

Enchanted 44

Irish intended to interrupt this patient's obsession with shock technology. When she was timing alarm clocks, Tim, who had always been a calm presence, just burst in abruptly and scared the patient she was working with. His intrusion could have acted as the role of the alarm clock.

Luckily, they had almost finished the treatment, so after explaining this to the patient, he left quickly without saying anything. Irish handed a cup of coffee to Tim, somehow feeling ominous.

Tim spoke to her with an anxious voice, "Doctor Irish, what did you say to Mr. Dover?"

Astonished by his words, Irish rubbed her sore eyes and replied, "Tim, I don't understand what you're asking." The only thing she owed him was money, and obviously, she would mention that.

"We've been looking for an investor for a long time to fund our research project, and Joseph had full intention of funding us since long ago, but now he's suddenly said he needs to think about it."

"But what does that have to do with me?" It did slightly remind her of something to do with a conversation she had in the office of the Runestone Group.

Tim said with a sigh, "As a businessman and an investor, he said he has to think about the rate of return. Joseph said the professional attitude of one of our staff members isn't serious, and he is worried that it would have a bad effect on our project."

Irish was dumbfounded with amazement, then she pointed to herself and asked, "Is he talking about me?"

Tim looked up at her with sympathetic eyes. She was burned by a wave of unnamed anger and felt like she would go mad. She clenched her teeth and said word by word, "Doesn't he feel ashamed? Without me, would he have been out of the woods so easily? He mistook a healthy man for a mentally unstable one, and I've helped him in every way to achieve what he wanted."

"Look, you're saying bad things about him right in front of me. Doctor Irish, clearly, your attitude is an issue, and you should do some self-searching." Professor Tim looked up with a furrowed brow, "In spite of how you two feel about each other right now, now that Mr. Dover doubts your professionalism, you should try and make up for it. Irish, look, I think you should have a talk with him."

"Me? Talk with him? Is it my fault whether he decides to invest or not? There are millions of investors in the world, why does it have to be him?"

"What you're saying isn't wrong, and there are more investors, of course. But I'm getting old, and how many years must I keep waiting to demean myself to find the sponsorship in order to do my research?" Professor Tim persuaded her patiently, "What's more, you caused this, and you should take responsibility."

Seeing how anxious he looked, Irish felt uncomfortable. Professor Tim was arrogant, the same as Fredrick, but to fund his research, he had to keep control of that. She knew that this research required a large amount of money, and any trouble would cost his life's efforts. She thought about Fredrick again, which touched her. She promised that because of him, she would help Professor Tim in any way she knew how.

She sighed deeply, and her heart felt heavy.

Irish was not willing to use the saying, "A nobleman keeps his promises," to Joseph. But, because he was such a ruthless businessman, who clearly stabbed her in the back and created the problem around her now, finally, his words made sense, "I'll speak to you at the office three days from now."

She thought it didn't matter, everything would go back to normal after three days. But when the sun set on the third day and she thought it would be peaceful, Joseph finally got involved.

Irish washed her face in the restroom, and the cool water helped her headaches. She took a tissue and rubbed her face hard. The unpleasant feeling about Joseph showed in her eyebrows. She took out her cellphone. Because of how she angrily pressed the keys, her fingers were sore. She was very anxious, wanting to lash out at this man who forced her to do things she did not want to do.

He quickly picked up the phone. Joseph should be at the office where the surrounding area was quiet, even his voice was so clean and silent, "I'm too busy to remember sending you the number to the company."

This was the first sentence he burst out. It sounded easy and natural, like an old friend who invited her over for tea and a chat. His calmness and steadiness made her want to curse him.

She bit her lip very hard and loosened it after she realized it had become numb, "The famous Runestone Group, whose address is clearly on Google, I'm so sorry to bother you."

The man smiled deeply, "Come to my office."

"Why do I hear the voice of a man who is boasting and showing off?" Irish stared at herself while she said this.

"It appears the pressure from Professor Tim made you uncomfortable."

"I must correct you. It's your pressure." Irish said directly.

"Oh?" Joseph sounded indifferent, "If that's the case, we can talk about the other matters when we see each other."

"Other things?" Irish smiled coldly. "If you wanted to say thank you, I would not accept. After all, I didn't ask you to pay for those additional fees."

Joseph seemed to notice her sarcasm, "Psychological doctors have a commonality, they are all opinionated. I don't want to talk about the additional fees I paid."

"Then there's nothing to talk about."

"Who says that?" His voice was light and cool, "My tie still at your place?"

Irish was nearly breathless, she gnashed her teeth after hanging up. Joseph was calm and gathered, but he didn't follow the regular banter. This man seemed good at surprising you rather than a direct attack. He could easily change danger into safety. This was a strength for him, but it forced her to feel empathetic.

She looked at herself in the mirror again, slightly squinting, then her persistent will flashed.

"Joseph, wait and see! Don't think I'm weak! I'll see what you will do tonight!"