

Enchanted 665

She had to admit she was afraid of what he had been looking like last night, but in any case, she would not bow to him!

The other side of the bed was empty, but from the additional pillow, it could be seen that Joseph was sleeping beside her last night. Shuddering, Irish touched the pillow and remembered the torture of his finger again between her legs.

It even left a wood incense smell.

Very light. But it was his breath that was tickling her earlobe, reminding her how he defeated her defense mechanism.

She noticed the mechanical watch he used to wear on the bedside table, and the tick was coming from the beating sound of the pointer, but the room was so quiet that she could hear the watch moving.

She had put on clean pajamas, and cotton, and was very soft.

Someone knocked on the door. With alert eyes, Irish's body was attached to the head of the bed, who quickly raised her guard line.

It was Jessica who came in.

There was no fuss when she saw Irish was already awoken, turning a blind eye to her pale face, she went straight to the window, drawing the curtains, and letting the sun rush to the windowsill.

"Miss Irish, come downstairs and have lunch when you're done cleaning your face. Before Sir went out, he told me that I had to keep an eye on you for lunch."

Jessica's words made Irish shiver, catching her last words, "Before going out? He... He's not in the villa right now?"

"Sir went out on business this morning."

Irish's brain was running fast, her fingers trembling with excitement after hearing that Joseph went out to work.

There must be a way out of this island!

The island was very quiet, and time seemed to have stopped in this place, without the noise of the city, and had not been busy every day like the pressure of the gyroscope, where only the sound of whispering was heard between the birds, flowers, and trees.

After lunch, it was time to walk again.

But this time, instead of walking aimlessly, she sat quietly on the beach, staring at the wide open waters near her.

At the foot was the fine white sand, which was clean enough not to be stamped.

The calm sea winded, purely reflected the blue sky, as deep as sapphire.

Everything was calm.

Sitting quietly on the white sand, Irish was thinking.

After learning that Joseph had gone out of the house, she did not show much emotion in front of Jessica. When she washed as quietly as before, she saw that the wound on her neck had been affixed with a Band-Aid. It was very thin and almost impalpable. She looked at herself in the mirror for a long time and the Band-Aid.

Then she quietly ate, and then went out at the time that had been used by Jessica.

A few days before she was sent to the island, she vented all her grievances, and then, after she had calmed down, she began to familiarize herself with the island's environment and location.

However, in the absence of signal location, Irish, who had been not interested in geography, could not accurately locate herself most scientifically, and could only preliminarily judge according to several obvious features.

The temperature difference between day and night on this island was slightly larger. During this month, she found that the daytime temperature was about 25, so it was warm but not hot, and the sea breeze was soft and comfortable; at night, it was about ten degrees, and the beach got cooler, like last night, which should be cooler.

There were no heating or cooling facilities in the villa, which meant it wouldn't be too hot, and now it was the beginning of the year, which meant it wouldn't be too cold. She also carefully observed the villa at other times. The main material of the villa was made of good insulation material, mainly wood and steel, thus ensuring the temperature inside the villa.

The villa was equipped with solar and wind energy, and all the energy needed in the villa came from the conversion of natural energy, it was a very advanced conversion. At the very least, Irish did not feel cold in the villa, and there were plenty of hot water resources in the bath, and Jessica could also use natural energy to make delicious meals, and the fountains and garden watering equipment in the villa were all derived from the conversion of energy sources.

In other words, there were only a few places where the huge villa could use electricity.

This required the most demanding condition for the temperature and light of the island, which clearly fitted. Irish was quietly pondering how Joseph had left.

For nearly half a month she had not looked at the topography of the island, only to find, in despair, that the most convenient means of transportation was plane and ship, while the car was nowhere to be found. She was sure it was surrounded by the sea.

So, when she calmed down, she thought, if Joseph really left, he would take on a helicopter.

She extrapolated two points: first, Joseph's watch was still on the bedside table, which showed that he did not want to go far and that he should be back in the evening; second if Joseph was on land, there was still a place on the island where she had not found it. So, could she possibly find a way out in just a couple of hours?

The answer was no.

Let's not say how long it would take her to find a place to stay. Take Jessica, for example, if she didn't see her back for more than three hours, she would ask someone to look for her. Besides, after last night, she was very weak. The distance from the villa to the beach wobbled her, not to mention finding a way out.

Even though she could find a way out, Joseph would be back by that time, and she could not take the risk.

After sitting on the beach for more than an hour, Irish got up and dragged her aching body toward the jungle.