

Enchanted 52

"But I love you." Leo was very patient.

"Well, you just killed me." Irish held her forehead and now believed she must have offended God, otherwise, how could she meet such annoying men one after another.

Leo laughed and said, "I just want to cherish you and love you forever. Entertain me for a moment, and I'll make a big meal for you within half an hour." Then he stepped into the kitchen. Irish was at a loss whether to cry or to laugh.

It had been proven that Leo was not a dandy, and she had to admit that his cooking was really good. Even if she was determined to be picky, she could not deny that he was a great cook.

"I thought you were dandy."

Leo raised his eyebrows and said, "You mean a hard-drinking womanizer."

Irish shrugged, showing her agreement with him.

"Irish," Unexpectedly, Leo sighed and took her hands. When he looked up at her again, his eyes turned solemnly, "Seriously, you should try to understand me."

"Why?"

Leo stared at her intently and whispered, "It is because I've really fallen in love with you."

He said softly, but Irish was shocked by his words.

Irish looked at his eyes while her hands trembled slightly. Somehow at this moment, she felt his sincere love, and his sincerity warmed her frozen heart.

But did she have the capability to accept anyone's love?

Time did not allow her to think too much because it would be time to report to the Runestone Group in the twinkling of an eye.

It was still bustling there, and there was still an incessant stream of vehicles.

To survive in such a bustling city, you needed to have grit. There was endless competition, commercial politics, and success because people don't remember a loser.

Therefore this commercial circle was like a glamorous world outwardly, where outsiders all tried to jump in, only to be

swallowed up by others in it. Everyone's innocence was eliminated by the cruel reality, sooner or later.

So it seemed that Irish was here to save all of them. Nowadays, all people are sick in this society.

When he finished his meeting that morning, Joseph immediately returned to his office to ask his assistant if Irish had come there.

The assistant was awkward and answered him after a long time, "Yes, but she just arrived five minutes ago."

Joseph's eyes flew to the wall clock hanging on the wall, and it was 10:25 am.

"Where is she?" He said with a relative standoff tone.

"She is giving a training class for our staff. The psychological training class you set up last week is at 10:20 this morning."

Finding out she was timing her work, Joseph frowned.

Her course schedule was concise, and the target group had even been divided specifically. Today her target employees were new staff who had just entered this company, the senior staff who had worked for more than two years, as well as some leaders.

The most distinct characteristics were rich working experience with fixed business sources, and they were also familiar with corporate culture. However they also had fatal defects such as the fact that they were only there to seek profits. Moreover, they also suppressed new staff.

Therefore as a psychological counselor, Irish had to form a comprehensive understanding about some of their basic situations. It was not difficult for her, since she just needed to design some simple psychological games. Perhaps those old employees had heard of Ken's case, so they were reverent and respectful to her, and as a result, it was much easier for Irish to communicate with them.

Within twenty minutes, Irish integrated herself with the staff. Of course, during these twenty minutes, they didn't talk about professional issues, and she didn't communicate with them from the perspective of a psychologist. Unlike in Washington and Los Angeles, people in New York were less able to accept psychological treatment. Persuading a person to see a psychiatrist was equivalent to saying that the person had a mental problem.

Irish was trying to focus on communicating with them to make them feel relaxed.

That's why when Joseph came into the boardroom, he saw Irish, a professional psychologist, sitting cross-legged on the desk while his staff were sitting on the ground and giggling with Irish. Beside the meeting table, the neatly arranged chairs were now lying on all sides, and he didn't even have a place to sit.

Joseph frowned but still observed them with patience.

They were so excited that they didn't even notice Joseph standing beside them since their laughter covered everything. Only Irish saw his presence when he was inadvertently looking back.

Sitting there far away from the laughing group, he looked especially severe and solemn.

Irish didn't take the initiative to step forward and didn't even say hello to him; instead, she returned to her communication with the employees. Joseph left after several minutes and didn't disturb any of them.

Their training class did not break until 12:00. Accompanied by those employees, Irish went to the staff canteen and cheerfully kept their conversation going. The staff restaurant was buffet-based, divided into a seafood area, a Chinese food area, a Western food area, a Japanese and Korean food area, a Southeast Asian food area, and a dessert area. Though it was large, it was silent.

Irish came to the staff restaurant hurriedly and didn't have time to go through administrative procedures; therefore, her employee card and other office items were all unavailable. But the staff were all greatly hospitable and bought many delicious foods for her with their cards without any hesitation.

Much other staff finished their meals and left, but they were still eating in a cheerful atmosphere.

When Irish was about to give them some other interesting psychological cases while at the same time holding a big lobster in her hand, the cheerful atmosphere suddenly cooled down, and the employees all looked awkward. They were all smiling and enthusiastically waiting for her to say something funny, but now they all stayed silent and lost their smiles. Some even walked away.

Irish was confused by their weird behavior and thought they were offended by the big lobster in her hand.

But she quickly understood that it was not the big lobster that made them leave; instead, it was Joseph who had walked in. He was picking up some simple Chinese food, and it was hard to miss his tall and handsome figure.