

Enchanted 699

"That is to say, about our future." Joseph looked cold.

Irish was shocked, "How long do you plan to keep me in prison here?"

"That's why we need to negotiate about this." Joseph pressed his soared forehead, staring at her, "If the result is good, you can leave here soon. If not, it will be hard for you to leave this place."

Irish had an idea that he would not keep this state all the time. He had to come back to New York one day, and then how would he deal with her?

So finally, he talked about it.

"What do you want?" She asked directly.

Joseph got up slightly with two arms on his leg and two hands crossed. He looked at her and said slowly, "Irish, there are two options. You can choose one, and no matter which choice you make, you can leave here."

Irish thought that he was not so kind. These two choices must have been difficult for her to make.

"Just say it." She took a deep breath and prepared for it.

Joseph raised his lips and said, "The first choice for you is to marry me. We will get married soon."

Irish was amazed and looked at him.

"The second choice is that you become my mistress for one year, and you cannot leave me," Joseph uttered slowly.

Irish stood up immediately with harsh breaths, "You are so cruel!"

"Annoyed?" Joseph's smile disappeared, and there was a coldness in his eyes. He leaned against the sofa again with a slow voice, "Irish, you know, I am a businessman. I like to make conditions clear. There are two options, and you can choose one as you like."

Irish clenched her fists, "You are forcing me."

"You are wrong. If I force you, I will only give you only one choice." Joseph smiled softly.

Irish gritted her teeth, "If I don't make any choice?"

Joseph looked pitifully at her, "If it is so, I'm afraid that you have to stay on this island until the next Valentine's Day."

"You...." Irish was angrier.

After a while, she calmed herself down and stared at him, "Joseph, you couldn't threaten me. If I hadn't come back to New York in a long time, my uncle would call the police. Even if they don't do that, Jay will find me one day."

Joseph smiled and said slowly, "If they do know your state, will they still call the police?"

"What do you mean?" Irish was vigilant.

Joseph said lightly, "You have been on this island for over a month. They should be anxious, but you are still here. Don't you think it's weird?"

Irish looked at his smiling eyes. She felt terrified, suddenly bursting out immediately, "How did you treat them?"

However, Joseph shook his head, "What can I do? Your question was accurate. It's not me who has done something, but how they think about you. Actually, they order me to look after you well."

"Impossible!"

Irish stepped back subconsciously, but she forgot that behind her was a sofa. She just sat down on the sofa directly.

Now Joseph, in her eyes, was a monster.

"Everything is possible." Joseph took his cup and sipped the coffee slowly, "Irish, a famous psychoanalyst of the Linkus Mental Research institute, employed by Runestone Group as a psychological consultant and a famous university teacher, became upset due to the rumor of having nude photos exposed in public. In addition, she has touched so many individual cases of mental illness, which has had an impact on her. The main symptoms are shown that there are problems with her memory. She has an unclarity in reality and dreams, which is called depersonalization. Her father's death also hit her, and the disease became more severe, so she needed time to rest. Psychological and physical treatment is also necessary."

Irish was totally shocked and overwhelmed, "What did you say? Who has depersonalization? You are a liar!"

Joseph put down the cup and sighed, "Irish, you have a severe mental illness. As you say, people who have this kind of disease cannot figure out that they are ill, while healthy people claim that they have. I take you into this island with consideration of your health. Don't you remember that you have a mental illness?"

"Ridiculous! Is my health decided by you? Who are you? Are you a doctor or a god?" Irish was really annoyed. She stood up immediately and rushed to his phone, "I want to call my uncle!"

Irish tried her best to get the phone out of his hand. She had never realized the significance of a mobile phone before since she could use it at any time, but now it turned out to be a life-saving straw, seducing Irish, who almost drowned.

No matter what happened, she had to take the phone. But it was inevitable that there would be physical contact with Joseph in the process of snatch.

In the next second, Irish's waist was held by Joseph's strong arms. Before she could scream, Joseph tightened his arms while Irish fell into his lap.

Irish was shocked and struggled to get up.

However, she failed since Joseph held her inside and steadied her.

Irish kept struggling in his arms which stimulated Joseph somehow. His abdomen was tense, which reminded him of Valentine's night when Irish groaned under his sturdy body. At the thought of this, Joseph's eyes turned deep.

Irish also perceived his physical reaction since she felt something hard pressed against her waist, so she blushed soon, pushing away indignantly. "Let me go, Joseph." However, Joseph just ignored her words but held her in his arms. He even didn't stop her but let her struggle in his arms. Slowly, Joseph got close to Irish's neck and said in a rather deep and husky voice, "You took the initiative to throw yourself on me."

The air was mixed with the man's breath that enveloped her. She felt like she had nowhere to escape since his wooden fragrance floated in the air everywhere.

"Joseph, you can't stop me from calling."

Irish shouted, who was so disturbed because of Joseph's flirtation. Irish resisted him with her arms, stopping him from approaching.

Joseph stopped his movement but still held her tightly, staring at her face. "You can call your aunt. Tell them you are safe," Joseph urged her calmly.

After hearing this, Irish looked up into his eyes with a frown.

'Tell them I am safe? He must be kidding me,' thought Irish to herself.

"Of course, you could also ask them for help," Joseph added with a sly smile as if he had seen through her mind.