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Joseph did not shy away from her push and leaned sideways, the smile in his eyes seemed to be aroused by her anger.

"Still laughing? Stop laughing!" Irish felt more embarrassed and lifted her hand to hit him on the chest.

This time he did not dodge it but simply hugged her and fastened her to his sturdy chest. Her heart was beating so fast, and she struggled hard, but he never let go.

"Joseph!" She could not get away, panting, and stared at him.

Joseph did not smile, looking down at her in his arms, he asked in a slightly serious tone, "Isabel, what are you afraid of?"

Irish's body suddenly went stiff. She thought he had felt that.

"Tell me what you're afraid of." He repeated the sentence, and his voice sounded a little persuasive this time.

While he was still at the airport, he received a phone call from Ruby. She said that Irish would go back to the Lake's house for dinner this weekend. The news was a bit of a surprise to him. He did not know the purpose of him driving all the way to Linkus, maybe he could just get her at her house. The phone call made him feel as though something was wrong, and when he rushed into the office building, he found that the elevator was somewhat broken, but it was no cause for concern.

The moment when the elevator door opened, his heart was pained by the figure who had been curled up in the corner.

Like a bird whose wings had been taken away, she lost her ordinary pride and freedom, crammed into the corner, her head on her knees. She didn't scream, only shivered.

When he reached for her in his arms, he finally realized that the blankness behind her eyes was not a fear of an elevator accident but a fear of the unknown.

He had no idea what she had gone through.

For a while, Irish had no idea how to face the man's sharp eyes. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath quietly. Then she said with indifference, "Of course, I'm afraid that you would seize the chance to cut down my salary. I left work two hours earlier, and you came here to catch me. How can I not be afraid?"

She deliberately concealed it.

How could Joseph not see it? She was a bit proud of being able to hide something from him. He could usually read her like a book.

After a moment of pondering, Joseph loosened his hand and opened his mouth. "Your bad side came back, and it seems that you'll be alright." She tried to maintain the little self-esteem she had left.

Irish seemed to be gradually recovering, straightening up her untidy neckline because of the struggle, and glanced at him. "Money is the loveliest thing in the world," she said. "So I would never watch my money fly away. You are originally a businessman, and you're here late, so I'm nervous."

Joseph listened to her and seemed to be helpless. "How can I deduct your money without any reason?"

Irish was more nervous hearing that, "You...."

"I heard something about Bernert." He was concise and clear.

After hearing these words, Irish's heart fell into her stomach, and she reached out to comfort herself and then smiled at him. "My boss is so open-minded that he did not abuse his diligent employee when I left my post without permission. But, why are you here?"

Joseph smiles, not answering her question. He started the car and headed for the main street. Irish was more doubtful about his silence and inadvertently remembered his call. She instantly realized, "you are taking me to the Lake's house?"

"Not taking you, but sending you back." He corrected the sentence.

Irish turned her head, staring at the side of his face. The light outside the window seemed to fall on his nose and thick eyebrows. There was no smile on his lips. She raised her eyebrows and asked, "Have you had plastic surgery?"

Her voice was soft and hesitant, and Joseph was so absorbed in paying attention to the road that he could not hear what she had said for a moment. Slowing down at a red light, he turned to her and looked at her with a frown, "Hmm?"

"Oh, I..." Compared to his doubts, she was even more surprised that she had asked such an outrageous question. She cleared her throat and changed the subject. "I just promised to have dinner together. It doesn't mean anything. If I promise, I definitely will go. Are you afraid I'll escape?"

"I'm not afraid that you will run away." Joseph patted the steering wheel, "You love money, and I just worry that you would run to anyone that gives you money."

"You really are the general manager of the group."

"I'm just telling the truth." Joseph took a book from the side of the door and put it on her lap. "This is the second purpose."

Irish picked it up and took a look. It was a book about the basic knowledge of diamonds. She was a bit confused, raising the book, "Are you old, so you are forgetful, or have you mixed two people up? Even if you want me to chase professional excellence, you should find a book in my professional area. This book should be given to Lilith, right?"

"It's for you," Seeing the green light, Joseph started the car.

"I major in psychology," She felt it necessary to remind him again.

"Look at it as your second major. Every company has its own characteristics and style. As a psychological consultant, you have to understand at least the characteristics of the industry and the basic content of the main project you served."

Joseph said simply.

Irish looked at him, feeling funny. "Then you might as well show me all the main projects of the Runestone Group and the company's internal operations."

"It is inevitable. We'll do it step by step. You should first know what diamonds are before understanding the Runestone," Joseph said in a smooth tone.

"I won't read this," Irish frowned and threw the book directly into the back seat.

"Then I have to question your work ethic," The angle of his lips was turned up at the corners.