

## Enchanted 352

People with depression would have negative self-worth from their psychological activity consciousness. Then they would feel useless, no hope, and long-term depression could also lead to cognitive impairment, such as slow response and slow movement. The last words of Irish were intended to dispel Cassie's hesitancy, and she knew that Cassie was proud of her career and said these words deliberately to inspire her self-affirmation.

Not surprisingly, what she said aroused Cassie's interest, "Is it a strange stone? Okay, when I get out of the hospital, I'll appraise it for you."

"It's a deal." Irish smiled on the surface, but her heart tightened.

The whole afternoon, she had to stay with Cassie until the evening and left when Fredrick took Cassie's parents to replace her. Just getting out of the main lobby, Fredrick had followed her, "Irish."

Irish stopped, watching him walk toward her, and she showed a cold face. The thing Fredrick was most afraid of was seeing her coldness, embarrassed, he stopped in front of her, "Irish, I have something to tell you."

"What a coincidence." She hummed, and the atmosphere between them seemed to carry the same coldness. "Even if you don't approach me, I'll have to talk to you sooner."

Fredrick looked a little haggard and nodded, "I'm going to get some clothes for Cassie. Let's talk as we walk."

Irish said nothing and turned to walk.

Fredrick looked at her shadow, feeling anxious and helpless, and he quickly followed her.

The deadly silence remained while they drove back to Cassie's home. No one dared to start any conversation. She remained silent until they arrived.

Entering the bathroom door, Fredrick's whole body froze after seeing the blood in the bathtub.

Irish walked indifferently to him and said, "If only that time you could see Cassie lying here, looking lifeless, you may not even want to enter this door." As she rolled up her sleeves to reach for the clog of the bathtub, soon, the scarlet blood swirled away.

She went to the sink and washed off the blood stain on her arm, and looked in the mirror at Fredrick. Unable to bear her eyes, he walked away and went into the bedroom to pack clothes for Cassie.

An hour later, the two drove from Cassie's home to the hospital, which was neither near nor far, but neither of them took the initiative to speak. Until Fredrick parked the car back in the hospital parking area, turned off the engine, and didn't immediately get off.

Irish looked at the hospital building before her, and it looked colorful under the neon lights, but she still couldn't hide its sense of blood.

She was still looking out the window and finally opened her mouth, "Why do you want to break up with Cassie?"

Fredrick was silent.

She turned and stared at him with displeasure. "Can't you answer? Well, I'll ask you what you can answer! Fredrick, do you know that Cassie suffered depression because she's madly in love with you? That's why she slashed her wrists and tried to kill herself!"

Fredrick was not shocked. He just hung his head, took out a box of cigarettes from the dashboard, and after a while, held one in his mouth, opened the window when he lit it, and the faint smell of tobacco spread through the air.

"I found out about it when Cassie woke up." It took a few minutes before he answered, adding. "That's why I want to talk to you."

Irish sneered, "What do you want to talk to me about? Do you feel less guilty? Don't forget that it was your irresponsible behavior that depressed her for a long time. Have you ever cared about her since you returned home? I just saw her waiting for you again and again! Your breakup was just a fire, which directly triggered her long period of depression, which led to her suicidal thoughts!"

"Irish, I'm a psychiatrist too, and I know that better than you." Fredrick slightly raised his tone.

Irish stared at him, closing her lips tightly.

"I know you don't trust me now, and all I want to tell you is that I will have full responsibility for taking care of her illness until she recovers." Fredrick's tone returned to the feeble one, but she could hear his determination.

"No, I'm not as famous as you in this field, but Cassie was my best friend, I'd do everything I could to heal her." Irish refused him immediately.

"Irish, this is not the time to be impulsive. You and I both know that the degree of extreme depression would cause suicide, which can no longer be ignored. She has to be treated in time."

"I didn't say she wouldn't undergo treatment, but I didn't want you to come into her life again!"

"You are more aware of the truth that my influence is better than anyone else. This is the key to unraveling the knot of the patient. This was mentioned on the first day of your psychology study that your mentor taught you." Fredrick's tone turned serious.

With cold eyes, Irish naturally understood this truth, staring at him, "Well, I ask you, you plan to use what kind of treatment?"

"You study psychology, and you should know that it is not difficult to treat depression, but it is difficult to prevent a recurrence. Most people with depression have a relapse rate of up to 80%, so I have to treat her depression in addition to cognitive behavioral therapy. There is also a need for medication and physical therapy."

"What kind of medicine do you want to use?"

"Fluoxetine, currently the best antidepressant in the country."

Irish frowned, "This is for the depression at more than the moderate stage."

"In my opinion, her suicide attempt was already serious."

"But she has not completely lost her self-worth!" Irish disagreed with him.

Fredrick looked at her seriously, "Irish, you are now acting sentimentally."

Irish did not speak, and her brows were tightened.

"I know how you feel, and I'm more upset than anyone else, but she's sick now, so are we going to think professionally to cure her or keep arguing?"

"If you want to use drugs, don't let her know. Just change the medicine she takes in the hospital." Irish took a deep breath.

Fredrick was right. In fact, she rejected the fact that she had been suffering from depression before.