

Enchanted 663

Irish shrank and suffered the pain of hailstones falling on her body. The tie that fastened her wrists lost its smoothness after soaking as if it were embedded in the skin like a leather rope having soaked saltwater causing pain in her wrists.

She could not shake her legs anymore, but at last, she had to tuck in a corner of the terrace, her arms pulled and fastened.

She buried her head, her long hair wet on both sides of her cheek, her tiny shoulders shivering with hail and coldness intertwining. Her red naked feet were on the cold stones under the hailstones, and her white toes were almost green.

She felt that she would die the next moment.

Never feeling such coldness, she thought every minute was suffering. The hailstones were beginning to hurt her as if she had been prodded deeply by a thousand knives, but gradually she could no longer feel the pain.

The strength and temperature of the hail had numbed her entire back.

She was like a bloodless corpse, and at last laying motionless in a corner of the terrace, no longer struggling, no more scolding, silent, there.

For an hour.

The hail turned soothing from heaviness, but mixed with cold rain, pouring down from the sky.

Irish was dying, her petite body did not move at all.

Joseph, who had not moved for an hour, did not sit and leave, and the whole man stood like a statue, staring at her not far from her.

Only, his eyes were stained with too much coldness. The thin lips were close, almost stretching into a line.

He was always waiting for Irish to beg for mercy and told him that she was wrong.

But she would rather be hit by a hailstorm than say that.

In an hour, Joseph's heart gradually solidified into ice, and finally, he was firmly stuck in an ice hole. He looked at Irish and saw the woman who had fascinated him, and he wanted to dig out all his heart for her. He finally understood. It was only then that he was finally willing to believe her ungrateful love.

Luxury was always a luxury.

He thought that he had got it, only finding that he had got the false one to be real. In this field which he had never been familiar with, he could not tell whether it was true or false, so it was only right to be fooled completely!

He would like to thank Irish, without her, he did not know that love could be false, so he would like to thank her, heartily, thank her for letting his heart back to become cold.

Irish did not know it was how long she suffered, but in her senses, as if it was after thousands of years. Until there was the sound of footsteps.

Her long hair has been soaked by rainwater, and her pointed chin leaning between her knees. Powerlessly opening her eyes, she found it was a pair of handmade men's crocodile leather shoes.

Her lips trembled and tried to say something, but she could not spit out a word, for her lips were numb with coldness.

With vague insight, she seemed to see Joseph bow, and his thick big hand gently caressing her head. She did not feel too much strength, perhaps his hand had not been forced, perhaps the force he used barely made her feel it.

The man's tall figure more or less covered the rain and hailstorm that hit her, and her head drooped feebly, like a bird with broken wings, leaving only the last breath of strength.

She felt Joseph's fingers moving and falling behind her head.

With a great force from his hand, she suddenly began to make a sharp humming, as if a faint soul had crept out of her throat, and let him catch her head. He ordered her to look him in the eye.

Joseph's eyes were as deep as the cold night.

She was forced to turn her head back. For him, there was only a little rain on her cheek and coldness winding through her chest. She felt a tingle in her neck, which reminded her that she was alive.

The rain and hailstorm seemed to be afraid of the coolness of his body, compared to weak Irish, who fell on his broad shoulders with less strength.

She mocked herself that she was too weak to be treated well by even the natural conditions.

He held the back of her head by the arm that she had cut with a knife. She could see the wound on his arm with only a slight turn of her head, and the black shirt clung to it, wet, not knowing whether it was blood or rainwater.

She could not smell blood, and perhaps her sense of smell was gone.

"Listen to me, or you will suffer more." Joseph's tone was very light, cold, and ruthless, staring at her already nearly dark face, and said slowly, "I still prefer to see you in a good state, young and beautiful."

"Joseph, you... If you can do so, you can directly kill me." She was very weak, but she would never beg for mercy, she would not beg him. If that happens, she would rather die.

Joseph's smile expanded, "Kill you? I might as well keep you by my side, and I'll play with you."

Irish's body quivered.

"Don't think I don't know what you're thinking. You want the stake of the Lake family. Have you ever asked yourself if you're qualified to treat me like this?" she said intermittently. "For the benefit and for your future, you approached me, pretending to love me. I'm so pathetic for following your plan to get my revenge against the Lake family. You're just as mean as I am, so you're not qualified to do this to me."

The radiance of Joseph's lips gradually disappeared. Good, she clearly said he pretended to love her. How could she judge him like that when he poured all his love and affection into her? Hearing the painful words coming from her he realized what a woman's heart was like.

"You missed a little bit." With a cold face, he said, "the next thing I'm going to get from you is not just the Lake's shares, but the life of the child you owe me!"

Like a hammer hitting the back of her head, her ears buzzed, and before she could react, Joseph had unlocked her hands, but still no plan of untying the tight clasp tie in her wrists.

Picking her up, he walked steadily toward the bathroom.

Irish leaned feebly against his arms, her hair winding through his arm, and she tried to resist. Her whole body was as weak as a broken bone, unable to struggle anymore, and allowed him to hold her into the bathroom.

The bathtub automatically turned on the water lift system, and soon, the heat swept through the bathroom.

Without saying anything, Joseph threw Irish directly into the bathtub, plopping, engulfing her screams. He was not idle, and, without pity, tore open her sleeping skirt.