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"Daisy," Joseph called to his assistant, "Has Dr. Irish arrived?"

"I haven't seen her yet." Daisy looked at her watch. Irish's position in the company determined her special status. The enterprise mental training of the Runestone Group was previously outsourced to a training company. Joseph was not pleased with the outcome and professionalism of this company, so he decided to move the operation under his control.

Unlike other departments, the position of Irish made her more like a soul engineer who pacified employees under career pressure, helping to promote a sense of cultural independence for employees.

When Daisy was about to call Irish, the door was opened, going unnoticed by most people but succeeding in attracting the attention of Joseph.

That night, Irish could only be described as "sexy."

She wore a long dress in Chinese red, her long, soft, curly hair reaching down to her shoulders. The fabric was designed to give a beautiful shining perspective effect. Her shoulders were half unveiled, and the deep V design was elegant, drawing the outline of her swan neck, sexy clavicle, and beautiful bosom. And above the deep V, her flat underbelly was indistinct under the thin silk, whose skin was white as moonlight.

The elaborate design formed a fishtail effect, which required a slender waist and charming curve of hip and long, straight legs, which were covered under the skirt's hemline. Her makeup was appropriate in thickness and lightness, which was both classy as well as hot and sexy like a red rose.

Chinese red is the purest and most selective shade in the red color palette, and few women dare to use Chinese red as the dominant color in a dress. Nevertheless, Irish not only wore it but also to make an excellent effect. She looked like a poppy blooming quietly in the dark night. At first, no one noticed, but as she moved forward, more and more eyes focused on her, especially the men, who looked at her with naked amazement and obsession.

She walked into the crowd, and as soon as her beautiful wrists were stretched out, a waiter took the initiative to give her a crystal glass. The red wine made the glass seem clearer, and her fingers seemed to be colored by the blush. The red in the cup matched the red in her skirt. Her eyes were as starry as the night sky, and the wine flashed gently in her eyes as if they were fireworks.

"Don't you want to call Dr. Irish, Mr. Dover?" Daisy saw Joseph's eyes always staring into the distance.

Joseph's face was expressionless, but he frowned when he saw the senior officials of a certain department taking the initiative to chat up Irish. "No, let's start the party," he said coldly.

Daisy followed.

At the start of the party, the violin music became more tender, like a thin line walking in the air. As the general manager of the company, Joseph briefly spoke some words at the beginning of the celebration. When he proposed a toast, the people below raised their glasses one after another, and the music also responded, growing louder and more majestic.

Cassie also looked wonderful that night, whose long white dress accentuated her beauty. Her beauty was more restrained, and she wore a braid decorated with pearls coming down past her shoulders. She looked like a goddess of Greek mythology when she smiled.

"You look very pretty and flashy today. It's rare for you to wear red, but it's beautiful." As for the news that Irish had come to work for Runestone, Cassie was also ecstatic, along with Professor Ding.

In New York, where everyone was always working hard for the future, enjoying a small gathering of friends had become a luxury. Despite being in the same city, some friends only got to see each other once every six months, or even once a year. Some of these were friends that had spent everyday together when they were at school and single, but when they had a relationship partner or spouse, their life became a lot more difficult, and even getting together with a friend for coffee had become tricky. Cassie had become afraid of the alienation that could happen to almost any woman, so it was great to be able to work with Irish at the same company.

Irish glanced at the front. Joseph was talking, and she lowered her voice to Cassie, saying, "Because this dress is the most expensive."

"I can't see that. You are always stingy."

Irish pouted her lips, "He paid for it."

"Ah? He and you..."

"Stop. He deducted my bonus for a whole month, and his reimbursement was within reason." Irish was irritated when mentioning that. When she picked the dress, she constantly remembered the bonus which had been taken away, and her heart was broken.

Cassie smiled, "I'd do the same thing in your position."

"It doesn't matter. I chose several dresses, and we wear the same size. You can pick one when you come to my house next time." Irish was generous. People unaware of her situation would assume she was rich or had won the jackpot, but Irish was not above bending down to pick up a penny.

Cassie secretly felt pity for Joseph, "I think you have swindled lots of money from him."

"He revoked my bonus. That's just retaliation. Why should I be polite to someone who acts generous but is actually evil?"

"Well... Evil? You have tasted that?"

Cassie only caught some of Irish's words.

Instead of being shy, Irish blinked with her beautiful eyes. "Miss Cassie, do you believe my little white tooth has become invincible?"

"I see. The devil is not Mr. Dover but you."

"Don't you know that if you continue, I'll be evil to you?" Irish tried to restrain her laughter.

Cassie immediately surrendered, "Oh, I believe it."

After Joseph had said that, a senior official called for Irish, so she went to the front for the greetings. The employees who had attended her training class whistled, and she smiled generously, without any bashfulness.

According to the rules, the first dance of the party is started by the managers of the company. Some people were eager to dance, some reluctantly accepted, but nobody knew who called for it first, shouting Joseph and Irish. There was only one voice, but no one dared to answer the voice when it was heard. For a brief period, the atmosphere was unspeakably ambiguous.