

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 6 6: A Mysterious Man

It was another uneasy night.

The warm wind blew with the smell of rain, shaking down petals off the lilac tree outside the window.

Irish also had an uneasy night. Her beautiful arched eyebrows have frowned lightly with sweat on her clean forehead, which glistened against the moonlight.

She woke up, frightened.

The second before she had awoken, she had heard it again. "Run away!" followed by a series of shattering sounds.

She turned back to look at the clock beside the bed. It was half-past one.

The same time again!

Over the years, she had always heard that voice before she woke up, so clear and rapid as if it forecasted some unknown and dangerous thing. The same melody always accompanied it. An old melody. More importantly, every time she woke up like this, it was always half-past one.

The window was open, and her white curtains fluttered in the light breeze, along with the fragrance of lilac and moonlight. The scene was so beautiful that she felt like she was still in a dream.

Suddenly the phone rings and Irish feels frightened again.

On such a quiet night, one can be trembled by even the smallest sound. She regained control of herself and answered the phone.

On the phone, Professor T was showing his anxiety, "Doctor I, I'm afraid that your holiday is to be ended ahead of schedule."

As Irish got dressed in her business wear, Cassie peeped her head in from another room, rubbing her eyes. "You learned to sleepwalk when you were abroad?"

"Apparently, there's some big boss over at the Research Institute." Irish pinned up her hair casually.

"So inconsiderate, you're not even technically working there yet!" Cassie shuffled her slippers to the fridge to grab a drink, "They shouldn't call you at midnight for any reason."

"You're right."

Cassie leaned against the door, trying to keep herself from laughing. "Why not just say no? Why are you getting ready to go?"

Irish took her bag and said word for word, "I need to inform him in person." She walked into the hallway and put on a pair of black high-heels. "Go back to sleep. Don't worry. I have a key."

Her last words disappeared as the door closed.

Cassie shook her head.

Midtown Manhattan at night was still lively and boisterous, and there seemed to be a smell of luxury in the air.

The Linkus Mental Research Institute, however, was very quiet, only the meeting room was lit.

Irish pushed the door open and protested, "Professor T, I'll need to recount my overtime pay----" but she hadn't finished her sentence before she saw it. Professor T was not alone in the meeting room.

A man stood beside him.

A mysterious and very handsome man.

He sat at the far end of the table, and behind him, the Manhattan skyline twinkled. He wore a simple thin dress shirt, tightly accenting his body. The city lights behind him outlined his wide and strong shoulders and reflected in the pearl buttons of his shirt.

He also wore a serious expression, suggesting he'd been discussing something with Professor T just now. He had not yet noticed that someone had burst in. As Irish pushed the door and entered the room, he raised his head and glanced at her with a brief air of surprise in his eyes, which quickly vanished.

Irish hadn't expected to meet him again, especially on such an occasion. As they all looked at her, she felt off guard, just like how she felt on that blushing morning when she woke up in the same man's chest.

"Irish, you've finally arrived! Come here, and I'll introduce you to each other." Professor Tim saw Irish as a savior.

"Don't bother, and we've met before." Irish pulled herself together and walked straight toward the meeting table, and sat down naturally opposite the man. However, when she sat down, she felt something strange slip away from the bottom of her heart, which was too fast to capture.

She thought of what Cassie had said, and she thought that just sitting here saying nothing at all, he still had the power which tempts women to flirt with him voluntarily.

He didn't speak, the dim light reflecting in his eyes.

"Do you know each other? Then things will be easier." Professor Tim was delighted, turning around to the man.

"Irish is the best psychological analyst in our institute, and she is our group leader. Mr. Dover." The man rested his eyes on her again with a hint of investigation.

"Wait." Irish said, looking directly at Professor Tim, "I don't know what you mean, this new case is his?"

"Because things are too sensitive to be explained on the phone, I've troubled you to come here." Professor Tim knew Irish's temper, so he wheedled her. "Mr. Dover came here personally with the hope of resolving the matter quickly. Of course, it is not Mr. Dover's problem, but Mr. Dover's company, the Runestone Company," he said.

"The Runestone Company?" Irish rose as if her nerve had been stimulated, and her slightly irritated look took a turn for the worse.

This time she looked directly at the man, but her chest felt like a heavy stone was pressing it, and she found it hard to breathe.

Professor Tim was startled by her sudden move. "Don't you know each other?"

"It seems that we need to get to know each other again." Professor Tim's speech was interrupted by a thick voice. The man who had been keeping silent finally opened his mouth. He rose calmly, and his tall figure was almost enough to cover her. He reached out to her with a big hand. "I am Joseph, director of the Runestone Company."

Irish heard her brain buzzing, staring at the man who wore a faint smile.

Joseph maintained an air of professionalism, keeping his hand outstretched and looking at her eyes with patience.

With a hidden authority, his eyes were so deep but frightening, quiet but devastating. Those who looked at him would be naturally defeated by his calmness and would surrender their arms.

But Irish did not look away, and her attention was not on his eyes. In addition to her consternation, her mind bubbled with his name and the Runestone Company. After just getting back to New York, the world was too small to get involved in the Runestone Company. From her unbearably ambiguous morning to the news of the Runestone Company and the man before her, whose appearance she never thought she'd see again. He is Joseph, director of the Runestone Company, who had a great reputation and frequently took up the economic news headlines.