

Enchanted 433

Jordan stood up slowly, reaching out to take the coffee while Irish loosened her hands. But he pretended not to hold it and threw all the coffee on her shirt, which startled Irish. Leo hastily stepped forward and pulled Jordan, frowning, "What are you doing?"

Coffee soon wet her shirt, and she looked so uncollected. However, Jordan whistled to her and showed an evil smile, "You looked so sexy."

Looking down, Irish found that the soaked shirt wet her skin, and even the color of her bra could be seen clearly. Leo took off his coat and draped it on her, roaring at Jordan in a low voice, "Enough!"

They attracted passerby's attention, and some were even speculating.

Jordan shrugged his shoulders and said, "It's just a joke." After finishing his words, he bent down to pick up the coffee and walked to the trash can."

Leo tightened the clothes for Irish and then asked softly, "Are you okay? Let me send you back to change your clothes."

"I'm fine. You stay here to accompany him. I will drive back by myself." Irish tried to calm down and took out a key, "Please hand it to Jordan."

Leo took it and asked her again to ensure she was fine since he saw that she didn't even have mood swings, "Are you really okay?"

"Yes, I'm good. Don't worry." Irish could understand his worry, so she explained, "He is much easier to cope with than my insane patients."

Jordan happened to hear her words when he walked back. He raised his eyebrows, but before he could respond, Irish had turned back to leave.

"Did she say that I am insane?" He asked Leo while the latter sighed and replied, "I think you are even worse than a sicko."

Jordan smiled after hearing this, and then he shouted to Irish, "Hey, Irish, are you going to take care of me? Take care, my ass! Geez! I even hate to hear those words."

Irish did not respond to him, and Leo hung his arms to Jordan's shoulder and said, "Enough. Why not act like a gentleman?"

Jordan smiled and also did the same, saying, "I can't understand why you like the mistress of my brother."

"Jordan, Irish is not a mistress of your brother." Leo corrected him.

Jordan raised his hands, pretending to surrender, "Well, stop talking about her. Let's visit Jenny's grave."

"Let's go."

As soon as she returned home, Irish took off her shirt and threw it in the washing machine, and then she called the staff in the dry cleaner to dry clean Leo's coat. After that, she curled on the couch since she

was so irritated. She can't alter her furious emotion. How dare Jordan pour coffee on her? No one has done that to her ever since.

She felt defeated. She blamed Joseph for all of the misunderstandings between her and his brother. Joseph hadn't mentioned Jordan's age to her. She thought that Joseph's brother was a sober and composed young man.

Earlier, she thought that he was a man similar to her age, so she made many minor plans to cope with him. However, unexpectedly, all of her plans were completely abandoned.

She felt so sad after their short encounter.

She had to adjust her plan immediately.

Her phone rang abruptly when she pondered how to cope with Jordan. She took it over and found it was Joseph. When Irish saw his name on the screen, she suddenly felt aggrieved, and the feeling soon spread to her body. She hastily put it through and said like a spoiled kid, "Joseph..."

His magnetic and soft voice sounded, "Does anyone upset you?"

As soon as she heard Joseph's voice, she then realized that she missed him so much. Compared to Jordan's harsh words earlier, she realized that Joseph was considerate and gentle.

At this moment, she really wanted to tell him all of her grievances and complained to him about why he didn't tell her all the crucial information related to his brother and didn't even warn her how mean his brother was.

But she bit back the words she would like to tell him.

Joseph was strict with his brother, and she was afraid he would call to scold Jordan when he heard her complain. She needed to be conscious because she knew Jordan was discontented with Joseph's treatment.

Irish thought that this was Jordan's first time returning home, and his brother did not come to pick him up, so why he acted like this today was understandable. And she didn't hope to ignite an argument between them.

After thinking for a few seconds, she changed her tone and smiled softly. "What kind of grievances are you talking about? I miss you so much, Joseph."

"Isabel, I know Jordan's attitude very well. Did he make trouble for you?" Jordan was always patient with him.

"No, we get along well." Irish lied to him but silently prayed, "I wish it will come true in the future."

Hearing her answer, Joseph was still suspicious, "Really?"

"Yes, I'm serious." Irish lay on the couch directly and continued, "Your brother looks like you, and he is so handsome."

Joseph smiled and replied, "He is my only brother, so it is natural that he looks like me."

"Humph, what a proud man," Irish smiled and added, "Well, let me ask you. Couldn't your brother speak native English? I think it's a problem that he needs to overcome since he grew up in another country."

Joseph was silent for a while and replied, "He can understand English, but he can't speak it well. I have hired six English teachers for him, but he barely learned a few English words."

Irish hesitated for a moment and then realized perhaps it was because of his rebellious mentality. After thinking for a while, she suddenly saw a slight glimpse of light unfolding in her mind. A pleasant smile showed at the corner of her tiny mouth, brightly glowing like a blooming flower.

Luckily, Joseph couldn't see her crafty expression.

She changed her voice deliberately and said in a sweet voice, "Honey, how much will you pay for me if I can teach him to learn English?"