

Enchanted 531

She felt very satisfied, "I am your girlfriend."

"Are you my girlfriend?" Joseph played a joke, "You nearly became my elder."

She burst out laughing.

He reached his hand to her.

"What?"

"Give me money." It seemed that Joseph was pleasant now, so he just played a joke with her again, "Actually, what I act now is a purchasing agent, so you should pay for it."

"Ah?" Irish blinked and stared at him, "You brought a gift for me, but you asked for money from me?"

"I remember that last time you asked your colleague to bring moisturizer for you, and you gave money to her." Joseph pretended to think of it and then added, "Importantly, I gave the money to you."

Irish was soon clinging to him, "She is my colleague. Our relationship was not as intimate as ours. Moreover, you are my boyfriend. Therefore, it's reasonable for you to bring a gift for me. Needless to say, you are superior to me and you earn more than me. It will not take much money for you to buy gifts for me."

"So when can I use your money?"

Alia thought of it for a while, "When we need to buy some expensive ones."

Joseph answered, "Oh," deliberately, "I have seen a new building before. Is it an expensive one?"

"Joseph..." Irish began to act coquettishly by holding his neck.

Joseph laughed happily.

When Joseph took his coat from the cabinet, Irish held his bag solicitously, unlike her idle style shown before when Joseph needed to go on a business trip. He had to sigh helplessly that she would be like this for such an ugly doll.

As he took the bag over, he said lightly, "If you still have nightmares, you should see a doctor. Otherwise, your sleep will be impacted."

Irish just hummed lightly and hugged him.

He smiled and kissed her clean forehead, "I will come back as soon as I finish my work."

"Along with my dolls." She emphasized.

Joseph had to say, "Okay. Okay. I remember that."

She laughed and held his neck, "Envy my dolls? Actually, I can't separate from you."

"Really?"

She showed her charm and pulled his head down, staring at him, "I just hide my sorrow. More importantly, as I think that you will bring me a doll, my sadness is gone, and only joy and expectation are left."

"Okay," Joseph clearly knew that the dolls seemed not to be so important in her mind.

As he went to the hallway, he changed his shoes. Joseph looked at her again, "Kiss me."

Irish ran forward just like a joyous dog and kissed his cheek. She nearly made a lip print. She leaned against the hallway and said sweetly, "Joseph. I'm waiting for you in bed."

"Little demon." Joseph pinched her nose with a spoiling expression.

The sunshine in the afternoon was warm. Looking at the naked trunk, she was immersed in silence. The seasons changed so quickly. Actually, she still remembered the beautiful scene of plenty of maples and yellow leaves in the sky and on the road, but now the winter came without any preparation.

There was a cup of black tea in front of her, hot and fragrant.

"I thought that you would not step into my clinic." Across her, Fredrick also put down a cup of hot black tea, sat down, and said it as he glanced at her.

If possible, Irish really didn't want to come again. She admitted that she bore grudges and that she was not open-minded at all. Although she had been fond of this man with a white coat and that now he loved Cassie so much, she would not forget the scene of Cassie lying in the bathtub that was full of blood.

Taking a deep breath, she lowered her eyes and held her cup in her palm. The temperature of black tea drove away from the coldness of her fingers.

"I suspect that there is a problem with my memory." As she raised her eyes, she said earnestly, "There is no friend or mentor in this field in New York for me. I have to ask you for help."

This was the first problem she wanted to deal with upon Joseph's business trip. In the past, she intended to avoid it or ignore it deliberately. But the dream that night was so real that she was afraid of it. She didn't want to share her dream with others because she knew it would be very embarrassing to analyze her condition, which was identified as an individual case by a psychologist.

But if there were really problems with her memory, then it would be terrible. She must be clear about her health. As for her dream, if the problem was tackled, she thought that she could grasp the information of her dream via her analysis and find the password to her dream.

Fredrick was concerned about her, "Just say what you know."

Irish gripped the cup and made great determination to tell him the truth. She didn't mention much, but that she forgot how intimate she had been with Adam and that she forgot a song that she had heard of.

"Cassie assuredly said that I had told her that I loved Adam so much, but now I even forget his appearance. As for the song, I remember hearing it on the boat for the first time."

Fredrick reminded her not to be anxious. As she became quiet, he asked, "Do you suspect that you suffer from memory loss?"

"I'm really afraid that I will suffer from Alzheimer's." Irish frowned.

"It's impossible." Fredrick comforted her, "Do a test first."

Irish was stressed about it and nodded.

Fredrick stood up and sat down again after taking several objects. Finally, his body leaned forward and put down three pens in front of her, saying softly, "What are the colors of these three pens, respectively?"

"Red, white and black."

Fredrick nodded and put away the pens, "Next, I will speak a group of numbers, and you should repeat it from back to front." Irish nodded.

"15, 36, 27, 38, and 50," Fredrick said slowly.

Irish thought of it for a while, "50, 38...27,36, and 15."

"How much is $11+5-10$ divided by two?"

"3."

Fredrick still said it at a not slow or quick speed and asked her some other questions. Irish answered them easily. After finishing answering the last question, Fredrick suddenly turned, "So what are the colors of these three pens I just showed you respectively?"