

Enchanted 412

The facts proved that Irish had the urge to kill herself after a thorough visit to the house. At this moment, she finally understood her aunt's feelings. Why did they have the same two nostrils and one mouth, and the gap between people was so great? The houses in four directions, east, west, north, and south, all have upstairs and downstairs, plus the first and second underground floors of each location. The combined area of the houses made her dizzy, but the third floor of the ground floor had nothing to look at. It was a private garage.

When she visited the indoor swimming pool, she could not move anything, sitting in a comfortable chair and gazing at the beautiful scenery. The pool was cleverly designed to look like a separate room from the inside and an integral part of the room from the outside. Full of six meters tall toughened glass was vertical and downward, which was used mainly arc cutting, fully in line with the physiological arrangements of the eye arc, so that people could fully appreciate the beautiful scenery outside the windows.

Here over the sparkling water, it was good to enjoy the scenery of the four seasons. Across the huge long window, there were golden leaves swept, but also bright sunshine poured, looking up, there was also transparent glass, and you could see the sky and the cloud, as clean as being rinsed.

Irish got up and went to the window. She looked through the window for a long time. Joseph poured out two glasses of red wine, one of which was placed on the long table, and the whole man leaned lazily against the swimming chair and gently shook the glass, which rendered his eyes. In the warm sun, it was shining like diamonds.

His eyes always fell on Irish in front of the window, with long black hair, clean white shirts, and gently leaning against the curved glass, so she looked more petite as if she had been devoured by heaven and earth. The long bare legs in the air were dazzling because the swimming room was warm. She was even barefoot.

Joseph took a sip of red wine, and his eyes fell slowly along her waist. Her beautiful legs looked as if the mermaid had faded the new part of her tail in the light and water, white porcelain lubricated, and then the lower legs, beautifully shaped as lotus roots. The tiny ankles radiated like pearls of luster. The red wine, as if rapidly fermenting in his throat, it burned along the throat to the viscera. Joseph slightly squinted, staring at the back of Irish, drinking again, only to feel drier than just now.

Somehow he felt that such a woman was more suitable for keeping at home, and he should not have asked her to appear in public. Not knowing whether it was because of the two mouthfuls of wine or because the "scenery" in front of him was so beautiful, Joseph did not find the thought just passed was absurd or selfish. On the contrary, when the thought came to his mind, he felt inexplicable excitement.

If leaving this beautiful woman here...

If expressing more embarrassingly, keeping her here...

He was unable to do so.

His chest seemed to be full of horses, agitating every cell of him, swallowing the rest of the wine from his glass, and his eyes locked her tightly like a black falcon. Such an idea would make him wonder how warm it would be if he could see her every day when he came home from work.

He never thought that one day he would be tied up by a woman because he never dared to expect it, and he would become greedy once he got her. He admitted that he was increasingly discontented, that he wanted more, more warmth, and more happiness.

Standing by the window looking at the scenery, Irish had no idea at all that in just a few minutes, Joseph's mind was insanely activated. When she finished seeing the scene, she turned and walked in the direction of Joseph, sighing, "Aren't you afraid to live alone in such a big house?"

"I'm lonely," Joseph said frankly and handed her a glass of red wine. "That's why I'd rather live in the lounge."

"Well." Irish nodded clearly but did not receive the red wine slowly.

"I can now think of Cassie's suicide when I see something red, especially red wine, like blood," She explained.

"Overcoming psychological barriers is your primary job as a counsellor. If you can't overcome them, how can you get rid of them for others?" Joseph always raised his cup, persuading her with a smile.

Irish sighed and reached for the glass. It was the truth, but when she looked at the red wine in the glass, she felt waves of dizziness. She lifted it to the tip of her nose, it still smelled like blood. A long time later, she looked up at him and gave up. "I don't think it's good to drink in the morning."

"Is it not good, or are you afraid?" Joseph gently smiled.

After taking a deep breath and looking at the wine, Irish finally surrendered. "To tell the truth, I still can't get out of Cassie's shadow. Instead of blood, I was actually afraid of losing loved ones." She deserved to be a psychotherapist, at least she knew what she was really afraid of.

Joseph kept silent for a while, then stood in front of her, reaching out to pull her into his arms, gently touching her chin. "Leo is afraid of heights. I think you can see that."

Irish nodded, not understanding why he mentioned him. He went on, "What would you do if he comes to you for medical treatment?"

"The most direct way is to face it if he has the ability to control himself. It is what the psychiatrist will advocate, which is the most effective and concise way to treat it." Irish could not help laughing here. "In fact, I knew it the first time we met, and the result was that he was kicked off the cliff by me."

Joseph looked at her in dismay.

"Oh, to explain, it was bungee jumping."

She added at once.