

Enchanted 228

As a result, the first war between them inexorably broke out, and it could be said that Irish and Belle had endured each other for far too long.

Joseph entered the conference room for a meeting with several top officials in the center. Irish stayed in his office. The door was pushed open while she was lying on the sofa and flipping through a magazine. She felt a grudge coming toward her. Looking up, she saw Belle's resentful blue eyes. She was slightly surprised because Joseph was having a meeting. Why didn't Belle, as an assistant, need to attend?

Thinking, Belle opened her mouth and pointed to Irish, asked, "What are you trying to do? You want Mr. Dover to fire me, don't you?"

Irish was baffled at her question but still looked calmly at her, slouching, "I really hate the way you walk around in front of him. But I haven't come up with any good ideas to get him to fire you.

"So you're trying to come up with some bad ideas, right?" Belle said resentfully.

Irish could not help asking, "Have you been robbed of money or a body?"

"You abominable woman!" Belle rushed forward with anger and pointed at her, "Don't pretend to be innocent."

"Did your mother not teach you that it is impolite to point at someone?" Irish raised her eyebrows and knocked her hand away.

"You..."

Belle just wanted to continue to scold her, but the door to the office was pushed open. Joseph returned to the office, followed by an executive to report his work. After entering the door, this scene welcomed Joseph, slightly surprised, and frowned, "What's going on?"

"Mr. Dover," Before Irish opened her mouth, Belle went to Joseph, almost crying in front of him. "She locked me in the toilet, and my voice was nearly hoarse before someone let me out."

Joseph was shocked.

Irish heard her but began to laugh until tears almost came out. She said, "You were locked in the toilet? Which angel did that to you? I should buy her a gift."

"Mr. Dover, you see how much she hates me for doing such a thing." Belle exploded in anger and was filled with indignation.

Irish was still smiling.

Joseph had no choice but to walk forward and put his hands around Irish's shoulders and ask in a low voice, "Did you do this?"

Irish laughed the entire time and shook her head at Joseph.

Joseph did not continue to question her, turning to Belle, "This must be a misunderstanding. Let it go."

"Mr. Dover, she's lying," Belle insisted. "I heard her go into the toilet when I was in it. Who else could do that?"

"Hey, is the toilet yours? Are you the only person allowed to use it? Have you ever heard the story of a suspected neighbor in China? I think you had a problem with me early on, so it's natural for you to relate it to me. You might as well think about who you've offended at this time."

With her blond hair knotted in the back of her head, Belle looked smart, but in Irish's eyes, her hairstyle was stupid.

Belle bit her lips. Joseph had rarely encountered such a situation. His men in China never dared to deal with him like this.

Even if they did, Daisy came forward to handle it. However, it was still appropriate in American management to conform to the American model. Chinese people have an absolute sense of hierarchy. Superiors and subordinates are polite and never overbearing, but in other countries, the concept of superior and subordinate relations is fragile, they prefer a state of cooperation, which is not only reflected in the workplace but also in school.

Daisy's shrewdness and maturity were inherent in Chinese working conditions. Belle was also smart and capable. But when she encountered problems or emotional dissatisfaction, she would react directly to Joseph, and sometimes she would even argue loudly because of disagreements at work. So at this moment, Belle, in front of Joseph, makes resentful accusations about Irish's behavior and does not give way because of the closeness between Irish and him.

"You need to apologize to me!" Belle shouted angrily at Irish.

"Apologize?" Irish seemed to have heard a funny joke, exaggeratedly raising her eyebrow, "I'm sorry, I'm not used to this,"

"Apologize to me for doing something wrong!"

"For your being locked in the toilet?" Irish scoffed, "You know, I just dislike you, but I never did what you accused me. Sue me if you have proof."

"You, you..." Belle trembled with anger.

When the two women gave him a headache, the cleaner came in. She knocked on the door when she heard the quarrel. Then she quickly apologized with embarrassment. "Belle, I'm sorry, I didn't know you were in the toilet," she said. "I accidentally locked the door."

Belle was astonished.

Irish shrugged her shoulders and sat down on the sofa with her hands at her sides. "The truth comes out, and it's really boring."

"I'm sorry to bother you all," The cleaning lady bowed and apologized.

"It's okay. Go back to work," Joseph told Belle after the cleaner had left.

Belle fixed her eyes on Irish and stared at her, smiling, "I'm sorry, I didn't give you the opportunity to make a big fuss. Next time, I'll leave you in the toilet to let you play with yourself, okay?"

Belle snorted, but because of Joseph's presence and the cleaner's admission, it was no good to say something. She left unhappily.

After the executive had left, there was only Joseph and Irish in the room. He took a look at Irish, didn't say much, and turned back to put the file on the desk. Irish stretched and then rose up and hugged him from behind, "I'm hungry, take me to dinner. I waited for you for more than two hours. You must treat me to a big meal after that."

Joseph did not turn around. He stood there silently, not knowing what he was thinking.

"Come on, I heard Cape Town has a lot of food. Prepare to let your wallet lose weight. I'll have a nice meal today." Irish leaned over and looked at him, smiled, then loosened her arm and turned to grab her bag.