

Enchanted 364

The wind was blowing, the leaves were flying all over the sky, and the air was thin and cold.

Irish got up and was about to push Cassie back to the ward. When the leaves fell, she saw Fredrick coming not far away. She had to admit though she was angry with him that he looked really charming between the yellow leaves. He wore a light-gray high-necked sweater with charcoal trousers and was like a figure in the picture.

In the past, before she met Joseph, her heart would beat very fast when she saw Fredrick coming toward them. But now, she was numb except for his remaining unhappiness, and her heart was no longer beating wildly. In this way, she was able to calmly watch him come along like the man in the picture.

In her mind, she could not help but lament that women were ultimately fickle, and she buried her secret love.

It was no surprise that Fredrick appeared in the hospital. He had been there for a few days. He had completely put down the affairs of his own clinic. Not knowing if it was guilt or compensation, in other words, as long as she came for Cassie, she could still appreciate Fredrick. She knew that he had listened to her and secretly treated Cassie's depression. Of course, Fredrick was under a lot of pressure, such as Cassie's silence and her parents' angry eyes.

So when Irish saw that Cassie was going to choose silence again, she could not help saying, "Cassie, what are you thinking?"

If she didn't want to see Fredrick, then she was ready to take over her.

Cassie had to quietly look at Fredrick approaching after a long time before sighing, "You told me I have to face him."

Irish took a deep breath and her trachea was cool.

Soon Fredrick walked forward, and he did not look at Irish, stopping in front of Cassie and pulling up her thin blanket, softly saying, "It's time to go back."

Cassie nodded gently.

Fredrick got up, standing straight, and then looked at Irish, and his tone was very light, "Hand her over to me."

Irish clenched the armrest of the wheelchair and did not let go of it for a long time. Fredrick reached over, pulled across the wheelchair without a trace, looked at her with complicated eyes, and then left.

In the autumn wind, the two people's backs were more and more distant.

Irish stood there, looking at them, deep in the bottom of her heart, there was an unknown feeling, a bit stuffy and suffocated.

Gently turning, she inadvertently glanced at a distant figure under a ginkgo tree. There stood a man, tall and magnificent. It was Roy, and she didn't even know when he was coming.

Perhaps Roy had never noticed that Irish had found him, and his eyes had always fallen far away, staring silently at Cassie's figure sitting in a wheelchair.

Irish's heart was like being bitten by an ant.

Love was a torment indeed!

She pitied Roy after seeing his loneliness.

The Runestone Group meeting was almost continuous, from the future brand adjustment planning to the upcoming Labor Day promotion. It included the M100-1 continuous mining situation to the M100-2 diamond reserves evaluation standard test report, from the problems encountered on the way, using the investment to propagandize to the subsequent arrival in the BRIGHT shopping mall, Joseph was concerned about all the details. After meeting his clients, he held a meeting and then went to the bank to talk about loans, and then to talk about financing, went personally to the counter, and then to the Vera club.

After working for more than 40 hours, Daisy told him that he hadn't slept for two days.

Outside the window it was night again, and the lights of the conference room were still dazzling, and it was 10:30 pm. This was the fifth meeting after Joseph's return to the company this afternoon. The five heads of the brand department reported on their work one by one. From Labor Day to Thanksgiving Day, the arrival of each festival was like a battle for the brand department, and Joseph did not allow them to lose it.

Joseph, in the position of the president of the conference table, blankly looked at the planning documents handed in by the brand department. Blood streaks appeared in his eyes as he worked overtime. Under the neckline of a gray shirt was a faint scratch. Two thin lines, however, were enough to arouse the ambiguous guess of the public. But of course, his employees did not dare to ask him. Joseph frowned when he turned over the third page, and the head's voice became smaller, and the tone began to be cautious.

Sure enough, in the next second, Joseph directly threw out the documents in his hand in front of that person. The rattling of the papers made people uneasy, and the report all of a sudden stopped.

Joseph leaned forward, his arms folded over the conference table. His hands crossed, his dark eyes showing great dissatisfaction and displeasure with the contorted lines between his eyebrows.

"That's what you did after seven days of overtime?" He asked, not in a growling voice, but almost as smooth as water, but strangely cold.

The person dared not make a sound.

Daisy raised her eyes and looked at Joseph subconsciously. This look really surprised her. He was seldom so angry. That day he was really furious.

"I'm sorry, I'll do it again, I..."

"You pick up the Thanksgiving project." Joseph ignored the man's explanation and gave a cold order to another official to replace him.

The responsible person swallowed his saliva and nodded repeatedly. "You can rest assured that I will do it well."

"I don't want to hear it, I just look at the results." Joseph had no mercy. "Remember, don't waste my time by showing me such junk files!"

The man nodded.

The man who presented the report had long been pale.

Joseph turned his head to Daisy and said, "Inform the personnel department."

At the end of the speech, he got up and left the conference room.

Daisy got up too and answered toward his fading back, "All right."

The whole conference room was in a disquieting silence.

The more the man thought, the more he felt something was wrong. He looked at Daisy, trembling, "Daisy..."