

Enchanted 678

Irish didn't show her fragility, and she always got her head up even though she was in a disadvantageous situation.

"You can't do everything you want. Joseph, do you think you have all the right to abuse me after you bring me here?" She shouted angrily and sharply shot a disgusting look at him.

Joseph raised his hands and wrapped them to the back of her head. His low voice was just like the rain coming soon, "Need to be capable of letting you follow all my orders? Honey, you might have forgotten who I am."

Irish shook her head to get rid of his hands.

He suddenly made greater efforts and grasped her head tightly, which made Irish hard to breathe.

"Irish, do you think you have strong wings?" His face was so close to her that she could sense the coldness in his eyes. Finally, he said it word by word, "You should have an idea that I will not let you fly high. If you have wings, I will surely cut them off."

The war between Irish and Joseph was between arm and leg, and the result could be figured out easily.

Irish would rather be killed by Joseph so she could leave her pain and forget about him.

She couldn't understand why he tortured her this way since they broke up and were in such an awkward situation. Did he love her? Obviously, he hated her so much and only used her as a tool to take his revenge against Irish's father.

She would rather deal with the problem through fighting until her last drop of blood. Although she looked down upon men who hated women, in this case, she would also accept it if he was really seeking an outlet for his hatred. The fact that she's Henry's daughter could be considered reason enough for Joseph to destroy her from other people's perspectives.

She was looking forward to leaving this hell one day when he finally unleashed his anger. Could she stand longer with all his attacks until that day he grew tired? He just kidnapped her and made several attacks physically and mentally to undermine her strong will and hit on her pride.

He was always like a game designer being cold, sitting there and watching her desperate effort to escape. Her loneliness was clear evidence, yet Joseph chose to cage her.

A psychological test once said: An average person was exiled to a deserted place without human beings, or plants and animals. That was to say, he was the only creature in such a large place.

He was provided with enough water, and bountiful food had been made. So there was no need for him to do anything or work. He only had to stay in that particular place.

Three months later, he had a terrible mentality. While getting into modern society, he got abnormally sensitive and anxious, losing the ability to get along with others. Human beings were social animals.

Joseph was the tester who separated her from modern society. Although there were human beings, plants, and animals, anyone who was not willing to stay there would be broken down.

She hated the fact that she was his subject. She hated Joseph for being so cruel and turning into a devil.

It was already 2:00 am after Joseph finished his work.

Closing the files, he just leaned on the chair tiredly and pressed the edge of his forehead.

The share price of Runestone went steadily. And that was because he had Ruby's share, which made it easy for him to implement the business model.

And the problem at this moment was how to release the fund frozen by Leo.

Joseph closed his eyes, and between his eyebrows, there were light forehead wrinkles, he appeared angry. Leo was really tough, and it seemed that there was no place to turn around.

He talked with many financiers using personal relationships recently. Leo precisely knew that there would be a second payment needed for the diamond mines in South Africa, so he just achieved two goals one at a time: making the share price of Runestone Group go downhill and pushing the Runestone Group to abandon the mining production.

And Joseph had to deal with these problems one by one.

It was normal for an enterprise to counter the difficulty of fund turnover. Joseph had dealt with many similar problems, big or small, so now he needed to get financial support quickly.

Of course, if there was no accident, he could deal with this problem as long as he could find the best opportunity.

As he came back to the bedroom, he found that there was full moonlight passing through the window.

The curtain was open.

Irish lying on the bed was motionless.

She was curling up like a helpless victim. Joseph didn't touch her as he threw her into the bed, letting her scold him casually. And after she finished scolding him, he stood up and said lightly, "Have a good rest."

He walked out of the bedroom silently, but before he could close the door, he clearly heard Irish cursing him again, "Idiot!"

Was he really an idiot?

He couldn't answer that thought. He only knew that this woman on the bed trampled his dignity and showed her cruel love. She hurt him while she kept fighting to run away from him and hated him without even asking how devastated he was that they ended up this way.

He knew she had the right to hate him as he showed his stubbornness.

Even if he knew she just wanted to use him to take her revenge against the Lake family, he just couldn't let her go.

Joseph sat on the edge of the bed silently and looked at Irish's face through the moonlight.

Her hands were tied behind, so she could only grovel on the bed wholly like a small rabbit in a sacrifice. Every second of her life was struggling.

He just watched her for a long time.

He raised his hand. He moved her hair, covering her face to the other side, and then her beautiful facial outline and white neck were shown.

Her radiant skin reflected on the shining moonlight.

Irish looked undoubtedly beautiful.

Her skin was just like the white sand, gentle and mild.

The moonlight fell on her forehead. Joseph couldn't resist touching her forehead and tracing her face with his fingers.