

## Enchanted 134

Irish was uncomfortable, especially when she saw the bloodshot streaks in his eyes, but thinking of what happened to Bernert, she couldn't help asking, "I heard you had fired Bernert."

All of the staff in the center were present, so there was no so-called privacy or office for conversations. They stood in the corridor, and Joseph himself walked to the drinking water fountain and filled up two cups of water for the both of them.

"You came here for this?" he frowned, and a cutter pulled him aside to show him the sample drawing. He looked at it and nodded his head, signing off on the drawing.

Irish did not care if it was suitable for discussion. She took a deep breath. "If he has been dismissed, will you find someone to come here to work at least?"

"Do you know that he almost destroyed a priceless diamond because of his trembling hands?" Joseph's eyes fell directly on her face and looked very serious, "and you, the group's psychological adviser, intended to hide him from me, especially the condition of his shaking hands. You also share in this responsibility."

Irish's heart suddenly skipped a beat. She knew that Bernert's trembling hands would be a liability and tried to hide it, but he still found out.

"You can't fire him. He's a veteran of the group, not to mention a top cutting technician, who has been loyal, and an excellent worker. Secondly, you should know that he is the backbone of his entire family. How will he be able to support his family after you fire him? What about his wife? What about his children?"

"Isabel," Joseph called her name seriously after hearing her remark so that she realized he was addressing her as an employee, not the way he addressed her in private, with kindness in his voice. It was just a nickname he called her. "I'm not running a charity here, and it's a place where people are not allowed to make mistakes, not even one. Work should be separate from our feelings of charity. This isn't your first day on the job, and you should clearly understand the rules of this workplace."

"Rules are created and enforced by humans." She frowned and argued.

"Before pleading for others, see that you haven't made any mistake." Joseph took a sip of water.

"What do you mean?" she heard something hidden in what he was saying.

"What's going on in the office?" Joseph suddenly asked.

Irish was startled but immediately reacted. "I just don't want your employees to work every day in a boring environment, so I wanted them to put their favorite dolls or decorations on their desks, which is psychologically proven to increase productivity!"

Although his tone of voice was light, Joseph's demeanor was very cold and unnaturally harsh. "Do you think the diamond industry is supposed to be relaxed and entertaining? This field is destined to be associated with dryness, and only those who can stand will have a chance to succeed. Isabel, your job is to show them the way, but not to change it. I'm informing you now that half of your monthly salary is going to be deducted.

"What?!!!" She was stunned by his words.

"Not only yours, but the salaries of all employees who have been persuaded to put stupid things on their desks." Joseph's tone was dark and serious.

The fire in Irish's heart flared up, and she stared at him, enraged. "This is too much! They're just following my advice. Why are you withholding their money?"

"This is to warn you that following the rules is as important as getting your salary. In the course of your work, you must pass any decisions through me in advance, and you cannot take any initiatives like this again."

The staff around them shot sidelong glances. Joseph continued authoritatively, "First, you hid Bernert's situation from me, and then you took the initiative to disrupt the staff's work habits. Isabel, every field has its own rules. You must remember what should or not be done here. Only those who respect the rules can go further."

Irish pursed her lips and listened to his long speech, grinding her teeth. "You might as well just fire me," she said, sneering at him after he had finished.

"If you make an irreversible mistake, I'll do it."

"Joseph, what are you so angry about? Do you have any humanity? You even dismissed a trusted old employee who has worked for you for years? Cruelty begets cruelty!" Irish's rage completely rushed out of her throat, and her loud voice attracted many people's attention.

However, her anger did not cause any emotional fluctuation in Joseph. When her voice was lowered, he looked at her and said quietly, "This is not a place where human feelings are a concern."

"You...!" No sooner had she opened her mouth than she sneezed, and her tears flowed down her face. She took out a tissue and wiped her tears. She sniffled and said hoarsely, "Those who work for you are unlucky, Mr. Dover!"

Her head felt so heavy that her ears buzzed as if they were filled with a thousand bees when quarreling with him. If she hadn't gotten such a bad cold, she would have been happy to quarrel with him for a few rounds.

Joseph stood, facing her, and his brows slightly frowned. Her nose was rubbed red, and a moment later, he said quietly, "You wait for me outside the coffee shop, and I'll take you home."

"I dare not ask you to do so," Irish sneered, who's hot, sore throat had already begun to hurt more from fighting with him. She clenched her fist and turned to leave.

Joseph looked at her back. The corridor light fell upon her shoulders, and she looked so small in the light. A touch of pity flashed before his eyes, and he could not help but shake his head.

\*\*\*\*

Back home, Irish scolded Joseph harshly. She was just helping Bernert get justice. She never expected to lose half of her own month's salary. Why?! She had never met such an inhumane man. While she was

cursing him, she received a phone call from the landlord. After hearing the message from the landlord, Irish howled, "Jasmine, you can't do that!"