

Enchanted 676

When the boat finally landed, Rosy sat down with a sigh and looked at Irish. "I'm sorry, my brother told me to tie you back. I didn't know you before. That, oh, didn't say anything. It's good to find you."

Having lost her strength, she lowered her head, and her long hair hung on both sides of her cheek, "He asked you to tie me?"

"Yes. So don't blame me, he said. You're dangerous."

Irish raises her eyes suddenly, sharp.

Rosy sat on the floor with a scared look.

Then she found that she was wearing her clothes, which hurt her eyes even more.

"What do you mean?"

Rosy carefully stood up, away from her. "In fact, I know that many psychologists will have problems after seeing too many mental illnesses. You can rest assured that Joseph will find the best psychiatrist to cure you. It's a good place on this island to take care of yourself."

Irish never imagined that this woman before her would think of her like this. What was terrifying was that it was Joseph who told that lie to this woman.

"He told you I had a mental problem?"

"You did hit someone just now."

"I'm not sick! The sick one is Joseph! He locked me up on this island!"

Rosy was so scared that she almost jumped out of the deck, and the others took two steps back after seeing her hysterical. Then, after a long time, Rosy made a placatory remark, "You must calm down," she added, "Joseph is all for you."

Irish suddenly stopped struggling and roaring.

She forgot that a normal person could sometimes be considered to have a mental disorder in a particular environment, for example, by putting a normal person in a mental hospital for a long time and forgetting whether he was a normal person or sick.

Another example was her current situation now. Apparently, her actions had caused panic, thanks to Joseph's desire and obsession, because, as Joseph himself said, no one outside would believe that Joseph would kidnap a woman.

Irish suddenly felt dizzy.

Soon she was taken ashore like a prisoner.

The tiny white beach was shone almost brightly by the island's lights.

Joseph stood on the beach, dressed for leisure.

The upper body was in a blue and white casual shirt, and the lower body was in white linen trousers.

He stood there, his stature standing still, gazing calmly at Irish.

Three buttons of his shirt unfastened, casually revealing a strong chest, sleeves rolled up on the arm, veins protruding on his arms, and two big hands were leisurely stuck in his pockets.

The lights glowed in his short hair and reflected darkness in his pupil like the night sky swallowed up the sea.

He did not take the first half of the step, only to wait for two strong men to bring her forward and his strong arms put around her waist. But in silence, he used force so that she could not escape.

"It's hard for you, Rosy." He looked straight ahead, smiling as if nothing had happened.

Rosy shook her head and said, "she really is..."

"I'm not sick!" Irish, resentful, roared at Joseph in a low voice, "I clearly know at this time what has happened! I'll sue you, I'll sue you!"

Joseph, however, raised his hand against his lips and gently "hushed" to her. Then he gently put a strand of her long hair at the back of her ear, softly saying, "Okay, when you're good, you can sue me. It's too late. Shall we go back?"

Irish unbelievably looked at Joseph and then looked at the eyes of the people around her.

For a moment, she was burning with anger. "Don't pretend! I know what you want. You want everyone to think I'm crazy, right? You're delusional! This is impossible!"

"Well, it's all my fault. It's too late. Listen to me. They have to rest." Joseph directly held her gently in his arms, but his strong arms were enough to control her anger and struggle. He bowed his head and kissed her on the forehead in full view, with soft eyes, "Irish, I love you," he said. "So I'll help you to get better soon."

Joseph's words disclosed his convenience.

His warm breath fell on her forehead.

His gentle tone would make one misunderstand that he was showing sincere feelings.

At one moment, Irish was also shocked by Joseph's promise. Finally, he promised that he loved her.

It was just likely to be said by a loving man to his beloved woman.

It was just likely to be the promise he often expresses to her.

But Irish felt he was acting without any sign of pretension.

He acted to love her on the beach, shown before the onlookers' eyes.

She stared into his eyes when his lips moved away from her forehead. There was subtle light in his blue eyes.

It was really subtle that even her strong anger would melt away if she hadn't known his hidden deception.

The light disappeared quickly, just like the meteor, but she accurately felt his ulterior motives.

It was true that Joseph never acted to do something.

No matter how many people were there, his actions and words all expressed only the information to her.

And that was, as a man who was good at controlling everything, he would never hand over the power to her.

Irish was so experienced in grasping human nature since she was a psychoanalyst.

But she had never seen such a man as Joseph, who always broke down all your pride calmly and quietly.

Maybe no one understood Joseph, even an expert who thought she could explore human nature.

She tried her best to find his faults but was exploited by him instead.

She had thought that Joseph's calmness was just a disguise to protect his authority and status in the business field. And it was not until now that she understood what real calmness was.

It was a kind of ability with which he could change the situation that was not good for him, and then he could make use of someone's disadvantage while smiling or talking.

Irish thought that she was just doomed to be defeated by him.

She was just like a rabbit that was experienced in avoiding human attacks but only exposed her weakness to him.

Maybe they were enemies even before they were born, or her fate played tricks on her and brought Joseph into her life in a painful way.

She suddenly thought of their conversation as they knew each other. She said that he should have been a psychoanalyst since he was so good at grasping the human mind.

But he answered that he was really good at grasping human nature, not mind.