

Enchanted 606

Obviously, he knew the ulterior motive of the backstage manipulator, but no one would help someone else to clear the obstacles for no reason. Joseph was not a God, and he was also an ordinary person, so he would have his own selfishness.

And his selfishness was the three goals, as Irish said just now, but she was so accurate for the last point because it was true that he didn't care who held the most stocks, but what really mattered was who could be in charge of the company in the end. He didn't intend to look down upon anyone, but it was true that every member of the Lake family lacked the competence to open up the market. Now Henry had been dead, and the fund was still frozen at present, but no one could deal with it, including Irish and Roy. He had to maintain the Runestone Group, which also belonged to his family, and how could he leave the company in the hands of the Lake family?

But he had never thought to uproot Henry by this incident.

Though he hated Henry, he had to appreciate him at the same time. That was why Joseph had lingered in grudge and appreciation, and he experienced all kinds of hard tastes.

After the exposure of Rube's sexual orientation, Joseph was worried, but in the meantime, he was also surprised.

What made him surprised was that he could resolve two of the troubles for him, but he was also worried since he knew the backstage manipulator had an ulterior motive.

He planned to control this case after it developed to some extent so that all of the problems would be solved soundlessly.

But just as he said to Irish, he didn't have superhuman power and couldn't act like a God. When he was busy resolving the fund for Runestone Group, Henry died suddenly.

Of course, now that it had happened, he didn't hope Irish would make blind and disorderly conjectures over it, and he couldn't explain to her his response. No matter whether he would like to admit it, he knew that Irish was suspicious of him.

Irish was silent for a while and then smiled faintly, staring at him, and said, "But I have heard personally that you quarreled with him that night. Are you really incapable of dealing with that, or are you reluctant to resolve it? Moreover, you have argued with him several times after the deprivation of your position in the company. Then can I think he has become a stumbling block in your career development?"

"Isabel!" Joseph finally frowned tightly, and his voice also sounded cold, "Do you think I am a man like this? Am I a man who would sacrifice everything for my profit in your heart?"

Irish gnashed her teeth and replied without hesitation, "Yes."

It seemed that the air was suddenly frozen because of a strong coldness in his eyes. Of course, he didn't roar at her and didn't flustered and exasperated, but he looked at her silently. He looked so severe, and his eyes were apparently chilly.

He clenched his hands, and the blood vessels on the back of his hand bulged.

After a long time, he said word by word, "Do you know that I have waited for you in the restaurant for an hour?" After finishing his words, he slammed the door and walked out of the room.

He had never been so patient with a woman, and no woman dared to treat him this way. Her answer was like a knife stabbing into his heart.

Irish felt cold in the bedroom, so she hurdled up like a shrimp.

Jordan was eating an apple on the living room couch, and when Joseph passed by him, he took his coat and said to Jordan, "Keep an eye on her, and don't allow her to go out."

Jordan turned to his brother with a remote controller in his hands but only saw his back since he was about to go out.

He said nothing and soon turned to the TV.

But after a while, he still didn't hear the sound of closing the door, so he felt weird and then turned over again. He found that Joseph was still there, whose back looked so lonely, and it seemed that he was thinking.

Jordan took a bite of the apple and wondered what he was thinking about.

After a few seconds, Joseph went back and then sat on the couch.

Jordan looked at him while eating an apple but found that he slammed the coat on the couch again while his slender body sunk against the couch.

The light in the living room was turned into a cool white by Jordan, which made Joseph's face look more well-defined.

He sat there and was lost in his meditation while frowning tightly.

Jordan couldn't figure out what he was thinking about, and of course, he would not take the initiative to ask him. He recalled the scene just now when Joseph was going to go out with his coat angrily and could guess what had happened.

Jordan had to admire Irish since he knew Joseph was annoyed by her, and she could easily ignite his anger.

He was refraining from his anger, and if it were Jordan who annoyed him, he would have slapped Jordan violently.

Jordan stared at Joseph with his split vision. Though he was unsatisfied with his brother, he had to admit that he did a good job since he never beat a woman. Jordan had seen before abroad when a man was beating a woman, and Jordan thought it was really a shame for a man.

There was only the noise from the TV in the living room and the sound of biting an apple.

Jordan didn't talk to his brother, and Joseph also ignored him.

Joseph was absorbed in his own world and frowned tightly. After a long time, he leaned forward, took out a cigarette, licked it in his mouth, and then took out the lighter.

Soon the flame in the lighter lightened his skein of sorrow.

Jordan turned to him and accidentally saw his coat which Joseph casually threw. An exquisite box was exposed from his pocket. It was a purple box with a fine black belt of high-grade velvet, which could easily tell Joseph's sincerity.

The cigarette was ignited soon, and a wisp of smoke exhaled from his mouth, which blurred his eyes.

However, he only took one smoke and then distinguished it while the smoke also vanished in the air as if it had never been there.

After a few minutes, Jordan found that he looked relieved a little and then stood up. When Joseph passed by him again, Joseph said to him, "It is late. Why don't you go to bed?" Though it didn't sound as cold as his tone a moment ago, it still sounded unpleasant.