

Enchanted 666

She was familiar with the way of the jungle, far away, and could hear the sound of the sea.

The high roof and white windmill of the villa had gradually been sheltered by the tall wood of the jungle, as she walked deeper and deeper, with tough branches stinging her arm and scratching a wound.

Regardless, she finally stopped in front of a towering tree.

If it wasn't for the pain, Irish would have thought last night was just a nightmare. At least, when the sunset, Joseph did not return.

When she got back to the villa, she went to sleep again, and after the sunset, it was eight o'clock in the evening when she woke up.

When Jessica saw her awake, she told her to go downstairs for dinner.

She came to the restaurant like a robot, and as soon as she sat down, Jessica prepared all kinds of beautiful dishes. But Irish didn't have an appetite.

Unexpectedly, Jessica said, "Miss Irish, you should eat more, if a woman is too thin, it's not good."

Irish looked up at her and ate in silence.

Jessica stood in the same place and did not move, looking at her.

"You have something to say to me?" Irish sighed gently, without lifting her head, and placed her fork and knife beside the plate.

Perhaps Jessica was surprised that she could guess her thoughts.

And Irish, at this time, also looked at her, with calm eyes.

Jessica thought about it and said, "Actually, I want to advise you, sometimes women should not be too stubborn, if that, the ultimate loss is not our own. No one knows the reason why the strength of arms won't win thighs."

Irish's fingers trembled gently, together with her eyesight.

"You..." She hesitated. A few seconds later, her eyes lit up. "Did you see what happened last night?" Jessica could not see the room, but perhaps she saw a scene on the terrace. Both Jessica and the cook had separate residences. If they passed through the terrace, they would have seen Joseph's behavior.

Jessica's eyes flashed a touch of panic, and soon returned to the usual appearance, and she softly said, "I just casually said a sentence, and you can see that you are very dissatisfied with Sir, so I advise you."

"Jessica..." Irish suddenly rose up, staggered up to her, as if holding a life-saving straw, clasping her hand, and said with an urgent voice, "Please help me, even if you let me make a phone call."

Jessica was frightened, hurriedly drew back the hand, and shook her head, "Miss Irish, please don't force me, really can't help you."

"No, you're the only one who can help me now." Irish thought that since she could say what she had just said, she might be a kind person, so she saw hope again.

Jessica stepped back and shook her head desperately.

"I beg you, just help me once. Well, you tell me how to unlock the password, and if he finds out, you say I stole the phone, and you don't know when I know the password. I'll assure you I won't implicate you."

"Miss Irish, that's not right." Jessica anxiously refused, "This will affect me later, so it's a no."

"I promise you, if you promise to help me, I will give you a generous pension. After that, you don't have to worry about your future, I've inherited a lot of money. Really, I didn't lie to you. I can even write you a note, and you can hide it. I'll be sure to contact you when I'm out." As long as she could go out, she would not care if there was that inheritance, even if she sold the house, she would do it just to get free. Her uncle and aunt must be very worried about her this time.

Jessica hesitated at that.

"Jessica." Irish saw her expression, getting more excited. What presented before she was a piece of dawn.

Jessica looked up at her and wanted to say something but stopped.

"Well, tell me how much you need, as long as I can do it!" Irish added.

"Actually, I..."

"Jessica, you've always had a lot of experience. Don't you understand what a blank check is?" The unexpected voice interrupted her.

Suddenly Irish trembled and was startled after hearing that.

Her eyes turned to the restaurant door, surprised to find that Joseph came back.

There he stood, a tall figure shadowing a great shadow of light, with unchanging calmness on his face, and there was an incomprehensible, dark, deep, smooth, shuddering majestic aura in his eyes.

Jessica did not expect him to come back suddenly, surprised, hurriedly said, "Sir, I'm sorry."

Joseph took a few steps forward, and his eyes fell on Irish's face, a slight addiction to the sentence, "People can not live for themselves, you are retiring soon, but your children are still young."

He said this to Jessica, but his eyes did not leave Irish for a moment.

Somehow, Irish shuddered.

"Yes, sir, you are right, don't get me wrong," she said, turning pale, "I..."

Joseph raised his hand and interrupted Jessica's explanation.

A fire gradually rose in the abdomen, rotated, and formed a small tornado. Irish stood in the spot, clenching her two hands first. But Joseph ignored her anger and looked away from her face, and his eyes

fell on the dishes on the table, looking for a few seconds he ordered, "Prepare hot rose tea half an hour later."

Jessica nodded.

"I don't need your hypocrisy." Irish opened her mouth, and her voice was cold.

But Joseph looked into her eyes, even cooler.

At this moment, a pleasant voice broke the restaurant's depression.

"Joseph, there are too few people in the villa, and you don't help me either."

The girl's voice was very sensual, like a lark, and following him, a petite and super cute girl entered the restaurant with enthusiasm and took Joseph's arm, whom every woman wanted to cling to.

Irish's body stiffened for a moment, and when the girl smiled and put her arm on Joseph's, she even breathed painfully.