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Although Joseph was usually harsh, he never said he had voluntarily lost his temper with her. In most cases, he would let her do whatever she wanted because he was a few years older than her. And he would simply choose to be silent, and she also did not take it seriously, and the matter was over. So that day, Irish ignored Joseph's warning, though it was the first time he had given her such a serious warning.

His hand was about to break her chin. She felt a burning pain for a moment, and then she became numb. The boldness of Irish was because of his carelessness about Cassie's work, and he caused her physical pain. At one time, she became even angrier. When people feel hurt, they will subconsciously resist or even take the initiative to attack. Irish was no exception. She used all her strength to pull his big hand apart, and her sharp fingernails were cut down along his neck. The next words were sharper, "Don't threaten me! You think you're a saint and do anything, right? If you were right about everything, your friend Jenny wouldn't be dead, let alone Leo was like your foe!"

She had long found the relationship between Joseph and Leo very strange. They knew each other but fought each other openly and secretly. Especially in Pennsylvania, the unprecedented and perfect cooperation between the two made her wonder. She had been curious about the two of them when she returned from there. But God did her a favor. When she went back to her alma mater to help her tutor clear up the file, she inadvertently saw a copy of the information which had been sent as the case. The name of the case was Jenny, and when she was sent to the mental hospital, she was a good, and a normal person. In the end, she became a psychopath.

At that time, she only felt that the case was very representative, so she carefully studied, and through the circle of people to look up the privacy files back then, unthinkable to see the name Leo and then to find out the real reason why Leo and Joseph hated each other.

From a bystander's point of view, Joseph and Leo were right in their actions, but in different ways of protection, creating an irreparable situation.

But that day, Irish vowed that she didn't mean to say that because she had made up her mind, she would never have asked if Joseph hadn't mentioned Jenny on his own initiative. But the fire was so eager to explode in a destructive way, so she said it in anger.

As soon as she spoke, she realized what she had said and could never recover her words.

Then, the temperature around her after saying this words suddenly dropped to the freezing point.

Then, she saw two bloodlines on Joseph's neck.

Joseph was completely angry, and the heat at the end of the corner of his eyebrow was gone, and his anger went from the dark pupil to the whole body, his face was black, and his thin lips turned into cold lines. Irish was full of thought: He was angry!

He lifted the blanket out of bed, his big hands holding around her hindbrain, and her cortex could feel the anger that emanated from his whole body. But, of course, he did not harass her, nor did he yell in a loud voice, but gazed at her. His eyes were frigid in the dim light, and he opened his mouth, "You are crazy."

At the end of the speech, he took his hand off while Irish knocked against the bedside, but he did not look at her and walked out of the bedroom.

Her heart was cold.

The door of the bedroom was slammed shut, and his force was nearly enough to shake the building down, and more than a minute later, she reacted, glanced at her hands, hurried out of bed, and ran out of the bedroom barefoot.

Joseph had been downstairs in the living room, whose pants had been dressed, and he was wearing a shirt. The white shirt collar was tainted with little bloodstains that she had scratched. For the wound, he did not pay attention, and the handsome face under the light yellow light was still cold. The anger in her made people stay away. Naturally, she was impatient and angry at his leaving. She went downstairs with her hands tightly clutching the sleeping dress cloth on the side of her legs. She did not want him to leave, but she was angry at the words he had just scolded her. In her impatience, she had to choose a verbal attack again!

Years later, Irish would feel a lot about what happened that night. She felt that women, whether they were strong women or a housewife, no matter how highly educated they were or only had a primary school diploma, at the moment when men were angry to leave home, all women had the same psychology, anxious and angry. Being anxious was that women do not want men to leave and end the fight, but what is angry is that men just walk away without even persuading them.

Most women's next choices would be surprisingly similar: they would snap at men.

In fact, not for other reasons, just to attract a man's attention, just to let him not go.

Of course, this state of mind is based on the fact that the woman must care about the man.

It was not clear to Irish at this moment that that day's scene would be a case in which she studied to meditate on a woman's psychology. Her anxious state of mind and unyielding attitude made her verbal attack no different from that of other women.

"I'm just crazy. You regret it now, don't you? Then go and find someone who is not crazy!"

Joseph had just finished fastening his shirt button, listened to her hysterical roar, and his eyes were more like the winter frost. He bit his teeth, and his voice was extremely cold, "Okay." He picked up the coat on the sofa and the keys. He went to the door and changed his shoes, and left without turning back.