

Enchanted 432

Irish did not expect that he would be so impolite and felt embarrassed. She was petite since he was 1.8 meters, but she had been at ease with that since she had always been with Joseph. And when she stood shoulder to shoulder with Joseph, her height was just over his shoulder, but Jordan was similar to Joseph's height, so it was not fair to laugh at her height like this.

Hearing his words, Leo hastily tried to ease the tension and said, "Don't say like that. Irish deliberately came to pick you up."

Jordan shrugged his shoulders while staring at Irish directly, making her uncomfortable. Then, after a long while, he suddenly said, "A 28-year-old psychologist. But you look young and beautiful."

He said in a voice dripping with sarcasm and then put his hand on Leo's shoulder again with a smile. "To visit the dead first or to eat first?" He asked Leo while Irish was shocked by his impolite words.

Leo smiled and replied, "It depends on you."

"Let's go." After finishing his words, he dragged his suitcase.

"Let me do this for you." Irish tried to help him though she couldn't figure out why he was showing indifference to her. However, she thought she needed to understand him and hastily comforted herself as he might not be accustomed to talking to a total stranger.

Unexpectedly, as his finger touched his suitcase, Jordan frowned immediately and looked annoyed, "Remove your hands away." His voice was cold.

"Jordan." Leo stepped forward and pulled him while his eyes were on Irish, who looked unpleasant.

Irish couldn't hold her anger anymore, but before she could say some words, Jordan's voice interrupted her, "You have finished your task now, and you can tell my brother I'm fine. And now, please stay away from me."

He had been speaking French since they met, and it sounded cruel.

If he were not Joseph's brother, Irish would leave soon without hesitation, and perhaps she would give him a lecture before leaving as a punishment for his impoliteness to a woman. But he was Joseph's only brother, and she had promised Joseph that she would take good care of Jordan, so she couldn't retreat back for the sake of her face, or Joseph would think she went back on her words.

Leo was helpless about this, so he meddled between them and talked to Jordan with a low voice, "It is not polite to talk like this."

Jordan's mouth twitched while his eyes looked unpleasantly, but Irish didn't mind it anymore. He expressed his emotions very clearly and strongly, unlike Joseph or Leo, who were sophisticated since they had experienced many hardships. But Jordan belonged to the group of people who could easily be attacked from a psychological perspective, but it was a time-consuming process.

So before he could talk again, Irish answered indifferently but firmly, "I have promised your brother that I will take care of you, so I have to send you back to his house." She spoke English with him word by word, and she believed that he could understand her because Leo had spoken English to him.

What's more, she found that Jordan behaved like French, except for his appearance. It was similar to the situation when she just went back to America. It was really hard for her to adapt to another kind of lifestyle since she had been living abroad for so many years.

Jordan suddenly laughed as if he heard a funny joke while his facial expressions were exaggerated. He spread his hands, turning to Leo, "Leo, is there a problem with my hearing? Have you heard what she said just now? Is she going to take care of me? Is she joking?"

However, Irish pushed Leo gently and stood before Jordan, looking up at him, and said, "Yes, I mean, I have to take care of you. If you think you're having a hearing problem, then it doesn't matter, and I will take you to the hospital now."

She said so calmly that his inimical mentality was getting worse. He glanced at her and then turned to Leo, but finally, he looked at her again. Leo was eager to ease the deadly tension, so he stepped forward and tried to mediate this dilemma, "Do you want to take your suitcase to your brother's house?"

Jordan didn't reply, and his lips pressed into a thin line. His cold face was similar to Joseph's. However, Joseph looked so gravely while Jordan was stubborn and cute.

Finally, Irish drew a conclusion that no funny or angry expression could disguise his handsome look. She didn't draw back her eyes; instead, she also stared at him quietly.

A minute later, he suddenly turned to be relaxed and said unexpectedly, "Well, we'll go back first, but I am thirsty now, and I need a cup of coffee."

"I will buy it for you." Leo replied and was about to leave while Jordan stopped him and turned to Irish, winking to her, "The one who decides to take care of me has to buy the coffee for me." And then he added, "Is there any problem?"

"No problem. Latte or Cappuccinos? And it is impossible to drink Blue Mountain Coffee here." Irish said indifferently.

"Whatever."

Irish then walked away.

When she left, Leo shook his head helplessly, turning to Jordan. "Why do you like to cause trouble for others? Irish is a kind woman, and you shouldn't be so impolite to her."

"Do you like her?" Jordan asked, staring at him.

"Yes," Leo replied frankly.

Jordan didn't expect that he would admit to him so bluntly, and he frowned, "Well, does she have a foot in two camps now?"

"I wooed her before, but she declined me." Leo stared at him with a smile.

"She is too arrogant. Or perhaps you are useless to her." He said harshly while Leo was speechless by his words.

When Irish returned with the coffee, Jordan was sitting in his suitcase, with his legs on the ground leisurely. He was chatting with Leo cheerfully, and the light fell on his hair which was as thick and glossy as Joseph's, but it was longer than his brother's. His fringe hung from his forehead and covered his eyes slightly, and he even tied up his hair in the back of his head with a pink hair band. Perhaps he asked it from a girl in the airport.

"Here you are." Irish handed the coffee to him. His hairstyle was young and cool, but perhaps Joseph wouldn't like it.