

## Enchanted 636

After coming out of her uncle's house, Irish went back to Jay's house. During Jay's absence, her aunt came in almost two days to clean up, saving her the time to find hourly workers.

When it was dark, someone knocked at the door.

Irish mistook it for her aunt, who came to nag her. She didn't want to open the door, only to see that it was Jordan standing at the door.

He leaned against the doorframe, wore a black leather jacket with a white T-shirt inside, still a pair of old jeans, Martin's boots, a dark blue college bag, short hair, handsome sunglasses, chewing gum in his mouth, and waved at her as she opened the door. "Hey, lady," he greeted her. "Are you good?"

Irish thought for a moment that she had seen Joseph, and her heart was throbbing. Don't blame her for her nervousness. Jordan and Joseph were identical in height, even in the same shape. This height alone was enough to put pressure on her.

For a moment, she stood at the door, silent.

Jordan saw her frozen, lifted his sunglasses, hung to his chest, raised his eyebrows in surprise, and waved his hand before her eyes.

"Oh, come on in."

Jordan looked at the marble floor of the living room, so clean that it could almost be used as a mirror, and looked at his own shoes with a beautiful English voice wrapped in a magnetic voice. "Do I need to take off my shoes? My shoes are hard to wear."

"No." In Hampton, she did not see him take off his shoes into the door, and he didn't need to come here to pretend to be civilized.

Jordan swaggered in, looked around, and blew an exaggerated whistle. "Yes, not as small as my house, but the pattern is excellent."

He was much more polite to her at this meeting.

Irish did not bother to correct him. Seeing his struggle, she called him to sit down and brought him the fruit plate.

"How did you find this place?"

Jordan used a napkin to wipe his hands and then took mangosteen with his fingers, slightly forced to break open. "I looked for Leo. He said that you came to your aunt's house, and I went to your aunt immediately. Your aunt was very warm, ah. Without asking further, she told me your address. Even gave me the keys here."

He briefly explained, eating a piece of mangosteen, and suddenly the sourness made his face contort.

Irish listened to him, staring with wide eyes, "Gave you the key?" Jesus, what the hell was this?

Jordan lazily took the keys out of his trousers pocket and shook them in front of her, "She told me to bring it to my brother," he smiled viciously. "She's not sure you're here alone."

"Give it to me." Irish was frightened and snatched away the key.

Jordan swallowed the rest of the mangosteen as if smiling, "So I shouldn't give it to him?"

Irish felt strange and put away the key after staring at him, "You don't know, your brother and I have broken up?"

Jordan shrugged his shoulders. "I can tell from his look, but he didn't dare to tell me. If you say so, it's probably true."

"I've been using your brother since the beginning, so I'm the kind of woman you call me."

Jordan smiled as if he had heard a ridiculous joke in the world. "I don't care about what you did to my brother."

Irish was stunned.

"Irish, you know, we are different, and what happened between you and him has nothing to do with me." Unconsciously, he changed the way he addressed her and stopped calling her the way he used to.

Irish lowered her eyes.

"Don't you always think I'm your eldest brother's mistress?"

"Matter factly, you broke up with my brother at your initiative." Jordan smiled, shrugging his shoulders.

Irish hesitated even more. "Do I look gloating?"

Jordan did not speak.

"You hate the Lake family?" Irish asked a question.

Jordan was straightforward, "Dislikes, very much!"

"Because of your parents?"

Jordan thought for a while, "It's because of him, I don't understand why he works for the Runestone Group."

"So you hate your brother?"

"No, I hate him for other reasons." The light in Jordan's eyes darkened a little.

Irish looked at him and waited for him to go on.

Instead of telling her what his reason was, he asked, "What about the child?"

"Why am I keeping your eldest brother's children?" The sound of Irish chilled.

Jordan stared at her for a long time, suddenly realizing, "That's all, my brother knows you got an abortion abroad?"

Irish was silent.

Seeing that, Jordan could more or less guess the general situation, shaking his head, "Irish, you do that. In other words, it is illegal in foreign countries."

"You're wrong. You don't break the law abroad before the baby has a heartbeat. If the baby has a heartbeat, then it's illegal to abort it."

Jordan had no choice but to be helpless, "Well, I can't win you."

"You can hate me."

Jordan smiled gently. "I've always hated you, so I can't hate you anymore."

"I let your eldest brother's child die, and you still talk and laugh with me as if nothing happens?"

Jordan looked at her with a strange gaze. "You didn't do that to my child."

Irish choked, hearing his answer.

Jordan took an orange, after peeling it, stuffed most of it in his mouth, and Irish saw that in horror. She asked, "How did you like to come out of a refugee camp?"

"It's called life. It's the key to a good life. Eat and play." Jordan taught her a lesson, got up, held her hand, and the orange peel went right into the trash can, waving his hand to her, "Let's go."

"Go where?"

Jordan simply pulled her arm and said, "When life is happy, we should also have fun, right?"

"Yes, yes, but neither you nor I seem to be very pleased. Jordan, you used it in the wrong situation."

"Whatever. Let's drink." Jordan urged her and added, "Oh, your body won't allow you. Hmm, so come with me, you can drink, well, only milk."

At this time, Irish had no intention of going out. She shook her head.

"Come on, relax," He persuaded her. "If you are in a bad mood, you might as well vent it out."

Irish hesitated and nodded after a long time.

"Wait for me, and I'll change my clothes."

Jordan smiled and gave her an okay gesture.

"Well.." he stopped her again.

Irish stopped.

"Why don't you give me the key to the room? In case you take things too hard to kill yourself, I won't have to break in." Jordan seemed to be serious.

Irish took the key and shook it, "I dare give you this key, and you may not dare to accept it."

"Why?"

"Do you know what my brother does?" She pointed to the picture on the wall.

"Yes, the police."

"To be exact, he's a drug enforcement officer, an anti-drug man." Irish swayed the key. "It's dangerous here. I don't know if I'll be killed by drug dealers for revenge someday."

Jordan swallowed the saliva and cleared his throat, "I suddenly felt... Or is it safer for you to hold the key?"

Irish lightly closed her lip and entered the cloakroom.

Jordan paced to the photo, looking at the photo of Jay in police uniform, shaking his head, "Such a handsome man, it's a pity to deal with drug dealers."