

Enchanted 350

The second client was a college student, he said that he was a spirit and could feel the cold and dirty things. Irish could see that he was just lacking care, wanting to use some of the difference to get people's sympathy.

The third client was a man who kept chattering. When he sat down, he talked endlessly. Irish finally had to interrupt him. He was angry, saying that he was spending money to talk to someone like her to become his garbage can. Irish listened, becoming annoyed, directly crossing her legs on the desk and leaning against the chair. The client didn't care about her behavior and was still talking. Gradually, he began to feel empty.

The fourth customer, who looked more normal than the first three, was 48 years old but looked like 84. He sent Irish a large bouquet of roses as soon as he came in. Irish felt scared, and an unknown scruple crept into her skin, so she hurriedly asked Christy to take away the flowers.

"Are you Mr. Kim? What's your problem?" She patiently asked.

Mr. Kim smiled with big gold teeth. It could be seen that his teeth had suffered much. Mr. Kim smiled so obscenely that he seized Irish's hand. Irish looked down, and she felt her eyes were almost blind. Well, the gold watch and the gold ring came together.

"Dr. Irish, you may not remember me. We've met before. I love you so much that I want to pursue you."

Unable to bear that, Irish got up and went out of the door, leaving Mr. Kim alone in the office, dumbfounded.

She broke directly into Professor Tim's office without even knocking on the door. Professor Tim, who was writing his research report, was shocked. Before he could react, she went around his desk, held her hands on the table, and leaned forward. Almost her face sticking together, she gnashed her teeth, "Professor Tim, can you get me some good clients?"

From Professor Tim's point of view, there was obvious impatience at the bottom of Irish's eyes, with two clusters of flames flickering, and it was clear that she was trying to suppress her displeasure, and, according to her disposition, it was time to slam the door for bearing a while. He thought, trying to ease the tension in the air.

"Dr. Irish, you're a healer. We're dealing with strange patients, and good patients would go to the hospital, not the psychological clinic."

Irish pressed her hand on the table and knocked, "Starting this afternoon, give back those clients who were originally assigned to Cheska and Blair. I only accept those who have been booked with me."

Professor Tim was embarrassed by this remark. "There aren't enough people...."

"I said before I came to work that I would not work overtime, and now I have enough to deal with clients every day, from day to night, and don't let those strange people take up my precious time." Irish stood up straight.

Professor Tim looked at her with some impatience and understood that it was because the matter yesterday had disturbed her, so he simply let her go. Irish did not say another nonsense word, turning

around to leave. Just as she touched the doorknob, Professor Tim hesitated to ask again, "Cassie... How's she going?"

Irish's steps paused for a moment.

"I think it would be more appropriate for you to ask Fredrick directly about this matter." At the end of the speech, she pulled out the door and left.

Professor Tim was helpless, shaking his head.

As soon as she went out of Professor Tim's office, Irish only felt the sunlight out of the window was gleaming. She was wondering when the air quality in New York was getting so good, and Mr. Kim, who was covered in gold, suddenly blocked her way. Sometimes the shiny degree of gold can really compare with the sun.

"Doctor Irish, I really like you." Mr. Kim was very persistent and smiled. "I have several entertainment companies under my name, private yachts, and several wine farms abroad. As long as you are with me, I will take you around the world right away," he said, "On my private yacht, we can go to sea with the best wine."

Irish was helpless and replied with short words, "Excuse me, I have seasickness."

"Then let's not go on a yacht. I have a private jet." Mr. Kim trotted behind her, "You see how hard it is for you to be here every day. You definitely have a good life with me. Doctor Irish..."

Without waiting for him to say much, Irish stopped abruptly and smiled at him. She looked up and down, shook her head, and sighed, "Chinese people can make a lot of money beyond others. Such a person could actually achieve wealth, even the whole world."

Mr. Kim didn't understand what she meant and was just about to ask, but he heard that her tone returned to a bland tone. "I've always hated people who are swaggering through the street. I'm busy since you're not here for psychotherapy," she brutally blurted out. "Then please don't waste my reservation in the future."

She turned around and left.

Her enchanting figure fell in Mr. Kim's eyes. With a look of obsession, he said, "Beautiful women are indeed graceful, and their tantrums are so charming."

Professor Tim was not so hard on her. In the afternoon, she felt relieved with her clients. After a diagnosis of a delusional client, she received a phone call from the hospital where Cassie was brought. She hastily had given the rest of the work to Christy, she hurried to the hospital.

Cassie had woken up. It was Roy who called Irish. When she took a taxi all the way to the hospital, she saw Roy coming out of the hospital as soon as she entered the main lobby. Roy told her that Cassie had woken up an hour ago. Irish was relieved and asked where he was going.

Roy said he had to go back to the airline company for a meeting, gave her the keys, and was waiting for a taxi to his work.

Irish was sensitive to find him weak, whose eyebrow also revealed his tiredness, thinking that he was heartbroken by the situation, so she asked a tentative question, "You really watched her all night?"

Roy nodded.

"And Fredrick? You two?"