

Enchanted 660

Make yourself beautiful?

Fuck!

Irish mercilessly cursed in her heart, and expected to call her name every day! But facing the possibility that only this woman might be able to help her get out of this place, Irish let her chatter, and finally begged her to ask for the police.

After listening to her pleading, she looked at her with the eyes of a stranger. After a long time, she said to her, "Don't be discontented in life, sir brought you here to keep you well."

But Irish insisted that she had been kidnapped and illegally imprisoned.

At Irish's insistence, Jessica seemed to be very helpless, and she asked Irish, "Don't you know the owner of this villa?"

Irish didn't say anything.

Jessica's tone was restored to a consistent tone, and said, "You eat and drink well. You have been here for more than a month and do not lack arms and legs, and you are not tied. How can you say you are being kidnapped?"

Irish retorted that she was restricted from her freedom.

Irish felt even more ridiculous, and asked, "Can I say that I have been illegally imprisoned? As a matter of fact, it is impossible for you to go shopping anytime and anywhere like being in New York."

Irish was so angry that she threatened her directly, saying that if she didn't call the police, she would start beating her.

Jessica was old enough to get threatened, saying, "If you think it can relieve your anger, then I have no problem."

Irish was speechless, because she had never seen such a strange nanny, and finally asked, "Do you think this situation is normal?"

Jessica answered, "I've been in many rich families and have seen strange things. Miss Irish, to tell you the truth, it's the easiest job I've ever had, and you're the best person to get along with."

Irish was helpless.

She finally understood how strong Jessica's psychology was trained.

So Irish became silent.

She knew that in such an environment, no one could help her, only herself. She slept quietly, got up, ate, and watched the scenery, which became the only way she would pass the day.

No longer as aggressive and no longer smashing, Irish went to bed at 10:00 PM. and got up at seven in the morning, keeping the best physiological sleeping time ever.

Then she would watch TV, have lunch, and then go to the beach for a walk. At first, she stayed outside a little longer when Jessica was still watching her, and then she said to her, "I can't swim, and I can't grow wings. Do you have to stare at me?"

She also felt that Irish could not get out of this island, so she allowed her to go for a walk every day after lunch. The days went by until Valentine's Day, which was said by Jessica.

Irish had no expectations for Valentine's Day, at least this year because, in this isolated island, there was no atmosphere. She had planned to spend it with her aunt, but she thought it was all in vain.

To Irish's surprise, helicopters soon came and brought a lot of things, lots of food, and colorful lights.

She knew that these helicopters were coming in to deliver fresh ingredients. The island had a rich diet, ranging from ingredients for cooking all kinds of Chinese food to Western-style meals, black truffles, foie gras, truffles, sea cucumbers, and other ingredients. She could feel that they are all the freshest and most expensive.

Only, the delivery of food was many times more than usual, and there were a lot of things she could not name.

The villa seemed to be crowded.

There were also a few more helpers. She did not know which country they were from and saw that they were working to decorate the house, which made Irish startled.

When they left, Irish was startled that the villa had the flavor.

She felt that Jessica was not lying, and 80% chance of Joseph was coming.

Until one night.

Irish slept so restlessly, vaguely as if thunder had passed through the sky and thundered into her ears. She tried to open her eyes but felt as if they were glued, and her sleep was intertwined with the deep uneasiness of her heart.

At some point, she felt itching on her cheeks as if something had caressed her hair in front of her forehead. It was a soft touch with temperature. There was a familiar breath, like the real one, but also like being in a dream.

Irish woke up and unexpectedly, the next second she saw a dark shadow sitting beside her bed, she screamed unconsciously, "Who are you?"

In the dark, the figure was silent.

But suddenly she knew who it was.

Even if he did not speak, his figure and light wood fragrance had also exposed his identity!

The back of Irish was tightly attached to the head of the bed, and her breathing began to accelerate.

The thunder rolled out of the window, and then a sharp lightning burst into the air, which almost lit up the night sky, and the face of the man sitting beside the bed was clearly reflected.

Soon after the lightning and thunder passed, it began to rain.

The rain came quickly and quickly as if something had suddenly opened a hole in the sky. The heavy rain poured down and the bean-like rain hurriedly hit the window, stirring the hearts and minds of the people.

He, Joseph, came.

Heavy rain brought tremendous pressure, and thin air and people became restless because oxygen was lacking.

So quietly he sat by the bed and looked at her, as quiet as a ghost.

The bedside lamp was not turned on and the light out of the window was turned off.

There was only a faint light in the rain, but it was obscured by the veil. But, even in the dark, Irish could feel Joseph's eyes staring at her, as cold as rain, as cold as frost on a mountain, without any emotion.

Irish's body became stiff and cold. She tightened her warning and was as alert as a hedgehog. Gradually, after her eyes had completely adapted to the darkness, she glared at him and wanted to tear him up.

Joseph did not reach out to turn on the light, and he seemed very satisfied with her anger. A long time later, a long arm stretched, slender fingers pinched her chin, and he said in a low voice, "You recover well."

On his way to the island, he imagined Irish's appearance in his mind, pale, haggard, and even silent like a ragged doll.

But coming to the island, when he couldn't wait to get to the bedroom, he saw a completely different Irish from his imagination.

She slept very quietly.

Her face was a little pale, but she was not losing weight. She should have just taken a shower and had a touch of bath liquid on her body. Before they used the same brand of bath liquid, although he hated it and threw it away, he could not help but send the bath liquid to the island.

He didn't know what he was looking for and perhaps all he could catch was a touch of familiarity.