

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 4 4: You Two Know Each Other?

Irish raised her eyebrow and started the motorcycle, "You have a master's, how can you pretend to be poor."

"And you have a doctorate, okay? You're the one going to be supported by ME?" Cassie smiled, "I just submitted a resume. You know, everyone tends to strive for higher goals. The company I'm applying for needs talent like me, so of course I----"

"Stop!" a hurried voice came forward with a gust of wind and interrupted Cassie's words.

Irish stopped the motorcycle suddenly, causing Cassie to slam into her. Irish looked calmly around at a man whose hair seemed to have been trimmed with a lawnmower. "Go away!" she yelled.

"You wanna go? No way! You just KICKED me." The man gnashed, an air of embarrassment appearing on his face.

Irish looked him down and calmly said, "It seems like 68 meters treated you perfectly fine. We'll try a bigger challenge next time."

"You ----"

"Wait a moment, what happened?" Cassie couldn't control her curiosity, "You two know each other?"

"Nope."

"Really?" Cassie became confused again. "How does this girl get to go on so many adventures with such a good-looking guy?" She whispered to herself.

"I came here on a blind date with her!" he shouted.

Eh... Cassie glared at them.

"He wasn't going to jump. Cassie, you know how I feel about that." Irish adds with a sneer.

No words escaped the man's mouth.

Cassie almost guessed what had happened to them. She knew Irish's personality, so she cleared her throat and looked straight into this handsome man's eyes. "Sir, you may know that if two people are to be lovers, they should at least have common interests. You know what, she is the captain of the Rocky Mountain Climbing Team, so you should feel lucky that she didn't ask you to have a blind date, THERE."

"Rocky? Rocky Mountain..." he stammered.

Irish smiled lightly without any words and started up the motorcycle again.

"Miss I----"

"Excuse me?" Cassie interrupted.

"Sorry, I mean, I'm really scared of heights," he blurted out.

"In terms of psychology, fear of heights is just a simple symptom of phobia, and it's actually a result of your ego defense mechanism. I kicked you down just now to show you the stimulation you're afraid of in the quickest way and try and get you accustomed to that kind of stimulation. It's called "flooding therapy." Irish interrupted his words slowly and delivered a business card to him containing the simple words, "You can call me Doctor I. The treatment just now was free for you, and if you want to recover fully, you can contact me. I may make a discount for you under some circumstances."

Surprised, the man took over the business card. He noticed it read: Irish-Doctor of Dream Test Psychology. Under it was her telephone number. Still in

shock, the man heard the noise of the motorcycle. When he looked up, all he could see was the smoke left by the motor.

The heavy rain washed the lively atmosphere away, and the mist swept the night. Then, late in the night, occasional flashes of lightning cleaned the vanity of the city, only leaving strings of dim shadow punctuated by neon signs. On Wall Street, traffic jams took place, as usual, illuminated by the interplay of red tail lights and lightning.

Located in midtown Manhattan facing Times Square, Linkus Mental Research Institute boasted a great geographic position. Besides accepting important cases, it also took the task of mental behavior research and experiments. Psychologists who started their careers here all came from strong academic backgrounds.

At 9:30 PM, the regular nightlife was still present under the continuously flashing advertising screens. However, the staff at Linkus were still working, whose enthusiasm was unaffected by the rain.

"Susan had suffered from severe depression and was treated in our institute for over a year. Last month she received a rehabilitation notice but died at 10:59 PM last night because of an accidental fall to the ground. Police have investigated her husband, but he asserted she has died of her mental illness, so police hope we can help cooperate with them to investigate."

The Linkus psychologist authority Blair Waldorf introduced the case, standing before the Powerpoint. His voice was slightly casual, but his eyebrows were serious.

"The police said that there was no evidence of a disturbance at the spot, and there is a real possibility of suicide which means that all fingers point to us,"

said Cheska, who specialized in hypnotherapy and had recently become a member of European Clinical Hypnotherapy Society. She seemed excited.

There were seven or eight professional psychological therapists, among whom was Tim, director of Linkus Mental Research Institute and authoritative psychological professor, who furrowed his brow after hearing what Cheska said. His hair was more grizzled in the light of the lightning outside the window. He looked at his watch and said slowly, "Let's wait for doctor Irish, maybe she'll have a different opinion."

"The newly returned female doctor?" Cheska smiled with a trace of condescension. "Tim, Doctor Blair, and I have followed. Susan's case from the beginning, and even we cannot find out the cause of the accident. Not realizing the situation, what she says will go with the tide."

The director opened his mouth to make an explanation, but a therapist standing beside him added, "Tim, we really don't understand why you hired a group leader outside. There are few resources about Irish, and we even don't know her face. She is only 28, how much experience could she have?"

Others began voicing their varied opinions.

With a clear mind, Tim looked at them quietly. Every therapist here wanted the position of a group leader. He hired this outside manager because he wanted to avoid this competition. He gestured with his hands for them to quiet down. "Doctor Irish's clinical experience may not rival yours, but she has a unique point of view. I read her master's thesis, and she is somewhat of a genius."

Blair frowned and said, "I'm sure she has the capacity, but there is nothing more to be done than to talk. Taking Susan's case, the police started to be convinced that she committed suicide, and almost everyone now believes it. How could she find proof from a different point of view? I don't believe...."