

Enchanted 360

"Even if I am selfish, as the general manager of the Runestone Group, you have the right to decide on the transfer of all the people in the group. Can't you break your rule once? I beg you, Joseph. Three months, give Cassie three months?"

"To be in a jewelry appraisal department, every position is important and needed. The leave she had to take greatly influenced her work, and how important a position can wait for her for three months?" Joseph's tone of voice was very firm. When he saw her eyebrows anxious, he put his hand around her and kissed her lips. "Isabel, I can promise you anything, and I really want to do anything for you except for work," he said, "no violation of principle."

Irish closed her lips tightly and stared at him after a while. "What if I were her? Are you going to fire me, too?"

"Yes." Joseph did not hesitate. "If you were my employee, I would stop your job if your psychological state has been beyond your control."

"You..."

"But I'll take good care of you." He hugged her and lowered his tone. "Every day, I will take care of you, and when you are good, I will accompany you to realize your dream."

"But when I am fine, I lose my job." Irish frowned.

Joseph reached for her face. "I can't give you any promise or security on this matter. Every employee can stay at the Runestone according to their daily efforts. I can't make other employees resent our relationship."

"I know what you're saying, but the rules are dead, people are alive, maybe my job is different from yours. I just think there's another solution to everything."

"That's true, but in an enterprise, especially in a rising company, it's important to follow the rules and discipline, and there will be problems without standard restrictions." Nevertheless, Joseph had always been patient and reasonable with her. "In the matter of Cassie, you have your original intention, and I have my insistence. In fact, you and I have correct ideas and practices, but the different sectors we are engaged in determine that we should abide by different rules," he said. "You've always been smart, and I think you know that without my words."

Irish withdrew from his arms and said unhappily, "You are a businessman, and you look at the problem from the perspective of the interests. You have never thought about trying to relax your so-called adherence and principles, you are a successful businessman, yes. But at the same time, you are also an unkind leader. Many things in the world are not meant to be what they must be. You may give them a little favor and bring them hope and a life change. You never think about this."

Leaning on the head of the bed, Joseph felt a little impatient after hearing this, but he pressed it down, put his hand around her again, and kissed her cheek to pacify her as much as he could, "Well, let's stop talking about other people's affairs. It's getting late. It's time for sleep. "

While Irish was still angry, she was a clever woman who knew to use a soft policy to appease the man before her. Still, at the same time, she was also a stubborn woman, especially when it came to Cassie, and she knew he was a difficult person to talk about. But she didn't think it would be so difficult. So he slowly pressed his cheek down, and the anger in her heart was rekindled as he was closed again. She pushed his restless hand away, and the radical mood made her begin to say. "I hate you, a selfish person to touch me! Is that all you want to do when you see me? Joseph, I am not your vent vessel!"

Joseph's hand slowly put down, and the original soft lip angle became stiff, along with his eyes, but also slowly infected with displeasure and harsh, "Isabel, what are you talking about?"

If she had changed to a normal Irish at ordinary times, she would be immediately pitiful and put her arms around him and reach out to smooth the lines between his eyebrows and tell him not to do that, and it would make her scared. Then the displeasure under her eyes would disappear, but at that time, Irish was like being on fire and stubborn. She said, gnawing her teeth, "Am I wrong? My only function to you is to copulate with you! But, Joseph, I'm not like your former lover. I'm not for you to make love!"

Psychologists say the most interesting thing about a man and a woman, from loving each other as youths to accompanying each other with their heads white, is not the emotional history of how they feel but rather the mirror effect they form from knowing each other to being in love with each other. Initially, a pair of a strange man walking left and a woman walking right, came together in fate. With time, the two persons would be surprised by the similarities from psychology to action, which is often said to be a couple of faces.

Irish's clients also had men and women who had a couple of faces, in her view, it was only the natural impact of the two after a long time together, deserving no big surprise. But then she really realized how rare it was for two people to walk through their lives. This period had to go through a series of tests, from life, society, reality, and so on, only when the edges of the two were ground round to depend on each other.

And as for this person who can accompany you to grind the corners of his body, you should look for him for a long time in the masses of people. So there is no love at first sight. The one who makes you love at first sight is just the one you've been looking for.

Irish's first step was not very smooth. The contradiction between her and Joseph was inspired by their different personality, different growing environments, and their values. She had never been in a serious relationship before Joseph, but only once had the man appeared and disappeared quickly. She was a psychologist but didn't have enough experience dealing with relationships with men. She had lived alone for a long time and had never been so close to a man. So, in front of Joseph, she only had theoretical standards and rough models. However, once the two really came into contact on principle, her stubbornness of her replaced reason and quickly controlled her.

She had to admit that her words were so hurtful that Joseph's expression suddenly turned cold, and the seriousness formed between the lines of his brow and the bridge of his nose was deadly cold. He raised her chin with the force of his hand.

"Take back your words; I will think I haven't heard them." His pupil was dark and frightening, and his deep voice suppressed distinct anger.

