

Enchanted 162

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the sunlight was dazzling. The curtain was rolled up, and the sunlight poured into the room. Standing quietly and looking at Daisy, who was busy packing up for her, Irish suddenly found that it was the first time she had stared at her so carefully. For a long time, Irish thought Daisy was a capable assistant, and everyone in the company respected her. She was truly a great woman.

But she looked a little bit different today. She rolled up her neat business attire and helped her to pick up the things she needed to take away. Irish trusted her ability to organize items since it was a basic requirement for her as an assistant. She was very diligent and had a quiff in her hair, Irish thought she looked more feminine than usual.

Daisy was actually a beautiful woman, and she was very attractive when she smiled. But she was too serious when she was working, so she missed out on many potential pursuers. Finally, after a long while, Irish stepped forward and gazed at Daisy when she finished examining her cabinet. "Do you think I am mean?" Somehow she wanted to know Daisy's opinion about her, and it was the first time she had tried to find out an outsider's perception of her. Perhaps it was because the strange circumstances perturbed her.

Daisy stopped for a while, but soon she understood what Irish meant and replied, "Everyone has their own choices, and I think only you know what kind of person you really are. It's unimportant whether or not you are a mean person. What really matters is that I know Mr. Dover worried about you that day."

After hearing this, Irish felt that her fingertips were hurt by something sharp. She took back her hand quickly, looking at it, but found nothing.

"He was talking about a cooperation agreement with several important clients when you had that incident that day, but he went back to the company directly when he heard the news and even put off his work." Daisy said this calmly, and then she added, "I have been his assistant for several years, but I've never seen him put off his work because of private affairs."

Irish didn't raise her head but felt as if a knife was being twisted in her heart. It was a metal photo frame that had nicked her fingers, one she usually put beside her computer. It was a photo taken in Pennsylvania, and she was dressed in her best. She looked like a butterfly under the blue sky. Joseph had taken this photo for her.

She still remembered his anxious eyes that day when she appeared to him. It seemed that he had been looking for her for a long time...

Thinking of this, she felt as if there was a rubber band tugging on her heart, and she was afraid that it would be broken soon, so she tried to find paper to cover the picture.

Following her eyes, Daisy saw the photo, and she stretched out her hands to take it out. She smiled softly and said, "It's beautiful. Sometimes, taking a photo is like courting someone. As long as there is love, the photo can be beautiful."

Irish felt awkward, and when she was about to take the photo back, Daisy added, "I heard that Mr. Joseph drank a lot of alcohol on the first night in Pennsylvania, didn't he?"

"Many friends came to see him that night." Irish tried to reply in an indifferent tone.

But Daisy shook her head and said, "But I guess, if it were not a special occasion, he would not have even shown his face." Irish was shocked and looked up at her.

"Didn't you know that a few years ago, he was hospitalized because of gastrorrhagia? It was my first year as his assistant, and I was frightened, but he told me not to tell anyone about that."

"Gastrorrhagia?" Irish did know anything about it. "How did it happen?"

"It was all because of his socializing activities," Daisy said helplessly and continued, 'The outside world thought that he was a trooper, but in fact, he was not. He had been busy running between the diamond mines and retailers in the early years. But no one would cooperate with you if you didn't show any sincerity. He had to drink with them every day to get contracts with them. So finally, he had gastrorrhagia. In my second year as his assistant, all his businesses were almost stable enough, and since then, he rarely drinks. Gradually, insiders all realize that he never drinks, and no one will try and force him to drink since his businesses are getting larger."

"You could never imagine the hardships Mr. Dover faced getting to his position. He started from the grassroots and moved up step by step. When I first met him, he did not live a relaxed life, and he was subservient and servile in order to cooperate with others. Once he played golf in blazing hot weather so as to please a customer, and he almost passed out because of the temperature. He was also helpless when the heiress of one of his customers forced him to learn the diamond cutting and grinding process. He left in anger but then went back to apologize because he wanted their business. So it is not the Runestone Group that has made him successful, he reached those achievements by himself. He experienced a lot more hardships than us, so he knows how to retreat in a dispute and how to deal with both overt contention and covert struggles, as well as how to restrain himself when facing temptation. His commitment to self-discipline is stronger than ours. Doctor Irish, do you still think it's difficult for him to avoid drinking now?"

She never knew any of these things before, and the unfamiliar other side of him unfolded before her. She knew that a man like him would go through a lot, but when she heard this from Daisy, she felt sorry for him. She couldn't imagine the hardships he had gone through because he showed another side of himself when around her.

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