

## Enchanted 559

Irish stared at Jordan, who was singing on the stage, while Lark also turned seriously different and accompanied Jordan on the piano.

He closed his eyes and looked leisurely.

The light scattered on his hair and shrouded him as if he had attracted all of the attention and light on the stage. His handsome face could also be seen clearly.

For a moment, Irish even thought it was Joseph who was singing on the stage since they looked very similar.

Thinking of this, Irish suddenly realized that she didn't even know if Joseph was good at singing. And she also couldn't figure out what he would look like when he was singing.

"He should be a pop star since he is so perfect." She couldn't help sighing with feelings but also felt pride for him.

"He wants to make money." The barman replied with a smile.

"What?"

"He told us that his brother doesn't give him money, so he has to make money by himself."

Irish was speechless after hearing that.

She also heard that Joseph had frozen his bank cards since he hoped Jordan could focus on reading and prevent him from leaving again.

But now it turned out that things were not simple.

Joseph must have known this, but he didn't interfere with him, and it was perhaps because Jordan still didn't touch his bottom line yet, but Irish was so worried about him.

It was getting dark, and Irish was also interested in his performance, so she kept staying there and listening to his songs. As the barman said, many young women came for him, and when he finished a song, those women would applaud and send bunches of flowers to him.

Jordan ignored the flowers as well as their screaming after he finished his last song. He got off the stage and pulled Irish to leave. Irish was confused while Jordan pointed at his watch and explained, "My brother will come back soon."

Irish took a look at his watch and thumbed at him, "You are awesome! Now I know the reason why your brother still doesn't interfere with you, and it is because you always get back earlier than him."

It was nine o'clock at night.

Joseph would always work in the company or take part in his business engagement outside, and he rarely went back home at this time.

"I never expected that you would sing well. Do you want to be a singer in the future?"

Jordan tied up the seat belt and snorted slightly, "It is just my hobby."

"I know. You like car racing. Then why not tell your brother? You can't give up your dream since you are still young." Irish said deliberately.

Jordan's eyes turned dreary.

"Though I am disqualified from lecturing you, but just as you said, I am afraid of climbing mountains now, but now I will climb to the top of the mountain someday. What about you? After experiencing so many miserable things but can't forget your dream, don't you want to achieve it again?" Irish sighed and added, "Life is too short. If you have a dream, you have to realize it at any cost. And it is not too late to start from the beginning."

Jordan was silent for a while and then said, "It's none of your business. I am waiting for you to climb the mountain someday."

"Wow, it seems that you don't make any progress in English."

Jordan ignored her words, and when he was about to start the car, a white light flashed in front of her eyes. Irish reached out to cover her eyes subconsciously, but soon, she heard Jordan get out of the car.

Irish knew that he was indignant since he slammed the door harshly.

When Irish moved her hands from her eyes, she saw a short and thin man was pressed against the wall by Jordan, who looked very irritated.

She was shocked and hastily got out of the car.

"Are you courting death?" Jordan roared at the man.

But the man did not resist and smiled faintly at him.

After seeing the camera in his hands, Irish realized he might be a reporter, so she stepped forward immediately and persuaded Jordan, "Don't make trouble here. Let's get out of here."

But Jordan didn't loosen his hands, grabbing the man's collar and staring at Irish, "He took a photo of us."

Irish clenched her hands while the reporter replied harshly, "If you are above board and straightforward, why are you so worried?"

Jordan was irritated by his words, but he couldn't express his anger since his English was poor, so he slapped the man directly, "How dare you insult us?"

The man fell on the ground immediately, and Irish was so anxious, she pulled Jordan and said anxiously, "Stop beating him. It will have a bad effect on your brother."

Jordan stopped, but his face was full of anger. "Well, young man, you'd better don't irritate me."

The man stood up and wiped the blood at the corner of his mouth, sneering, "The younger brother of the Runestone Group president beat the reporter violently and caused serious injuries to him. Do you

think it will be explosive news? People will certainly think you act in a tyrannous manner since your brother is a big shot."

"You...." There was a fire of anger blazing in Jordan's eyes.

Irish pulled him tightly and was worried he would beat the man again.

But Jordan pushed her away, stepping toward the man, reaching out, and taking over the camera from him. Before he could take it back, Jordan slammed the camera against the wall, and soon the camera broke into pieces.

Then Jordan took out the memory card from the camera and put it in his pocket.

"You.....you..." The reporter rushed to his camera with his face distorted, staring at Jordan irritably, "You are a jerk!"

But Jordan ignored him directly since the camera had been broken, so he didn't have to be worried.

Jordan got in the car while Irish took a glimpse at the man, sighing slightly, and then followed Jordan to the car.

They almost arrived home at the same time as Joseph. When they just parked the car in the parking lot, they saw Joseph's car in the distance.

Taking a glance at each other, they turned flurried and soon got out of the car.

Jordan rushed to the elevator but was pulled back by Irish, "Are you crazy? You can't take the elevator; your brother would find us from the security cameras." After finishing the words, she began to climb the stairs madly with Jordan.