

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 5 5: She Is So Cool

"It's not always a good thing for everyone to accept the most obvious explanation. It's like everyone sitting on one side of a boat." a clear and clean voice arose like the clattering of her high-heel shoes, interrupting Blair. "Susan did not commit suicide. The questionable point is on her husband."

Shocked, everyone looked towards the door of the meeting room. Hanging up an umbrella, a cold and gorgeous woman entered the room, her enchanting posture outlined by a perfectly tailored suit jacket and skirt. Under her skirt, her slender legs shone like the moon. Behind her, big raindrops fell against the long french windows, forming a mist. She looked like a charming mermaid on a rainy night. Several strands of long and curly hair were slightly dampened by the rain, which added a poppy sexual sense.

Each male staff member swallowed. Hastening to greet her, Tim responded at first. "This is Doctor Irish, external group leader."

Just then, someone took the initiative to start applauding. Gradually the clapping increased.

She looked around quietly, glancing at the slide, and went straight to the conference table, reached for the projector, and turned it off. Everyone looked at each other.

"I got a call from Professor Tim, and I came here only wanting to explain a few points." Her voice was like the rain outside the window, clear but powerful.

"First of all, Susan had recovered. On the way back home, I saw all the cases, including hers. She mentioned her dream during her last psychotherapy session, which she said was clear and free, and from the content of her dream, we can see clearly that she had returned to normal logical thinking and

was no longer in a state of depression; secondly, I suggest that you should focus your attention on the psychological behavior of Susan's husband. He had accompanied the patient for many years. Thus has his psychology been influenced greatly? The possibility of him having homicidal thoughts was high. Lastly..."

She spoke very quickly, but her wording was meticulous. When she paused for a moment, her eyes fell unmistakably on Cheska and Blair. Her calm voice became more serious. "If Susan really would have killed herself," she said, "I suggest that her two doctors should retire early. If the question needs to be asked whether Susan had really recovered, I naturally also have to question the professionalism of the two doctors attending her. "

Blair was very embarrassed. Getting up suddenly with a red flushed face, Cheska wanted to respond, but Doctor Tim immediately stopped her. "Dr. Irish, are you suspecting that Susan's husband has psychological problems?"

"This is the psychological evaluation report made of Susan's husband when he was promoted. You can send it to the police after you have finished reading it. It is up to the police to decide whether Susan committed suicide or was killed. All I can decide is the psychological condition of her husband." Irish took a report out of a satchel and placed it on the conference table. From the point of speaking to the point of putting it on the table, her movement was fluid and decisive.

Everyone sat stunned. Even Cheska was shocked, and it took a long time for her to take the report and sit down.

Tim seemed relieved, and he smiled. He was right to hire her. He was about to compliment her, but Irish talked to him, "Doctor Tim, I begin work a week from now, but I feel today should be counted as a temporary extra workday. And, because I am still not technically your staff, I had to pay to park in the underground lot."

Grabbing a piece of paper beside her, she gracefully wrote a string of numbers and handed it to Tim, "Here's my bank account. Please send the overtime pay and parking charge to my account."

As he sat there stunned, she walked outside, leaving into the neon and mist of the night.

As the sound of her high heels faded, somebody spoke in a hushed voice, "She is so cool..."

When Irish got to the ground floor, the rain was falling harder. Lightning strikes reflected off the marble floor as if cast by Zeus himself. As she walked through the lobby, Irish's eyes glanced up at a TV screen.

It was news of the Runestone Company going public.

She frowned after hearing, "Joseph, the general manager of the listed Runestone Company."

She had only paid attention to the company but ignored the person before. Where had he come from? And did the successful listing of the Runestone Company have something to do with him?

Irish felt distracted and anxious. Had this been caused by the Runestone Company, or the strange name, or just tonight's heavy rain?

Irish took a deep breath, and the smell of the rain burst into her chest, making her cough. Holding her umbrella tightly, she turned around and walked outside the office building. Through the rain and mist, she saw her red Jeep looking like a fireball shining against the pouring rain.

Rushing toward her Jeep, she didn't notice the van parked nearby. The black van melted invisibly into the rainy night.

After the van stopped, the door opened. The driver got out first, holding up a black umbrella, he respectfully opened the rear door. The long legs clothed in black suit pants came into view first, and then the figure of a man, tall and straight. His strong bones were hidden in the thin Spring coat, looking stiff and full of dignity. The umbrella hid his face, but the shape of his chin could be seen dimly.

"A girl driving this kind of car these days is really rare." The driver exclaimed subconsciously when he saw the red Jeep which was near them.

The man with the umbrella looked over. A lightning strike illuminated the Jeep's windshield, and the cold but beautiful face of the woman in the car fell into his eyes completely.

Raindrops pattered on the black umbrella, beating out a moving tune, a hypnotic melody.

Standing under the umbrella, he squinted slightly, staring at the woman's cheek for a long time.

"Mr. Dover?" The driver was slightly surprised to see him looking at the Jeep without moving at all.

The man returned his eyes to the driver, commanding him "go in."

"All right."