

Enchanted 67

She was drunk, so she could act recklessly, but Joseph was sober. When facing her question, he didn't answer immediately; instead, he stared at her for a long while.

His eyes were clear but hard to understand. They looked profound and shone like diamonds, while Irish felt uneasy under his gaze. After a long while, Joseph had restored his calm and restrained his wild mood, "It is too late. Have a good rest here."

Joseph moved away from her, and his unique fragrance in the air also vanished, only leaving the smell of alcohol there. She swallowed, and her lips twitched but didn't say anything, looking at his blurry back silently.

Late into the night, Jay and Lilith had an interesting chat for more than three hours, during which Lilith implored Jay to share some heroic deeds with her. Jay was charming and lighthearted in daily life but rigorous with his work, so he mentioned some drug smuggling experiences to her. But for Lilith, who had studied abroad for many years, his stories were fantastic. Jay eventually thought the girl was adorable and interesting.

She was cheerful and not hypocritical but didn't tell Jay about her name, and when he asked, she just smiled at him quietly. However, Jay didn't think too much about it.

When they finished the last dessert, Lilith asked, "The man still hasn't pleaded guilty, right?"

"You mean Willy?" Jay answered, and then he added, "Interrogation is a time-consuming and laborious task."

"But you have evidence, right?" Lilith was puzzled.

"It's never easy to solve a case like this, and there are still many things you don't understand." Jay gave her an ambiguous answer.

Then she realized that she had asked too many questions and apologized to him quickly, "I'm sorry. I forgot that you have to keep the information confidential during the interrogation."

"It seems that you understand many rules." Jay smiled, showing the even whiteness of his teeth, and looked very handsome.

He shouldn't reveal too much information to the outside, even to the hostage, since the result was still pending. It was his vigilance and cautions that had protected him for so many years. After dealing with drug smugglers for so many years, he had experienced many dangerous moments, had come into contact with many different people, and had seen many weird things.

Of course, he didn't suspect the girl before him since her eyes were so clear; unless she was an actor; otherwise, she seemed to be an innocent girl. But Willy was only one of the smaller dealers; a large drug dealer organization must have been behind him. He had to arrest the manipulator as well as the drug factory, so it was normal for him to act cautiously.

Lilith accepted all of his compliments and grinned.

"You are really brave, I have never seen a hostage as calm as you."

"It is because Ms. Irish was there too." She said carelessly, but soon she found it was a little inappropriate to say that. She knew clearly about the old scores between the Lake family and the Lane family, so she was trying to win a chance to get along well with Jay tonight. She was afraid that Jay would suspect her, it sounded like she was familiar with Irish.

But Jay did not go deeper and just smiled, "It seems that you have a good memory, and you remember Irish clearly."

"Yes. She really is an amazing woman." She hastened to follow what he said.

Hearing this, Jay was proud of his sister, but soon he couldn't help complaining, "Perhaps if you knew it was her first time to be a negotiator, you wouldn't have been so calm."

"Ah?" Lilith was astonished by this, and as she recalled the situation, she couldn't believe that it was her first time being a negotiator.

"She's my sister, and she is a brilliant woman, so it's ok to trust her." A proud voice came out from him.

Lilith couldn't hold back her laughter and took a bite of dessert.

"Girls really love dessert." She had eaten so much dessert.

"I don't like it because it's easy to get fat when eating it at night."

Jay frowned and looked at the empty dishes beside her, "Really?"

Lilith stared at his eyes directly and said frankly. "I keep eating because I want to hear more from you about your past."

Jay was shocked and wanted to laugh and weep all at once.

When Irish woke up, she saw the curtains as if they covered a layer of shining gold. She got up and looked around the room that was decorated with black wood furniture, which looked elegant and luxurious. The bed occupied a large area of the room while some art paintings hung on the wall. There were large green plants close to the bed, and the lush leaves relieved visual fatigue.

It was absolutely a man's room. She got up and pressed hard on her forehead. She knew the feeling was the consequence of being drunk. Lowering her head, she found that she was still dressed in her evening dress from last night, and the blanket had slipped down on the ground.

Scratching her hair, Irish soon sobered up and staggered to open the curtain. The sunshine poured in, and she blocked her eyes with her hands.

The sunshine that morning was glaring.

Down below lay the bustling business circle where there was no weekend.

Irish shook her head, and the situation last night began to squeeze into her head. She could tell from the outside building that it was Joseph's resting room, and he didn't send her back home at all. Irish

returned to the bed and touched the other side of the bed. She didn't feel any warmth, and then she sniffed, only to find there was no smell of him.

It had been proven that she had slept there alone last night.

Looking at the other side of the bed, Irish smiled. Now she needn't worry about where she was; since it was his resting room, he wouldn't leave her alone there.

Then she got off the bed again and opened the door, but couldn't help laughing when she entered the living room.

The living room was in the same style as his bedroom. But after all, it was only a lounge in the office, and it would not be too large. The bar was beside the window, with various wines and cigars displayed on the shelf. Some of the wine was not opened yet, while the others only left half a bottle, so it seemed that Joseph was not a big drinker.