

Enchanted 671

After Joseph finished writing, he handed her the paper.

Rosy looked at the number of addresses in New York, L.A., and other places. In short, it contained the addresses of many cities in the US.

She wondered, "These are..."

"This is where Leo often goes in various cities in the US, like clubs, bars, restaurants, hotels, and his residence. He is now in New York. You can check the New York address." Joseph, leaning back in his chair, played with his signature pen and said lightly.

Rosy was so excited and surprised again, "Oh, my God, how can you do that? That's awesome! All his movements are in your hands."

Joseph slightly raised eyebrows, "Not all, it just can be said only the most. In other words, he has some places I do not know. Just as he can't control all my whereabouts, at least he doesn't know the location of the island right now."

Rosy looked at him in surprise.

"Come here." Joseph threw the signature pen on the table, light commanding.

Rosy stepped forward, subservient to the man's imperceptible majesty.

Joseph, however, reached for her.

Blinking, unaware of what he was going to do, she put her hand on his big hand. He closed his fingers and took hold of her hand.

"Rosy, you've always been a smart girl, and I've always liked you as my sister." Joseph's tone was very serious, "Let's make an agreement today?"

He held Rosy's hand, but she felt that his big hand was very powerful. Somehow the woman downstairs would appear to be so scared if she had been held tightly by Joseph's big hand, she didn't even have a chance to breathe, did she?

"What's your agreement with me?"

"It's simple. You take this list, but only if you don't say anything about the island to Leo, including the location of the island." Joseph was straightforward.

Rosy thought, "Are you afraid of Leo finding her?"

"I just wish I could match you both. You're fit for him." Joseph, in silence, recaptured the words of control.

And then the simple Rosy got excited, "Really? I also think I fit him."

"So you can't mention the island and the woman downstairs, otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless." He said with a smile, a light tone, but it was more like a threat.

Rosy inadvertently gave a shiver, but the simple child followed with joy and nodded heavily. "Joseph, you can rest assured, I will never betray you."

"Well, that's a deal."

"That's a deal!" Rosy gave him a high five.

After the boatman had repaired the boat, Rosy began to get ready to set sail. She carefully collected the list written by Joseph and promised him that she would memorize it on the way and then destroy the pages.

Joseph praised her for assuring him that she would "destroy" the list he gave.

When she was about to go out, Rosy pointed to her clothes and asked, "This is her dress. Will Leo recognize it?"

"I bought this new one for her, and Leo never saw it."

Rosy was relieved.

Then she asked, "Can I have a pot of your coffee? I can't get that delicious coffee out there."

"What you've just done isn't like it is a good drink."

Rosy blushed after hearing Joseph's words and remembered the embarrassing state she had just made.

She had tasted food all over the world. But she couldn't help with a cup of coffee after she had finished her rose tea. It was unexpected that the coffee's fragrance was out of her imagination.

She couldn't help but taste it until she choked and sprayed it on Joseph, who was calling the boatman, so he had to put down the phone and quickly change his clothes.

Joseph's remark made Rosy more embarrassed, and she apologized again and again. Finally, Joseph just made a casual remark and asked Jessica to give Rosy two packs of new coffee beans from the villa and then sent her away.

When Rosy's boat could go smoothly, Joseph returned to the villa.

The TV in the living room was still on, and the pillow that had just been thrown on the carpet had been neatly put back in place by Jessica. As Joseph passed by, he thought again of the scene in which Irish had just rushed into the bathroom. He paused and stopped Jessica. "Where is she?"

Jessica respectfully replied, "Oh, Miss Irish just returned to the bedroom and laid down."

Looking for a moment, he said softly, "Ask the doctor to check her."

"I asked Miss Irish. She said she was fine and didn't want to see a doctor." The family doctor had a special place to live, not far from the villa.

Joseph looked upstairs and ordered a long time later, "Call the doctor."

Jessica nodded and immediately dialed the phone.

Joseph went upstairs.

Into the bedroom, the surrounding was dark, the lights were not turned on, the curtains were not completely tightened, and the moonlight poured in, leaving the room as white as silver. On the bed, there were slightly raised radiators. Joseph looked for a long time, and he felt even more strange.

The night was quiet.

It seemed that only the moonlight could be seen moving.

Through the moonlight, the bed was laid on a small figure, covered with the quilt, faintly huddling. Joseph's brows frowned, and he went to bed.

A long time later, he said, "Get up and get dressed. The doctor will be here at once."

There was no response in the bed. The woman's apathy made Joseph's eyebrow infected with displeasure. An inexplicable fire burned his heart, and anger jumped into his pupil. Finally, he couldn't bear it and said, "Get up quickly!"

He explained that he did not want to let her die so cheaply.

But Irish was still unresponsive.

Under the quilt was the motionless silhouette, cool as water, a few wisps of light splashing on the bed. Looking at the moonlight, Joseph felt suspicious, and the curtains were not drawn when he had just entered the bedroom to change his household trousers.

He knew Irish.

She couldn't sleep very well if the curtains weren't closed when she slept. It differed from Joseph, who had become accustomed to getting up early, sometimes as the day was still dark. The curtain was just a decoration to him, and it lost the function of shading the light. However, after Irish moved in and cohabited with him, he ordered the curtains to be remade, and all he chose was a good shading material.

But that night, there was the moon outside the window, and the curtains were wide open.

Joseph's eyes fell back to bed from the curtains. Irish was so quiet that making no movement, even the ups and downs of her breath. Joseph was shocked, and a thought flashed. Unwrapping the quilt, he was surprised to find that there were two pillows under the quilt.

Shit!

She was gone!