

## Enchanted 452

Daisy, beside him, was also shocked.

"How is that possible? I've only been sorting it out for a month..."

"So you'll have to work overtime tonight, and you'll have to finish it through the night." Joseph interrupted her bluntly and added, "Otherwise, you won't get a bonus at the end of the year."

Irish gnawed her lips with anger.

"And you..." Joseph looked around a circle of his staff.

Such a glance did not matter. The girls in the administrative department trembled for fear that punishment would destroy their future. Who in the company did not know that Joseph was harsh and merciless?

Irish saw the situation urgently, before Joseph finished, she asked for mercy, "This matter is all my fault, it has nothing to do with them."

Joseph pulled back his eyes, fell on her body, which was still cool, and Irish's heart was shivering.

After more than a minute, the room was in fatal suffocation.

Joseph said slowly, whose voice was cool, "There's no exception next time." At the end of the speech, he turned and left.

All the girls in the administrative department were stunned, and their legs were soft when they reacted. Finally, after appeasing the girls one by one, Irish pulled Leo aside and sighed, "You'd better go back and wait until another day."

"Why do I feel that I caused you to work overtime?"

"Oh, no. That's how Joseph worked."

"No time for a meal?"

"Another day, and I'm going to my uncle's home tonight." She said with an excuse.

Finally, she sent Leo away, she then changed the wedding dress back to her office attire and looked at a table full of files.

Joseph would not really be so cruel? She couldn't help sighing.

The time passed, and until she got off work, her huge workload was not reduced. After thinking, she directly called Daisy, who quickly answered.

"It's not true, is it? Does he really need a two-month psychological evaluation report?" She really didn't want to work all night.

Daisy also had difficulty explaining, "I am afraid so, Mr. Dover will never joke about work."

Irish hung up the phone in dismay, feeling that all the crows were flying overhead and that she had a sad feeling of not seeing the sun. It was her weekend.

The phone on the table rang again and answered. It was Daisy's voice, and Irish asked eagerly. "Has he changed his mind?"

Daisy was silent for a moment, whispering, "It's Mr. Dover's order to let you come to his office."

The golden Friday, which she had been looking forward to, of course, she did not want to work and spend it lonely, so Daisy's phone call let her see hope.

Perhaps she could go to Joseph's office to play tricks to give her a few days off?

For five minutes, it was time for work, and it was not office time. It was a private act for her to flirt with him.

But if he asked her to go to the office to scold her for what she did today, it wasn't favorable at all.

Irish stared at the computer screen, and her brain was storming, thinking about the possibility of Joseph's calling her to the office, each of which could not be separated from his cold, serious face. Thinking of that, she chilled all over.

So, no matter what the purpose was, she had to wait five minutes.

As long as it was time for work, he would scold her again.

Irish made up her mind, and Joseph was forced to come up with such a bad method.

Minutes were hard to get.

Irish never knew that five minutes would be so hard.

She looked away at the time on the wall, hoping it would pass quickly.

But soon, the telephone on the desk rang again, piercing the silence of the room. Irish was frightened by this sudden ring, she immediately grabbed the phone, just "Hello," and then she heard a man's voice, "Why still in your room? Come to my office."

"Okay." Irish trembled to put down the phone, but her heart was in a burst of wailing. Seeing this occasion, he was likely to embarrass her.

She was not afraid of his anger but of his taking back her salary out of his displeasure.

Joseph would not be soft on her because of their relationship, just like when the finance department settled her salary after she had resigned before. She calculated, the damn man really deducted her money.

Irish glanced at the time again, two minutes to six.

Then...

She could get up slowly and walk slowly in the direction of his office.

Two minutes, very soon.

She made up her mind and did the same. Like a tortoise, everything slowed down.

Outside the office, unthinkable, she saw Daisy, who was preparing to leave work, and with horror, then Irish came forward and grabbed her. "Are you going to get off work?"

Daisy glanced at the office, pulled Irish aside, and lowered her voice, "It's rare for him to let me go early today."

Irish's hair had all stood up as soon as she heard this. Joseph was kind to Daisy and would not be pleasant to her. He sent away his close man. Probably he wanted to teach her a good lesson. If she had already known, she would not have helped try the wedding dress, in fact, she also did not blame Joseph because it was not good to do that during working hours.

Daisy did not know what she was thinking, reached out and patted her on the shoulder, pouting her mouth, "Go in."

Irish stared desperately at the back of Daisy until she got into the elevator. After wandering around the office for a long time, she finally plucked up the courage to knock on the door. Then a man's voice came out, "Come in."

After taking a deep breath, Irish pushed the door in.

There was a large view outside the windows, and the neon enlivened the night.

Outside the giant curtain of tempered glass were the blocked Broadway Street and numerous car shadows, but inside, quiet breathing could be heard.

Joseph was working on the documents. That day, he was wearing a black shirt, his tie was meticulous, and his neckline and cuffs were buttoned tightly. He was serious enough to wear a black shirt. The coat hung on a side hanger and was smoky gray.