Enchanted 438

Jordan was still absorbed in his game and didn't pay attention to her. Irish stepped to him, standing beside him, saying, "Have you cooked a meal for yourself?" He didn't respond.

"You are awesome. But what did you cook?" She asked again.

Jordan stared at the screen and ignored Irish purposely.

"Well, then, tell me what you want to eat for breakfast." She was patient and continued, "Do you want to eat steak or pizza?" But he still kept silent, so Irish walked in front of him immediately and added, "Or you want to eat a French meal?"

Jordan was completely irritated by her, and he turned off the game abruptly, glaring at her, "Do you know you are so boresome?"

"I know, I can tell from your attitude."

Jordan gnashed his teeth angrily and said, "I know what you are thinking. You did all this to please my brother. You are really a vicious and stupid woman. I don't need your care, and you can complain to my brother as you want."

Irish stared at him, "Jordan....."

"Stop!" He interrupted her immediately and continued, "Please don't tell me you are a psychologist while I am just an innocent young boy because I can also regard you as a clown while I am an onlooker. "

Hearing this, Irish was at a loss whether to cry or laugh.

Now that you covet my brother's fortune, then why not tell him directly? Why are you still pretending to take care of me?" Jordan maintained a stream of invective and resentment against her. "You may get more if you choose to be frank with him. I know what you want from him: the car, house, and luxurious life. Oh, I remember that my brother has another house. Has he given that to you? If he still doesn't give it to you, then why not ask him for that immediately?"

Irish had never known that Jordan would be so different from Joseph's communication performance. Joseph always kept silent while Jordan had the gift of the gab.

However, as a psychologist, she would not shrink back at all. After finishing his words, she snapped back indifferently, "Or perhaps you don't want to eat at all. Are you going to lose weight? I think the refrigerator is empty now."

Jordan was astonished when he heard that, and soon he became angry from embarrassment.

Irish smiled at him and was about to sit beside him and converse with him. Unexpectedly, as soon as she turned her back, he stretched out one of his legs and tripped her. She fell to the floor quickly and soon felt severe pain in her elbow, knees, and hipbone.

Jordan burst out laughing over her head while Irish lay on her stomach, staring at him. She was completely annoyed by him. He poured the coffee to her for no reason when they met earlier, and now

he even tripped her, causing severe pain to her. It seemed that she had looked down on his hostility toward her.

Therefore, she stood up in his ridicule, took a deep breath, and raised her voice, "Now I know what you want." After finishing her words, she staggered out of the room.

Jordan smiled since he finally kicked her out, which made him nervous and annoyed. He hastily took back the tele controller, turned on the recreational machine again, and continued to play games.

He played for a long time, and when he was enjoying himself, he seemed to see a figure, but he was so absorbed in his game that he didn't pay much attention to it. Therefore, when a basin of cold water mixed with ice spilled from his head, he trembled violently and then screamed, jumping from the floor abruptly.

He was like a drowned rat, the water dripping down from his hair while the floor was also wet, and the ice was scattered all over the floor. The next second, Jordan finally reacted and shouted at the initiator of the evil scheme, "Bitch! Are you insane?"

Irish put aside the basin and smiled, with her hands crossing, "I think it is better to get along with you in such a way. Do you hear people always deal with somebody how they deal with them? What is your opinion about it? Oh, by the way, are you sober now?"

Jordan stood there rigidly and wore a gloomy face. His casual pants were also attached to his body, so Irish could see clearly the contours of his crotch, which was as big as Joseph's. It turned out the brothers looked the same in this aspect.

A few seconds later, Irish suddenly realized she was staring in the wrong direction, so she hastily drew back her eyes. Jordan was so irritated and didn't pay attention to where she was looking. Instead, he roared at her and rushed to her like a strong young wolf, reaching out his paws.

"I am going to strangle you."

He was rapidly speeding, and before Irish could react, his hands were already wrapping on her neck. It seemed that he was extremely indignant. Irish was stuffy, and her face turned red immediately out of suffocation while she also began to resist subconsciously. And soon she reached out her hands, catching his arms tightly, putting her strength on it, soon she heard Jordan beginning to scream again.

In the next second, Irish pulled his shoulders and made a suplex while Jordan was thrown to the ground like a sash-soaked sack.

"Hey, you still gain an extra advantage since I only paid you back a suplex." She looked down at Jordan, who was still lying on the floor, and showed a weird smile while her crafty eyes flickered.

Jordan seemed to have such a great fall that he couldn't stand up for a while. Actually, Irish used up all her strength since Jordan was such a tall guy. Her arm ached heavily. But she would never show her weakness to him, so she just acted to be a victor.

She was afraid that later she would be weaker, so she said to herself that she needed to exercise more to keep fit. However, she was not to be blamed since the people around her were all gentle, such as

Cassie and Christy. And as for those who were stronger than her, such as Joseph and Leo, she could not battle with them. As a result, she was not as strong as before.

But she could still win over Jordan.