

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 8 8: Perhaps You May Change Your Mind

In other words, it was absurd to threaten her with the destiny of Linkus Mental Research Institute. Hearing this, Joseph was indifferent, and after looking for a long time, he finally said, "It seems you have already decided." It sounded like he was compromised and said with a sigh, "Fine. I wouldn't keep pushing you. Come. I'll send you back."

Irish was surprised because she felt that he was not a man who would give up easily.

"Perhaps you may change your mind." Joseph smiled and said as if he had seen through her mind.

The feeling of being peeped came back again, so she frowned and just kept silent for a long time. Joseph also did not say anything and just kept looking at her patiently. A quiet smile also hung on his mouth, of which calmness spread deep into his eyes. It was more like looking at the unfathomable ocean, which was more intriguing under the hazy moonlight.

Irish also hated this gaze. Her eyes turned round inadvertently and finally landed on his fingers. When she spoke again, she changed the topic and said, "It suddenly occurred to me that the cash gift on that morning may be invalid."

The afterglow of neon light and moonlight made her clearly visible, and she found his left ring finger was empty.

As Joseph looked down at her eyes, he seemed to be aware of it. A faint smile flashed from his thin lips but quickly disappeared. When he looked up at her eyes, he found that her eyes were full of jeer as if she was waiting for him to make a show of himself.

Her smile was more obvious, and this time she could even look at him aboveboard. Absolutely she wanted to see him make a fool of himself.

The man's magnetic voice rose again, "Now that you gave a cash gift to me, I'll send you back so as to return your favor. Wait for me here, and I'll come back soon." Then he turned away to pick up his car.

It can be seen from his last and brief words that he was a mighty man.

Standing in situ, Irish found that his tall figure was more and more diluted under the streetlight, and then she clenched her teeth. Joseph's answer was almost watertight. She should have heightened her vigilance toward him. Since their first meeting that morning, he had been keeping a poker face and hardly opened his mouth to talk. However, though he only spoke a few words to her, every single word caught the key point which controlled her fatal weakness.

As a psychoanalyst, she should have perceived that he was not a simple man. But it didn't matter that she enjoyed teaming up with the wise. Although the man was always preemptive, she was sure she could find out his weak point anyway.

When she was sent back home by Joseph, a faint glimmer of light glowed in the sky, indicating a new day was about to begin. The light of stars was mixed with sunlight rising from the east and brought about a special brilliance.

On the way home, they hardly talk to each other.

Joseph drove quietly and unhurriedly. Irish also looked at this metropolis leisurely outside the window where a tumultuous night scene hid in this tranquil city...

Upon parking the car, Irish got out of it, her temple distending in pain. She didn't have a good sleep and what made it worse was that she woke up in the middle of the night and then met Joseph in the institute. What a dramatic experience!

Joseph also got out of the car, and when he closed the car door, his fresh breath came through the car, which released her headache. After expressing her thanks to him and being about to enter the house, Joseph stopped her behind.

"Please wait for a moment."

Irish turned back.

Joseph walked to her. His cheeks were more chiseled under the dim moonlight, and in the deep of his eyes, there were as if stars flickering in it.

"Give me your phone." Standing in front of her, he reached his hands and spoke with only four words.

Surprised by his words, Irish frowned and asked, "My cell phone?"

"Yes, your cell phone," Joseph repeated again indifferently but with a stronger tone. His hands still stretched before her patiently.

Irish was confused about what he wanted to do. But after a few seconds' pause, she took her phone from her bag.

Joseph took it directly and manipulated it for a while, and then he took out a small delicate object from his pocket, giving it back to her along with her phone. "I've just saved my phone number on it, and there is image information of this case in this USB. And you are welcome to call me at any time after finishing watching it."

The USB was put on his phone directly, so she had to put it back if she wanted to take back her phone. Irish stared at him calmly, the inexplicable restlessness pervading in her heart.

"Mr. Dover, perhaps you are too tough for people." She had never seen such people who looked gentle outwardly, but in fact, he was arbitrary in nature.

Joseph didn't say any words, but a smile showed up on his mouth scarcely. He looked at Irish, his hands still stretched out there with her phone. Irish frowned and had to take it over.

"I wouldn't change my mind, and I would never accept your case." Then she turned back and walked away, leaving no chance for him to talk again.

The darkness was torn by the light from the end of the earth.

Joseph didn't leave immediately but to look at Irish's more and vaguer figure. A large purple lilac swayed behind her, of which fragrance was deadly enchanted, just like her figure.

Upon entering the house, Irish threw her phone as well as the USB onto the tea table. She lay on the sofa like an effete dog, and her head was in sharp pain because of sleep insufficiency.

Cassie yawned out of the bedroom in her nightgown, sitting lazily beside Irish, "Did you take the initiative to catch up with that man in the bar? You have another One Night Stand, haven't you?"

Irish, who was drinking water, was almost choked by Cassie's words. Putting the cup on the tea table and beating her lightly, Irish said to her, "Are you waking up early so that you can watch me over?"