

Enchanted 672

His two eyebrows were appallingly cool when he saw the real situation under the quilt.

He let it go, and the quilt was thrown to the ground by the force he had just made.

The pillows stood upright as if mocking his insensibility.

Joseph stood on the head of the bed, the blue veins in his forehead almost bursting, his thin lips tucked into a line, and his taut chin forming a cold, angry arc.

Like the moonlight out of the window as water, his eyes grew thinner and colder.

Reaching out and pressing the bedside phone.

After a while, Jessica hurried up to the second floor, nervously entering the bedroom, "Sir?"

Then she mistakenly assumed that something had happened to Irish and immediately explained, "The doctor is going to..."

"When did she go?" Joseph coldly interrupted Jessica's words.

Jessica was startled for a time, she did not react, and her first reaction was that he was just talking about the young lady. But then Joseph suddenly made an angry yelling, almost raising the roof. "When did Irish leave the house?"

Jessica was frightened by his voice, staring, and then she could clearly see the scene. And when she looked at it, she was scared out of her wits. How did it happen?

"Sir, Miss Irish, she really went back to her room." Jessica almost cried, hurriedly explaining, "I watched her enter the bedroom with my own eyes and then, according to your request, lock the door before you returned to the bedroom, and she could not have disappeared."

How come that woman just disappeared?

Joseph believed Jessica wasn't lying, the bedroom door was locked, and he also opened the door before entering.

His mood sank a little, and his sharp eyes glanced like gamma rays into the corner of the room, finally falling back to the windowsill. Then, his eyes suddenly became sharp, striding forward.

Pushing the door open and walking quickly to the terrace.

Jessica, looking panicked, followed him hastily. She took a breath of cool air, following Joseph's eyes. She saw a bath towel cut into several pieces, then twisted into a rope and tied one end to the railing of the terrace. And the other end fluttered gently in the boundless night.

She was astonished. Her eyes were almost popping out. "Miss Irish, how could she possibly do it?"

The lawn from the bedroom to the ground was as tall as three stories. How dare a petite woman jump from such a high place?

But Joseph calmed down.

Reaching out to pull the towel into a rope, making a touch, it was still wet. He gnawed his teeth, "Irish, you are really smart, you also know how to use the wet towel!"

This was an excellent water-absorbing towel. Soaking it in water, then cutting it into strips, it would be strongly tied together. Looking at this length, one could get at least down to half the height. It was his carelessness. He forgot to remind Jessica that Irish was a rock climber!

Once, she had climbed the office building with her bare hands, slipped smoothly into the second floor, and then magically appeared at his office door.

She had also used the trunk position to jump from the second floor. She also told him cheerfully that rock climbers like them used anything as a tool to use every foothold perfectly. Joseph clenched his fists, but he ignored it!

"Sir, Miss Irish... She can't go far. There should be no way out of the island. "

"Give me the phone." Joseph's voice was low and heavy, marking the atmosphere into a depression of storm.

Jessica hurriedly went into the study to get his cell phone.

Joseph held his cell phone in his hand, squinted slightly, dialed a string of numbers for a moment, and his voice was cool when he got through. "Rosy, where's your boat?"

Irish nestled quietly in the hidden corner of the ship and heard the woman say pleasantly, "Well, I'll take a break."

Perhaps she was speaking to the captain and heard her footsteps downstairs.

Irish held her breath and waited to hear the sound of footsteps disappear before she took a long, relaxed breath.

All she felt was the speed of the boat accelerating, and the sound of the waves was in her ears.

Though she could not see what was happening outside, she knew it was already in the middle of the sea.

Irish had to admire the woman's physical strength because she had the strength to drive through the night after the rain. But she was lucky to do so, or she would have to wait one night.

Just after both Joseph and the woman had returned upstairs, a question came up to her in an inexplicable way when she was vomiting, that was, how did they get to the island? Did this woman have to leave? So she left by helicopter?

As she hesitated, she heard Jessica talking to people as if it were some boat repair team.

An idea flashed, Irish boldly speculated on the ship's origin, and it seemed that Jessica was quite anxious because she said it should be done as soon as possible. So she felt that the ship probably belonged to the woman because it seemed that Joseph had only taken a helicopter.

She got the idea that it was a good opportunity.

So she returned to her bedroom in Jessica's eyes and heard her lock the door outside.

She chuckled and, without a second's delay, began her escape plan.

In fact, at first, she did not intend to escape. She just wanted to see the details, whether it was the best way to use the boat. She could quietly climb back to their bedroom.

Anyway, the windows could be opened quickly.

God still blessed her.

When she saw the ship, she was surprised to find that it was a great ship, and she almost praised the sky. However, after observing the island, from initial expectation to final despair, she knew she could never have left the island without transportation.

Joseph was no fool. Even if she hid, he wouldn't panic. Without transportation, he knew she couldn't escape unless jumping into the sea.

Unfortunately, she has poor skills in the water and, more importantly, in the vast sea; escaping was a suicide, and no one would be foolish to use this way to run away.

Hiding in the darkness, she heard the boatman call in fluent English, saying it would take about 15 minutes to repair the boat. This call might be for Jessica or Joseph.