

Enchanted 748

Joseph frowned slightly and looked at Daisy with a little harsh in his eyes, and his tone fell down. "Daisy, I think it's time for you to get married."

Daisy was stunned, quickly reading out his meaning from his serious eyes, and she hurriedly apologized, bowed her head to open a few pages, and handed them to Joseph. "Mr. Dover, comments on these three pages attack greatly on Dr. Irish. You can take a look at it."

It was she who had just been careless. How could she think that Joseph was asking about Becky?

He took over, and this time he looked carefully and opened it page by page without feeling that it was a waste of time.

It was a terrible scolding because Britney White and Becky had fans to protect them, so even if they were scolded, naturally, someone would jump out to retort back, but Irish was different. She was not a star, not a network celebrity, so when her psychological counselor's identity was exposed, she became a monster in the eyes of netizens. When Britney and Becky's fans quarreled, they would not forget to scold Irish.

Some people scolded Irish for not knowing herself, some scolded her for pretending to be pure and lofty, and in fact, she was a bitch. And others said that her whole body was fake, her features were plastic, and she didn't even deserve to lift Becky's shoes.

The highest online appeal was that Becky was the most suitable woman around him.

Handing the tablet to Daisy, Joseph sat against the chair and closed his eyes. Daisy always stood by, quietly waiting for his order.

Although Joseph closed his eyes, he was not calm.

He didn't have to think about it. He knew Irish was so angry, or she wouldn't swipe his card to vent her anger.

So, what was the real reason for her anger?

First, personal attack.

Joseph knew her. Irish was a messy person. She was the same as other women, fond of dressing and putting on makeup. She was confident of her appearance before him, and that little face had become her proudest capital. Sometimes she would nestle in his arms and say, "Joseph, you must take good care of your face. I am born beautiful, and I don't want to be told that I am with an uncle after ten years."

She had great confidence in her appearance, so on her makeup table, skin care products were always more than makeup. Her skin was good, so without makeup, she was extremely beautiful. She could not stand her face being painted as a color plate. Whenever she saw a woman with heavy makeup, she would tell him, "When you don't love me anymore, you can not find this kind of woman. Her face is full of lead, painted inside and outside three layers of foundation. Her pores should be dirty. You would get lead poisoning when you kiss her."

Under Irish's tireless indoctrination every day, he at present seemed a little scared to see a woman in makeup.

Although Irish did not waste her time painting her eyebrows, she spent most of her time choosing clothes. That was why every time he went out with her, he could drink a cup of coffee, read the newspaper and wait, and as soon as she got into the cloakroom, she had a choice disorder.

But whenever she came out of the cloakroom, it brightened his eyes.

So, he liked to buy clothes for her, and sometimes when he saw beautiful women's clothes by which window he drove through, he always thought about what Irish would look like in them, so he would buy them.

Whenever she wore a new dress, Irish laughed and asked, "Do you like to see me look beautiful?"

He would laugh. She was the least modest woman he had ever seen.

But in fact, he did like her pretty look.

So Irish would certainly blow up when she saw these comments, especially those that attacked her appearance and belittled her look under Becky.

Compared with the first inference, Joseph was still looking forward to the second.

Irish was jealous because of a very simple reason, she would swipe the card to vent her anger, and this was what a jealous woman would do, although Irish's revenge was far stronger than the ordinary woman's.

Joseph did not know whether the former reason made her angrier than the latter or whether the latter had the upper hand. In short, she was angry.

As far as he knew her, the matter was not over.

It was a long time before he spoke. "Inform the Public Relations Department that the regular meeting will be held as usual. The accident is dealt with as a general one. There is no need for a positive response for the time being."

Daisy was stunned for a moment. She didn't understand what had happened to Joseph and Irish. She was treated in such a way, but he didn't help.

But she never disobeyed her boss's orders, nodded, and went out to call.

Joseph opened his eyes.

Becky did come to him, and he didn't expect her to find his place.

After the awards ceremony, he rejected the host's dinner invitation and left because of other social events. He returned to the hotel in the early hours of the morning. As soon as he took a bath, the doorbell rang.

When he opened the door, he saw that it was Becky who had won the prize at the film festival.

She came to thank him for his help last time.

Since it was too late, Joseph had no intention of inviting her into the room but responded lightly to her that there had been no need to thank her and tried to send her away in a few words.

But Becky said something puzzling to him, "Mr. Dover, you replied that you don't have time tonight. I know it's bothersome to come to you, but I really want to treat you to dinner. Do you have time tomorrow night?"

Women had a hint in every invitation. If it were just a simple feast of thanks, the time would never be set, only in the evening. What had Joseph not seen? Of course, he could understand the hidden meaning of her words, but what puzzled him was, when did he reply to her?

But his expression was always calm, and he responded quietly. "I'm sorry, I don't have time. It would help if you went back early to rest. It's so late. Good night."