

## Enchanted 708

The next day, in addition to colleagues and friends calling, Irish did not receive a call from Joseph.

Then on the third day, her life still remains quiet.

The first thing Irish thought of was that maybe he was still out of New York and didn't come back.

It was Thursday, and the day when she went back to work at the Runestone Group.

Because of the idea that Joseph was still out of New York, so on the way to the company, Irish was not frightened. She didn't know when she had been a little afraid of Joseph.

Only after, the closest people would know their own situation, just like her. Although she thought she would never be afraid of a man, even before Joseph, with a strong psychological quality, she was still assured of defeating him.

But it was just her wishful thinking.

On Thursday, close to the weekend, the Runestone Group was also more relaxed. It was just that as soon as she got to the office and poured a glass of water to moisten her mouth, the Secretariat called and informed her to go to the big conference room for a meeting.

She initially thought it was Roy's meeting and replied lightly to the secretary, "I can't attend the meeting. I'll have an employee psychological assessment in five minutes."

The secretary was nervous and told her in a low voice that it was not the chairman of the board of directors who held the meeting but the general manager.

Irish was almost suffocated.

"Joseph? He... he went back to New York?" She stuttered.

The secretary answered her question, but when she heard it, she almost wanted to hit the wall. The secretary told her that he had returned from a business trip two days before and that Thursday's meeting had been arranged on the day he returned.

Irish asked. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

If she had told her earlier, she would have asked for a leave of absence that day. But, according to Roy's benevolence and kindness, she would certainly be permitted.

The secretary paused, who didn't expect her to say that. Then, after a while, she murmured, "Because you're coming to work today."

Only then did Irish realize her mistake. After hanging up on the phone, she took a deep breath and desperately forced herself to calm down.

However, her mind was full of questions.

According to the Secretariat, Joseph should have returned to New York that night, so he must have gone to Midtown Manhattan, but why didn't he call her and get angry with her after he didn't see her?

What made her even more frightened was that he had been so quiet, which was different from his characteristics.

But it was also like his characteristics.

He always hid in the night like a leopard, staring calmly at his prey, and he seemed to prefer to jump on and bite it without warning.

Irish inadvertently shivered.

It was warm and windy outside, but she felt that there was a strange coldness in the room.

In the next second, Irish quickly took out her mobile phone and dialed Roy without even thinking about it.

Roy quickly answered the phone, and it could be heard that he was surprised. "Well... I'm not feeling well, so I'm not going to the meeting this morning." She hurriedly told a lie, hoping that it was still too late.

Roy listened to it and asked with concern, "What's the matter? Do you need to see a doctor?"

"Yes." Irish immediately said. "I have a terrible headache. I want to go to the hospital and get some medicine."

"Oh, then go quickly." Roy was a very kind person, and the only advantage of this kind of person being a boss was that subordinates would not be so tired.

Hearing that, Irish hung up the phone and grabbed the car keys, hurrying out of the office.

But as soon as she got to the Hall, she heard the sound of high heels behind her, and someone was still shouting at her, "Dr. Irish..."

Irish stopped and turned her head. She was one of the secretaries of the Secretariat, the girl in charge of the meeting. She was panting. Somehow in Irish's heart raised an ominous foreboding.

Sure enough, the young secretary ran to Irish and pressed her undulating chest. She said, "Thank God! I've caught up with you, Dr. Irish. The general manager asks you to go to the conference room for the meeting."

Irish straightened her spine and cleared her throat. "The chairman especially approves my leave. I'm going to the hospital. I have a headache."

Unexpectedly, the secretary shook her head and said, "Well, you can't. Mr. Dover said that you must attend the meeting."

"But I'm sick. I'm going to the hospital." Irish frowned.

The young secretary almost cried, "Dr. Irish, please don't embarrass us. Mr. Dover canceled your application for leave in front of the chairman, and even the chairman had no objection."

Irish was surprised. "When I was asking for leave, Joseph, Oh, no, the General Manager was there?"

The secretary nodded heavily. "The chairman approved your leave, and when Mr. Dover knew it, he rejected it. The chairman also intended to let you go back to the meeting."

Roy, you were an idiot!

Were you led by the nose by a general manager? You didn't even have the right to give employees a vacation? She scolded Roy in her mind.

Irish resented and scolded, stamped her feet hard, and had to follow the secretary to go upstairs.

The Runestone conference room was already full of senior staff.

From the marketing department to the creative design planning department, all staff at the director level were all here. It seemed to be a briefing meeting. At the beginning of the year, the start of the new year, the battle began again.

Irish was the last to arrive, and when the secretary pushed the door to invite her in, everyone in the conference room looked at her, including Joseph, who was sitting next to the chair, but he just glanced at her casually and then moved his eyes away.

When he fell on the secretary again, his deep eyes were draconian. "What time did you notify Dr. Irish?"

The secretary looked up at Joseph's eyes, she shivered and answered nervously, "At nine."

Seeing that, Irish put the satchel on the conference table. As soon as Joseph opened his mouth, she said, "Don't blame her, I am not feeling well, and I delayed the time."

Joseph's eyebrows sank slightly.

"I affected everyone's time. I'm sorry." Irish's eyes turned to the director's presence but did not see Joseph.

"Irish." It was Roy's voice. "Sit down."