

## Enchanted 719

Not knowing when she fell asleep, Irish vaguely heard a movement downstairs cold.

She woke up, turning on the light to see the time. It was 01:30 in the morning.

She sat in bed for a while, and the voice downstairs seemed louder.

Was it Joseph who came back?

Thinking, she hurriedly got out of bed.

Barefoot, she ran out of the bedroom. The moonlight stretched over the stairs, spinning and winding down.

She pricked up her ears and reached for the night light switch downstairs.

The yellow light dispelled the moonlight. No one was there.

But very quickly, there was a sound of patting the door.

Even the doorbell was omitted.

She was nervous. She was slightly short of breath. She walked downstairs, went to the porch, looked at the door mirror, and opened the door.

At the door was Joseph.

He leaned against the door, his tall body dangling a little, his coat casually draped over his shoulders. He put one hand on the wall and saw her open the door. He looked at her for a moment, a little drunk. And his eyes were even deeper and harder to understand.

He was drunk!

As soon as the idea passed through Irish's brain, alertness suddenly sprang up.

Joseph stood outside for a while, then he came in. He staggered to the living room, threw his coat aside, and sat down on the sofa.

The cool breeze came in.

Only then did Irish think of closing the door.

Thinking about it, she took a pair of men's slippers out of the shoe rack and went to the sofa, and threw it in front of him. "Change your shoes. I just cleaned up tonight."

Joseph looked lazily around him. The ground was so smooth that he could use it as a mirror. "Didn't you call the cleaners?" he said with a smile.

Irish rolled her eyes at him. "I don't have to."

Joseph looked at Irish through the light, and her hair was stained with a touch of goose yellow. Along with the eyebrows on the corners of her eyes, she looked very soft and warm. He could not help but reach out and try to hold her by the hand.

But she took a step back and pointed to his leather shoes, and said, "Change your shoes quickly!"

Joseph smiled instead of being angry. "Change it for me."

"No way." Irish was rude.

The young man was staring at her, "Really?"

Irish swallowed her saliva. "Changing your shoes is what your wife does. I'm just your lover. I'm not responsible for your food and drink."

"You mean just for sleeping?"

Irish gnawed her teeth and said nothing.

Joseph smiled helplessly. Not forcing her. He began to change his own shoes.

Maybe because of drunkenness, his actions were not very flexible.

Irish just stood next to him with her arms folded and saw him wobbling for a long time without changing his shoes. She muttered, "Bring here a lot of troubles as soon as he comes back. She yelled, "Don't move."

Stupid!

He troubled her even in changing shoes.

Joseph really did not move, happy to watch her change shoes for him.

As he looked, his eyes grew deeper and deeper.

She bowed her head as beautifully as a white lotus, and her neck was slender as if he could break it with a little force. He did notice that her chin was getting thinner and thinner and that he could clearly feel her thinness as he hugged her to sleep on the island.

His thoughts floated away. And it was set in the afternoon.

It was when Irish was sent to the island. He sorted her satchel, where he found a document.

At first, Joseph did not care, thinking that it was a psychological evaluation report of her client or the Runestone's employee, and glanced at it casually. Unexpectedly, the name written on the case was Irish.

He did not understand what the report meant by "depersonalization." He ordered Daisy to cancel all the work arrangements and went directly to Fredrick's psychological organization, and since he had no appointment, the secretary stopped him at the door.

Joseph did not bother to talk much and only said his name to the secretary. Then the secretary called Fredrick. After she put down the phone, she smiled at him, saying, "Dr. Fredrick asked you to wait five minutes, he will see you soon."

Five minutes, for others, was in the twinkling of an eye.

But for Joseph, five minutes was like five years. All he thought about was the word "depersonalization," and his eyebrows were full of seriousness.

How long had it been since he needed to wait for others? The five minutes made him more irritable.

Five minutes later, someone came out of the treatment room, who should be Fredrick's client. Soon, Fredrick also came out. After seeing him, he sighed and said, "Mr. Dover, please come in."

Joseph put the report directly on Fredrick's desk. There was no greeting. "What happened to her psychological report?"

Fredrick did not expect him to ask about this matter. He was stunned for a moment and asked Joseph, "How could you have the report?"

Of course, Joseph would not waste time explaining how he got the report. He opened the report, pointed to the diagnosis, and asked him, "What's going on?"

Fredrick was silent for a while, then explained that Irish's situation was very special. There seemed to be additional people and things in her memory, as well as some people and things missing. He gave her hypnotherapy, but the condition of treatment was very good. So, even he couldn't know her condition exactly.

Joseph found it strange that since he was not sure, how could he think she had the depersonalization?

Fredrick was silent for a while, and he briefly explained what it was and said that many situations of Irish were a little similar to this situation, but he was not sure yet, so he could only classify the condition as depersonalization, and he had to make further observations for Irish.

"What does it mean? You mention her memory problem?" Asked Joseph.

Fredrick thought, "In clinical experience, this kind of situation is not rare, but I doubt another reason. I think the situation of Irish seems to be that her memory has been tampered with."

At that time, Joseph was stunned, and his face was stiff.

"Of course, it is impossible to write this conclusion in the report. However, you should know that once a memory has been tampered with, it would be a disaster in the psychological counseling industry. This kind of thing has spread, and no one will ever trust the psychological counselor again. The most important thing in our industry is that the case should trust the consultant." Fredrick was worried.

Only then did he really understand Fredrick's hesitation and final decision to conclude.