

Enchanted 687

When she made the second raft, however, it was out of her expectation that Joseph had come to the island. The plan couldn't catch up with changes. When she wanted him to come, he did not appear, and when she wanted to escape before he found it, he appeared again.

"You are so smart." Joseph let go of her face, and his arm was still holding her. Pointing to the nearest ancient tree, he said, "To get the raft you hid in the tree, the gardener almost broke his leg, and one of his arms was injured. Irish, I belittled your strength. You could even get the raft to the tree, and you are a real rock climber."

Joseph had never told Irish that the island and its villa had 17,000 cameras. He could see what was happening on the island as long as they were turned on. Of course, he was not bored enough to turn on every camera to check. Usually, he made a direct phone call to ask about her.

After he came to the island, he found something weird.

Jessica told him her daily walking time and route. Initially, he is not suspicious until he finds she wants to take Rosy's boat to leave the island.

According to his understanding of Irish, she was stubborn and intelligent and would never await her doom. She was the kind of person who could make full use of all the things available. It was an accident that Rosy's boat came to the island, and she wouldn't really be waiting on the island, would she?

So he suspected that she must have been trying to get out.

Joseph thought about that night. He saw scratches on her leg and on the palm of her hand. The wound healed well, and he thought branches should have scratched the wound. And then he went to the jungle personally according to the route told by Jessica.

At first glance, he was so surprised that he didn't expect her to hide two rafts here!

He really underestimated her ability to escape.

Seeing that he found that, Irish became calm. It was no use for her to be angry now.

"The sea here is vast. You can escape with your tiny raft?" Joseph sneered near her ear. "I'm responsible for reminding you that the only consequence of doing this is to die at sea, which is why I just said it doesn't work in reality."

Irish clenched her teeth. She also thought about it, but sometimes she did want to have a try.

Joseph looked up at his wrist and said with a smile, "20 minutes later, your fireworks will begin."

Irish glanced at him and looked at him in surprise.

But Joseph was cold. Without saying anything, he pulled her through the jungle without mercy and went to another sea area.

The fireworks on the other side of the villa were blooming.

Like flowers in the sky, they showed the stillness of the night sky and the joy of Valentine's Day.

Joseph drew Irish into the O-shaped fireworks, which almost filled the beach. Irish looked at him in fear. After a while, she said, "No... You can never know..."

"In my eyes, you are a crafty rabbit." Joseph clamped his hands on her shoulders and fed her to look at the starry sky, saying in a cold tone, "Every two days, there will be a plane on time at 10:30 p.m., and you've already taken the time. Two days later, at 10:30 in the evening, you will see the plane. How can you get the plane to find you? So the cold fireworks in the villa can help you. You took the cold fireworks to this place, and you waited for the time to start the automatic setting-off system with the fireworks tonight. But you've forgotten that what you see is a passenger plane. Even if you make an "SOS" by setting off cold fireworks on the whole island, no one can come here and take you away!"

Irish stared at Joseph as if she were staring at a ghost, and she was defeated in this battle!

"You want to run away from this island, don't you?" Joseph's patience was finally exhausted. When he found the raft that was used to make the "SOS" signal, he was trying to resist his anger until that night. It could be imagined that there would be dazzling fireworks on top of their heads, and from the height, it must be a huge "SOS" pattern.

Irish sensed danger in his cold tone and dark eyes. It was a real danger, and it was brewing to devour her at full speed.

The ominous foreboding was like a sudden bouncing string, stimulating her nervousness. She retreated reflexively, and her heel rotated. The next second, she turned and ran.

But he was faster than she was. He stood in front of her, and she could not stop her footsteps and bump into his arms. The pain made her cry.

But then she was held up by Joseph.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" The alarm in Irish's heart sounded louder and louder, and the terrible feeling strangled her as if it were a tight vine.

Joseph held her tight and walked toward the sea.

From Irish's point of view, his cheeks were unusually cold, his disdainful chin was stiff, his lips were tight, and his black pupils were dark enough to devour the light on the shore.

Sea water slapped, and Irish was alert. Joseph took her into the sea. The water had passed his waist and soaked her feet.

She was stunned, and before she could scream, she was suddenly released, and the next second she was thrown into the sea by him.

Immediately, the smell of the sea winded her.

Irish did not expect him to do so. The wide and boundless sea and the waves that could hit her at any time frightened her for a moment. She fluttered desperately in the water and choked several mouthfuls of seawater, and the whole person looked like a drowned rat.

She shouted, sank, fluttered, and shouted.

But Joseph stood there, and the sea breeze slightly messed up his hair. He stared at Irish, which kept fluttering in the sea, and his eyes were horribly cool.