

Enchanted 662

The deeper the rainy night, the cooler.

The rain grew heavier, and finally, it poured, and then it turned into a hailstorm.

The strength of Joseph's hand on her arm as he said aggravated.

Irish only felt the pain in her arm would make it about to break away from her body. She seemed to hear the crackling of the bones, and the cold words of the man pierced her eardrum, and she could only stick her cheek tightly against the glass. The pearl-like hail hit on the glass, and her face could feel the shock of impact.

The glass made her clavicle ache, she could not move, and Joseph's anger had the effect of tearing her bone up.

Then, the warm blood on the glass met with the rapid cooling of the glass, and could not flow, condensing together like the red plum.

The wound in her neck, though not deep, had been bleeding.

The blood remaining in the wound was more seeped by her attempts to struggle, a trace of it trickling down and clinging to her nervous and undulating chest.

Her skin was snowy, and her blood was redder and glaring.

"Joseph, you are breaking the law!" She was weaker than him coupled with a full month's imprisonment, which was enough to destroy her energy and spirit, and Joseph was so aggressive that anyone who was trapped in such a place would almost collapse.

She was losing her strength too, leaving only the strength to bite hard.

Joseph laughed at the remark, and with a tall body attached to her, bent his head, "It's ridiculous to say the law out of your heartless woman's mouth, tell me. The law? Do you think anyone outside the world would believe that Joseph will hold a woman prisoner?"

There was a fire in her eyes, and the only thing that could be done was glare.

Apparently, Joseph was dissatisfied with her eyes, and the frown had just retreated unpleasantly, and gradually, the coldness came out from the bottom of his eyes, and it was like a rainy night outside.

Once upon a time, he believed the feeling showed in her eyes and watched her with warmth, and his heart melted every time her eyes fell upon him.

He had always thought that her eyes choked him, and never thought that one day her eyes would be filled with disgust and anger.

This anger was more than every evil word.

"You've been so angry for a month, Irish. You're a hell of a bitch." He lifted his lips, but no smile in his eyes, only with one hand to clamp her two wrists, freeing one hand slowly to open his tie.

"Do you know that the deer in the forest does not know at first that it is in danger when it approached the food bait, and it is brazenly brave before the lion that ready to devour it, and then when it was eaten by the predator, the remaining every generation of the deer remember who they can't mess with? In the same case, it takes experience to understand what should be done and what cannot be done. Let me tell you tonight that even if you are angry you will have to give me a pleasant look. Those who can't control their anger will always have to be given a little lesson to remember.

Irish was cold, "Joseph, what do you want?"

Joseph did not answer, straining his tie to her wrists, and the expensive tie was made into a rope. With a strong force, he had her wrists strapped with it.

Irish didn't know what he was going to do, so she struggled with all her strength.

However, she was caught by his big hand, like an eagle holding chicken, and pushed open a grand door by the window.

Outside was a huge arched terrace. If someone usually came here for a holiday, it was an excellent view to look out from this position under the ease of elegance. That person could see the endless ocean of tile blue through the lush green, and if it was the afternoon of the summer, leisurely opening the door, leaning against the back chair, grinding a classic cup of espresso, breathing the mellow smell of the beans, and listen leisurely to the sound of the waves beating against the rocks.

Once in a while seagulls passed by, and made sounds from a distance when flying above the sea. Life here was called living in paradise.

But it was not the same tonight.

It was a cold rainy night, and even a hailstorm had been turned from raindrops, and when the door was opened, the black veil, which was more than six meters high was blown open and lifted high, which was spectacular as the wind of the night rain drifted away in the air.

Joseph even pushed her out. Irish's feet twisted, and with a cry, she fell on the pebbles laid on the terrace, whose size, color, and even shape here could not be much different, just for the sake of beauty and it could be imagined that every detail here was unique.

The pebbles were not trampled too much, not too smooth, and there was a lot of hail falling onto the pebbles, and when she fell to the ground, her knees were sore.

Joseph grabbed her and tied the other end of the tie directly to the edge of the terrace, which precluded her from jumping off the terrace.

Irish was fixed on the terrace, her white sleeping dress shrouded and she was like a witch who was about to be executed. The cold hailstorm struck her like a thousand little hammers falling into every corner of her body.

She tried her best to shout, angrily scolding Joseph.

But Joseph, cold to be cruel.

He did not close the door, standing more than a meter from her in the room, his hands in his trousers pocket, calm enough to look at her without a touch of humanity, and let her scold him under the hail, and his face never wavered.

The hail also swept into the bedroom, and wet his trousers, but he still did not move.

The wind blew hotly.

The black veil was dancing like a monster behind Joseph, making him grow colder and colder. Besides, he wore a black shirt, and the room was almost no lights.

So, looking from Irish point of view, Joseph really became a Satan who came to search for life. The night was deep, the veil was black, and the hail was colder than his eyes. Yes, he was asking for her life, for his child's sake. But who was she going to ask for life?

He was the real culprit!