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Joseph perceived her crafty eyes, but he didn't care about it; instead, he went to the lounge and came out with a suit and her high-heeled shoes. He walked to her directly and put it on her while speaking languidly. "Well, you can't just go out like this."

"It is summer. Are you sure I have to wear this suit?" Irish was offended.

"Yes, wear it now. You know what, sometimes I wanted to question your credibility being a psychological expert because you acted beyond my imagination," Joseph complained and seriously frowning.

Irish ignored his words and rolled her eyes but did not take off the suit. After wearing her shoes, she looked up at him and said, "It's rare to see you dressed so casually."

He was dressed in a light-colored short-sleeved polo shirt and a pair of casual trousers. He looked very handsome but still looked severe in his eyes.

"I have to meet a customer this afternoon. After buying clothes, we are going to eat a light meal, and then I'll send you back." Joseph looked at the time and arranged the journey calmly.

Irish then understood what he was going to do and when she looked up at him again, she showed a bright smile and said: "Okay. Then I'll buy something casual, and we can match today."

Joseph was confused and raised his eyebrows. Her words once again shocked him. She carelessly said she would choose matching casual wear that normally only a couple had worn.

"Anyway, I am free in the afternoon, and I'll go with you." She said in a relaxed tone.

Joseph sighed slightly and stared at her again, "Isabel, I'm talking about business. You have to go home and have a good rest."

"I've told you not to call me Isabel." Irish did not get angry but walked toward him, taking his arms, and smiled softly with her body leaning on him. "Well, I promise that I won't bother you."

Allowing her to take his arms, Joseph laughed after a while as if he tacitly consented to her request and then reminded her, "It's boring. Don't complain about it."

"I won't." She was pleased when she got his consent.

She nestled in his arms as a timid and lovable little woman with a sweet smile on her face. Joseph looked at her, and the impulsion suddenly rushed out. He wanted to hold her into his arms, so he pulled her at once.

Irish was confused and did not understand what he was going to do, but she only gazed at him quietly.

"Do you remember what happened last night?" Joseph asked.

"Ah?" Irish forced herself not to move her eyes and stared at him, but soon she smiled and said, "Did I drink too much last night?"

Joseph's profound eyes shrunk, and he looked at her face with a tentative look.

"Did I really get drunk last night?" She put her hands on her chest as if she was shocked and stared at him with an innocent look. "I'm really sorry for that. But you should have sent me back. Did I throw up in your lounge?"

Joseph didn't say anything but kept silent.

"I could tell from your expression that I must have thrown up in your bedroom," Irish said sadly.

After a long while, Joseph said slowly. "Do you really not remember?"

"I swear," Irish said with a sincere expression and then added, "But if I really messed up your clothes, I will pay for them. But you'll need to wait until I get my bonus next month."

He remained expressionless, but when he heard her remarks, he responded, "You didn't miss anything. But I almost ruined your life."

His words shocked Irish, but she disguised it well and looked at him with great astonishment, "Were you drunk too last night?"

Joseph didn't explain it to her but pinched her cheeks unexpectedly. Then he said seriously, "I'll deduct six months of your bonus."

"You..."

"Let's go." Joseph didn't give her a chance to refute him, grabbing his car keys and walking out of the office.

Irish followed him in his oversized suit, looking at his tall figure, gradually, she sneered. What happened last night? It was really interesting last night.

"Then you should be fond of this set of accessories. It is a limited edition, and our insiders enjoy no count." Cassie carefully touched the necklace and began to show off her professionalism, "You know, the cutting of diamonds on that set was all done by Belgian technology, which was only made by hand. It is expensive, and Bernert supervised the manufacturing."

"Who is Bernert?"

"He is the treasure of our group. His father is Belgian, and his mother is Chinese. He received the job of his father and learned accurate Belgian cutting technology. Though America does not authorize it, I heard that he has mastered the Blue fire technology." Cassie obviously was more familiar with the Runestone Group than Irish, so she told her the details, "It is said that when Henry Lake controlled the group, all diamonds should be transported to Belgium and cut by professional personnel there. After Joseph took charge of the company, he hired Bernert, who found qualified apprentices to form our own incision team, which can cut costs. I heard that Bernert knew Mr. Dover before, and they followed the same Chinese master. "

"Ah?"

"You don't know? It is said that Mr. Dover learned the diamond cutting technology when he was young. It is a painstaking task to be an apprentice. Maybe he knew him in that period." Cassie said seriously, "Bernert said that in New York, there isn't a manager who can lay down his figure and have a rich

experience in the diamond industry as well as Mr. Dover. From the observation, selection, examination, supplying, and designing to the marketing of diamond mines, Mr. Dover engages in and knows the whole process perfectly. He is assiduous and even goes down to the mine with workers to examine diamonds, thus receiving many injuries. Success can't be achieved easily. Those who can be superior must be the ones who are calm before hardships, which proves that they experienced a lot and the pains they have experienced were heavier than ordinary people."

Irish listened quietly, but she gradually looked at him with new eyes. She used to think that Joseph was only a group ruler who was just sitting in a management position. It was out of her expectations that he had done all such things and taken all such pains. He was a good example of the old saying that those who bore hardships could be the elites. Cassie was right. His personality did not cause the calmness, self-restraint, and indifference, but maybe the severeness and cruelty of his experiences, that the treacheries and intrigues in the business were not worthy of being mentioned.

Joseph, what kind of man are you?