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Once the question was thrown out, Blair and Cheska were all silent, and their expressions also became questioned. It was clear that Irish pointed out the focus of the problem that the two of them could not answer the question.

The meeting room fell into silence.

At last, Professor Tim, who was still quiet, broke the silence after drinking the tea, "I think this case of Bernert needs to be studied, but we make a conclusion based on a preliminary diagnosis too fast."

"That's why we invite you, Dr. Cheska, and Dr. Blair to this meeting." Irish looked at them. "I hope you can also intervene and observe. Furthermore, the Runestone Group strictly prohibits the staff of the cutting center from alcohol, but Bernert secretly uses alcohol to anesthetize himself and overcome his fear. His fingers trembled, and I suggested that he go to the hospital for a full check-up. Of course, if it's a psychological change, I hope Dr. Blair will do more to help us; after all, you're an expert in behavioral therapy."

After hearing the words, Blair said, "Dr. Irish, it's not that I don't want to help you. My appointments are already full this year, not to mention that Bernert is a core member of the Runestone Group. Even if the president of the country comes, he would also queue up. I can't influence a group of people for one person."

Irish frowned, Professor Tim saw Blair's attitude so hard and feared that the two people would have a quarrel, so he opened his mouth. "After all, the Runestone Group is our biggest customer. We should also focus on arranging it. Dr. Blair, even if it is off the clock, you should help her for Linkus."

Blair leaned on the back of his chair and said nothing, not knowing whether to agree or not. Irish knew that he was asking for trouble for Susan's case, and she was too tired to talk to him. She looked directly at Cheska, "So what about Dr. Cheska? Is it necessary for me to make an appointment in advance with you?"

Cheska sighed and said, "I have a lot of appointments, but I'm in. Just to pay you back for last time."

She was referring to the last hypnotic case that wanted to hurt people with a knife.

"Thank you," Irish smiled quietly and then looked at Blair, "It's okay if Dr. Blair is really short on time. Seriously, I wish Bernert had prophetic abilities so that I could be regarded as a meritorious officer of the Linkus. It should be of more importance than my academic papers are published later."

Professor Tim and Cheska were amused.

"I didn't say I wouldn't take the case, but you should let me squeeze my time." Blair was a typical academic theorist who hoped to be able to take Professor Tim's place after he retired. So how could he miss any case with technical content?

The smile on her lips expanded like the fireworks of March, but her tone was as light as the breeze. "I can feel relieved after assuring your assistance." She didn't believe in Cheska's so-called payback for shit. Who didn't look into Professor Tim's position? With investment from the Runestone Group, anyone sitting in this position may become a partner of it in the future.

Don't blame her for her dark mind, but for seeing through Cheska and Blair's intentions. It was a good idea to attack his shield with his spear.

At the end of the meeting, there was a lot of traffic outside the window, and the neon lights on the weekend seemed brighter. Irish was sorting out information when she received a call from Fredrick, who had just returned to New York.

"I'm fine. I can eat and sleep this time in great spirits." After Fredrick asked her about the latest situation, she smiled and told him.

Fredrick was smiling over there, "Come to my studio. I feel relieved after assuring you with my own eyes," he said, "or if you wait for me for half an hour, I'll come and pick you up."

"Don't do that, I'll find you some other day." Irish said, packing her bag and sighing heavily, "tonight, go over there for dinner."

Her words didn't make sense, but he understood, then said, after a moment's silence, "Do you really want to go?"

"You know me." If she really didn't want to, how could she agree to go?

Fredrick's tone of voice was slightly low, "That's why I have to ask you once more. Has something happened? I don't know, or do you have other plans?" He was Irish's psychological mentor, and he knew about her long ago. He could say that he knew so much more about her than Cassie did.

Irish smiled and continued, "Well, you don't have to use a cliché to persuade me to open the knot in my mind."

"Of course, I want to, but you are so stubborn that no one can persuade you in this respect." Fredrick's tone sounded serious, "can you tell me exactly what you're thinking?"

Irish packed her bag and stopped. "Oh, I'm fine. A meal is no big deal. Fredrick, you've been away from New York for a long time. Cassie missed you so much. Spend a good weekend with her. "

Fredrick was silent over there.

"Hello?" She thought there was no signal.

"Okay," Fredrick spoke softly.

"And I will not remind you what you should do next week when Cassie's parents come here. Cassie is old enough, when will you marry her? You should do something." As she spoke, Irish was facing the window, and her face, reflected on the glass, was flickering with neon. Her lips clearly were reluctant to smile.

"Irish, I..."

"Hmm?"

Fredrick hesitated for a moment and sighed, "Oh, nothing. I'll watch it. All I want to say is, come find me in your spare time, your situation can't be delayed any longer."

"Come on, it's a long story." Irish smiled gently, but her heart seemed to be blocked by something.

After the call, Irish looked at herself in the glass, confused, but deep in the bottom of her heart, there was a mocking voice coming out. What was she expecting just now? Even if some cities were beautiful, she was just a passerby. Even if some people admired her, they were just people she did not care about. For Fredrick, she had a clear position early. He was her most respected mentor and best friend's fiance.

Her hand pressed to her chest, and she said to herself, "you are fine though you have no Mr. Right...."