

## Enchanted 579

Before Leo, Adam also called, and his meaning was clearer. He wanted to see her injury, but he was refused by Irish politely in fright and again took an excuse that Joseph would soon return. Giving such an excuse, Adam had backed off.

She glanced at Jordan, who carried three bags in his hands, and entered the door. And Irish happened to hang up the phone.

She raised her head, asking, "Did you go to the supermarket?"

Jordan nodded.

"If I knew it earlier, I'll ask you to take me chips."

Irish was vexed, and Jordan glanced at her, handed over the other two bags to the nanny, walked to her with the remaining bag, and without saying anything, pulled out some boxes of potato chips she normally liked to eat and threw them all before her.

Irish did not expect that he would bring her those bags of chips and almost moved with tears.

After saying thank you, she hurriedly took a box and opened it, just ready to fill them in her mouth. But thinking of the child in her belly, all of a sudden, she held back her craving.

Jordan saw her silently putting back the potato chips she had already taken out. Somewhat Jordan was really puzzled, "Why don't you eat?"

Irish hastened to think of a reason, "Oh, not now, perhaps after taking a meal."

Jordan looked at her, raised his eyebrows, and murmured, "Weirdo."

In the afternoon, Irish slept in a stupor again.

She had many more dreams, but this time it was no longer a good dream, and every picture frightened her. She dreamt that Joseph told her, Irish, actually, I don't like children.

He also dreamt that Joseph was holding a beautiful woman younger than her and said to her, Irish, she was the one I would marry.

She also dreamt that she was married, but the groom was not Joseph. When she saw the groom's face, she suddenly woke up from the dream.

She dreamt that the bridegroom had become Leo!

Was there anything worse than this?

So, when she suddenly opened her eyes, she heard Jordan say in English, "You look like you've just come back from the ghost world."

Irish knew she was sleeping on the couch, and before that, she had been watching a comedy movie with Jordan.

"Have I slept long?" She got up, sweating on her forehead, and she was wet with sweat all over her body, sticky and miserable.

"I've seen two movies." Jordan looked at her lazily. "How can you sleep so well? Don't you sleep at night?"

Irish did not explain the reason to him. She stepped on one leg, and Jordan came to help her.

"Stop," she said, "I'm not too bad to walk." She had to take a shower. Although her legs and feet were a little inconvenient, a simple shower was better than a sticky feeling.

Jordan was helpless and said, "Can you be stable?"

She nodded and walked slowly.

The time passed by, and Jordan was worried.

Irish stayed in the bathroom for more than thirty minutes. At first, he was still watching the movie, but gradually he was distracted. His eyes flew to the bathroom door, which was still closed.

She hadn't come out, and Jordan was becoming anxious.

After waiting for ten minutes, Jordan could not sit still. He got up and left the living room. He went to the bathroom door and knocked at the door, "Are you drowned?"

Inside, after a long time, only then came the sound of Irish's movement, and her voice was very faint, "Jordan, call the nanny, please."

Nanny?

Jordan frowned, "Why are you looking for her?" The nanny just went out to buy some food.

"Don't ask so much. Help me get the nanny in." Irish was in a bit of a hurry.

Jordan had no choice but sighed, "The water came into your bandaged wound?"

Last night it was the nanny who had gone into the bathroom to bandage her feet again, and then he leaned against the bathroom door and laughed at her, saying that she was so grown-up that she didn't know how to isolate the wound during bathing, and Irish was so angry that she almost killed him.

So today, he thought it was nothing more than that.

There was no movement inside.

"Hey!" Jordan opened his mouth again. A sound came out, and with the door, Jordan barely heard her voice. He leaned his ear against the door carefully, and then he heard it was like the sound of a hairdryer.

"Are you all right?" The first thing he thought of was that she was blowing the wound with a hairdryer.

Jordan felt that perhaps she had been mocked last night, so she was ashamed to face him, but there was no sound of water in it. He thought that she had probably finished taking a bath long ago, leaving only

the matter of dealing with the wound. He hummed and directly pushed open the bathroom door, "What's wrong with you? It's you who usually jokes..."

The words came to an abrupt end before they were finished.

In the bathroom, Irish was combing her hair and turned her head and looked at him, surprised to see Jordan coming in, stunned for a moment.

The next moment, she screamed. Jordan also reflected, and his handsome face suddenly turned red, he quickly closed the door, and he constantly apologized, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

There seemed to be a shadow of Irish before his eyes in the bathroom.

She was covered in a large bath towel, who had bathed, but her good figure could not be concealed, especially her plump cleavage, barely completely covered with a bath towel, which just broke into his eyes.

Irish, in the bathroom, was quite frightened, her face was pale, and it took a long time for her to settle down.

Because the movement was not very convenient, and she had a sticky sweat, she forgot to go to the dressing room to take a dress. Originally she wanted to let the nanny help her. Hearing behind the door that there was no movement, she thought Jordan might call the auntie and did not expect him to come in directly.

After hearing his sorry voice with a tremor, Irish knew Jordan was also scared. She cleared her throat and said, "Where is the nanny?"

"Elle vend de la nourriture. (She goes to sell food.)" In shock, Jordan also spoke French.

Irish had no choice but to turn her eyes over, "Is it to buy food?" Jordan had always been unable to distinguish the word "buy" from "sell."

"Ah? Ah, yes, she went shopping."

Irish had difficulty jumping into the bathtub and looking at the sweat-wet clothes, and she could not find another way. She had to say, "You help me to take a set of clothes for me."

"Ah? Ah, yes."

She heard the hasty footsteps outside the door.

After looking for a clasp, she casually tied up her long wet hair, and soon the sound of Jordan's footsteps came back, followed by a knock on the door, "Here you are."

His voice sounded awkward.