

Enchanted 700

Shocked yet confused, Irish didn't know why he would be so kind to her abruptly.

But...Joseph started again, just as she expected. "But you have to figure out where you are first," Joseph said to her slowly while his smile began to vanish.

Irish was rigid as she heard this from Joseph,

Joseph reached out with his hands gently moving down along her spine to her lap. He uncovered her skirt while his fingers slipped into Irish's wet core. Irish was so surprised since she didn't expect he would do this. Irish couldn't help groaning while her legs clamped.

Instead of getting mad at her, Joseph smiled widely while his fingers still kept inside, rubbing her sensitive privates. His breath was hot while his voice sounded soft, "Irish, you are a smart girl. I am sure you know what to say. Are you really going to tell them you are kidnapped? But how could you tell them where you are? If you are determined to tell them what happened here, then perhaps I will be out of patience to continue this absurd play with your family members. Do you know how they would act at that time?"

As soon as Joseph finished his words, Irish's face turned pale. Although Joseph was a mean yet selfish person, his words sounded reasonable. 'He is right. I don't even know where I am.' As long as her aunt and uncle get to know her situation, they must be anxious and worried about her. Irish didn't care if she had to offend Joseph directly. But if he really imprisoned her on this desolate island, Irish was afraid that she could never leave here. At that time, her uncle and aunt could not get in contact with her and even could not provide any evidence to the cap. But they were too old to stand the racket.

It was not worth the candle.

Therefore, Joseph had made a plan earlier and that was why he kept so calm. It was just because Joseph was confident enough that she would not tell the truth to her family members.

A smile crept over his face when Joseph found that Irish turned hesitant. He gazed at her small face, rubbed her slim waist, and said in a low voice, "Let me give you a small tip."

But Irish was clear that it must be a misadvice.

Slowly Joseph took out a phone, put it in Irish's hands, and then said, "Give a call to your uncle. It is a big day today."

"Joseph!" screamed Irish with her teeth gnashing. "Don't become highly conceited," growled Irish indignantly.

However, Joseph just smiled and shook his head, "I did it for your own good."

Irish began to gasp, staring at the phone, and then clenched it. An evil idea flashed in her mind, and that was smashing his head with the phone as a weapon. But what could she do after she passed?

She still couldn't get out of here since there was no plane, no steamer, and no vehicles to take her away.

But perhaps...

Irish gazed at Joseph while an idea occurred to her.

If she could knock and kidnap Joseph, he passed out and then made a call to Daisy, asking her to pick them up. It might be a good idea. Daisy was loyal to Joseph, and this might be feasible. Daisy would take some steps as she learned Irish had kidnaped Joseph.

'Now that he always takes me as a pawn, then why can't I take him as a hostage? Thought Irish.

At the thought of this, Irish clenched her hands to encourage herself.

However, in the next second, Joseph said abruptly, "Well, other warm tips for you. You cannot take the phone as a weapon since it might be too small to hurt me."

With her eyes widening, Irish was so surprised to hear that she kept gazing at him.

Joseph held in his laughter and grabbed her hands. "Irish, I know you are a smart woman, and I am sure you know what you should do. You must be clear about what is the best option for you. New York is a big city, but I am confident enough that I could do anything for you in this city. Therefore, there are two options for you. You better get inside right now or give a call to your family members. And you better clear away any thoughts that you shouldn't have in your mind, or you may suffer losses," Joseph said in a soft yet threatening tone.

As soon as Joseph finished his sentence, Irish felt an unbearable irritation spreading over her heart. She was so angry, but she could do nothing.

She hadn't felt that way in long years. Although she was not convinced, she had no way to offend him back. Moreover, Irish even had to control herself and suppress her anger.

"There is another thing you must know," Joseph added while getting closer to Irish. He tightened his arms while his sexy chin with a newly grown beard gently touched her shoulder. "Don't plan to ask for help from Daisy. She would not listen to you unless she gets permission from me, or she won't do anything for you," Joseph's soft voice startled her.

His breath encircled Irish, lingering over there. "No matter what happened, she won't listen to you," uttered Joseph again, word by word.

Irish's head was buzzing as she heard those words from Joseph since she suddenly realized how horrible he was.

"Let me go. I have to make a call to my uncle," she clenched her jaw. She tried her best to calm down, waiting for his response.

"You can make the call in my arms," Joseph said with a smile.

"You..." Irish was speechless, and she even wanted to bite Joseph's throat.

"You don't want to make a call? Well, then let's go back to the room," Joseph urged her and was about to hold her back.

"No, give me the phone," Irish hastily responded.

Joseph showed a faint smile and then loosened his grip.

Seeing this, Irish took a deep breath and felt released a little bit. A few seconds later, she dialed the number, and soon, the phone got through. Her aunt, Mary's voice, was heard on the phone. At that moment, tears almost burst out from Irish's eyes while her nose also twitched.

"Aunt Mary. It's me," Irish started to talk.

"Irish? Is that you, Irish?" asked Mary in a hurry. It sounded like she was more agitated than Irish.

"Yeah, it's me," replied Irish briefly. She dared not to talk anymore since she was afraid that she would burst out crying the next moment.