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It grunted while the hands also loosened a little.

Irish took the chance and attacked again, holding its head and punching its head.

It screamed again and pushed her away.

"Who are you?" Irish roared. When she saw it first, she thought that it was really a ghost until it pinched her throat and she grabbed the inner part of its arm, she felt warmth although its finger was bitterly cold. But it meant that it was human instead of a real ghost.

The "ghost" found that things were beyond control and was going to escape, while Irish rushed and followed behind.

He desperately opened the door but found Irish locked it, so he took the fruit knife from the table and rushed over to her. Irish screamed but soon jumped aside but accidentally hit the windowsill, leading to severe pain for her.

The man failed to get her and then came forward again to attack her.

Footsteps sounded outside the door, and then some people began to slam the door.

But Irish couldn't rush to open the door but had to circle around with him. However, she felt severely dizzy, and then she couldn't avoid the knife timely and saw a cold light flashing in front of her eyes. She raised her hands to block it, and soon a smell of blood permeated her nose.

Someone finally opened the door at this crucial moment, and her familiar voice sounded, "Isabel."

The man with a knife in hand hesitated and then found things were in a bad way and then jumped out of the window.

Irish was shocked and then followed him to jump out without hesitation.

"Isabel," Joseph shouted, and he was almost driven crazy by her behavior. They were on the second floor, and it was a height that could cause a fracture.

The man fell heavily but struggled to climb up and limped forward. Irish was afraid that he would escape, so she also jumped from the second floor immediately. Therefore, when Joseph rushed to the window, Irish jumped down before he could catch her.

Seeing this, Joseph took off his coat and then jumped out in front of a group of people, leading to frantic screaming.

After she jumped down, her hands landed first, a skill she learned in rock climbing through years of practice, and she knew she couldn't let her knees touch down. Moreover, there was a ginkgo tree before the window, which served as a buffer because, during the process of falling down, her feet stretched out to the ginkgo trunk to slow down her speed, and then she clung to the trunk with her leg. She then jumped down with her hands landed, preventing her body from harm.

But when Joseph jumped down, he hung his coat on the branches of the tree so that he was buffed, and then he leaped down.

Therefore, when Irish was about to chase the man, Joseph had jumped down already, rushing the "ghost" before Irish stood up.

Henry's loud voice sounded on the second floor, "Go downstairs to catch him."

Irish stood up slowly but felt exhausted and knelt on the ground with her wrist bleeding. The wound was deep, but she couldn't feel pain at that moment.

A group of people soon went out, and then she heard Henry's voice faintly. He pulled her up, clenching her arms, and soon she heard that he shouted, "Call our family doctor. Hurry up! My daughter is wounded. Hurry!"

Hearing that, her nose twitched immediately.

"Isabel, are you okay? It's dad's fault. I shouldn't let you get involved in it." He was frightened by her bleeding wrist, and he said with a tremulous voice.

Irish felt dizzy, as if her legs were filled with lead.

But soon, a screaming nearby sounded that startled her. She mumbled while shivering, "Joseph...Joseph."

The first thought in her mind was that something had happened to him, so she pushed Henry away and struggled to move forward. She staggered while Henry hastily followed her. Ruby and other servants also ran to them.

When Irish finally ran to a lighted place, she then saw clearly that it was the "ghost" who was screaming and was pressed down on the ground by Joseph.

Seeing that, the servant all rushed to help Joseph while Joseph finally found that she was in a bad situation and hastily held her before she passed out.

Irish leaned on him exhaustedly, looking up at him, cracking a small smile, and said with a weak voice, "You are safe. I am so worried about you."

"Isabel." Joseph pulled off his tie, wrapping her wounds, and his handsome face distorted that looked so anxious.

Irish exerted herself to swivel, and when the light was on, she heard everyone cry out in alarm, "Oh, my god! It's Joie."

"Beat him hard!" Joseph roared.

All the people were stunned by Joseph, but they did not dare to disobey Joseph and began kicking.

"Don't....." Irish couldn't hear what Joseph talked to her but saw his forbidding serenity faintly on his face. She tried her best to mumble, "Don't hurt him."

She gradually felt pain while consciousness lapsed her.

She didn't know how long she had slept but felt terribly tired, as if she had crossed the mountains for a long time.

She saw many people when she was in a coma as well as the stone-paved small town, the white lanterns swaying in the wind.

There was a small kid who took her hands and kept running, and then she tumbled while the people chasing after them behind rushed to them soon.

The small boy bolstered up, but his arm was stabbed, and the blood was flowing. She cried out of fear while he shouted at her, "Go! Hurry up!"

It soon transferred into another scene where there was a snow-capped peak, and she was in the middle of the mountain, smiling at the figure not far away from her, but the rope was broken in the following second.

However, she didn't feel aggrieved and even felt she was wrapped in warmth. She opened her eyes in the dream and found she was leaning on a sturdy chest, but she couldn't see his face. However, she felt secure and giggled while asking, "Adam, will you love me forever?"

"Then will you love me forever?" The man asked her.

"Yes, as long as you love me forever, I will always be with you,"

Somehow, she felt a little sorrowful after hearing this.

The mist in front of her was aggravated, and she seemed to see another face. It was Joseph who looked anxious and called her softly, and then Leo showed up in front of her. "Wake up." He said to her, but when she struggled to open her eyes, Jordan showed up and asked her slovenly, "Hey, are you dead?" He asked while pushing her with his hand suddenly.

Irish screamed, opening her eyes abruptly. It was sunny outside the window while a featurely face was pressing her. She widened her eyes, screaming in the following second.

Jordan, who sat beside the bed hastily covered his ears, and leaped away, roared at her, "What the hell is wrong with you? You didn't even yell when you saw a ghost, but why are you frightened by men?"