

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 3 3: Something In Your Mind?

When Irish went back to the VIP restroom, the news played across the flat-screen TV: "The Runestone Group has been listed on the NASDAQ at 8:50 US time after a series of preparations, such as the restructuring of the company capital operations. It is said that the Runestone Group consists of some listed advisory teams, including investment banks, law counselors, and accountants. Mr. Dover, who has just returned from abroad after making a substantial fortune in the Diamond trade, has accepted the chief executive position. At the press conference held this morning, Mr. Dover revealed that the Runestone Group would open the Boca Club next month in New York, which is the third-most exclusive club in the country after Washington and Los Angeles. The Runestone Group, which started out as a small independent diamond supplier, has grown into one of the world's largest high-end jewelry brands."

Irish stared at the screen expressionlessly as it flashed images of the Runestone Group members and their brand locations. These photos stung her eyes, and subconsciously, she clutched her bag straps tightly until the pain came from her palms.

God, this was unfair.

There was a coldness in Irish's eyes, which could expel even the warmth of Spring.

"Something in your mind? You look totally unconscious standing there." A clear voice approached, and a hand fell on Irish's shoulder.

Instantly the coldness was dispelled, and Irish's eyes shone brightly again. As she faced the smile across from her, her eyes lit up like a firework in the darkness. "I was just wondering if you could pick me up."

Unconsciously Irish glanced at the large screen again, which was now showing an advertisement for shampoo. Her secret irritation dissipated entirely at once. She always regarded Cassie as her lucky star, and it was true again.

Cassie smiled at her, "So, are you going to invite me to spend a night at a resort this time?"

Cassie was Irish's schoolmate and best friend, having gone to the same university but taken different majors. Irish majored in psychology, while Cassie was in English. When they had first arrived, they got to campus at the exact same time. When the seniors had come to help them with their luggage, in the chaos, their bags had been switched and were taken to each other's dorms. As a result, Cassie and Irish first met when they exchanged their bags and have been friends ever since.

Irish was incredibly beautiful. She was endowed with almost every feature, a perfect figure, and an attractive face. Cassie was also beautiful, smart, and fast-talking. Irish was rational, while Cassie was emotional. They had realized quickly that their two opposite personalities complimented each other perfectly. Later on, when Irish went abroad and got her doctorate, Cassie got a master's jewelry appraisal. In Cassie's words, a jewelry appraiser was much more elegant than just a jewelry holder.

Irish raised her eyebrow to look at Cassie and crushed her silly dream. "You think too much, the reason I'm late is that my car broke down."

"Really?" Cassie looked shocked, and then a wave of disappointment rushed through her. "I was called from the city to Linbia Canya, just to pick you up?"

Irish held Cassie's arms with a light smile, "So you walked here?"

"Don't be silly, Okay? You should know that I rode my motorcycle here at an unbelievable speed. I thought I could take your car back to the city, but I guess you'll be riding back on my bike," Cassie glared at her deliberately.

"You know what, maybe it's an opportunity for you to pay me back." Irish grabs her key to the motorcycle mischievously.

"What do you mean 'pay you back?'" Cassie chased after Irish, running and shouting.

"You left me alone the day before yesterday?" Irish said casually after looking at the oil meter, putting on the helmet, and handing over the other helmet to Cassie.

Cassie made an exaggerated gesture as she took over the helmet, "So you blame me first? You came back to America the day before yesterday, and we agreed to celebrate together, but you decided to get drunk and go home with a handsome man, so Miss Irish, you were actually valuing sex over friendship." Cassie often called Irish Miss Irish jokingly when scolding her.

Irish frowned and thought to herself, "So it was really my idea to go home with that man? I had never done something like that before!"

"Who is he? He is so mature and steady that any woman could easily fall in love with him. And you ran into him like a car without brakes. He seemed to be well-educated and carried you in fear that you'd fall down. Reserved as he was, he did pay for our bill like a total gentleman." Cassie grinned at Irish ambiguously, her eyes shining as if she'd unearthed something secret.

Irish could not even laugh and felt cold sweat trickling down her back. After a while, she answered calmly, "I didn't even know him."

"Really?" Cassie shouted loud enough to scare the birds away, "But you acted so familiar with him, I thought you two had been in a relationship abroad."

Irish's eyes darkened, and she said in a hushed voice, "I'll never fall in love with someone."

Cassie recognized that she'd made a mistake and apologized. "Irish dear, sorry, I, I just slipped it over."

"You idiot, I wasn't blaming you." A smile reappeared on Irish's face.

Cassie decided to change the topic and brought up, "Well, are you going to go work for the Linkus Mental Research Institute?"

Irish also knew her intention, so she also relaxed herself, nodding idly and adding, "But what I value more is the opportunity to work for my Alma Mater."

"So what should I call you, Doctor I or Professor I?" Cassie laughed from the back seat of the motorcycle, "I'm so happy that you are staying in New York. You know I was afraid before that New York wasn't an option. However, working for our Alma Mater is also a good choice. But what I am concerned about is that your attractive face and figure will distract the male students. You could lose your job!"

"But you're here with me, Miss Cassie. I'm staying in New York for you, so you're going to be responsible for me if I lose my job."

"Relax, okay? I promise I will. Even if I decide to switch positions too, I'll still have the capability to support you...as long as you don't eat like a pig."