

Enchanted 483

It was at night.

Lake's family also turned tranquil after a day's clamor.

The clock's pointer on the wall was turning on such a quiet night, making people jittery.

Irish leaned on the bed and then glanced at the clock. It was almost midnight.

She drew back her eyes and began to read books again, but she couldn't focus on the book.

She was waiting patiently, waiting for the "ghost."

Several minutes passed, and Irish put down the book and dimmed the light in the room. But when she was about to lay down, a slight noise sounded, and the lamp wobbled but did not become extinct.

Irish turned vigilant and got off the bed, sneaking out of the room.

The room was on the second floor, and she could see the dark living room on the first floor from the handrail.

All of the servants went to sleep. In fact, she required them to have rest earlier today since she wanted to meet the so-called female ghost tonight.

The house was in deathly stillness and perhaps she was the only one, who didn't sleep yet, or perhaps Ruby and Shirley also didn't sleep out of fear, but it had nothing to do with her.

She moved slowly and stepped on the stairs barefoot, causing slight noise. The woody furniture was high quality, including the floor, which was why it would make a creaking sound when stepping on it.

Irish stood in the darkness, trying to adjust her eyes to the darkness.

The lamps in the living room had been blacked out, so this house's weird atmosphere was suffused.

The moon outside the window also turned dim, as if several layers of thick gauze shrouded it. Nevertheless, she could see her lengthened shadow on the ground under the faint light.

She walked down step by step and felt a little cold on both feet.

But upon entering the first floor, the creaking sound disappeared immediately and the house was overwhelmed into the darkness and peace.

She was relieved for a little while, walking into the kitchen and taking a cup of water. The sound of the water was particularly harsh on this silent night.

Suddenly a blast of wind rose while her blood froze for a second. Her hands clenched, and she then looked back abruptly, but nothing was behind her.

When she turned back again, she found that the window in the kitchen had opened a small slit and the wind came in from that.

She put down the water and felt dizzy slightly. Then, taking a deep breath, she walked out of the kitchen.

When she returned to the second floor, she felt the cold air surrounding her.

She reached out and was about to open the door of her bedroom, but it opened on its own, causing slight noise.

Irish stopped abruptly, clearly remembering that she had closed the door when she left the room.

The chill spread from her back, and her every pore was desperately open all over her body as if trying to distinguish the unknown danger inside the room.

For a moment, Irish was scared and even wanted to go back to the living room and call Joseph for help.

But soon, she held back this idea and was determined that even if there was a ghost, she had to find it out.

Taking a deep breath again, she walked into the room. However, it was dark in the room, but she remembered that she didn't turn off the lamps when she left.

Reaching out, she touched the switch on the wall, pressing it, but the light was not on.

Her head was buzzing, but soon two ideas rose in her mind.

First, there was another person in this room.

Second, someone must have pulled the switch in this room.

Irish clenched her hands, gnashed her teeth, and then knocked on the door.

She hastily looked around through the dim moonlight but found no abnormality in the living room. Then something must be in her bedroom.

She strolled, step by step, to the bedroom of which the door was also unlatched.

She opened it and walked in but found a mist in front of her eyes. She rubbed and then relieved her eyes.

It was tranquil in the room, and Irish looked around vigilantly but found nothing.

She felt her head was dizzy and then sat down on the bed, trying to concentrate her attention.

In the next second, there was a creaking sound under the carpet, and then she felt that her ankles were entangled with something since she felt cold.

Her heart bore so fast that she stood up abruptly, kicking violently. It vanished soon.

She fell on the bed again, grabbing the sheet tightly, and then through the dim moonlight, she saw something crawling under the bed, slowly and little by little.

It was a red figure dressed in a long skirt with long sleeves and then stood up slowly.

Seeing this, Irish almost bit her tongue.

Its hair was very long, hanging to the ground.

The temperature in the room seemed to condense all at once. Irish could only widen her eyes and feel that her throat was pinched, and she couldn't make any sound.

The red figure began to move under her gaze, turning back to Irish little by little.

Irish could hear the sound, she swallowed out of fear, but when the red figure completely faced her, she felt that her heart was going to jump out of her chest because she could only see the long hair, which meant the hair was all over its back and front, exactly the same as Shirley once described.

Seeing this, Irish could not only hear the sound of her swallowing but also hear her bones creaking.

The figure in front of her turned blurry, and she was trapped in the deathly stillness.

She saw that it was getting closer to her, step by step. But it seemed that it was not walking; instead, it was more like floating, and Irish could even feel its coldness.

The "ghost" reached out its arm, which was dreadfully pale, and its fingers looked like dry branches. The red snails looked like they had been stained with blood. Then, when it rushed to catch her, she saw the face under the long hair.

There was even an eyeball hung outside.

Irish didn't escape in time, and the dry fingers soon grasped her neck while simultaneously making a horrible scream, releasing obvious resentment.

Self-defense is people's instinct in a dangerous situation.

Irish's neck was pinched tightly, and it was hard to breathe, so she reached out and then grabbed the inner part of the ghost's arm. But soon she was shocked and then reacted, kicking its chest with her leg.