

Enchanted 682

The sun was so bright that everything in heaven and earth was touched with gold.

As the gulls jumped across the sea, they were drenched with dazzling light, much more free than humans.

When Irish woke up, she heard the sound of seagulls, which replaced the alarm clock to wake her. And then she would stand on the terrace for a while as usual, quietly counting the number of seagulls passing by.

But that day, Irish did not go to the terrace.

When she woke up, she felt that even opening her eyes would run out of her energy.

She remembered that once she had gone to Thailand, she had chatted with local friends about Thailand's "Tame Head." Irish had no religious beliefs; naturally, she would not believe these things, but she listened out of curiosity. After all, it was also a form of local humanities.

That friend mentioned a kind of the "Tame Head," but she forgot the name. She only remembered that it was about recovery and that if the broken head was spliced back into the body, the dead could come back to life. There was a man whose wife died at the same time in an accident with three best friends when traveling. He wanted to bring the dead wife back to life, but he was infatuated with the body of his wife's three best friends, so he put the best places that he thought of dead women together to form a body and then spliced his wife's head to resurrect her.

The wife returned to life, but gradually she realized that the arms were not her own, the legs were not hers, and even the torso was not hers. When she finally realized that her arms, legs, and torso all belonged to her three good friends, she went completely crazy.

Irish felt that she was the one who Joseph had spliced up.

What Joseph did last night was more like a kind of vent and punishment. He almost crushed her body.

She had never seen such a cruel and cold-blooded side of Joseph. He had always been abominably calm, but last night he had done enough to let her know what he meant by "tired of living."

Her limbs seemed to be broken, and last night, her soul flew out of her body with his wild impact, and at present, her legs were even shaking as she got out of bed.

The pain went through all over her body.

Her lips hurt when he bit them.

He pinched her neck. Her bones and joints seemed to creak with pains in his arms because of his big strong hands, especially her breasts.

His big hands caused hickey marks and scratches.

A gentle touch would make the delicate tips of the breast pain. And her lower body no longer belonged to her own.

The legs seemed able to detach from the crotch at any time, and she even needed to hold the wall tightly to stand.

She was burning as if she had been branded with iron.

She forgot how many tears she had shed in pain last night but remembered that she screamed when he raged on her and that she had lost her voice in the process.

So when waking up the next morning, she felt that Joseph must have dismembered her to pieces and then spliced them together. Otherwise, why would she feel pain in every part of her body?

It was afternoon when Irish finally couldn't stand hunger.

She held the wall and struggled out of the bedroom. She didn't see Jessica as well as the cleaners on the island.

The villa was quiet.

There seemed to be no such thing as a trace of breath.

But the villa was very dazzling. The colorful lights, like the stars, had long been in the courtyard, and even the living room was full of color, and there was hidden light in every corner, as bright as the stars that fall from the Milky Way.

It was very lively. But it referred to the environment. The huge villa was grotesque. At least, Irish thought so. She saw no one.

Like Jessica, because at a time like that, Jessica should have gone to the bedroom to call her for dinner.

And even the cook, because at a time like that, the cook had been waiting in the restaurant for a long time to wait for the answer whether she was satisfied or not.

And like the doctor, because at that time, the doctor would always come to do a routine examination of her.

Irish had always rejected tests and hated doctors because she felt that Joseph only wanted to keep torturing her with the permission of her body's condition, making her life worse than death.

But that day, the doctor she hated was not there either.

There were a few people in this villa. At present, Irish suddenly felt that she was the only one left.

Even Joseph, who nearly killed her like a devil last night, was gone.

Irish went downstairs in a hurry.

But because of the pain, she fainted, and her feet stepped in the air and fell down several stairs.

She shouted bitterly.

Her knees hit the cold black marble floor, and it was painful.

Fortunately, she did not roll down from the top; otherwise, she would have been disabled.

Her arms also clung to the ground, and the smooth ground reflected her pale face.

Her long hair was messy and covered her eyes.

She felt that she had never been so embarrassed.

The sound of a man's footsteps came when she was trying to get up by lifting through the stair railing.

And then she saw a man's feet and long legs.

She struggled to look up.

And she saw the bright and dark, uncertain eyes of Joseph.

He stood there and did not immediately reach out to help her but looked at her with a commanding look.

Like a proud king, quietly watching how embarrassed she was as a clown.

Irish knew that he wanted to see her lower her head, crawl to him as a slave, square herself, and confess to him how shameless she was.

However, her shamelessness was only used to protect her humble self-esteem.

And what about him?

He was so mean that he played such a real play with her, and he was so angry that he trapped her here, and even he was so despicable that people on the island thought she was a psychopath.

So who was more despicable?

Irish shifted her eyes.

She wisely chose to avoid his gaze silently to suffer less. If she went on looking into his eyes, she would have to yell at him.