

Enchanted 627

Irish smiled coldly, gazing at his anger, "When a man grows up in hatred, life becomes less important. Joseph, that child, came very surprisingly. If I really want to be pregnant with your child, why should I get contraception? You should know that I don't want children. Now I just want to end our relationship as soon as possible, and if I keep the kid for what? I don't want to have anything to do with you in the future. How can I start my life again if I have children?"

Joseph's figure pressed down, his big hand pressed on her hair, and she could feel the coldness of his fingertips. The slender fingers were stained with wood incense and a light blood smell, which made her neck sore again.

His big hand clasped that she had to look his eyes up.

She saw a dark sea in the bottom of his eyes, surging as if to devour her at any moment.

He asked, "Would you rather have sex with me for revenge?"

"It's not a grievance to have sex with you. To be honest, you're really a man who can make women obsessed. More importantly, how can you put your heart on me if I don't sleep with you?"

The strength on his hand grew stronger, squinting, "I asked you when I was in Hong Kong. You told me so sincerely that I could trust you!"

The scene was always in his mind because of her, so he felt concerned.

How true-like that conversation was, so true-like that he believed it.

"I'm just worried that too much trouble in the future will make you leave on your own initiative."

"No." He clenched his jaw.

"Don't you think and promise?" He added painfully.

She nodded heavily.

"Your promises come so fast."

"Irish, can I believe you?"

His conviction was thorough, though he knew her promise was so direct and thoughtless.

Irish closed her eyes and then opened them to ease the pain in her eyes, "I'm sorry, I've said so many words to you. I can't remember."

"You said you loved me. He promised to stay beside me no matter what comes along our way." Joseph's eyes were getting terrified.

"If I love you, I won't get an abortion." Irish always smiled lightly. "Joseph, wake up, you love me, I love you, that's just in that situation, and in this game, who is serious is the one who really loses. You are a shrewd businessman, but don't forget, I am a counselor, and getting the other side's trust in me is easy. To me, you are just another case that I handled."

This sentence said the oxygen around her became thin, and she could feel the pressure from the man hovering over her head, anytime and anywhere down to kill her.

He straightened, his spine stiffened, and his thin, sweaty lips tucked tightly. The arc of his chin was lonely and cold. His cold hand moved over her back and grabbed her jaw, "So you're saying I'm your subject?"

Irish's eyes always looked so indifferent all the time. Her lip angle was slightly raised, and her light smile was beautiful. She reached out to feel the breath in his nose, "Mr. Dover, you are living a life. For now, I am only interested in the last dream of the deceased. As for you and me, it's a game. If you can't play, get out of my life."

The last word slipped easily between her teeth without the slightest emotion.

If love was a luxury, could she at least do what she could do right now? Henry's diary was yellowish. It was obvious that the diary had been many years. She opened it, only to find out how her father loved her mother and to get comfortable. But at the end of the diary, his words were strange enough. He said he could often see Rachel and eat and sleep with her.

These kinds of words she heard Joseph had mentioned, but also heard from Henry, but Joie's matter had not been resolved? Or was it all an illusion of the dying Henry? She did not know, but somehow she felt a foreboding.

Before she had finished reading Henry's diary, she always had a bold thought that it might not be the way she had seen it. Was there any secret to his death?

Everything was just her guess.

Joseph's fingers strengthened, and his fingertips were deep in her chin, eager to crush the beautiful face in front of him. She did not know that his heart had been pierced, that she was making a show, and that he took it all for granted.

Good, he had not been played by a woman in his life!

He could forgive her once, indulge her once, but he had not been reduced to the point where he knew everything was false.

Irish withstood the pain of her chin and looked at him.

Gradually, she clearly saw that the darkness had disappeared from the bottom of Joseph's eyes, and that iron green face was slowly returning to its usual calmness. He let go of his hand and opened his mouth, as usual.

He said, "Irish, I'm Joseph, and you may not be able to play with me."

At the end of the speech, he turned around.

When his hand clasped to the doorknob, Irish lightly added a sentence, "Joseph, the person I love is always Adam."

Joseph paused, clenched the doorknob, and left, thundering, and the door was slammed.

The near-withered heart of Irish fell to the ground with the loud sound of closing the door. She loosened her tightly clasped hands, all sweating in her palm.

At this moment, she felt deeply feeble, and her blood seemed to be against the current.

This was the end.

Actually, it was good, wasn't it?

She smiled faintly. It was a great dream. When she finally woke up, she died of poison.

After a long time, the door was slowly pushed open. Leo was standing at the door with complex eyes.

She clasped her pillow in her arms and held it tight.

"He's gone," Leo said lightly.

Irish looked quietly at the bedside and gently nodded her head, "I know."

"I'm sorry to hear about your conversation. The door was not closed." Leo added gently.

Irish smiled, but there was nothing she could do.

"What do you want to ask?"

Leo closed his lips, staring at her, slightly frowning. "You just said it in anger, is it right?" What he heard in his ear was so true that he lost the standard of judgment.

So he would look at her and see if she was lying.

Irish's arms hugged the pillow, and she said with a light tone, "I wasn't angry, I really told Joseph the truth."

"Did you approach him just to get back at the Lake family? From the beginning to the death of Henry?" Leo looked at her with disbelief.

Irish nodded without hesitation and looked into his eyes, "Now, you know what kind of woman I am?"

Leo gazed at her for a long time, then stepped forward and sat down in front of her, "You shouldn't be such a woman."

"Yes, I should not have been such a woman, but what the Lake had done to me had forced me to be such a woman." Irish's eyes became sad.