

Enchanted 651

If you peeled off the sweet candy paper of memory and tasted its bitterness, then everything would be meaningless.

"I won't take any of your things, including those you bought for me," Irish replied indifferently in an aloof attitude and drew back her eyes from the white orchid screen.

Joseph looked even drearier with his hand clenching. "Those I bought for you all belong to you."

Irish shook her head after hearing that. She had too many things to take, and she didn't like to take anything of him since they had broken up.

Joseph said nothing.

Though she stood with her back facing him, it was easy for her to feel an unnamed pressure that made her feel suffocated. She could feel his faint, woody fragrance whenever he got closer to her. But it was like a rope that tied her tightly.

She hastily walked away from him, holding a box to collect those doohickeys in the living room. Everything had been packed

into the box, except for that karma angel, standing alone as an abandoned child.

It was unnecessary to take the doll since they had no love.

Soon Joseph's voice sounded behind, "I can leave the key to you."

Irish stopped for a second, turning back to him, and was confused by his words since she couldn't figure out why he had changed his mind abruptly.

Through the faint afterglow, his eyes looked profound and sad, with dim light flickering that shocked her somehow. He gazed at her face and said word by word, "As long as you can return to me."

Irish almost stopped breathing when she heard it and her eyes also trembled slightly. When he said that to her, he looked composed, but she heard clearly. His eyes were firm, and it seemed he was not joking with her.

She pressed down her panic, smiling sarcastically, and then replied, "I won't be with you anymore. I have told you that it is just a game for equal exchange between us, so I would never be back to you."

After finishing her words, she accelerated her movement to pack things.

However, his footsteps sounded behind her, with obvious aggression and danger. Before she could react, her waist was held by his strong arms. She panted, and soon she was spun around by him.

"You...." As soon as she glared at his cold eyes, and before she could respond, he lowered his head and kissed her.

Irish resisted violently, and he held her so tight that she couldn't move at all. He kissed her angrily, almost smashing her lips while his hands held her, constantly shaking her head, his cold and slender fingers pressing against her face.

His tongue tried to slip into her mouth, so Irish had to repress his lips to stop him, which irritated Joseph. He tightened his hand, grabbing the backside of her head which brought severe pain to her. She couldn't help panting, but he seized the chance and slipped his tongue into her mouth.

"No...." She tried her best to make a faint sound, but soon it vanished in his mighty kiss. He was so overbearing to capture every inch of her mouth and even hurt her tongue. Her eyes filled with tears soon, and her heart almost broke.

The man's breath spread into her mouth, and she could feel his gruff breath. His body was rigid as a steel plate, and she couldn't move but be held tightly in his arms forcibly.

Her head leaned forward forcibly, and she felt that her neck was sore, but it seemed that he didn't intend to stop, so she had to take the initiative to fight back. Irish bit his lips abruptly while Joseph snorted and soon pushed her away, staring at her with his scary, profound eyes. The blood was flooding from his lips.

Though she felt grieved, it was not enough to suppress her panic. Somehow a bad hunch surged up from her heart, like the ivy covering her whole heart.

She was a little afraid of him at this moment, and an unnamed fear occurred to her.

He stood there blankly, and the haze in his eyes overwhelmed her. He stood still, allowing the blood streaming while his lips pressed into a thin line, forming a sharp arc with his well-defined chin. His backbone was rigid and stiff.

"I have told you I have never fallen in love with you. Why do you still act like this? You have your life, and I just want to live a peaceful life. Is it very difficult to understand?" Irish was indignant and raised her voice so as to release her growing panic.

Joseph's eyes turned chilly, and his coldness was like breaking into the air since her hair could feel the coldness of the floating air.

Irish dared not to look into his eyes, and her panic drove her to give up and continue to pack her things. She stepped to the couch, pressing her fear, and said hastily, "You can deal with my things as you want."

She was about to abandon all of her things in this house.

But when she walked quickly and walked past Joseph, she felt a cold airflow at her neck, and as soon as she turned back to him, she saw that he raised his arms abruptly.

Irish felt a pain in her neck, and before she could make a sound, she passed out and lost consciousness.

Joseph stepped forward and held her soft body.

"Isabel, you forced me to do that." He murmured.

In Florida

A gunshot disrupted the messy market, and foreigners, locals, and some illegal immigrants were all rushing out in the chaos. Among the crowd, a beautiful woman grabbed the man's hands; her face turned pale out of fear.

"Alva, what should we do? The policemen are here." The woman looked panicked as she ran to an alley with the man.

"Follow me." The young man took the woman's hands tightly and looked around cautiously to watch out for the police.

There was a siren whistling, followed by the car. All of the policemen were armed with ammunition.

At the other end of the alley, Kevin assumed personal command there, monitoring the entire course of the whole arrest process. He ordered after for a long while, "Lenard, Jay was on the other end of the alley. You have to outflank, but you have to watch out and don't hurt him."

As soon as he finished his words, Lenard's voice sounded, "Copy that."

Jay hid in the alley while the woman was shivering beside him, her hand grabbing him tightly. "Alva, we can't escape this time, right?" She asked him with a trembling voice.

"You have to seize the chance and run away."

"But how about you?" The woman was shocked by his words.

"Don't worry about me." Jay took out the gun while talking with her.

The woman was stunned since the footsteps of the police were getting closer to them.