

Enchanted 677

He actually emphasized his authority from the very beginning, but she didn't figure out the implied meaning.

He was indeed good at controlling something fully as long as he liked. He could achieve his goal by using human nature, which was mystical and more complicated.

And now he made it.

Controlling someone like Rosy, who followed his order and sent her back, completely believed what he said.

And also, those men who kidnaped her showed a sense of vigilance to her.

Irish failed to push him away, but she wanted to try her best for the last time.

She could only seek help from that woman, though Joseph might have deluded her.

Thinking of that, she might be willing to help her. If Irish were in her shoes, who loved a man, she must have been willing to help a woman beside him to run away.

The reason was very simple. A woman's desire to occupy something prevailed.

She would help her rival, so she could be together with Joseph.

Irish darted her eyes at Rosy, began to speak, trying her best not to be excited, and begged, "Please help me. Please."

Rosy was her only hope. Although she hated Rosy so much, she had to admit that if Rosy's ship left, she would have to wait for the next good opportunity for a very long time unless Joseph was willing to let her go.

Rosy looked embarrassed.

"Please. It was not as what you have seen. I know it was wrong for me to hate your partnership, but I just did it for self-protection!" Irish looked at Rosy anxiously and added, afraid that she didn't believe it, "Joseph told a lie to you. Jessica can prove it!"

Rosy glanced at Joseph's cold face and then looked at Jessica.

Jessica was shocked and waved her hands to show disagreement, "Sorry. I don't know anything."

"Jessica, how dare you say that you didn't know anything? Actually, you have witnessed what he had done to me." Irish was now really anxious. Her only witness didn't help her.

She believed Jessica had seen what happened on the balcony that rainy night and seen how Joseph abused her; otherwise, she would not have warned her the following day.

However, Jessica shook her head and slowly said, "Irish, please just follow Mr. Dover's order and take a good rest, which is good for you."

"What!?" Irish couldn't believe what Jessica had said.

"Irish, it is suitable for you to have a rest here. Please do not torture yourself and follow what sir advises, okay?" Jessica expressed her feelings sincerely.

Actually, she felt so strange when she just came here.

Jessica was not an average nanny. What she had served before were all wealthy employers, and she had seen so many extraordinary things. But it was not until she came here that she knew it was really a paradise.

It was completely a small paradise where one could forget all the worries. Of course, it was unnecessary for her to be shocked. Among those employers, there were many who would like to buy an island for pleasure since they were so rich that they tried their best to invest more in their spiritual world.

But it was really her first time working on an island, so she couldn't understand why Irish hated such a beautiful place.

All the anxiousness and dullness Irish showed made Jessica perplexed, and she came here just because Irish injured the former nanny.

Working as Irish's nanny, she could directly report everything happening here to Joseph.

She could sense Joseph's care for Irish. He called almost every day and even twice or three times a day, so Jessica felt that Joseph loved Irish so much.

On the first day, when she came here, Joseph told her that Irish stayed here to have a good rest, so she needed to bear her bad temper.

Jessica had never met such a rich man who was so gentle and polite, even to a nanny.

At the very beginning, Jessica thought that Irish was Joseph's mistress, but Joseph returned and meant to spend Valentine's Day with Irish.

Jessica discarded her own prejudice after seeing Joseph's effort.

Thinking that if Irish were only his mistress, he would not have spent such precious time with her since Valentine's Day was such a significant day for lovers.

But the scene on the previous night was really confusing.

She didn't stay on the balcony that long but clearly saw Irish soaked in the rain while Joseph stared silently at Irish.

Jessica began to feel sorry for Irish as she heard Irish's words the following day.

But now all the worries disappeared when she knew that Irish had a mental illness, her doubts even faded away. Of course, such a kind man as Joseph shouldn't have let the rain torture Irish, but realizing how hard it would be for Joseph to control his emotion that night as Irish felt sick, he must also be helpless.

Looking at Irish today, who acted as a victim, she felt pity for her too.

Irish smugly stared at Jessica. She had never thought that Jessica would have no mercy for her.

Rosy, on the other hand, realized how pitiful Irish was, and she didn't want to pay attention to Irish's words anymore. She went on her ship hastily. She couldn't wait to see Leo, and she didn't want to be bothered by other irrelevant things. After all, she was not a psychoanalyst, and she had her own life.

In the end, Irish was pulled back to the villa.

It turned to be quiet again, superficially.

Joseph embraced her into the bedroom, and it was not until when they entered the bedroom that he turned cold and threw her onto the bed directly.

Irish bounced on the bed.

She groveled on the bed. She took a dull breath and stared at Joseph, gnashing her teeth, "asshole!"

His placid mind and calmness cheated everyone.

Irish really hoped that, at this moment, someone could come in and look at his scary facial expressions. She believed that as long as they saw such a scene, they would not believe his lies anymore.

She hated the fact that only she could witness his cruelty.

Joseph had no intention of untying her.

He just stood there and stared at her. His eyes were so dreadful in the complete darkness.

Having heard her curse, he lowered his head and propped up his hands on the head of the bed. Looking at Irish, he felt so much pain deep in his heart, like a sharp blade piercing strongly without any warning. How on earth do they end up like this when he believed he showered her his most enthusiastic affection?