

Enchanted 539

However, what aroused more reverie among netizens was the question of what he was doing while taking pictures, which was of the greatest concern to the public.

Tens of thousands of "professional analysts" popped up at once, most of whom came to the unanimous conclusion that the two were working under the blanket.

How did they see that?

According to some analysis of the picture of Joseph's muscle hyperactivity and his emotional side of the face, he was doing that.

Some people also denied the argument, as mentioned above, thinking that Joseph was just entering. The reason for this analysis was that Irish, whose expression was painful and happy, and her open lip shape should show that she was struggling to bear the invasion of a force, and it must be sudden, which she had expected.

Some joked that Joseph's posture could tell his weapon must be big and gave the most professional visual distance analysis ever made.

Once these analyses were launched, they triggered a flood of admiration. Some people called Irish wanton while they envied and hated her luck.

Of course, there were even worse things to hear. For example, many anonymous users directly entertained themselves with their imaginations of the enchanting figure of Irish or even asked obscene words, "Doctor Irish, how about spending a night with me?"

And the media following the trend was relatively systematic, which comprehensively interpreted the relationship of the Lake. Not only did they hype the marriage between Joseph and Ruby, but they also focused on the understanding that Joseph and Irish were the relationships between the brother-in-law and his sister-in-law. Then they pulled Britney White in, so Ruby, Irish Lake, Britney White, and Joseph, three women and one man dominated the headlines.

The hands of the media always dug deep, and Irish, the sister-in-law of Joseph, began to be reduced to be a focus, followed by the next step to dig deep into the history of Henry Lake.

Avoiding and not responding to any media problems was always Lake's attitude toward the media.

So the media also learned that. As soon as the incident came to light, their eyes were fixed on the female protagonist Irish, who was like a fly around her, intending to adopt the policy of "getting a goal in a roundabout way." And they used the title of Henry Lake's "illegitimate daughter."

It was marked with time, and it was the time that pushed Irish completely into the moral lowland because the photo had been taken just before Joseph and Ruby broke up.

With her head drooping, on the sofa, and holding a pillow tight, she looked pale and thin, her pointed chin resting on the pillow, and her eyes glazed away.

She still couldn't remember how she came out from the Runestone, and when it hit her eyes, she was amazed and then frightened, and that feeling solidified and surrounded her.

She did not have the strength to refute the criticisms, nor did she have the energy to care about the glances of her colleagues. The only thing she felt was chills and agony.

She could not remember why Professor Tim had called her to the office. In short, she would not go to the Linkus again these two days because many reporters were in front of them.

Just vaguely remembering that when she came out of the office, Cheska, who had come to deliver the documents, said to her in disdain, "Dr. Irish, you don't have to be so anxious to roll in the bed with your brother-in-law without waiting for him to be single again. Is it good to have an affair?"

At that moment, she could not retort because she finally understood that even if Joseph and Ruby had clarified their relationship, and even if they claimed to be in a fake marriage, everyone would still think she was Joseph's sister-in-law.

She became a trapped beast and could not escape this strange circle.

The thick curtains concealed the light outside the window, and nothing was left of insight rather than darkness.

The living room was shrouded in silence, and the breath was audible.

And the sound of Cassie's striking the computer keyboard made the living room quieter.

After a long time, Cassie sighed, saying, "These people would like to start to search you, see, your graduate school and the college you studied abroad have been found, and your student ID."

She sat against Irish, holding her laptop in her arms and frowning at the end of her speech.

Irish's eyes looked like a rusty spring, drier, looking at the computer. When she saw one of the dirty messages, she became pale, breathed quickly, and rushed into the bathroom.

Cassie put the computer on the sofa, shuffling slippers, and ran into the bathroom.

Irish almost spits out her bile. She didn't eat much and vomited all the sour water in her stomach.

Cassie naturally felt hurt but was not afraid of dirtiness. She came up to tap her back and extracted some tissue to wipe her mouth. Irish finally emptied her stomach, and then she poured a mouthwash into Irish.

Mia stood in front of the bathroom, anxious. Finally, Cassie called Mia to pour a cup of tea for Irish to drink.

Five minutes later, Irish leaned against the wall and sat down, lifting her hand powerlessly, trying to pull up the long, scattered hair, but she did not succeed several times. Seeing that, Cassie took the hair clasp, quickly helping her tie her long hair, and said with indignation, "These men have big fucking mouths. If I know who did it, I'll kill him!"

Irish felt her lips numb and could not speak a word.

Cassie helped her sit back on the sofa and sighed. She knew that when Irish met with extreme panic, it would lead to vomiting. She had this problem because when Irish was a child, she fell off a tree and

began to vomit with fright, according to Mary. Cassie had asked about her. She did not remember but admitted that she had this problem.

So Cassie knew that at this moment, Irish was afraid to the extreme.

After a long time, Irish said a few words in a hoarse voice, powerless, "There are reporters downstairs?"

Cassie went to the window and slightly opened the thick curtains, taking a look, and she said with anger. "Do the media not need a rest or to eat? So long it has been, and they are still waiting!"