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It was not the first time Irish had experienced something like this. At present, both parties, in this case, are still in the middle of the lawsuit, and the victim's family requires compensation from the criminal's family. Though it seemed that the psychological evaluation was of no great importance, it could play an important role in the decision of the criminal's conviction.

Now that the criminal was gone, his family would hold all of the responsibility.

Of course, she showed great sympathy to the victim, and she also bore a grudge against the criminal, but he did have some mental problems, so to some extent, he was also a victim.

"I'm sorry. I can't help you." She apologized to him directly.

The man took a deep breath and said, "How much money do you need?"

Irish stopped and looked at him, "I really feel awful for what happened to your family, but I have to give a judicial evaluation to the court. It has nothing to do with money. I'm sorry."

The man's eyes soon turned severe, and he said, "You haven't experienced this pain. Doctor Irish, there are monsters in this world. I hope you reconsider." Then he left.

Irish sighed and shook her head. Bernert had been hospitalized because he had undergone an operation. Irish wanted to visit him, but she was busy with the rumors these days. But now that the criminal was dead, she had to meet Bernert and risk being followed by the reporters. To some extent, Bernert was also one of the victims in this case, and he had to be told the situation.

After buying some gifts and a bunch of flowers, she went to the hospital and walked directly into the neurosurgery ward. But when she walked out of the elevator, a familiar figure came into sight. She hastily followed him, and from the window of the ward, she realized that it was Joseph.

But why was he there? Did he regret dismissing Bernert?

Joseph took a bottle of water to Bernert and talked with him for a moment, and Bernert had a smile on his face. Irish stood at the door for more than twenty minutes, and when she was ready to leave, she saw Joseph stand up to leave. He walked out of the ward, and he didn't notice her there at all.

Irish waited for another few minutes to ensure Joseph wouldn't come back, and then she knocked on the door. Bernert was happy to see her and hastily greeted her.

"I hope you recover quickly." Irish discovered that it was a private ward and was well decorated and lit. It looked like a resort. She put down all her gifts and flowers.

"Thank you for coming here, and thanks for the gifts." Bernert was clearly in a good mood.

"How do you feel?" Irish smiled softly.

"I'm fine. And I appreciate you asking." He replied with a big smile.

Irish said in a roundabout way. "I thought I just saw Joseph here, but I'm not sure."

"Well, he just left. Didn't you say hello?"

Irish shook her head and continued, "Why was he here?"

"He came here for me. Joseph is helping take care of me, how else could I recover so quickly?"

Irish was confused and asked, "Why is he doing this? He dismissed you and asked you to pay for the loss of the diamond. What's up?"

"They are two different things. We must not mix them up. It is indeed my fault, but Joseph just carried out his duties. How could he manage the whole company if he didn't do so? His employees wouldn't listen to him anymore." He took a piece of fruit from Irish and added, "What's more, all of you only see his ruthless side but ignore the fact that he is actually a righteous and kind man. He knew that I had no money to pay for the loss, so he dipped into his own pocket to pay for it. He also paid my hospital bills."

That was beyond Irish's expectations.

In her eyes, Joseph was extremely harsh at work, and the word "selfless" would never be used to describe him. He was like an inhuman, cold machine, squeezing out all of his staff's energy and youth with his power.

"Dr. Irish, Mr. Dover has no obligation or responsibility for my illness. It's not an injury caused by work. He has not only taken charge of this but he's gotten me a job that I can take on when I'm out of the hospital." Bernert looked up and said, "Of course, I've decided that I can't be a cutting technician anymore. Mr. Dover considered my physical health and arranged an easy job for me. The salary is far higher than it should be. I appreciate it immensely."

"Did you really learn from the same master?" She asked curiously.

Bernert nodded with a smile. "Yeah, he's the best one. It was hard at the time, especially in the cold weather where no one wanted to get up. He would always get up at sunrise every day, then run and bring us breakfast. He was a very self-disciplined man, and none of us could compare that. I remember one time, when he was cutting diamonds, he was almost blinded by an inadvertent shake of his hand. It was likely when he realized how much precision was required in the process, so it was not surprising when he fired me because of my shaky hand. This work requires painstaking attention to detail, or you can hurt yourself and others."

Irish seemed to understand.

"By the way, I've heard about you in the news. I don't believe the gossip. I just care about you."

Irish smiled bitterly, slowly peeling an apple with a fruit knife. "Did you not expect the woman in this scandal to come to see you today?"

"Well, what's going on between you three is not known to us outsiders. I'm just worried that the road ahead will be even harder for you." Bernert sighed.

Irish stopped cutting the apple, thought for a moment, then resumed.

"Let's talk about something else." When she handed the apple slices to Bernert, she said, "The criminal from the case you were involved in committed suicide."

"Huh?"

