

Enchanted 202

Irish did not deny her ability to do things; otherwise, she would not be an assistant to Joseph at such a young age. Joseph was a person who was hard on people and his affairs. Naturally, Belle was no worse than Daisy. What Irish saw in her eyes proved that Belle was experienced in dealing with this place. It was not easy for a woman to do that.

But Irish was a person who loved and hated outwardly. She would not deliberately please anyone and would not be stopped from getting what she wanted. Belle's admiration for Joseph was not something she didn't understand. Joseph was a rich man. The glamor he exuded at work was enough to make any woman feel excited, not to mention in such a place as South Africa.

Belle did not expect Irish to speak like this, nor did she expect her to answer in the most direct tone, and for a moment, she was silent.

After waiting for her to continue asking questions, Irish took off her helmet and loosened her ponytail to relax her scalp. "Do you have any other questions?" Seeing that she had never spoken, Irish was too lazy to listen to her again and went to the chute to pick up some ore, no matter how dirty it was.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Belle saw her come up and pull her away, her face displeased.

"Just a couple extra pieces. What's the deal? It could improve your hit rate, don't you know?"

Belle saw that her fingernails had hurt her and released her hand.

Irish looked at her arm. Her skin was broken, and she rolled her eyes, "What are you worried about? I'm not stopping you from liking him," She said to the point.

Belle was shocked, "Don't you like him?"

"No, I like him very much," Irish slowly grabbed four pieces of ore. Joseph was right that not all the ore contained diamonds, so she needed to take a few more, and in case she got a diamond, she would make a fortune.

Irish smiled gently, "Miss Belle, I'm not jealous. Everyone expresses their love in different ways. As long as I can think about him, I'm content." As she spoke, she patted her chest above her heart.

Belle continued frowning.

"Joseph is not a man who is good at expressing his love. He likes me, but he doesn't say sweet words to me every day. We are all adults, and we can accept the easiest ways to love someone." When Irish saw that she was dumbstruck, she added, "Do you understand what I'm talking about?"

Belle closed her lips, "I like him too. I've liked him for years."

"I thought Joseph was as smart as he thought," Irish was tired and sat on the ground.

Belle's eyes were dim, "I don't understand why he brought you here, you're not his wife. He's not responsible for his marriage."

"Are you asking for justice for his wife?" she said.

"Isn't it true that we should have morals?" Belle mocked.

She blinked a few times, then her face went blank.

Hearing the faint sound of conversation accompanied by footsteps, Irish knew that Joseph had returned from his investigation of the situation underground, and she lowered her voice to Belle, "Here's a suggestion. Concentrate on your work," she said. "If you work without distraction, you can stay with him longer."

Belle was dissatisfied, but when she was about to retort, Joseph and the white engineer came out, Belle hurried forward and asked, "Is the situation bad inside?"

The white engineer replied, "It's all right, thanks to Mr. Dover."

Belle looked up at Joseph, her eyes filled with admiration. Seeing that, Irish got goosebumps but shook her head. She was not angry and put her mind on the four pieces of ore that might make her a fortune. Joseph did not look at Belle, and when his eyes fell on Irish, he suddenly became unhappy, "Get up!"

Irish was startled by his sudden cold voice and looked up at him in astonishment.

He walked up to her and frowned, then grabbed her. Irish saw that he was really angry and quickly took out all four pieces of ore from her pockets, "I just thought that the probability of finding a diamond in a piece of ore was so small. I've got three more, I-"

"Who told you to take your helmet off?"

Joseph didn't wait for her to finish speaking. He yelled at her in a terrible tone, then picked up the hard hat she had thrown aside and clasped it to her head without pity. The pain of the strap almost made her cry.

"It hurts."

"Hurts? It's better to hurt than to lose your life if a falling rock hits you!" Joseph yelled at her again.

Seeing that he was really angry, she stopped talking and looked up above her head. It didn't look as if it would be collapsing any time soon.

"Belle!" said Mr. Dover, who set his eyes on her.

Belle had never seen Joseph so angry, and she also became cautious. She went forward, "Mr. Dover..."

"As someone familiar with the mining site, why didn't you remind her?" Joseph's eyes were cold.

"All your bonuses are deducted this year," Joseph remarked coldly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dover," Belle was almost in tears.

Irish took advantage of Joseph's scolding to loosen her helmet, "She had nothing to do with it, I took it off myself."

"What's wrong with your arm?" Joseph saw a scratch on her arm and pulled her to see it. He frowned again. Belle stiffened nervously.

"Ah, I just scratched." Irish squeezed out a smile.

Joseph frowned with suspicion.

"Well, don't be angry. I've paid for my mistakes," Irish approached him with a soft tone and looked at him in a grotesque manner, but when she went to grab his arm, the ore bulging in her pocket prevented her.

Joseph looked down.

Irish, embarrassed, clutched her pocket and took out the ore again, laughing.

"Take it." Her appearance melted Joseph's anger, and he sighed and allowed her to take them with her.

Irish grinned from ear to ear, following him. When she passed Belle, she felt a little sorry for her, "Sorry, I did not expect to get you into trouble, I'll pay you the money you're owed."

"You don't have to be merciful," Belle turned her face away.

Irish rolled her eyes.