

Enchanted 702

Irish exerted herself to calm down since she was clear that she would be an underdog if she lost her mind at such a critical moment. After a long while, she walked to the couch and sat down. It was no use quarreling with Joseph, and she knew he would ignore her. In that case, she would be the one to get hurt.

"You won't take me back tomorrow without a condition, right?" asked Irish. She heard Joseph mention on the phone he would go tomorrow morning, and now he even promised her aunt Mary to take her back tomorrow, so it must be Daisy who called him in the morning.

With a soft smile, Joseph replied directly, "Yes, you are right."

It reminded Irish of the words he said to her aunt Mary. 'He said if circumstances permitted. What does he mean?' Irish wondered.

"Joseph, are you going to force me again? Is that interesting to do it?" Irish glared at him indignantly.

"Yes, it is interesting," Joseph replied word by word while staring into her eyes.

"You can't detain me here long," Irish retorted. After a moment of silence, Irish continued, "Or how could you answer my aunt if she asked you again?" Irish looked into his eyes coldly.

However, Joseph didn't agree with her. "You are wrong. If I tell them your health is getting worse and you need rest..." Joseph cut his words instantly.

"They won't trust you," Irish argued to him.

"They will. If you didn't run away with your parents' bone ash, your aunt and uncle may not trust me. You have to know that a normal person would not do that. Irish, why don't you admit you are mentally ill?" Joseph's voice sounded mocking.

"Bullshit! I did it with my reason," Irish shouted, eyes red with anger.

"But who would believe you? You ignored your father's last words. He wanted to be buried with your mother. But look at what you did. They all think you are mentally ill as you're mentally and physically exhausted after doing that," Joseph said slowly yet indifferently.

Irish clenched her hand into a fist after hearing his harsh words.

"Irish, your behavior is abnormal. That is why people will regard you as a mad woman,"

Joseph harshly spouted these words.

"Joseph, you are sick!" Irish turned agitated.

Staring at her, Joseph replied calmly. "I could be more contemptible to you. Now let me know your choice. Of course, you could refuse to make your option. In that way, you could enjoy your beautiful life on this island."

Irish felt that her irritation almost burst out. She kept gazing at him, and she even wanted to kill him.

After a long while, Irish then said again in a shaky voice, "Is it just a year?"

Shocked, Joseph's eyes turned a little bit dim while he also looked more serious. "Yes," Joseph answered in a deep voice.

"Will you really let me go a year later?" Irish asked again to ensure he would give her freedom later.

"I said yes," Joseph briefly responded in a rather impatient voice.

Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, Irish kept silent for a few seconds. When she opened her eyes again, she looked dismal yet indifferent. "Okay, I chose to be your mistress for one year," Irish firmly made her decision.

After getting the answer from Irish, Joseph's eyebrows knitted into a frown. "Mistress? Okay. I thought you would decline the options since you are such a stubborn yet arrogant woman," Joseph stared directly at her.

He repeated the word of the mistress to remind Irish of her own option.

Irish understood what he meant, so she resisted with a sneer, "I don't have to be a noble person since you are such a white sepulcher, right?"

Irish was skeptical if her answer would hit him, but his face looked upset. Joseph stared at her with his teeth gnashing. "Good," Joseph said maliciously. "I hope you won't regret that," He said a second later.

And then he got up and walked away while Irish kept sitting there still. Turning around and looking at the sun outside the window, she squinted.

'Everything will be fine,' thought Irish.

She was Joseph's mistress in the coming year.

A few days later, Killer started their deal.

The trading location was in an abandoned warehouse with an area of more than two hundred square meters.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the transaction items were the top-grade smokable methamphetamine that was worth billions of dollars.

The buyer was an underground casino group of which the general headquarters was located in Malaysia. After the purchase, the members of this organization would transport the smokable methamphetamine to various countries, including Atlanta.

And then those ice would be transported into more American countries.

Like capillary vessels, the blood flew all over the body. Of course, for people who used drugs, these ices were their blood.

The American police fully cooperated with the Vietnamese and Malaysian police to fight against drug trafficking.

Jay was quietly waiting for the arrival of this moment.

In the hidden command center, the tripartite executives gathered together to determine the action plan for the last time.

Special police officers had also been dispatched to support this action.

Before their action, Kevin had sent Jay's photo to the internal system to prevent being hurt by friendly fire.

Time passed by, and they all waited patiently.

In the warehouse.

The gate of the warehouse was opened at ten o'clock timely.

The buyer was a middle-aged man in a boxer's sinuous posture while a couple of bodyguards followed behind. The bodyguards walked ahead carrying a big box in which a great amount of money was put inside.

When the two sides were checking their goods and money, Carmen walked to Jay, holding him gently, and said softly, "Alva, I want to travel with you when we finish this deal. I have never been to the Aegean Sea before, and I want to go there with you."

However, Jay gave his whole attention to those men not far away from him. He was waiting for a proper opportunity, so he just boggled and asked, "You have been to many places before, but why didn't you go to the Aegean Sea since you always wanted to go there?"

"It is because I think the Aegean Sea is a holy place, and I think I am not qualified to be such a pure place," replied Carmen, leaning in his arms and looking into his eyes. "But I want to go there with my beloved since I got to know you," added Carmen softly.

Jay was startled as he heard this from Carmen since he didn't expect she would take him as her beloved. Jay was about to say something to lighten the atmosphere, but he found those people had already started their deal. Without any hesitation, Jay crushed the tracker hidden in his wrist. In the next second, the special police broke into the warehouse with guns. "Don't move. Stay there. Hands up," shouted the police.