

Enchanted 439

Jordan climbed up finally. His handsome face got distorted. He stared at Irish and said cruelly, "Do not force me to hit you."

"First, you need to approach me." Irish laughed at him and moved her wrists, "You know what, when I was your age, I was very strong while you were still a baby."

It annoyed Jordan completely. He roared and rushed to her.

His speed was really fast because of his figure. Generally speaking, it was no problem for him to have a fight with others. However, Irish was professional, so he could not win.

When he rushed at her, Irish avoided him easily. Jordan failed. She laughed loudly while he was more annoyed and turned to her again. She avoided it again, and he failed again.

Irish laughed more loudly.

Jordan was nearly crazy.

At the next moment, he changed his strategy. He rushed in the opposite direction and finally buckled her shoulders with his hands. Soon he was given an overarm throw by Irish, and this time his stomach landed on. His shoulders ached sharply. Having no time to make a response, his back was resisted by Irish's legs, and his arms were twisted forcefully by her hands.

Soon Jordan's loud screaming came out.

"Release me! My arms are broken!" He shouted with his chin pushed on the ground. Irish wasn't kind to him but made greater strength, and this time Jordan shouted louder. If someone had gone by, he might have thought that there was a murder case.

"Dare to be impolite to me?" She released one hand and patted the back of his head.

Jordan didn't answer but struggled with great strength suddenly.

However, he was pressed to the ground again. Irish pressed his head directly and made half of his face attached to the floor. He screamed with teeth grinning. He answered quickly, "No, no, no. I dare not."

"Now that you have witnessed my strength, you must know that I am good at Kung Fu." Irish praised herself silently.

It was impossible for Jordan to have detailed knowledge about her. Even if he knew that she knew something about Kung Fu, it was still hard for him to imagine Irish was so strong. In his opinion, girls tended to be weak, and even their voices were gentle.

Noticing his silence, Irish angled his arm cruelly again, and he shouted, "I didn't anticipate your strength..."

"As it is put in this way, don't argue with me again. Good boy, don't be impolite to me, otherwise, you may suffer a lot. Got it?"

Jordan was so angry that his eyes were nearly squeezed out.

"Got it?" She wrestled his ear directly.

"Yes!" His tears nearly came out.

"What's more, please speak standard English. Okay?" Irish proposed her request directly.

Jordan was anxious, "I can't speak that."

"Can't or dare not?" She laughed at him.

"My English is poor! There are so many vowels, verbs, subjects, objects, and phrases!

"You have learned a lot, actually. I think you just dare not use them." Irish smiled and pulled his ears.

"Who dares not to speak native English?"

"You!"

Jordan stared at her angrily. Being at this angle, he barely saw her face towering over him.

His arms ached heavily, so he was so angry that he scolded, "Shit!"

"Wow! It seems that your voice sounds good in English, though your pronunciation is not excellent." Irish thought Joseph and Jordan all had a good and magnetic voice. If someday Jordan could speak English as standard and fluently as Joseph, he might be more attractive.

Jordan gritted his teeth.

"I tend to be fair to everything, and I always do things according to a set of principles and standards. I will let you know my reason or my power. It's obvious that you like the latter more." Irish pressed him and laughed again. She hastily shouted, "You are an American, and you're now in America. So please learn to speak native English, okay?"

He closed his lips tightly.

"Say it!" She scolded him.

"Release me! Your grip is painful!" He struggled for a long time, but he still didn't get himself out of Irish's hand successfully. "Say it in a complete sentence. Then I will release you." Irish said that idly.

Jordan took a sharp breath and hardly said, "Please release me! My brachial ache."

Irish laughed out and released him since he learned much from it. She stood up and returned to the couch idly, looking at him by crossing her legs.

"Brachial is too formal. Actually, you can just use 'arms' instead."

Jordan stared at her angrily. If one's expression could be used as a tool to kill someone, then Irish must have been killed by him many times. He stood up and waved his arms excessively. It seemed that he dared not to vent his anger.

"Now, let me ask you. What do you want to have for breakfast?" She lengthened her voice.

Jordan bit his lips tightly and had the impulsion to speak in poor English. As he spoke the words, Irish raised her eyebrows. So he stopped immediately.

Irish smiled with a sense of threat, "Do you want to be hit again?"

"I eat steak!" He gripped his fists and answered with poor English.

Irish couldn't help but laugh.

"No problem! Just do what you want."

When Jay completed his tasks and returned to the narcotics squad, one colleague sent a small white flower to him. He asked what happened. The fellow told him that another colleague had a fight with a drug dealer during the drug raid and lost his life unluckily. A bullet went through his forehead.

The narcotics squad prepared a funeral for this colleague and notified everyone. Jay also came that time.

The dead's relatives cried sadly at the funeral, especially his wife. Her eyes were even swollen. In her bosom, there was a child who looked like she was only 5 or 6 years old.

During these years, Jay didn't know how many funerals he had gone to. He had seen many bodies of his colleagues who died from fighting against drug dealers. Gradually his deep hatred to dig dealers transformed into helpless feelings. But today, when he saw the wife crying so loudly and sadly, he felt so sorry.

Standing beside him was the captain of the second team. He just sent the flower to the dead. After a while, he sighed helplessly, "We do this job, which decides that we'd better not get married. If we want to be married, we must give it up."

Jay turned to look at him.