

## Enchanted 720

Then he offered to let Fredrick treat Irish as soon as possible.

In fact, he had no good feelings for Fredrick, let alone trust him. He knew exactly what Fredrick wanted to do to Irish. But at present, Fredrick is her mentor of Irish, and he knows Irish best. Therefore, if possible, he would let Fredrick intervene to treat Irish.

Unexpectedly, Fredrick was embarrassed. He told him that it had to be fully cooperated by Irish. Moreover, more importantly, Irish's memory was like Pandora's box. Once he opened it, a bad thing would take place. So he did not dare to open it because he did not know what would happen.

Joseph was puzzled and did not understand what he meant by what he called a bad thing.

"Maybe you don't understand that the human brain has a mechanism of self-protection, which controls the frequency of memory forgetting, but in fact, it is the embodiment of self-protection. Irish should have forgotten some things that the protection mechanism does not allow her to remember, but the subconscious will release the shadow of these things, affecting her. Think about it. Since it is a memory that is not allowed to be remembered, it must be painful, so I am afraid..."

Joseph understood what Fredrick meant.

But at the same time, he was also worried that the situation would haunt Irish.

Fredrick shook his head and said, "At least I can guarantee that she is healthy now. She just has a memory problem, not a mental condition. You know, as her mentor, I will be responsible for her situation, but as a spokesman for this industry, I also have the right to protect the secrets of the industry. So, you can ignore these conclusions." His finger clicked at the end of the report.

Joseph was more or less relieved.

He admitted that his behavior was despicable.

Fredrick only used conclusions that outsiders might see to maintain his status in the industry, while he used Fredrick's handwriting to force Irish into submission.

He knew very well that, according to Irish's professional background, she could know that she didn't have depersonalization, but the report had come out that she would have to accede to his request not to destroy her authority.

Perhaps she would ask Fredrick directly for an inquiry, but it didn't matter, and he knew clearly that Fredrick would only talk to Irish. And that he would clarify the truth.

This was human nature.

Looking at the woman in front of him, Joseph was slightly confused. What secret was hidden in her little head?

Memory was tampered?

These words sound strange to the outside world, but for Joseph...

His pupils shrank, and when Irish got up, he regained his usual look.

Getting up, his tall body was a little unstable.

Irish had no choice but to come forward and help.

After he was drunk, he was quite heavy.

She was small, and she was even more unstable by his pressure. In this way, both of them fell on the sofa.

Joseph pressed her.

Her body was covered with the smell of his body and a faint smell of alcohol.

"Well, you..."

However, Joseph reached out. His slender fingers covered her eyebrows, gently rubbing. He stared at her and made a "hush" gesture.

She shut up and stared at him with vigilance.

"How much do you hate me, huh?" Joseph sighed on top of her head. His voice was low, as mellow as a cello over her ears.

Irish's heart was lifted strikingly, and she bit her lips. "Joseph, I'm going to bed. I'm sleepy."

She should answer his question with reason, but somehow she could not say it, though she hated him at the thought of what he had done on the island.

Maybe it was too late at night. Or maybe, he was drunk.

She admitted that she had a soft heart.

Joseph did not seem to want to wait for her answer, and his rough thumb moved down her eyebrows. His handsome face pressed down close to her, and his thin lips seemed to sweep through her nose bridge and then gently touch her lips. He said in a low voice, "But no matter how much you hate me, you are mine."

At the end of the speech, his kiss fell.

Without the coldness she imagined, he accidentally gently touched her lips and teeth in drunkenness. He tempted her to open the teeth for him. His kiss gradually became deeper and more passionate, and finally, he became more greedy.

Drunk men were dangerous and passionate.

His breath was a little cold, mixed with alcohol, which made her forget to resist for a moment.

By the time she reacted, his tongue had gone into her mouth for a long time.

Irish felt her scalp tight and her hands against his thick chest, but even so, she could clearly feel his desire.

That thing was standing up against her.

And it made her belly hurt. Then, when the chest was slightly cold, Irish was panting. Inadvertently the scene of the night of Valentine's occurred to her. Her breathing was suddenly haste, and she began to struggle.

Joseph was clearly stronger than her. The big hand wrapped her two wrists, whose strength was restrained, but it still succeeded in clamping her hand on her breast and fixing it to her head.

His cheek pressed down, and he said gently beside her ear. "Don't force me to be rude to you."

The hot breath burned her, and her slender body twitched gently.

Joseph raised his eyes, staring at her. The yellow light failed to light his eyes, which were still deep as night. His eyes were like a vast starry sky, ethereal and lonely. Clearly, he was drunk, but not too much.

His breath swept through her nasal bones, and her skin was a little itchy.

"I want to love you. I do, but I don't know how I would trust you." His lips were close to hers.

He always wanted to love her with all his heart, hug her with all his strength, and take care of her.

Irish's heart was pierced with pain.

She didn't know if it was because of his eyes or his words.

Just as she hesitated, his lips fell again,

gently tasting her slightly stretched lips, depicting her perfect lips and the tip of her cool tongue repeatedly. Her tongue was soft like a jelly, which palpitated him.

Her silence saddened his heart. In the few days on the island, he had also not been good at all.

But at the same time, he was angry at her deceit and coldness. He was irritated that he had been a chess piece used by her to achieve her goal in life. He was even angrier at her indifference and vigilance.

She looked at him. His eyes were full of impatience and tension.

Was this the woman he wanted to love with all his heart?

He did not understand. He had paid so much, and why, in the end, could he not make her a little moved?