

Enchanted 29

As soon as Irish entered the office room, she smelt the fragrant and light aroma. Then she saw large petals of jasmine flowers not far away, which were trimmed into a clean and brilliant bouquet. They were placed tidily besides the office table by her assistant- Christy. White flowers and green leaves made one feel very comfortable and easy, even on such a fretting day.

"Christy, you are so tasteful. I have never seen one that could make Jasmine flowers into a bouquet." Putting aside the files of individual cases, Irish sat on the chair idly and took a Jasmine flower close to her nose, breathing it lightly, and soon she felt comfortable and pleasant.

Christy was preparing coffee for Irish when she heard these words. She immediately shook her hands, "Oh no, no, Doctor Irish. It was sent by someone when you were dealing with individual cases, not prepared by me."

Irish became speechless and stood up to find something in the bouquet, but she didn't find any card, even. She said, "Who sent this?"

Christy shook her head.

Irish raised her eyebrows, feeling strange. She received a flower from someone but didn't know the sender. After thinking, she asked, "Do you know the language of Jasmine flowers?"

"The language of Jasmine flowers...."

Christy stopped and seemed to be recalling something, "Holy? Attractive?"

Irish sat back on the chair and tilted her head without any words.

"Oh, I remember it. It has its language!" Christy shouted aloud and looked at Irish, "You belong to me! That is the language of this kind of flower!"

Irish shattered without any reason and felt sort of embarrassed. She held her arms and rubbed with each other, "The sender is a little disgusting."

"I got it from a book about languages of flowers by accident."

Christy grinned and then turned back to prepare coffee for her. Irish also didn't want to find out the sender. She raised her hands to massage her temple since, from 9 O'clock in the morning to now, she had been troubled with all kinds of questions listed by the consultants. Luckily she had this bouquet of Jasmine flowers in front of her, and the light aroma mixed with the coldness in the air, refreshing herself more or less.

Soon a cup of coffee was put on the table and the smell of coffee mingled with the aroma of flowers. Christy tidied up the disorderly-placed files at once, and she hummed a light ditty. The tune was fresh, and the melody was different from popular music. It even sounded like one ditty from heaven.

Irish took up the coffee and dipped it. As she put it down, she laughed, "Why are you called Christy?" Few girls had such a name, and it sounded interesting. Professor Tim arranged for her to be Irish's assistant, who had just graduated from the university. Partly because of her personality or stressful

nerve, she always behaved carelessly and nervously. It was said that she had been an assistant for hypnotist Cheska and then was driven away because she had taken a file by mistake.

Christy smiled as she tidied up the files, "The reason is simple. I was born on Christmas, so I got that name from my parents. They said that it is easy to remember."

"Your parents are very funny. Well, What song were you humming? That's pleasing to hear." Irish drank the coffee slowly, thinking about the tune repeatedly appearing in her dream when asking, which were alike.

"I heard it from Doctor Cheska, and I don't know its specific information. I learned it after hearing it several times. Ah..." Christy Lee changed her face, looking at Irish in a good manner. "I'm sorry, Doctor Irish. Are you disturbed? I do not intend to hum a song. I'm so sorry."

Irish was startled about her excessively respectful appearance, and then she laughed, "You misunderstood me. I didn't think you were annoying and was just asking you whether you often listen to such a song because I think this tune is pleasant." This girl must have been scared by Cheska.

Seeing her smiling face, Christy Lee almost cried, "Doctor. Irish, you're so kind, and you are different from other doctors. I'm so constrained when I stay besides Doctor Cheska. I can't do it, and I can't do that."

"You are so nervous. At my place, you don't need to have so many rules. What you only need to do is do your business." Irish didn't press others as a superior. On the one hand, she didn't think it was needed, and on the other hand, she was not that kind of person. She differed from Cheska, who was petty bourgeoisie and elegant to her bone and even had a strict requirement about the position where the coffee cup should be laid on the office table.

"Thank you, Doctor. Irish. "Christy Lee relieved, sniffing, and said with a tint of flattery, "If you like that song, I will help you get that."

"You don't need to do that. I can ask Doctor Cheska." She would go to every big music and video store to look for music in her spare time. That's not because she has the habit of collecting music but because the tune repeatedly appears in her dream, which has been making her flustered. The urgent desire to find that was increasing. But it was a pity that she hadn't found out.

Christy nodded but immediately shook her head, "Now, Doctor Cheska may not have time. I passed through her office when she had prepared to wash the glass. It seems that she is giving hypnosis treatment to a patient. And her door was closing."

"Now? That's too early. Doesn't she receive the personal patient in the afternoon?"

Christy Lee gave a snort of contempt, and her face turned disdainful. She walked toward Irish and said, lowering her voice, "You were busy, and you don't know, in the early morning, Professor Tim received a VIP in the reception room. He seemed to persuade that into investing, thus expanding the scale of Linkus. Doctor Cheska is ambitious to marry a rich man so she wouldn't lose that chance. It seems that she treated a personal patient in the morning on the surface; actually, she was waiting for the investor to chase her. "

Irish slightly closed her lips and smiled. It could be seen that Cheska did not suit Christy Lee's taste. She understood that because she could not even bear Cheska's personality.