

Enchanted 365

She looked at him, whose eyes were as quiet as Joseph's, which did not raise the slightest waves, and quietly told his fate, "Go to the HR Department for termination procedures tomorrow morning."

The man's face was deadly gray.

Others took heavy breaths, held their laptops, and left the meeting room to do their work.

As Daisy walked into the CEO's room with a pile of documents, Joseph was leaning on the sofa and keeping his eyes shut. She knew he couldn't fall asleep in such a short period of time, and he was still frowning.

She silently put the papers on the desk, grinding a cup of coffee quietly, and put it on the coffee table, and then she turned around and took a list and whispered, "Mr. Dover, Vertu sent a confirmation letter with your previous customized functional requirements. Would you like to reconfirm and see what needs to be added or changed?"

He did not open his eyes and opened his mouth. "What functions?"

"Oh, the other day, I ordered a Vertu phone that can be used as your private phone."

"What private phone?"

Daisy replied respectfully. "So I won't answer the wrong phone call, for example, Dr. Irish's."

Joseph suddenly opened his eyes and said with displeasure, "Did I allow you to order any private cell phone?"

It was close to yelling.

Daisy did not say anything more but stood quietly. She could see that what Joseph cared about was not a matter of a private phone. He no longer mentioned it. The anger in his eyebrows after criticizing Daisy also seemed to be a little smaller, leaning back on the sofa and restoring his silence.

After five minutes, Daisy sighed, saying, "You rarely get so angry."

He was a harsh boss, and all of his employees knew that Joseph was almost serious in his work, but his rigor was reflected in the quality of his work, and he would never get angry directly inside the conference room as he was that day. It might be that the plan was really wrong, but such impatience was really rare.

Daisy followed him for many years, naturally discovering his abnormal mood, which was very strange.

It originated two days ago.

On that day, as always, she arrived at the company very early. Knowing that he had been driving away by himself, she more or less guessed where he would go in the evening. She did not think that he had been in the company. While she was sorting out his itinerary, she saw his boss' clothes which he had

worn the other day, and the shirt was wrinkled. What had surprised her more was that he had two bloodlines around his neck, and she could guess at first sight that a woman had scratched them.

Daisy had never seen such a scene with Joseph. She was at a moment's loss, and she was even more afraid to speak when she saw his appearance. After he had thrown out the key in his hand into the lounge, she took the key to the parking lot. As she tidied up the car, she found that the seat had sunk, and his coat lay on the carpet at the driver's seat.

Daisy clearly could guess.

From the ruffling of Joseph's shirt and the reclining of the car seat, it could be inferred that he had been in the car all night. She was confused as to why he stayed in the car for the whole night. She thought again about the scratches on his neck and his gloomy expression. Did they fight?

In the days that followed, he devoted all his energy to his work and stopped using his car at night. Daisy knew that he had been living in the lounge all the time. He rarely had such a big emotional fluctuation, so Daisy was sure that the two were quarreling.

Daisy also felt helpless for her boss. Joseph was admired by women, and he had a lot of good women around him. His ability to make money and his appearance were enough to make him more outstanding than most men. He could attract many girls to rush into his arms. But Daisy knew his temperament, he was extremely impatient with women, especially those who showed him kindness. He never pleased any woman, not to mention caring about a woman.

Just only Irish.

Daisy watched him grieve, hesitate, change his itinerary, and watch how his emotions changed for Irish. When he gazed at Irish, his eyes showed happiness. He showed unhappiness when Irish was sad too.

She couldn't even imagine he would risk his life by blocking the bullet that was aimed at Irish. Such a huge sacrifice of his life is really admirable.

In fact, at first, she was opposed to his association with Irish because he was married, so Irish was nothing more than a third wheel. No matter what the relationship between Ruby and him is, it would result in gossip because of his closeness to Irish. But the day she called Irish in the Light Town, and Joseph received the phone call for Irish and pleasantly greeted her, she knew that the man who any woman had never moved had met his true love.

Since she knew that Joseph was good at planning, love should be unexpected to him, so he either did not accept it or accepted it with severe consideration.

When she knew that Joseph had almost died for Irish, she also knew that the fate of these two would be more challenging in this lifetime.

In Daisy's eyes, at this moment, Joseph was like a frustrated child. He would use a calm attitude to face other women, but only before Irish he could not do it, otherwise, how could he so torture himself these two days?

Joseph, leaning on the sofa, did not say a word. He was really tired. Daisy stood by and looked at him, shaking her head. Such a proud man was tortured like this. It was conceivable how haggard Irish should be.

"You'd better take a rest in the lounge." She suggested with sincerity.

Joseph just raised his hand and rubbed his forehead, and his eyes were full of fatigue. He sat up straight, drank a cup of coffee, reached for Daisy, and recovered his plain tone. "Bring the file over."

Daisy had no choice but to bring documents for him.

He opened it and looked at it page by page.

But Daisy could not help opening her mouth. "Have you quarreled with Dr. Irish?"