

Enchanted 532

Irish opened her mouth and answered quickly. "Red, white and black."

Fredrick nodded and drank the coffee. Irish got anxious again, "So there is no problem with my memory?"

"In terms of the preliminary test, there is no problem, but it will not prove there is no recessive disease." Fredrick put down his cup. "You are familiar with this kind of test, and you are prepared well psychologically to some extent."

Irish knew what he meant.

"Have you ever had trouble sleeping in recent times?"

"I have no nightmares again. It's just occasional."

"Do you have any symptoms of dizziness or nausea?"

"What do you suspect?" Irish gripped her fingers stressfully, "Is it because of psychological causes that my memory has some problems?"

Seeing that she was so stressed, Fredrick opened her fingers and sighed, "As a psychologist, you must know that all the causes need checking."

Irish shook her head lightly, "I only vomited once and didn't feel dizzy."

"I suggest that you should do a brain scan. If the psychological cause is not the reason, then we can use psychological therapy to intervene."

Irish bit her lips tightly.

Fredrick smiled lightly, "Do not have so much burden. Memory loss is normal. Actually, one's brain will spontaneously remove some useless information to maintain normal information storage. For example, nowadays, many people cannot remember what kind of pencil case they used, who their desk mates were, and some even forget their teachers' appearance. It is the same case with you. Sometimes when you hear a song for the first time, you will not have much of an impression. And when you listen to it again, you think it is the first time you have heard about it. Actually, your subconscious remembers it for the first time, and later you find it out."

"So you mean that it's normal for me not to remember Adam?" Irish hesitated.

"Adam's death is a great hit on you, and you even cried to death on the phone at that time." Fredrick looked at her, feeling ached, "Do not forget that one's brain has a self-protection mechanism in that some unlucky or terrible memory will be lost, but your subconscious will not forget it and even attack your present memory, forming the illusion of memory confusion. In terms of principle, it will not be counted as memory loss or amnesia, and it is because of your brain's self-protection mechanism."

Irish nodded lightly.

"If you want to have an idea about your memory, then Hypnotherapy will be the most suitable method." Fredrick just said it and covered the back of her hand lightly. He emphasized, "If you don't want to give up that painful memory."

Irish pulled her hand back. Her fingers got cold, "But I remember how he died. Isn't it the most painful?"

"Maybe... it is not what you imagine. Maybe you just remember part of it." Fredrick was a little sad now, and he sat straight again.

Irish lowered her head down and thought about it for a while. And then she helplessly said, "Please let me think about it again."

Fredrick nodded, "You can call me if it's necessary."

On the way back to the Linkus Mental Research Institute, Irish didn't feel assured. She drove to the side road, found a place to stop, and took up the phone to call her aunt.

Soon it got through, and Mary's loud voice came, "Are you going to tell me that you are to be married to Joseph?"

It was far-sighted for Irish to let the phone far away from her at the moment when it got through. She had to shout helplessly, "Seriously? I'm going to ask you something."

"Okay."

Irish tried her best to recall the scenes in her dream and asked, "Has anything special happened to me?"

"What?"

"It was not related to my parents or my Mom's death. I mean, were there any terrible accidents when I was very young, such as getting lost or meeting someone bad?" Irish explained anxiously.

Mary's voice got louder, "Getting lost? Meeting someone bad? Are you okay? I suppose that you have over thought since you got together with Joseph. As I have said before, he is not so good. Look at yourself. You become a mad one now."

Irish was regretful of calling her aunt at this moment. Actually, she was nervous and hoped that she could get some information unknown from her aunt, but her aunt was still angry now and would relate everything terrible with Joseph. Her anxiety was released to the greatest degree, and she turned to laugh again.

As a matter of fact, in her aunt's opinion, the relationship between her and Joseph was just like that between a rabbit and a leopard. And she was the rabbit that didn't know the danger beside her and would be swallowed by a gentle killer.

Her aunt was so cute that Irish felt very grateful for it.

"Okay. Okay. That's all." She chose to give up her question.

However, Mary didn't want to end their conversation. Her loud voice showed its power, "Is that all? I need to be responsible for you since your Mom passed away. What if Joseph really brings bad luck to you? How can I tell her that?"

Mary threatened Irish by mentioning her mother, making her afraid and helpless. Nevertheless, Irish dared not to hang it up by saying something casually. And she was only regretful that her sudden call invigorated her aunt's fighting strength.

"Hey, Girl, I'll give you a reminder now. Joseph is not a man easy to deal with. Sometimes it is not good for a man to be too clever. I don't mean to break you up. The scene at that time forced your uncle and me to agree on your relationship. I just want to remind you to be more careful and make necessary preparations."

Irish looked at herself in the mirror to check on her. She sighed, "Why do I need to make preparations?"

"In case you break up one day, or he has no plan to marry you. He planned a fake marriage with Ruby before, so does he really want to get married one day? In my opinion. Adam is good, but you don't like him. While finding someone to get married to, you need to choose one who is in the same position as you."

"Aunt, you are so unsatisfied with Joseph?"

"I'm not unsatisfied with him. I just think that he is much more experienced than you in emotion. You are not his opponent."

"Actually, we are not in a competition." Irish refuted.