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Daisy nodded, "I see."

As far as the present situation of the Runestone Group was concerned, only good news could stabilize the people's hearts. The game between Leo and the Runestone Group in the stock market seemed to be a senseless struggle, but for those who were eyeing it covetously and waiting for a bad end, it was a perfect counterattack.

Daisy asked him again, "How did you think about the Land It Forum that I told you about before? They have been waiting for your reply."

Joseph pondered for a moment and nodded. "Well, I'll reply to them later."

Daisy wrote down what he said.

Joseph looked a little listless and threw his tie on the desk, lifting his hand and rubbing his temples. Daisy was surprised to see all this in her eyes. As she spent so many years with Joseph, she was more or less familiar with him. Her boss had always regarded his work as his life. It was not that he had never been busy like that in the past, nor had he not been able to sleep a week, but never as decadent and tired as he was this time.

Even he was a little intolerant, and she could see that not all of his thoughts were at work.

So, what was he thinking?

Daisy was a clever woman with sharp eyes. She knew when it was appropriate to ask and when it was not appropriate. Seeing Joseph's appearance, she wondered whether it would have anything to do with Irish, but at that time, she would never ask.

If it was related to Dr. Irish, then there had been a similar situation before. On that occasion, he even got angry at his subordinates and lost his temper with her. But at least his mood had changed, suggesting he was eager to fix the situation. But this time, Joseph was in a strange state. He didn't get angry. He didn't even react too much to his subordinates' mistakes during the meeting. He was just looking somewhere in a daze, his eyes were wandering.

Moreover, he was more serene than ever, which was the most terrible situation.

Seeing Daisy standing before him, Joseph put down his hand, lightly asking, "Is there something else?"

Daisy wanted to talk again but hesitated.

"Come on."

"Ruby came, and she said she wanted your help." Daisy's voice barely came out as she recalled that Runestone's present situation was very chaotic.

Henry Lake died, and Roy took the President's seat. She was somewhat dissatisfied and also had a little resentment towards Lake.

Having no selfishness was false. In her opinion, the Runestone Group could have today's achievements entirely thanks to Joseph's effort. For the Runestone, his input and expertise made by wholehearted

dedication brought the entire company to glory, only to be taken away and replaced by Roy, who did not understand the market. She would have felt uncomfortable if it had been so. But looking back, there were no parents who didn't care for their children. Henry always had to leave a way for his children.

It should be blamed that it was too early for Joseph to break up his relationship with Ruby and too late to confirm his relationship with Irish. If he had married Irish, the Runestone Group would undoubtedly become his.

But why did these two people have no movement?

Joseph frowned slightly, and after a long time, he said, "Tell her I'm busy."

Daisy respectfully said, "In fact, that's what I told Ruby, but she seemed really worried. She said she must see you today and that she would be waiting for you. It didn't matter if she would be waiting for you until you finished your work."

Joseph's frowning was much colder. Finally, after a long time, he got up and said, "Let her wait in the office for an hour."

"All right"

"Wait," Joseph called Daisy again. He picked up a note and wrote a list of addresses on it to Daisy. "Find an experienced nanny."

Daisy glanced at the note, slightly surprised, "Let the nanny go here?"

Joseph's eyes were deep, "Yes."

"Okay, I'll do it soon."

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Lilith followed the man who claimed to be Jay's colleague to go out and then followed him all the way up the stairs. She had thought she would see Jay. Unexpectedly, the man coming toward her was a middle-aged man who looked in his 40s and 50s and was quite tall. His body was quite strong, although he was wearing casual clothes, between the eyebrows exuded the upright air, which should not be ignored. His face was also very serious, and he was not like an ordinary person.

He smiled slightly after seeing Lilith, which dissolved his seriousness.

"Miss Lake, this is Kevin, the director of the Drug Enforcement Brigade." The man next to Lilith made a brief introduction.

Lilith looked at him up and down.

Kevin had been an old policeman engaged in the investigation for many years. Seeing her reaction, which was obviously hesitating, he took out his work certificate with a smile, "Hello, Miss Lake. I am Kevin."

Lilith took his work card, looked at it, and touched it carefully, "It's not a copy, is it?"

The man around him chuckled, and Kevin did not expect her to say that stunned, then laughed and joked, "Have you ever seen a copy of this?"

"What can't be done these days? As small as invoices, as big as documents." Lilith muttered in a low voice.

"The little girl is very interesting." Kevin wasn't angry, pointing to the back, "My work card can be falsified, then these can not be copied."

Lilith noticed the scene behind him.

Apparently, it was a workshop, about a dozen people, all watching the monitor screen, wearing serious faces. She walked up and stared at the screens, hesitating, "This is?"

"Every informant sent back a surveillance image. We need to ensure the safety of every informant who works for the country," Kevin said with a serious smile, "and their situation at every time."

Lilith was in shock, "What about Jay?"

"Don't worry, and he's safe," Kevin said a short word.

Lilith shook her head, "I can't be relieved until I see him."

Kevin thought it. He patted one of the policemen's shoulders and ordered him, "Transfer to Jay's image."

Soon, the screen turned and showed a group of people eating, most of whom were men, only one woman popped out, who was very beautiful, who looked like a mixed race from the outline of her face, whose skin was a Western favorite healthy wheat color. She was wearing a tight collar jacket, and her deep cleavage was filled with temptation.

Holding a crimson lady's cigarette, thin and delicate, she was enchanting as she breathed out the rim from her sexy red lips, gazing in one direction, looking at the man standing in front of the box window.