

## Enchanted 28

Behind her came Fredrick's voice. Irish turned back and happened to see Fredrick walk into the kitchen. He put the bags in hand on the table and smiled regardless of whether she had finished the conversation, "I bought two bags of your favorite hot pot ingredients for you."

"Thank you." She smiled at him and turned to speak on the phone, "Sorry, I have had a plan for tonight."

Joseph kept silent for a long time and then said, "I will pick you up from Linkus Mental Research Institute at noon tomorrow."

"Fine." She hadn't thought that things would turn out better, and she could imagine a lot of money flying in front of her.

After the conversation, her smile was still kept on her lips. She turned her head back happily and found that Fredrick had been standing there. His smile disappeared, and he looked very serious.

"What's wrong? Did you forget to buy some sauce? No!" Irish felt confused and then deliberately neglected her emotion toward him.

Fredrick didn't say anything but looked at her with lips closed tightly. Irish felt uneasy and uncomfortable in his eyes, so she went forward and waved her hands to him, "You...."

Without finishing her words, her wrist was caught by him. She felt puzzled and raised to look at his taut chin. Confused and afraid that Cassie would grasp this misunderstanding scene, she lowered her voice and said quickly, "What's wrong? Please let me go."

Fredrick didn't plan to let her go but pressed her onto the wall forcefully. He lowered to look at her face with a harsh and hot breath, "What's the relationship between you and that so-called Joseph?"

Irish was really shocked by his behavior. In her impression, he was always gentle and calm. As an expert in mental research, he has obtained a powerful capability to control himself, which was also Irish admired.

This scene occurred so suddenly that she forgot to resist but looked at him confusedly. She felt that his arm was so strong while they two were so close that she could easily sense his high temperature. Their breaths even mingled with each other, making the scene so ambiguous.

Her heart beat quickly and abnormally, beating on her eardrum again and again. The sound made her quite nervous with a blushing ear and a dry mouth. Fredrick lowered his head and didn't realize his behavior until he observed the startled expression in her eyes. Soon he loosened his hand with a little embarrassment.

"I just think that you shouldn't be so close to a stranger."

Irish lowered her eyelashes and blamed herself for her palpitation just now. She took a deep breath and changed her mood with her typical expression, "I'm not a child anymore. What's more, he is my client."

Fredrick looked at her, feeling strange.

Irish didn't give herself an opportunity to continue to be immersed in this emotion but smiled, "Take it easy. Joseph would not do something evil to me. I feel quite assured since you are so careful." He was her mentor and looked after her from study to work. His concern was out of the natural teacher-tutor relationship. As for others, you should not have considered, Irish thought.

She had told herself again and again. And that was why she could now face this tall figure unhurriedly and calmly.

Fredrick might also have realized that his behavior was abnormal, so he didn't keep as serious as before and said in a quiet natural mood, "What do you mean?"

"Cassie is very childish, and she needs a caring husband like you. So I said I felt quite assured since you were so careful." This time she smiled sincerely.

She would forever remember that year when Cassie met Fredrick at first sight. Cassie appeared to be so nervous. She even shyly asked something personal from Irish. And it was the same day Fredrick first met her best friend, who had been referred to all the time. Maybe their destinies were doomed from that glance. That was the first time Cassie gathered together with her, and Fredrick offered to be their tour guide and driver. They had a good time together, and it was from that moment that Irish knew that the three of them could not always get together.

During that time, she frequently created opportunities for Cassie and Fredrick for them to get together in the name of doing research on subjects alone. She saw them, walked out of her world hand in hand, and hugged and smiled at each other. That scene was so beautiful and attractive.

Irish was lonely. As a matter of fact, there were just a few people in her world, while two of them now got together. Although she might be more lonely, she felt happy for them.

Fredrick waited for her answer for so long while it was like this, so he was just a little confused and then couldn't help but laugh without saying other words.

"Okay, now I'm really hungry. Cassie..." She felt uneasy when there were only the two of them left, so she shouted to the living room.

"I'm here," Cassie answered somewhere far away from here.

"We are going to begin our dinner. Help us!" Irish smiled and shouted and then looked at Fredrick, "You can also help us to put the dishes."

Fredrick took a deep glance at her with an unnatural smile and then walked to the cabinet to take out some dishes without any word.

Irish looked at his back. Just then, the neon outside the window was reflected into the room and fell on his shoulder. It seemed to be clear or far, and fake or true. At this moment, her chest was aching as if a sharp blade had hurt it without blood.

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If the Midtown Manhattan at night were said to be a sexy girl with half-open veils, then it in the day would turn out to be a fashionable and advanced white-collar beauty. You could not find any shadow of

prostitution on it since busy and fast-racing life displaced destitution and enriched the life here with the most direct modern smell.