

Enchanted 510

"Joseph." She snuggled up to him again, lifting her hand and tugging at his tie. "Are you angry, aren't you? I promise you, I won't see him again. I've made it clear to him. Don't worry."

Joseph bowed his head and held her tightly after a long time.

Was this the taste of forbearance? When the eyes were closed, and the heart was still filled with sorrow? Even knowing her deception, he indulged her again and again and believed her again and again that this was her last one.

Clenching the big hands behind her.

Only in this way could he alleviate the pain in his heart, and only in that way could he ignore the pain in his heart, what he saw and what she explained.

When was he so cowardly?

The company's elevator door rattled as the sky darkened.

Shirley was furious when she came out of the elevator. She took off her sunglasses, whose legs squeaked, and she looked at the little girls who walked into the company from behind her, her teeth tickled.

She originally came to the company to find Henry. She wanted to talk to him again about increasing the shares of Ruby and Roy. She wanted to avoid causing too much trouble to the company. She also heard that the municipal leaders came to the company that day, so she wore sunglasses and veiled herself. Unexpectedly, her ears had not been quiet since waiting for the elevator.

Little girls were talking about gossip, whose chest card was the Runestone Group.

All they talked about was the recent scandal between the Lake and the Runestone Group.

Shirley listened, too, until it was revealed that Dr. Irish and Joseph were seen kissing in the conference room this afternoon, she was stunned and angrily rushed up to her head.

The news really excited the other girls. Some said they had expected the two of them to be together, and some said Joseph had always clarified that he was single and so on. And a girl said mysteriously, "Don't you see that at noon today, Dr. Irish and Mr. Dover are very close? He uses his own knife and fork to cut off foie gras for Dr. Irish himself."

Others nodded and said they had heard, and then there was another round of discussion. But they were all in a one-sided view that they thought Joseph and Irish were very eye-catching, a perfect match.

A perfect match really thrilled Shirley. The elevator door slowly closed behind her. She stared at the LOGO of the Runestone Group, and her fingers were almost broken.

All right, Joseph, and you finally showed your tail!

Shirley bit her lower teeth and went back to the elevator without saying anything.

The night lit up again in New York, and neon tore the haze of the night apart.

Joseph received a call from Roy at 10 P.M., and his reception was over. When he left the hotel, he rushed directly to the pub Club where Roy was at.

PUB, with a noisy environment, ebullient dancing figures, and bright or dim flashing lights.

When Joseph pushed open the box, he saw Roy at a glance.

There were women around him.

Two women lay in his arms. One gave him wine, the other took the fruit to his mouth, and the long table was filled with bottles of all kinds. There were empty bottles and unopened ones.

Seeing Joseph come, Roy shook up and sat down with him.

"You're too late, so you need to drink."

Roy put a clean empty cup in front of Joseph, picking up the bottle to pour wine.

Joseph stretched out his hand and pressed the cup, "What happened?" he asked.

Roy was a regular customer in the nightclub, but in his impression, this guy seemed to have not lived this kind of life for a long time.

"What? What happened? I call you to come out and drink." Roy smiled, took away his hand, and poured wine into the cup.

"Although you are not my brother-in-law now, can you accompany me to drink?"

Joseph had already had some wine at the dinner, and he had no intention of drinking it, but when he saw Roy's state, he directly picked up his glass and touched him lightly. He drank it all out. "Okay, I'll punish myself."

Roy also dried a cup and patted him on the shoulder, "Great."

And then they filled each other's glass.

After the bottle was put down, a hand stretched across a woman's arms and pulled her into Joseph's arms, "Your task tonight is to accompany Mr. Dover, do you understand?"

Full of wine fragrance.

Along with Roy's push, the woman laid against Joseph's arms, whose voice was as sweet as a nightingale, "Don't worry, Mr. Lake." At the end of the speech, she took the glass, and her body was as soft as a snake, "Mr. Dover, this cup is for you."

Joseph did not pick up the cup, slightly frowning toward Roy, "You'd better go back."

"Why, don't you like it?" Roy seemed to have drunk a lot before, whose drunk eyes were with a smile, "Don't pretend you and Ruby are fake, and how are you true with Irish? You are a man who can't understand."

Joseph did not bother with the drunk, pushed the wine cup away sent by the woman in arms, and lightly said, "Roy, what irritates you?"

"Irritates?" Roy frowned, "Tonight, I should be very excited with wine, food, and beauty." After talking, he held the woman around him and bit her chest with his head down, making her gasp again.

Joseph did not say a word and more or less guessed Roy's thoughts.

"Don't say I didn't think of you." Roy drank the wine cup again, pointing to the woman in his arms. "This young model is for you, fresh and delicious."

Joseph did not even look, picked up the glass, and drank it; since he did not say something, he did not force him.

A bottle of strong wine was quickly drained.

Roy opened another bottle, and the woman around them hurriedly poured wine.

Joseph was a very good listener. He never rushed to ask him what was going on. He just drank wine. Finally, when Roy was sitting there without a word, he finally asked, "Do you want to say something?"