

Enchanted 30

Irish was hungry when it was almost 11:00 AM. She looked at the mobile phone, finding it without messages or missed calls. The thought of yesterday's invitation from Joseph made her slightly puzzled. "Is he too busy to remember he invited her for lunch?"

She got up and went out of her office, preparing to find something to eat in the snacks room and then calling him to query. The snack room was at the end of the corridor, so Irish naturally passed by Cheska's office. She thought that Cheska should have done her work at that time, so she planned to ask her about the music. But when she lifted her hand to knock on the door, it opened suddenly.

Irish abruptly stopped and was bumped by a strong force without looking clearly who was him. Someone ran out, and then a hysterical shout came, "Doctor Irish, catch him!"

It was Cheska's voice. She staggered out from her office strenuously. After seeing Irish, she pointed at the man running away, saying out of breath, "Hurry! Hurry to catch him. He has a knife!"

Irish watched the man with a knife far away, who had the symptom of madness. She ran immediately without saying anything, whose feet were like wheels. In the mental health clinic, it was not unusual to see the insane case, and the encountering probability of a hypnosis therapist was larger, so she got used to it.

The man with a knife yelled while running all along the way, raising many people's attention. But they were scared by the knife in his hand and ran wild like terrified birds. Irish shouted behind, "Dangerous! Stay away from him!"

The insane man had no route to follow, and luckily, Irish ran fast. Seeing that she was about to catch him, he broke into the meeting room, and then she followed him. But when she ran into the room, Professor Tim was shaking hands with Joseph. It seemed that they had finished their discussion.

"Be careful!"

They did not expect such an accident to happen, especially Professor Tim, who was scared by Irish's shout. And then the knife was turned in the direction, and the man sheared toward Irish, resenting her because she destroyed his plan.

Irish stared at the man rushing toward her with a knife. Her split vision saw the nearby tall man, who also dashed toward her. Unluckily, the man had already arrived before her, suddenly lifting the knife.

At that moment, she raised her arms to hit the neck of the man with a bounce, and its strength was so powerful that even her fingers were trembling and numb. The knife dropped to the ground when it was only 0.1 centimeter from her, and then the man fainted.

The tall figure, not far from her, suddenly stopped.

"Oh My God! Mr. Dover, are you okay?" Cheska immediately came to the meeting room. Seeing that the insane man had fainted, she patted her chest to pacify herself and walked toward Joseph, "Are you hurt? I'm so sorry. This man had a problem when treated. Thanks for your help, otherwise, he will hurt others. Mr. Dover..."

"Hello? Doctor Cheska." Irish could not stand, interrupting Cheska directly, "You should know that it was me who had helped you, and it's none of others' business. Not only man can subdue the man."

"Ah?" Cheska was shocked with embarrassment.

"And my fingers are still trembling. Though you won't give me medical payment, you should say 'thank you' to me. Besides, you don't care about the man lying on the ground?"

Regardless of hypnosis therapist or behavior therapist, doctors who would contact the psychological case-patient all had an alternative door on their back. If faced with threats, doctors can choose the door to escape. Cheska didn't run away but chose to chase him, which let Irish respect her bravery and knowledge. But when she saw Cheska's sycophant look toward Joseph, she was angry and refused to acknowledge her professionalism.

"Doctor Irish is right, you should thank her." Joseph opened his mouth with a slight voice after keeping silent for a long time.

Cheska closed her lips lightly and smiled, "If clients are in trouble, it is the duty of psychological consultants to be the first to handle it. And Mr. Dover, you are a distinguished guest of ours, and if you are scared, that's our problem. "

Professor Tim also feared that Joseph had been shocked, so he followed Cheska to ask about his condition. Irish felt nauseating about that. After the security guards carried the man to the floor, avoiding seeing that scene, she prepared to turn around. Joseph said in his deep voice, "Doctor Irish, are you okay?"

It was rare that someone could remember her. And that one was the guest of Professor Tim and Cheska, who saw him as a treasure. Was it funny? Irish took a deep breath and answered in laziness, "I'm fine. "

Joseph was restrained as usual. He perceived her emotion, looked her up and down for a few seconds, and said, "If it's okay with you, do follow me to eat lunch."

Professor Tim and Cheska were surprised, looking at each other.

Not expecting his directness before them, Irish slightly opened her red lips, standing at the door without movement. Saying nothing, Joseph walked forward and reached out his hand to pull her.

Joseph was fond of quietness, which Irish concluded after analyzing his eating habits and environment. The restaurants he ate at were mostly elegant and quiet, and the seats reserved by the restaurant were also in solemn silence. He barely talked when eating, and his behaviors were in good order, which really fulfilled a Chinese saying that "No talking while eating." He got used to a slight breakup of the eating timing, such as dinner or lunch, which may be because of his hatred of the crowd.

But this afternoon was an exception. Probably because of the accident, and the restaurant was away from downtown, most people when eating were quiet, only the sound of the violin was floating. Irish liked that because every time she heard the sound given off by the instrument, she was always associated with the elegant dinner of the upper class and full of handsome and tall boys in suits and beautiful girls in nice dresses.

