

## Enchanted 661

The man's fingers were not light and heavy, but he managed to catch her so that she could only gnash her teeth at Joseph's face through the night. The anger that had accumulated for more than a month quickly climbed and began to erupt.

She did not speak, pressed her lips tightly, and her eyes were hostile.

But this appearance was extremely beautiful, and those eyes were like the flames burning in the night. Anger, and hatred, all turned into a seduction that a man wanted to conquer. Joseph slightly squinted his eyes, the next second, the tall figure pressed over, bowing, his thin lips clung to her tight lips.

The good smell of wood, wrapped Irish, layer by layer, was breathless.

As the man forced them to open her lips, her hand slowly reached under the pillow, then lifted her hand unaware.

A flash of lightning flashed across the sky and the thunder exploded.

Joseph only felt the corner of his eye light sweep a cold light, and suddenly pushed her away. Then a knife was stuck hard on the mattress.

Even if he dodged a second later, the knife would hit his back.

Irish did not expect Joseph to react so quickly, pulling out the knife the next moment, raising the knife, and rushing at him again. In the midst of the thunderstorm, she was as angry as a lion, clutching a fruit knife, and yelling angrily, "Joseph, you bastard!"

Unfortunately, Joseph's defensive consciousness wouldn't allow her to succeed, repeatedly dodging. Because of the overpowering hatred, Irish's strength in every attack was stronger, and the knife all was to his fatal position.

Anger had made her lose her mind. When the fruit knife again moved past Joseph's eyes, he finally took the knife in her hands. He knew that according to Irish's temperament, she would never stand up to the situation, and the battle of force was inevitable, which was why he was on his guard when he entered the room.

It was just that he had forgotten. Although Irish's force was nothing more than an ant's in his eyes, the explosive force of the angry fierce woman was still extremely strong. When she saw that the hand with the knife had been hoisted, she did bite Joseph's neck directly without thinking. Biting hard, she only listened to Joseph's sound, reflexively pushing her away.

Her hand with the knife strove through the air, feeling as though she had touched the substance.

The next second, Joseph's shirt sleeve was cut, his arm was scratched, and blood flowed out.

Damn it!

Joseph found that he had been injured, and his brows were almost capable of wringing out the water, glaring at Irish, and the veins on his forehead were almost protruding. The wound was not too deep, but the knife was piercing into his heart!

His teeth clattered and he came step by step towards Irish.

After that, Irish was so tired that she had no chance of launching an attack at this time. Seeing Joseph getting closer and closer to her, she was anxious, with his wrist twirling, and she directly put the knife around her neck.

Joseph's footsteps stopped. Seeing him stop, Irish got up from the ground, the sharp knife was against her neck all the time, step by step back to the window. Through the faint light and the man's increasingly cool eyes, she said word by word, "Joseph, if you don't let me go, I'll die! I want everyone to know that you, the general manager of the Runestone Group, illegally imprisoned a woman and forced her to death!"

A month's imprisonment was enough to make a normal person lose their sanity and make a normal person crazy. Not to mention Irish, whose temper was already strong, and the worst thing she hated was being detained. Joseph's behavior undoubtedly inspired the most powerful rebellion in her heart.

She became extremely unsurprising and hysterical.

At this time, she wanted to die with Joseph, which was better than living a ghost life!

She hated it. Why would he do that? Was he qualified to do it? At present, it was the law ruling society, and she did not believe that he could hide from the sky!

Joseph's face was almost dark, staring at her, with a cool voice he made an order, "Put the knife down."

At the end of the speech, he once again approached her step by step.

"Stop! If you come closer again, I'll slit my neck!" Irish did not seem to be joking, pushing the sharp blade hard on her neck, into the porcelain-white skin.

As the lightning struck, it was clear that glowing red blood had dyed the blade.

Her eyes were absolute, abhorrent, angry, and persevering in death.

"For the last time, put the knife down." Joseph walked, his voice creepingly cold, and his anger tumbled in the depths of his eyes.

No woman had ever threatened him like that!

She clasped the handle, her back against the cold window, and she almost felt the rain on the glass. She quickly breathed, and said in a cold voice, "I want to get out of here!"

Joseph in the darkness slowly said, "No way."

"Well, I'll kill myself! Joseph, I want you to always remember that it is you who force me to death!" Under anger, Irish was impetuous.

"Want to die? Well, I'll send your body to your uncle with my own hands." Joseph gnawed his teeth.

Irish's heart trembled.

Taking advantage of this gap, Joseph suddenly strode forward.

"Don't come forward..." Feeling urgent, she really was about to slit her neck.

Joseph's movement was much faster than hers, and when she would do that, he sprang forward and grabbed her wrist with a big hand, but she felt that she could not bring it up at all, and the knife fell to the ground.

"Want to die, don't you?" Joseph forced her two hands to clasp behind her, and when the cold breath of the whole person came down, he became evil. He stared at her. His eyes were as cold as the cold ice of the December moon, and he saw her struggling, and his big hand tried hard again. Irish felt pain, so her face had twisted, only feeling that her arms were almost broken.

"I regret having made you eat and drink well and you are so fast to recover your strength."

"Joseph, you bastard! Who are you to do this to me? I will not forgive you!"

Joseph smiled widely and pushed her against the window with a strong arm, her face clung to the glass, and lightning lit the outline of her beautiful cheek.

He still clasped her arms, bowed his head, and his thin lips fell on her ears. "At this point, you and I have happened to coincide. Irish, you killed my child behind my back. Do you think I can let you go? You want to die. Well, I've got plenty of time for you to feel that life is like death!"

The last three words almost broke his last strand of patience, wrapped with coldness and anger.