

Enchanted 413

Joseph only then understood.

"The purpose of your mention of this is..."

"As you have said, some situations are better if dealing with them directly, and I would like to help you." Joseph pointed to the glass. "Try to have a drink, and maybe you will be better."

Irish stared at the glass for a long time.

Seeing the situation, Joseph took the glass again and handed it over to her. She reached for the glass's feet. The magnificent red wine flashed before her eyes like floating light, and she closed her eyes tightly, then opened them, shaking her head, "If you want to help, then you'll cost."

Joseph did not understand.

She went to the wine counter and picked up two bottles of wine and waved and picked up two bottles of wine and waved at him, "If they were all priceless."

Joseph was so clever that he soon realized what she was going to do. He went up and opened both bottles of wine in her hands without saying anything. He opened more than a dozen bottles, looked at her, and said. "Enough."

Irish bit his teeth, holding red wine but hesitated again, "I think that's expensive."

Joseph chuckled, carrying four bottles of wine to the pool, closing the water, and pouring the whole bottle of wine into the pool. Red wine and pool water merged together, like a beautiful thing wandering in the water, quickly diluted by the pool and disappearing. Immediately Joseph poured the second bottle, the third bottle...

Later, Irish also joined in.

When all the water in the pool was red, Irish seemed to be able to hear the creaking sound of her teeth. She held Joseph's arm and stared at the huge pool, all red with red wine, and she swallowed saliva. "It's popular to have a red wine bath these days, but I haven't heard of any red wine swimming pool. How much does it cost?"

Joseph stood behind her, his hands on her waist, laughing, "Silly woman, money is no longer important if you can solve problems with money."

"I'm afraid you're wasting your money, but my problem hasn't been solved." She stood by the pool and looked down at the red water. It was more spectacular than the day Cassie tried to slit her wrists and kill herself.

The smell of wine and the air flowing around her formed a strange feeling, but it became a place of fear in her eyes, turning around and holding Joseph closely, though she was a psychological consultant. But who prescribed a psychological counsellor's psychology to have no problem at all? Who prescribed the psychological construction of counselors so strongly? If this was the case, then the counsellor didn't need a mentor.

"You can't solve it, or do you run away from it?" Joseph asked in her ear.

Irish just shook her head gently. "Then, as you just said, face it directly." Joseph pulled her apart gently, loosening her hand, slowly said the words, and pushed her with his big hand. The next second, the body of Irish, like a butterfly with broken wings, screamed and fell into the pool.

When she came into contact with the water, she was surprised to see thousands of flickers, and a large amount of red water splashing, stained with Joseph's casual shirt, but he stood by the pool, quietly watching the moment when Irish fell into the water.

The voice of Irish's cry almost overturned the whole swimming pool because suddenly, she was pushed down by Joseph without much time to think about it. Physiologically, she had already rescued herself. She drank a few big mouthfuls of something that was wine or water. Choking to cough, she finally subconsciously plopped to the pool and tightly pulled the armrest to react, facing Joseph, who was still standing next to the pool, roaring. "Are you crazy? You will kill me!"

But Joseph smiled. "My brother learned to swim when he was three years old. Do you know how he learned it?"

Irish gazed at him with her lips closed, looking at his complacency and self-confidence, eager to bite his throat. Joseph also knew that her mind was not there. Her eyes were filled with anger, as beautiful as red wine in the pool. The smile on his lips expanded, rippling into the depths of his eyes, but he gave her a cruel and rational answer. "I taught him some swimming skills and then threw him into the deep lake, and he knew it."

The whole body of Irish was in the pool, her shirt had been soaked, and her whole body was red with blood, and the red wine in the pool had made her skin more delicate and attractive, but after hearing Joseph's words, her hair even stood up, and she stared at him unimaginably. This is the second time he has mentioned his brother on his own initiative. She didn't expect him to be so cruel to his brother!

To face it directly proved to be the most effective way for psychologists to deal with some symptoms.

But Irish paid all her attention to Joseph's remarks about his initiative to mention his younger brother. Then, half-soaked in the so-called wine pool, staring at Joseph with astonishment as he walked around the pool towards her, her eyes looked at him for a moment.

"The most direct way is for adults, your brother is only three years old. Are you too cruel and harsh? From a psychological point of view, he will develop a water-weary mood and adverse psychology."

"As a matter of fact, when I was three years old, I didn't enjoy his comfortable living." Joseph sat down and looked down at Irish in the pool. She was a bathing beauty like a flower, dazzling his eyes.

"Sure enough, everyone in this society is ill, more or less abnormal. Even in the upper class, Mr. Dover has psychological problems."

Irish was still a little angry about his sudden push, so her words were slightly attacking, and the biased target was Joseph's brother. "I think you are jealous. Your brother was three years old. At that time, you weren't too old," she said, "From the child psychology point of view, most children will subconsciously resist their brother or sister. Some children in the dream even implicitly kill their brother or sister, and

you? The famous Mr. Dover was the most direct extrovert. I don't think you want to teach him to swim, and you want to drown him because you hate him."