

Enchanted 541

Joseph there seemed to be relieved, "Good."

"Joseph," Irish called him.

"What?"

"Will you really be back soon?" Irish asked as if she were a frightened child, biting his lower lip hard in tears.

"Yes." There was no hesitation, no doubt.

She smiled with tears.

The sky in Venice was rather somber.

At the end of the phone, Joseph stood in front of the window at the end of the corridor. His angled face flashed by the dim light of the sky, he seemed calm, but deep in his pupil was billowing.

The strong arms stood on the edge of the window, and the veins popped from the back of the hand.

Soon, clear heels sound raised behind, followed by Daisy's voice, "Mr. Dover, it's time for the meeting."

Joseph did not respond.

Daisy did not continue to urge him, carefully standing behind and waiting.

After a long time, Joseph opened his tone, determined, "I want the fastest flight home."

Daisy was taken aback and was quick to react and said, "I have already taken care of the domestic affairs. The relevant media have started to handle it. You can't leave now. The Project Director of HSBC is still waiting for you. You have to...."

"Get me a flight home right away!" Joseph suddenly turned around to interrupt Daisy, whose attitude was intolerant, forced, and rough.

Daisy was startled by his appearance. His face was extremely terrible, especially the eyes, cold and grumpy. He rarely showed such an expression, and she could see that he was furious, so she did it immediately.

Joseph stood there, his hands tightly clenched, his thin lips were almost drawn into a line, and his disdainful chin was taut.

When he found out about this, he wanted to go back immediately. However, when he heard Irish's crying voice on the phone and kept it from him, he decided that no matter how important the job was, he would give up. His heart was broken when Irish asked him helplessly on the phone whether he was really coming back. There was never a woman in the world who made him keep thinking about her. Even if it was thousands of miles away, when she was in pain, he followed to feel the pain, and she cried, then his world collapsed.

In New York, curtains shaded the light. In the room, Irish's mood was a lot better.

Because of Joseph's phone call, his promise of coming back soon seemed like a shot of cardiac stimulant at her, as if all helplessness had disappeared.

Even though Irish wanted to be strong enough to tell him not to come back, all the media would haunt her like bees had seen honey. However, these words in the mouth were repeated back and forth, and finally, she spits out only that sentence, "will you really come back soon?"

She was powerless, unable to face such heavy exposure, and could only hide behind Joseph, pushing him to the edge of danger. Was she too timid? Or selfish?

However, she was sure that she would face Joseph. She was not afraid as long as he was around, no matter how big the waves were.

Cassie saw Irish, and though she cried in tears after she finished talking, she felt slightly relieved.

After sitting beside her, she sighed, "I see, Joseph is really your nemesis."

Irish sniffed, and the whole person leaned against Cassie. A long time later, she said, "When I was just answering the phone, am I quite humiliated?"

Cassie nodded her head.

Irish buried her face in her arms, "But I want to cry when I hear his voice."

"So it only tells you that you chose hoes before bros." Cassie caressed her head, her tone a little helpless. "As a friend, I can't get your reaction after doing everything. Joseph just made a phone call, bringing you back to life."

"He said he'd be right back." Irish pillowed on Cassie's leg and said softly. Cassie looked at Irish's attached side face, then she understood. Her affection for Joseph had been deep to the bone, and she did not know whether this was a good or bad thing.

Just thinking about it, she saw the sudden change in her face, and the whole person suddenly sat up.

She scared Cassie to a jump, "Irish?"

Irish was silent, but her eyes were fixed on the computer screen, her pale face was almost twisted and deformed, and her eyes were burning like a flame in full bloom.

Cassie was frightened by her appearance and looked at it.

The post was not closed, so it would always show the latest report content.

A piece of news bounced out, and the following comments had already been made.

However, it was Shirley's blatant provocation through the media with the posture of a member of the victim's family, denouncing Irish and Joseph's sexy photo and saying that Ruby's admitting to the outsiders that they were in a fake marriage was a helpless action. In fact, the relationship between them made Ruby have to divorce and to cover the ugly fact, Joseph fabricated the statement of the fake marriage.

She pointed out all the blame for the shameful behavior of Irish's involvement in their marriage and Joseph's vile act, which resulted in the victim character of her daughter.

Not to mention the facial expression of Irish was terrible, even Cassie was angry, snapping the notebook computer and quickly getting up. Then she yelled angrily, "Shirley is too much! Isn't it too cruel of her to hit the person when he is down?"

Irish's fingers were almost broken, her fingernails deep in her palm, and the pain crept down the skin into her heart. Her lips were shaking, her face was pale like a layer of white paste, and anger ran all the way to her brain, buzzing,

"I think she probably did it!" Cassie trembled with anger, "Irish, this matter must be investigated. Don't let go of anyone who is involved in this matter. It's too much!"

Just after the voice, only to hear a "bang," it was the sound of smashing.

The two looked for the sound.

But seeing Mia stranded in the drawing room entrance with a pale face. She accidentally dropped the soup bowl, which fell to the ground.

"What's the matter? Watch out!" Cassie was angry, seeing that, she was more unhappy.