

## Enchanted 307

Irish stopped. Seeing Belle draw near, she thought that she had hardly seen her in the past few days, especially after Daisy came here. She felt surprised and somewhat strange. The diamond mine had had such great changes, and Belle should have been the busiest of everyone. Why would Joseph call Daisy here rather than Belle?

As she thought about these questions, Belle had already approached and raised her head. She hadn't expected to see Irish there and looked astonished.

Irish didn't know what to say to her, so she just leaned to one side.

However, Belle didn't move and stared at Irish. After a while, she asked, "You know how long I have worked for Mr. Dover?"

This unreasonable question confused Irish. How would she know?

Belle felt embarrassed to ask this question. She felt she shouldn't have asked.

Irish sighed lightly and asked her, "Are you okay?"

Belle shook her head lightly. After a while, she said "sorry" and turned to enter the lift.

Irish was perplexed.

As she entered the room, she smelled the strong scent of coffee that Daisy was making. Seeing Irish had returned, Daisy asked, "Is it raining?"

Hearing her question, Irish realized that her hair was still wet. She just nodded, "It rained for a short time, but it has stopped now."

Daisy felt sorry for her, expressing that she was busy with business and didn't know that it had rained outside. She should have told Joseph about it. Irish got the meaning of her words. Joseph was a typical workaholic, and when he worked, he would take nothing else into consideration. He might not even have known that she had been out.

Indeed, Daisy added, "Mr. Dover thought that you were still sleeping, so he ordered me to bring breakfast for you as you woke up."

Irish smiled and said that she had already eaten.

Irish suddenly thought of Belle's facial expression, so she casually mentioned, "I saw Belle just now."

Daisy cleaned the cup she was holding before pouring coffee, as was the practice in a 5-star hotel. Irish saw it and felt that she had been careless before. She had made coffee for Joseph before, but every time she did, she put it directly in front of him, while Daisy was very careful about it.

As she thought of this, she felt regretful. She always pointed out that Belle was as able as Daisy, but what about Irish? Maybe she was no match for even Belle. Daisy was perfect, even in such small details. No wonder she had gained Joseph's full trust.

Not knowing how, Irish felt like she was an outsider while Joseph, Daisy, and that engineer had built an intimate world to which she didn't have access.

Daisy didn't know what Irish was thinking about, so she just put the handkerchief aside and put a delicate spoon on the plate. She answered Irish's question, "Belle? She was dismissed."

Irish was shocked at this news.

Why did she get dismissed? She thought.

Thinking of Belle's expression, she suddenly felt stressed. Was it related to her? Then she rejected this thought. Joseph was a very reasonable man. As a ruler, he could separate private affairs from work. In his eyes, relationships could not be mixed with work. Irish really didn't know him completely. Belle played such a significant role in South Africa, so why had Joseph dismissed such an important assistant?

She also knew that even if she asked these questions, Daisy would not say much, so she just hid them. Seeing Daisy holding the coffee and turning to the study, Irish walked forward and said lightly, "Let me do it."

Joseph's pale face lingered in her mind. She wanted to take this opportunity to take a look at him.

However, Daisy refused with a soft and helpless voice, "It's okay. Mr. Dover is not in a good mood right now."

Irish's hands just hung in the air. She noticed the strong coffee smell. She believed what Daisy had said. Irish stopped for several seconds and asked, "What's wrong with him?"

Daisy shook her head, "Mr. Dover was stubborn again. The directors of the Group urged him to come back quickly and explain some issues related to the mine. They called him over ten times. As a result, Mr. Dover was very angry and even prepared to drop his mobile phone."

"He..." Irish hesitated.

"Mr. Dover must go to Hong Kong first and then back to New York. The directors are impatient about it. In addition, he has not fully recovered yet, but I hope that he can be back as soon as possible. However, he insisted on it." Daisy frowned and was very concerned about it, "I don't know why he needs to go to Hong Kong. If there was something important to deal with, he could give it to me."

She sighed heavily and turned to the study.

Irish stood there in a trance. Her long hair was attached to her face, making her uncomfortable, but her pain was greater than the small discomfort.

\*\*\*\*

At 3 in the afternoon, it was not as cloudy. Faint sunshine penetrated through the thick clouds, making the floor look both dim and strangely bright.

Irish didn't have much luggage, so it was easy for her to pack everything up. She walked out of the bedroom after phoning Will and went to the study through the living room.

The door of the study room was not fully closed, but she couldn't see clearly what was happening inside but could hear the sounds. It appeared that Daisy had received a call from the directors again, and she hesitated to pass it on to Joseph. Joseph didn't take it over but discussed the issues concerning the mines with the engineer.

After a while, Irish heard Daisy's persuasion, "Mr. Dover, we'd better book the ticket to New York."

Soon his low and unhappy voice came, "Are you my assistant or theirs?"

Daisy soon answered, "I see. Mr. Dover."

Irish closed her lips tightly with fingertips pressed against her palms. She could tell that Joseph had lowered his voice deliberately, but his anger was obvious. He was not a man who was angry often. It could be said that until now, she had not seen him lose his temper. He was a calm man who never behaved like this.