

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 7 7: I'm Not In The Job Yet

"Doctor Irish." Afraid that she offended their client, Professor Tim called her with a low voice and touched her after she failed to respond, "Irish."

Just like being awoken from the dream, her eyes fell on the handsome man's hand.

Joseph's hands were wide and strong over the conference table. His nails were round and clean, and his grip should be strong and powerful. The watch dial was half-covered under the cuff. It was a classic mechanical watch, and the sound of the steady and powerful second hand almost pierced her ears.

She forced herself to suppress her troubled emotion and said, "I'm Irish, a psychoanalyst at Linkus Mental Research Institute." She was able to find that Mr. Dover had a strong power to control emotion, so as a professional psychoanalyst, she couldn't beat a retreat. After a brief self-introduction, she stretched her hands first to shake hands with him.

At that moment, Irish was moved by his warm palm.

"Nice to meet you." Mr. Dover spoke with few but sonorous words.

He clenched her hand, his eyes peering at the woman in front of him. Perhaps flattered by her clean business wear, Irish was with a totally different dress and looked very elegant in particular tonight. He had to admit that she was a very attractive and sexy woman.

But her fingers were coolish, and when her fingers touched his palm slightly at that moment, something occurred to him: a real beauty with the flesh of ice and bones of jade.

"But Mr. Dover, I won't accept this case. You'd better get someone better qualified."

The coolness glided from his fingertip, only leaving a feeling of silkiness.

Tim stood in amazement for a while, and when he wanted to persuade her, Irish looked at him directly and said: "Tim, there's no need to persuade me. I've said last time, I wouldn't take any case before entry to the company, and I wouldn't work overtime."

"Iri...."

"Doctor He and Doctor Fang are very experienced, and I think both of them are qualified for Mr. Dover's case. I'm sorry, I have something to handle, and I need to go now."

Irish didn't give Tim a chance to continue his words, and she also ignored Mr. Dover's expression. After finishing her words, she left.

"Irish!"

Though it was late at night, Midtown Manhattan was always a sleepless city. Across the street, the light on the other side of the street almost spread over.

When Irish got out of the elevator and just came out of the door, a deep but sonorous voice rose behind her, which added a bit of bewitchment under the embellishment of night, "Doctor Irish, please wait."

Her high heels stopping abruptly, Irish turned back with astonishment since she didn't expect that Mr. Dover would follow down.

The moonlight was more and hazier while the breeze was mixed with the faint sweetness of the early summer. Occasionally some scattered petals floated between them. Joseph's tall figure was reflected on the bright marble floor. He stood there and called her, and his tone tactful but with undeniable power.

Petals floating across his hair made him seem more dignified but unreal.

There were only a few steps between them. The sky was deep and clean, covered with bright stars, which decorated this aesthetic scene.

Joseph finally broke the instant tranquil and walked to Irish step by step. His tall figure brought back pressure to her, which was the same as that amphibolous morning.

He stopped in front of her, his tall figure overshadowing her. Soon she smelled the man's breath, fresh and cool, which made her intoxicated by it.

"Doctor Irish, this case is unusual, and I hope you can think twice." Though Mr. Dover spoke briefly at an appropriate speed, his words still gave Irish a sense of pressure.

She looked at him and hastily said, "Mr. Dover, I'm not in the job yet."

"You can charge for your overtime. How much do you need? I can pay for you." His eyes were serious.

"I'm sorry, but I prefer to make time for shopping." It was obvious that Irish didn't want to accept this case, so she turned away quickly after finishing her words.

She only took a few steps when Joseph spoke to her again with his neither too fast nor too slow voice, "Our Runestone Group has enough capability to make Linkus Mental Research Institute repossess its reputation.

Irish stopped abruptly again, looking back at him.

Joseph still stood there quietly, looking calm and determined, and he seemed to have expected she would turn back again.

"Susan's case has reduced the credibility of Linkus Mental Research Institute. And now I am the only hope of this institute."

Irish squinted slightly, with her leg as if her eyes were staring at Joseph standing there. Although she looked expressionless, she was restless already.

After a while, she walked to him and said with every single word, "You may have missed a stable push."

Since Susan's case didn't hold public sittings, only insiders know if it had a bad effect on Linkus Mental Research Institute. And the psychological assessment of Susan's husband handed by the institute still needed to be verified, so during this period, it was hard for them to wait.

"I'm a businessman, and I should be honest to my partner." He said peacefully.

Irish still focused on his face, from which she could find peace, and she could tell that he was not lying. Perhaps she looked down upon him because she thought the man who had just come back from abroad didn't know how to deal with interpersonal relationships.

"Mr. Dover, are you threatening me now?" Irish smiled unexpectedly because she needed to keep calm before figuring out his mind.

"I'm tempting you, honey," A smile hanging on his mouth, he said, "I just hope you wouldn't lose your job before your official entry." Irish grasped the light flashing from his eyes keenly, and she knew that it was because this man, a businessman, had full assurance of success, which gave her a sense of hatred since she felt being hampered by this man. Then her eyes turned cold, and she said, "Mr. Dover may have a misunderstanding about me. I'm not a very professional person, so it's impossible for me to only hang on a tree."