

Enchanted 580

Her left hand grabbed the door, opened it in a small gap, and reached out.

A suite of clothes was handed to her, and she took it, fingers inadvertently touching Jordan's.

He took a sharp breath and relaxed his hand but failed.

Irish caught the clothes that were about to drop on the ground at once with a quick motion.

"I'm sorry." Jordan apologized again, his voice flurried.

Irish did not know why he apologized again, did not have time to think about it, said nothing, and closed the door.

Outside the bathroom, Jordan's heart seemed to have been scratched lightly by the cat's paw. The position of his hand that had just accidentally been touched by Irish was also burning hot. He did not know what was wrong with him. Usually, he has some occasional skin contact with Irish, too. But she used to be violent when trying to beat him, and he didn't feel that weird stuff before.

But when he had just handed over her clothes, Irish's hand stretched out from the door of the bathroom, and her white wrist reminded him of the fine porcelain, so beautiful that though it was a moment's touch, he still felt the softness of her fingers, as soft as cotton.

At that moment, it was as if an electric current had hit his body, dismaying him.

At the same time, before his eyes he seemed to recall Irish being wrapped in a white towel again.

Thinking about it, the bathroom door was pushed open.

Irish walked out, and a disheveled ponytail at the back of her head waved with her. She had dressed carefully, and her clean, plain face looked as pure as a college student.

Seeing that, Jordan stepped forward to help but was still careful to avoid skin contact with her.

"Just now, I'm sorry." He apologized again, and his face was a little red, "I- I thought you were dressed, and when I didn't hear the sound of the water, I thought you had a problem with your wound, and when I heard the sound of the hairdryer, I thought you were drying your wound. I want to help you, don't get me wrong."

The first time he spoke such a long sentence in English, he had a lot of trouble. It was obvious that there was a stutter, and it was slow, but it was enough to express his ideas clearly.

Irish thought that she was embarrassed just now, but as his elder, she could not be too fussy. More importantly, Jordan had always been a child in her eyes. She couldn't argue with a child, and then she said while waving her hand, "It's not a big deal. I don't blame you."

Jordan turned his head and looked at her, and his eyes fixed on her.

"I Really don't blame you." She repeated it.

"Oh, oh." He hurriedly shifted his eyes.

Just then, he thought her cheeks were beautiful, as pure and white as lotus flowers, but also with inviolable holiness.

Irish was walking into the living room with Jordan's help, only to hear the sound of cars running over the road. She and Jordan both stopped, followed by the opening of the underground parking garage.

Both of them looked at each other, surprised. That would not be the nanny, although the Hampton in the Long Island was with a driver, but the nanny generally bought things near the house, so she could not drive the car.

Irish hurriedly walked into the living room without paying attention to the pain in her feet. Her heart thumped quickly, and a feeling of inexplicable premonition exploded in her heart.

The elevator door to the underground garage slowly opened.

As soon as she arrived in the living room, she saw Joseph exit the elevator.

She was stunned for a moment.

The man in front of her seemed to come from her thoughts, in a blue-gray turtleneck, smoky gray suit trousers, a man's black scarf, and a long wooly coat of the same color covering his towering figure. In addition to the briefcase in his hand, he also carried a few gift box-like things.

He looked in a hurry and tired at the top of his brow.

But looking at Irish, he raised a smile, like spring, spread to his eyebrows. It also lit his deep eyes, the black pupil fried like fireworks.

Then he strode towards her, put his coat, briefcase, and things in his hands on the coffee table, and held Irish without saying anything.

Before she could react, her feet were lifted, and when she was held tightly, she reacted and circled her arms around his neck.

Joseph looked so excited that he held her tightly, swirling her around several times, and the bright laughter wrapped with her giggle and rattled through the living room. Standing by looking at this scene, Jordan's heart was more or less dismayed, feeling a little bitter.

He had to admit how beautiful the scene was when his brother strode toward Irish, lifted her high, and went around in circles joyously, like in fairy tales, where the tall and handsome prince was reunited with the beautiful princess.

The laughter of the two more or less left Jordan lonely. Suddenly, he said, "There's an injury on her foot."

One sentence succeeded in breaking the beautiful moment.

Joseph was startled and put her down, only to notice that she had a foot wrapped in white gauze.

The huge smile on his face suddenly disappeared, and his brows frowned harshly, "What happened?"

Irish preemptively replied, "It was just accidentally bruised, and the doctor said it didn't injure the bone. You can ask Jordan." At the end of her speech, she turned her head to Jordan and gave him a warning look.

Joseph looked at his brother; though his tone was light, he was still threatening.

"Bruising?"

Jordan opened his mouth, glanced at Irish, and said, "Yes."

Joseph hesitated a bit.

Irish didn't care much, and the excitement at the bottom of her heart had not dissipated, so she held Joseph's neck and sweetly said, "How do you come back?"

She had thought that if she could not get through his phone again, she would call him and ask him what he planned, but Joseph was so real in front of her that she could see, touch, and put her arms around him.

It was full of happiness as if she ate sweet cotton candy, and the sweet spread from the mouth and then into the heart. With a little pain, she felt distressed by his long journey.