

Enchanted 709

Irish chose an empty seat to sit down, but after sitting down, she regretted it because this angle was not good. She had to see Joseph on the opposite side because the nearest distance between the two points was in a straight line.

It was worse than sitting next to him.

Joseph dressed officially. Even the color match was very simple and formal. He wore a white shirt, a black suit, and a dark red striped tie. The cufflinks were pure black metal ones, emitting dark light with his watch.

In fact, Irish was afraid of his dress, bewitching the hearts of the people, but people dared not approach.

At this moment, she felt that her scalp was numb.

He looked as quiet as ever, and she didn't know what he was going to do next.

At the meeting, she could not listen to a word. She felt as if she were on pins and needles and looked forward to the end of the meeting as soon as possible.

Joseph did not deliberately embarrass her. He listened carefully to the reports of each department. He was as calm as water and would make up for a word or two if necessary, but it was obvious that his words were concise and correct.

And like Irish, Roy was also feeling like sitting on needles.

It was clear that the meeting was a torment for Roy.

First of all, he could not understand what they were talking about. Second, he was really uncomfortable in this chair. He did not understand why Joseph was not tired at all after sitting so long.

It was much more tiring than flying a plane.

It was also clear that, although Roy was present at the meeting, his silence and attitude of making no comments greatly weakened the authority of a chairman, and Joseph was always habitually asked for his advice.

Though Joseph asked Roy's opinion, it was only a superficial form because Roy nodded his head and agreed to everything, or he said, "It's up to you."

So, just in a meeting, the company's backbones knew exactly who was the real person in charge of the Runestone Group.

Irish bowed her head, feeling bored. In the meeting book, she drew leaves and then began to draw people like the fat director on the opposite side, who Joseph had just reprimanded, and he was still constantly sweating. Her paintings were very ugly, but they were not uglier than the man yelling at this director. Irish then painted Joseph and used an arrow to point to Joseph— Demon's boss.

In general, everyone has such experience.

When you participate in a boring activity or attend a boring meeting, you will fill in some inexplicable things in your notebook. Maybe you don't know what you are painting, and you just want to kill time. It all comes from the fact that this event or meeting has nothing to do with you or it doesn't have much to do with you.

Irish had not been so leisurely at the meeting for many years. The last time she exerted her "painting talent" on the notebook was when she first joined the working field. When she was new, her words were insignificant, so every meeting became a torment.

Gradually, with the increase of her work experience, the deepening research in the field, and the frequent awards, she had become an indispensable role at the meeting. The notebook was no longer in a mess, and sometimes it was full of only the main points of the meeting.

So, like that day, it was rare to be able to play her talents freely in the book.

Irish painted four pages.

The first page contained locust leaves, willow leaves, and poplar leaves.

On the second page, she painted people.

Irish didn't know drawing, but drawing was used to detect the psychological changes of characters, so it was a necessary ability as a psychological counselor. Therefore, she could paint after being influenced by those cases, but most of her drawings were comics.

For example, the young secretary who had just informed her of the meeting was scolded by Joseph. Although she was still tirelessly remembering the meeting minutes, her frightened eyes were hard to ignore, so Irish drew a cartoon image similar to hers---she had a small head and slender fingers characterized by a pair of frightened eyes.

There was a sentence on the side: Today, I was scolded by the demon boss, so I cursed him.

And Irish's opposite was the brand director. The man was dressed in a suit. Irish knew him. He was an active person, and he was excited every day. When he was talking about the brand, he could be comparable to the marketing director, who was always talking about its performance.

Irish once gave him a psychological test, and then he stopped taking psychological classes under all kinds of excuses. Irish had been too lazy to report on him. Of course, Joseph did not know how arrogant he was in front of her.

The man was a little proud because he had a proud performance, which she had to admit, but at the same time, she didn't like him.

So he was painted very respectfully, sitting straight. And he leaned in the direction of Joseph, with \$\$\$ symbols in his two eyes, and there was a line of words around his head: I have to behave well in front of my boss.

There were also normal people in her works, such as Daisy.

Daisy was painted quietly by Irish without any malicious artistic processing, and there were no words on her head.

This was Irish's understanding of Daisy.

This woman was as calm as she was, and she must be calm in her heart.

The fat director was from the design department, and this department was as important as the technical research and development department. Of course, it was also the department that Joseph often scolded.

Sometimes Irish wondered how great the psychological quality of these people should be. Working with Joseph every day would be like walking on a blade at any time, and ordinary people would have been crazy.

She thought the man was honest, but he had a tenacious heart.

Therefore, when Irish was named in public by Joseph, she admired the good psychological quality of the fat director.

Irish froze.

Joseph's tall body leaned back, and this time he looked directly at Irish. He "kindly" reminded her, "Dr. Irish, your work report."