

Enchanted 518

The sunlight was suffused in the room, which was warm.

She also had to go to work in Runestone Group on Friday, and many colleagues stared at her with weird looks, especially when Joseph walked into her office in person and went to take her out for lunch together, it aroused clamors of comments.

Irish ate much for lunch while Joseph was so pleasant and couldn't help smiling when he looked at her. Irish liked his smile, enchanted and had the charm to make her blush. She enjoyed the feeling of getting along with him in this way, as sweet as first love.

Joseph had a social interview at night, so Irish went shopping alone for a while after work and then bought some snacks in the supermarket, but when she walked out of the elevator, she was shocked.

The closed door was opened with a slit, and she stepped forward slowly, opening it hesitantly. The moment she opened the door, she had a suction wind with her eyes widened.

Irish had to admit that though the house seemed a bit chaotic, it was just because of the visual effect of color collision, and after all, she was a woman who paid attention to the tidiness of the room.

Therefore, when she opened the door and found the room was in a mess as if it had been struck by the tornado and the first thought that occurred to her was that a thief had come here.

She tried to hold back the astonishment, standing by the door for a long time and then stepping in after ensuring there was no sound in the house, but for the sake of security, she took the vase placed in the entrance in case the thief would rush out suddenly.

The living room was in a mess, all the furniture was in disorder, and the glasses on the teapot were broken. Irish was so irritated, after all, the glasses were scoured from abroad.

She stepped upstairs but found it was quiet, and it seemed that the thief had already left.

She opened the door and found that every room had been devastated.

Her astonishment turned to irritation gradually. She regretted that she didn't go home earlier; otherwise, she may meet the thief, and she would have certainly beaten the thief violently.

However, she could sigh and then call the police.

An hour later, Joseph finally arrived at her house, and it was dark outside. The glass windows were like ink splashed, and the stars were covered.

Irish curled on the couch as a silkworm cocoon with the broken white orchid screen in her arms. Her face was tainted with obvious anger, and she stared forward, gnashing her teeth.

Behind her was the endless darkness, in stark contrast to her pale face.

The police were doing the tail-in work, and one of them stepped forward when he saw Joseph get in. "Are you the owner of this house?"

Upon entering the house, Joseph saw Irish curling up on the couch, and he was so worried. He was eager to comfort her, but the police came to him. Hearing this, he turned to Irish while she nodded quietly at him.

"Yes, I am." He replied calmly.

The police began to tell him the details, which was just a larceny case from a preliminary investigation. The thief slammed into the door and directly destroyed the lock. However, the large pieces of furniture and valuable electrical appliances were not lost.

But some cash of around twenty thousand dollars left in the drawer was lost, which was for her daily expenses, so she didn't deposit it in the bank.

The thief was smart, and he wore a shoe cover and carried hand glue to commit crimes, so the police couldn't collect his finger mark on the site. From the point of view of the lost items, the thief was only seeking money. As for why he did not take more valuable things, the police gave two analysis points. Firstly, he may be alone, so he can't take the big pieces of furniture, but only take some small and valuable items, such as cash, jewelry, and phone. Secondly, it was because of the time limit, since it was closing time and the thief had to escape.

Joseph looked around seriously and found the room was chaotic, so he asked, "Have you checked the surveillance video in the corridor and elevator?"

"The thief is sly and avoided all the cameras, and he even disguised himself among the crowd, but we will recheck the videos."

"There is no need to do that." Irish suddenly said and then sighed heavily while the police were confused by her words. "I just lost some money. And I don't hope everyone who lives here will be jittery." In fact, she was afraid that it would bring up unnecessary ramifications.

She didn't hope to cause trouble at such an essential time, and she was also afraid the media would exaggerate it to the public.

After hearing her words, the police frowned and said, "Ms. Irish, you are condoning the actions of criminals."

"It is just a small case." Irish insisted.

Joseph, who stood beside her, perceived her worries, and as soon as she finished her words, he turned to the police and said, "I am the owner, and I hope you can help me to find out the truth."

"No, no, no." Irish was anxious after hearing that and hastily put aside the screen and rushed to Joseph. She looked at the police and said sincerely, "Though he is the owner, I am the renter, so I have the right to decide."

"Isabel." Joseph was helpless.

Irish nodded to the police regardless of Joseph's countenance.

The police were confused by them and then said, after thinking for a while, "Well, we'd take back the evidentiary data today, and I can give you some time to consider."

Irish bowed and scraped. After the police left, she curled on the couch again like a deflated ball, watching the messy scene upstairs and downstairs, sending out desperate mourning. Joseph called for the security door installation service and then took off his coat, beginning to tidy up the house.

Irish was lying on the couch motionlessly, her long hair disheveled. She stared at Joseph, who was cleaning up the room and mumbled like a little puppy.