

Enchanted 70

Irish saw Bernert quickly.

He was about forty years old, black, with an outline of a mustee, whose figure was not so strong, but he spoke English fluently. He would not be considered a master of sophisticated cutting technology, judging from his appearance. But men could not be judged by their looks; people with ordinary appearances may possess hidden skills.

Of course, it was not Irish who wanted to see Bernert, and he took the initiative to find her. On Thursday, when she entered the hall of the Runestone Group, the assistant informed her in high spirits, "Dr. Irish, we can finally see the treasure of the Runestone. That should be attributed to you."

The diamond cutting center under the Runestone building had a system, which was different compared to other jewelry cutting centers, so it could be seen that Mr. Dover paid close attention to the diamonds of the group. Irish had read Bernert's resources, whose ancestors all did cutting in Belgium, and his apprentices were also from the old and famous family of cutting in Belgium. Thus, the diamond cutting center of the Runestone Group reached the quality level of Belgian cutting. It was heard that the diamonds cut by Bernert would be shinier on darker nights, which would give out incredible blue lights.

But today, Bernert hurried to the headquarters from the center, especially for treatment.

The central conditioner of the office was very cold, but the sweat on Bernert's forehead was still heavy, and his back was wet. Irish poured a cup of green tea, telling him to describe his situation slowly.

"Dr. Irish, do you...believe that people can predict the future?" Bernert took a sip of tea, and Irish saw his hand tremble slightly.

"Have you seen someone who can predict the future, or are you talking about yourself?" A patient who came to a psychiatrist was most afraid that his words would not be acknowledged and believed. Having been exposed to a number of cases and accustomed to strange patients, Irish would not refute anything immediately, even though she would always be able to find clues and then acknowledge the truth.

People's fears came from the unknown, and only the truth could dispel them.

Bernert wiped his forehead with great force, and his fingers were trembling. She was employed by the Runestone Group, and her time had been bought out. It was not like at Linkus, where her time had been limited for treatment. She handed over the tissue to Bernert, and he wiped his hand and kneaded it. He looked helpless.

"It's me." He opened his mouth and said in a low voice. "I've always dreamt of car accidents and murders. At first, I thought it was just a dream, but in fact, there was a real death that happened!"

She looked at him hesitantly. "Please tell me more details."

Bernert's lips looked dry and whitish. "If I dreamt of something one night, someone would die the next day." He clenched the tissue in his hand again, as if afraid and as if he had thought of something, and hurriedly took out some newspapers from his bag. "See, doctor, I've brought them all."

Irish took over the newspaper, a few of the most popular newspapers in the market, and it was written in Chinese words. The most important news in the social edition had been circled in pen. It was a report of two tragic car accidents, but they were just car accidents.

"The victims were two women, and I had never seen them before, but they both appeared in my dreams. I had dreamt that something would happen to them, and I didn't expect their death." Bernert pointed to two dead people with trembling fingers who died in car accidents at different times.

"Do you call them the victims?" Irish heard in his words.

"Yes, they were not killed in a car accident at all; they were beaten to death!" Bernert clung to a corner of the newspaper, agitated, and his eyes flashed with fear but soon darkened again, "I dreamt it, and the police wouldn't believe it even if I told them."

Irish looked at him suspiciously. "Are you sure that you didn't know them before?"

"I'm sure!" Bernert raised his head with certainty and said, "Dr. Irish, could you please help me? If I continue to dream, I'm afraid the person in my dreams will die in reality."

Irish stretched forward and stared at his panic-stricken eyes, "Have you seen what the killer looks like?"

"Not really. I couldn't see it clearly." Bernert clenched Irish's hands and swallowed, "I don't dare to tell others about these dreams, and I'm afraid that they would consider me a madman. Doctor Irish, do you believe me?"

"Calm down." Irish pacified him with a light voice, "Bernert, are you obsessed with alcohol?"

"I..." Bernert suddenly hesitated.

"I know people in your walk of life are prohibited from drinking, and the binge drinking limit set by Mr. Dover was extremely strict." Irish said, "But I'm not Mr. Dover, so you should tell me the truth, have you gotten drunk?" At the end of the speech, she pointed at his trembling fingers.

Bernert was startled, covering his shivering fingers, and explained, "Yes, I drank,

but the shaking is because of fear, not drunkenness. Doctor Irish, I didn't drink today."

"Okay, I can help you," she nodded thoughtfully. "But first, you have to calm down and fully tell me your dreams. Bernert, can you control your emotions now?"

Bernert swallowed his saliva, clenching his fist, and nodded, "Mm-hmm."

It was not until four o'clock that Bernert left Irish's office.

Irish poured a glass of water and stood before the window, watching the traffic, and she frowned. She was not convinced of the ability to predict the future, and her first reaction was that Bernert had a brain disease, but the content in the newspaper could not be explained, so she called Professor Tim to tell him that she had a special case and wished to cooperate with Blair and Cheska. Professor Tim permitted her to discuss it in the meeting.

Someone patted her on the shoulder from behind, and Irish was startled, turning back and seeing Ruby, "Who let you in?" Frowning, Irish's tone suddenly turned impolite. Ruby apologized hurriedly, "Sorry, I didn't know it would scare you." Irish walked to the desk with an impatient look and said coldly, "Don't you know how to knock on the door?"