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Fredrick understood her purpose, asking, "You want to keep it from her?"

"Yes."

Fredrick raised his hand and rubbed his forehead. "She has the right to know what is wrong with her."

"Do you want her to accept that she has a mental problem?" Irish asked and her tone becoming irritable, "Fredrick, I can listen to you for whatever treatment plan, but one thing I absolutely won't agree with is to tell her the depressing truth. You want to treat her, that's okay," she said, "but try to cure her without her knowledge, or you can hand her over to me!"

"Irish, we can hide the drug prescription from her, but what about physiotherapy? I need rTMS treatment for moderate depression, and she'll find it out. "[Note: rTMS, also known as repetitive transcranial magnetic stimulation, is a completely new physiotherapy for mild to moderate depression.]

"I object to her physiotherapy." Irish was arguing again, "I'm not becoming sentimental here, I'm just telling you that there are a variety of treatments and that telling the truth to the patient is not necessarily the best way," she said in a colder tone. "I know best about Cassie's character; she was born very optimistic. With medicine and psychological cooperation, I believe she will be cured if you choose to tell her the truth, which probably adds to her burden. She still needs to socialize. She still needs to go to work. In my opinion, changing her current living environment is the best way of diversion. People's psychological capacity is very strange, and I think your treatment plan is just compulsory."

"Her, seeing me daily is good for her too." Fredrick blurted out.

"You talk about things that are good for her, first of all, to make her feel that she is a normal person, you must put courage into letting her live normally. Hearing your opinion, you just take her as a patient!" Irish didn't hide her frustration, "Fredrick, we have had different opinions on the psychological topic, and we have been arguing many times. I used to obey you before because I know you are an authoritative person in this industry, and I respect you as a mentor. I believe in your strength, but today we are talking about Cassie, my best friend, so I will not give in to the slightest hope that she may be cured with my effort. And that's my final word, and if you insist on your ability to cure her, then I will give up my argument. Remember, once you fail to cure her, give up your attending doctor's position!" Then, Irish got out of the car, slamming the car door.

Looking at her determined back, Fredrick knew she was serious. She hastily got into her car, started the engine, and left. Fredrick, angry and impatient, raised his hand and smashed the steering wheel.

Along the way, Irish did not know how she was driving the car. Her whole being was like a muddle, full of Cassie's images of committing suicide at that time. There was a faint smell of blood on her arms, and the red light caused by the traffic jam formed a string of red lights before her eyes. She had been connected with patients suffering from depression or cured, but when it came to Cassie, she was afraid.

Her car was completely stuck in the traffic jam, and Irish was able to lie on the steering wheel for a short rest. Outside the window was a huge building covered with neon lights and a giant screen. This was the most luxurious street in New York. It was normal for street views to be occupied by luxury goods. Therefore, the place was also full of colorful jewelry, clothes, and bags.

Until suddenly she saw the Runestone Group's latest product, her eyes did not shift for a long time, and after a while, behind her raising the sound of a car, she smiled bitterly secretly, knowing that she could not see Joseph.

When she got home, it was already dark. Irish washed her body quickly, lying in bed and watching her cell phone in stunned silence. It was only one day she did not see Joseph, but her heart was filled with anxiety and becoming restless. She wanted him to be around, so she could complain to him, tell him about Cassie's condition, and tell him how worried and helpless she was.

Thinking of this, she sighed and shook her head. No, she couldn't tell him that.

He was so dominant, what if he would fire Cassie? She thought again.

Imagining Joseph's temperament, she was scared even to call his name repeatedly. She took the phone; in fact, she silently prayed for her phone to vibrate, carrying Joseph's message all day. Even if it were a short message, it would make her happy.

After a while, she couldn't help but send a message to him: You said I could call you when I miss you, but I dare not follow your suggestion to hear your voice. I can only tell you how much I miss you in this way.

The hardest part of love is missing someone, and the sweetest is the same feelings. That's why missing is a torturous bad thing. It can make you cry and make you laugh, make you nervous and make you scared. Irish looked down on those women who had been talking about love all day, but now she seemed to be like that.

During the day, she could work to dispel her thoughts about him, but at night, when all was quiet, her thoughts were like crazy grass, and for most of the day, she could only look at the grass. She began to hate Joseph, his silent integration into her life, hating him so much for making her conceive this kind of emotion.

The text message was sent out for a long time without a reply. Finally, an hour had passed, and Irish thought that her mobile phone might automatically have turned off, picked it up, and turned it on. She began to worry about whether the cell phone signal was terrible or something had gone wrong, so she sent a message casually to other friends. Soon she received a reply, she nervously asked a friend to call her, the call connected and she finally knew her phone had no problem.

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