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Daisy's words were like the sunshine, which was warm and full of strength that revived her cold heart. Joseph still cares about her, isn't he? When the question appeared in her mind, she was a little shocked, and she began to realize that she was in fear and agitation.

And she still remembered the words that she said to Leo. She said firmly that Joseph loved her, and she was so confident about it and steadfast in front of Leo. She even thought that she should move forward when facing love instead of being hesitant, and it was unnecessary to think too much.

She was so manful once before, but she overestimated herself and also underestimated Joseph. Though she hadn't been with him for a long time, she loved him so much, and now she could not bear being apart from him anymore.

"Daisy, do you think I am rebarbative?" Joseph broke his rule for her, and though she was moved by him, she still felt guilty; after all, it was her that made him do that.

"No. Instead, I think Mr. Dover is too strict."

"He must think I have bribed you if he hears this." Irish smiled softly, and the light kept flickering in the deep of her eyes.

Daisy puckered her mouth and replied after a while, "It is good for Cassie to take the assessment, which could push her to become confident again."

Irish nodded since she thought Cassie had a great passion for her work, and she committed suicide just because she was muddled at that moment. And she believed Cassie would get better soon.

Daisy didn't stay for a long time because she still had a lot of work to do.

Irish also did not return to the ward immediately but sat on the couch quietly, with her phone in her hand, and recalled the words that Daisy had just told her.

She missed him so much. She missed his voice, his appearance, as well as the moment when he whispered beside her ears. He would say that she was a witch woman who took his heart away. She even missed his frown.

She doesn't know what the cold war meant after their quarrel, and she also does not know if it meant they chose to break up with each other since they did not get in contact for a long time after that incident.

If her patient asked her these questions, she would definitely comfort them as a bystander and a psychologist. Perhaps she would think that as long as the love still existed inside someone's heart, why not take the initiative to apologize?

However, she was not a bystander this time, and she couldn't persuade herself to take the initiative to admit her fault but just stared at her phone silently. After experiencing all these things, she realized that women were always an expert when facing other people's love affairs but would turn a lunatic when facing their own emotions.

Holding her phone tightly, she didn't want to be a lunatic or an idiot anymore, especially after hearing the words from Daisy.

She couldn't help shivering when she dialed the string of numbers, and her heart beat so fast. In fact, these numbers showed up in her mind several thousand times, and Daisy's words today were the last straw, defeating her last stubbornness.

Every time she pressed a number, the frequency of her heart beat faster.

When she was done pressing all the numbers, she felt that her heart rose in her mouth, making her feel suffocated.

Putting the phone into her ears, she waited with her anxious heart. Suddenly, the phone was connected, and her heart was as if stopped beating at this moment.

When Joseph's deep voice sounded on the other end, she thought that her mind had gone blank. He said hello and then kept silent.

Irish also went silent for a few seconds, and when she calmed down and restored her demeanor, she heard that someone was talking. She then realized that he had a meeting which made her feel regretful since she had called him at the wrong time.

"Well, I didn't know you were having a meeting..." She finally broke her silence in an extremely low voice.

"It doesn't matter. What's wrong?" His voice sounded firm and calm.

Irish was eager to tell him that she wanted to reconcile with him and tell him not to be angry with her. What's more, she was eager to tell him that she was upset these days and missed him so much. However, she bit back the words she would like to imply. "Nothing. I just want to thank you."

She forced herself to be rational since she knew that he was having a meeting, so it wasn't a good time to express her thoughts.

"Hmm." He replied briefly, which gave her an illusion that he was still frowning with cold eyes. His indifferent attitude led her to a loss. She didn't say anything while he also kept silent. The deadlock lasted for nearly one minute, and they could only hear their breath from each other.

Finally, Joseph started to ask her with an aloof voice, "Do you have anything else to say?"

Hearing his indifferent voice, she shrank her neck and bit her lips, replying, "N-Nothing."

He hung up the phone immediately without even saying goodbye. The busy tone sounded immediately, which made her feel wrong.

Now it seemed that he had no intention to reconcile with her since he treated her coldly a moment ago.

The phone slipped down from her hands to the ground. She could easily imagine his seriousness when he answered his phone. She lowered her head, staring at her shoes while her nose twitched. When she was about to move her eyes, a pair of leather shoes appeared in her sight. The first thought that

occurred to her was that it must be Joseph, so she looked up excitedly but found Roy standing right before her.

He looked at her surprised eyes. Obviously, she looked disappointed, and he then sat beside her silently.

Irish didn't dare to comfort him since she was also upset. She let out a heavy sigh and told him, "Do you know what you are doing?"

He still kept silent.