She suddenly became silent, and his answer excited and frightened her.

"Of course, I love you." She lowered her tone. "But I'm afraid it will affect you. All the gossip is directed at you."

Joseph's eyes were fixed. After a long time, he said, "What I care about is never an influence."

When she heard what he said, Irish understood, thinking of the similar request he had just made in a heavy tone, and her heart was tingling like being hit by a needle. She swore that she didn't want to deceive him, but she did not want the fake Adam to spoil their hard-won quietness.

A blind date that has nothing to do with her was her mistake. She should not be curious to look at him. It was precisely because of that curiosity that she was in a dilemma. She must not mention to Joseph about her blind date. Otherwise, she really became the person who broke her word, although she had broken her word, and she had despised herself from the bottom of her heart.