

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 13 13: Anxiety And Insecurity?

He was on the phone with his slender figure leaning against the bar counter as he was shaking a mixer filled with vodka gently with one hand. The cold drink matched the cold man.

From this angle, Joseph was very attractive. His thin black shirt couldn't conceal his strong muscled chest. He sipped on the drink lightly and seemed to be giving some kind of order to someone. The night scene blurred his clean-cut face, making him look less serious than before.

His voice was so low and deep, just like the night, but still could be heard faintly. It seemed that he was commanding someone to keep an eye on the diamond mine in South Africa. It might be the one that was just put into the investment plan. His words were resolute and powerful, as mighty as giving others stress. It reminded Irish of the introduction made by the media, then she sighed lightly and thought that she had to be a supplier ready to become a diamond tycoon. Diamond Tycoon, such strong words!

As she thought, an absurd idea occurred to her suddenly. So it was him who carried her to the lounge.

Irish sighed lightly. It was soft and gentle, like the beautiful sound of broken jade.

Joseph also happened to finish his call then. He hung up the phone and heard the sigh. He turned around, and his eyes were fixed on Irish's face. In the silence of the night, she looked very beautiful. She gently leaned against the door, and her delicate and faint light shone on her body, making her small pale face look even cleaner.

She was still wearing his suit jacket, which was like a long overcoat on her because of the height difference.

For some reason, that touched Joseph's heart, as if the deepest part was cracked and there was a spring river slowly flowing in, very small, just like her sigh floating into his ear.

The evening was very charming.

"Where are we?" Although seeing that his eyes were bold and unobtrusive, Irish looked somewhat unnatural, moving away, she sat down on the sofa. There were files in boxes on a coffee table nearby.

Joseph stepped forward, "My lounge."

He put his glass down on the coffee table and asked, "What would you like to drink? Are you perhaps hungry?"

Aisa shook her head, and she slumped down onto the sofa. She didn't want to eat or drink, and not being asleep anymore was making her grumpy. What's more, she didn't need to ask, she knew how she got there. She couldn't have sleepwalked.

"This is Ken's information. What you haven't seen is in the red box." Joseph pointed to the red box on the tea table and went to the bar, pouring a glass of lemonade and handing it to Irish.

Irish accepted with a slightly languid smile, "You don't know how to be kind to women?"

"If you were my employee, you wouldn't have time for a nap."

Joseph leaned on the back of the sofa, looking casual and steady. His shirt collar was slightly open, he was using his forearm to balance himself, and she could see the faint outline of his chest through his shirt. After a slight pause,

he added, with a hint of compassion, "Of course you're tired. I'll take you home now."

His compassion came from the slightest bit of tiredness showing on her brow he acutely caught onto, and no one had ever dated to slack in front of him, especially a woman, Irish was the first. She lay on the sofa lazily, the wide suit coat covering her professional skirt properly and exposing her white and smooth leg. Her skin was white like a lotus, from far away, it even looked fragrant. Her casual bun loosened, a few strands of hair falling around her neck, which made her exceedingly fascinating and charming.

A girl like her allowed him to make an exception when he took her into the lounge and let her sleep, then waited for her to wake up.

"I'm glad I don't have a boss like you." Irish felt that his eyes were a bit strange, and that feeling was more uncomfortable and more intense. She adjusted her posture and said, "If you are too strict on your employees, you will directly increase their mental burdens and stress levels. And if you find some of them are riddled with anxiety and insecurity like Ken again, something bad is bound to happen."

Joseph slightly raised his eyebrows, "Anxiety and insecurity?"

"Sometimes dreams are like hypnosis, they can be a means of identifying the subconsciousness. From the angle of human instinct, dreams are meaningful to a certain extent, which always have a kind of obscure and implicit meaning, avoiding the brain's censorship mechanism by disguising changes. To make it short, the content of a dream is when we realize our own wishes." Irish took a sip of lemonade, closed her lips tightly, and looked at Joseph. "I think you should pay attention to what Ken mentioned about his dream, in which he can see a narrow passage over and over again. In fact, clinical experience has taught me that the dreams of patients with anxiety have this kind of vibe, the dream about drowning or being confined to a small space often...."

"Why?" Joseph didn't know anything about it, but he was pretty confident in her professional ability.

"It's simple, whether they are in a passage or drowning in their dream, it's all based on a memory of life in the womb. We can see from dreams like this that it's always something like that. So we think he's anxious, and his subconsciousness wants safety. The womb is the place where we're born, and it's the safest place." Irish said her opinion, thinking and adding, "The simplest example is that if a person is insecure, he mostly sleeps in the infantile position, which is a memory of the safe posture in his mother's womb. Broad-minded people tend to lie on their backs, in which we can judge their psychology by their behavior. A dream is the same; although the content is complicated, after sorting it out, we can accurately control the subconscious world of a person."