

Enchanted 34

Cassie, who was far away from New York, was happy about her tenderness with Adam, but she was shocked when she heard of this sad news. For a long time, Irish thought she would die since she lived in a muddle every day. She repeatedly thought that if she could persuade Adam to wait for others in Kathmandu, then there wouldn't be such a catastrophe. She could breathe the fresh air or just bask in the sun in Kathmandu with him. Or maybe she could check out their equipment, and maybe she would find out the problem with the damn lock. Being upset, she deeply reprimanded herself.

After Hearing this, Fredrick kept staying with her. Though he never met with Adam, he hoped he was still alive. After all, Fredrick was a psychologist, and with his company, Irish finally walked out of that painful melancholy.

When people get along with others, affection may spring up between them. Her feelings towards Fredrick were ambiguous, but because of Adam's death, Irish thought she was a jinx, and from that day on, she refused to fall in love with others and didn't want to hurt people again.

But today, Joseph abruptly opened her old wounds six years ago. Maybe her wounds had been cured, but she could still clearly feel the pain under the scar.

Joseph was such a cruel man that could make one's blood boil.

The radiance of the dining room splashed into her eyes. In the deep of her eyes were glimmering with either light or tears. She stood there, with her thin shoulders quivering, and looked at him with stubborn eyes. And even her sharp chin revealed her stubbornness while an extremely sad expression hung over her face.

"What are you doing?" Irish was like a frightened bird, her body stunning backward.

His hands froze in the air, he shook his head slightly. When he lowered his hand, he changed direction, put down on her shoulder, and whispered, "I'm not trying to snoop your secret, but just hope you could stay with me." The flicker of her panic reminded him of what he wanted to do. But he didn't even know what he wanted to do just now. Was he trying to smooth her pain in his arms?

His words were so sincere that they sounded amphibolous to Irish. After all, she was a psychologist, and she adjusted her emotions quickly. But she was born vengeful, so Joseph's attitude did not comfort her much.

"So it's you who sent me jasmine?"

Joseph frowned slightly but drew back his hand quickly. When he said to her again, his tone turned indifferently, "It seems that Doctor Irish has many pursuers."

She can tell from his words that he didn't send her those jasmines. Irish thought to herself but couldn't figure out who sent her the bouquet. She looked at his eyes directly and said with a retaliatory tone, "It is enough to indicate that there are still others who want to stay with me, not only you, Mr. Dover. Bye.' Then she took her bag and walked away.

"Three days," Joseph said quietly behind her.

Irish turned back and looked at him, "I really admire your business methods. First, you tried to knock out and eliminate my willpower. And now you want to offer amnesty and enlistment to me? What are you doing now? Is it your trump card of mandatory order?"

A mere trace of sternness showed up on his lips. "Doing business is actually a process to eliminate others' alertness while at the same time improving your own vigilance. I give you three days to consider, and three days later, I'll wait for you in my office." Somehow he was annoyed by her attitude.

She was chased by his steadfast looking, and she turned away without saying a word.

She admitted that she was not a kind person and wasn't an innocent girl anymore. Time couldn't go back to the very beginning, so when she was confronted with a formidable enemy, she would knock him down without mercy, and that was a weapon that reality gave her. She once thought that along her life path, as long as she was on the same starting line with others, then she could stand shoulder to shoulder with others. It was not until she was stumbled upon by others that she realized that the race had never been evenly matched.

"Dreams are a secret endowed by God. As for our psychologists who try to snoop into the dream, it is like to pry God's secret."

In the lecture hall of the university, Irish was dressed intellectually, in a white shirt and black trousers, with her long black hair done up behind her head. She didn't wear much makeup, and her beautiful eyes were hidden behind an exaggerated back myopia lens. Holding a far-infrared pen in hand, she made a remark after finishing a chapter's content, half-genuine, and half-sham.

It was a public class, and as a distinguished lecturer, she had designed a wonderful lecture early before. There were only a few students attending her first class, and she could even count clearly the students' number in such a big classroom. However, in her second class, the classroom was filled with students, which had never happened before.

Of course, she would never know that after her first class, many male students rushed to tell each other that there was a charming teacher and that many students here were attracted by her beauty.

Today Irish was neither glamorous in her makeup nor in her dress, but it was her face that students focused on. Though the big glasses covered most of her face, they could not conceal her beauty. Her faint eyebrows and graceful posture were the bright spots for students.

"Miss Irish, but once we engage in this area, we have to disclose God's secret. Then what should we do?" A student raised his hand and interrupted her.

"It's very easy." The light on the screen fell on Irish's cheeks which made her skin whiter. "You either have enough capability to break this secret, or you would be driven crazy by it."

Her words gained rapturous applause.