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The sound was like thunder rumbling, startling Irish.

She had not seen them argue, but it was the first time he had been so strong and angry.

Jordan suddenly stopped, whose handsome face was almost deformed. He roared at Joseph, "You are too much! You have no right to interfere with my freedom!"

"Your so-called freedom is to be drunk all day long? Run to a bar at night and stay up all day? I warn you not to go out with those punks in the future!" Joseph's attitude was strong and firm.

Jordan was even more angry when he heard this and ran to Joseph, "What punks? They are my friends. Those are my buddies! Do you understand? I'm not like you, in your eyes, interests measure everything! But my buddies are different, and they don't care whose brother I am and how powerful my brother is! You don't understand at all because you don't care about friendship! There is only money and profit in your world! You don't know about friendship at all! Oh, and you think you understand love, don't you? Your definition of love is having your picture and this bad woman flying worldwide? You want the whole world to know how she pleased you in bed?"

At the end of his speech, Joseph lifted his hand and slapped him on the cheek.

At once, his face flushed, and the corners of his mouth bled.

Irish screamed alongside him. She quickly grabbed Joseph's arm and said, "What are you doing? He's your brother. How can you hit him?"

Jordan raised his hand to cover his face, fixed his eyes on Joseph, and his eyes were slightly red, pressing his lips tightly.

Joseph's cheeks were still cold, and the whole man was horribly harsh. Looking at Jordan, he ordered, "Put your guitar back, make dinner ready, and go back to your room after dinner and read. From this day on, if I ever know you're going to a bar again, don't blame me for disturbing your so-called buddies."

Jordan's breath suddenly became sharp, gnashing his teeth.

"Don't try to challenge my patience, you know me, I will really do it." Joseph's tone returned to its usual tone, but the sense of authority remained repressive.

After hearing this, Irish hurriedly said, "I'll make dinner, Joseph, don't tell a child to do this...."

"You don't have to be hypocritical!" Jordan vented all his anger on Irish, throwing the guitar onto the sofa, "Troublemaker! If you can't manage your own photos, you can't also manage the freedom of others!"

After yelling in anger, he entered the kitchen angrily.

Irish looked at Jordan's fading back, sighed, turned her head to Joseph, and pulled up his big hand that hit Jordan, "You hit him, don't you hurt yourself?"

Joseph kept quiet.

"You can't talk about it?" Irish shook her head, "You really don't know how to be a good brother. He's grown up."

Joseph drew back his hand and lightly said, "Even you want to quarrel with me too?"

"I'm not arguing with you. You look so scary in anger that I'm finding it like trouble." Irish raised her hand to smooth his brows and softly said.

As time went by, she knew that Joseph was such a person. It was clearly for the good of the other side. He had to make things so stiff. Instead of explaining, he only asked the other party to do what he wanted. Such a character would always give rise to misunderstandings.

But Irish could also understand Joseph's mood.

The eldest brother was like a father. And Joseph, who had a strong sense of responsibility, naturally would not let Jordan do bad things, so here came the problems.

After all, Joseph was a mature man, and even if he were angry, he would not affect others, let alone the other side was Irish. The harshness of his eyes retreated, and the corners of his mouth softened, he looked up and down at her, sighed, and patted her on the head, "I'll bring your pajamas tomorrow."

Irish nodded.

"Until then, wear this suit," Joseph added a sentence.

Irish looked down and looked up again, "But it was really awkward."

Joseph smiled faintly, stretched out his hand to pull her over, and pressed his face to say a sentence in her ear, "You can take it all off on the bed."

Irish flushed and glared at him.

"Don't I really have to go to the kitchen to help?" After a long time, Irish asked, she still had a lingering fear.

Joseph returned to a serious position, admonishing her, "There's something to remind you."

"What's the matter?" Irish said. "Don't spoil Jordan. If I am not at home during the day, he will do everything he can to beg you, but you can't let him out, and he must read books at home."

Irish froze but shook her head later, "It's hard to be your brother."

The couple had just finished eating when Lilith found Mary was at home. Mary was tidying up the dishes, listening to the doorbell ring, she opened the door, and when she took a look, she froze, not expecting it was Lilith.

"Aunt." Lilith knew she was in a hurry. She was empty-handed and felt awkward for a while.

Steven heard the movement from the kitchen and went out. Seeing it was Lilith, he was also slightly surprised but quickly greeted, "The girl has come home, don't let her stand at the door. Come in."

Even if Mary was reluctant, but still invited Lilith in.

"Uncle and aunt, I'm sorry, I didn't bring anything." Lilith knew that Mary was not satisfied with her and remembered the scene of her fighting in the Lake house.

"No, there's everything in the house," Steven mentioned.

Mary only then spoke, "Sit down, and I'll cut you some fruit." Her face had dissipated, but there were still a few bloody lines around her neck. When Steven learned about her going to the Lake's house to fight, he ordered her not to go out of the house in anger and wait until she was well enough. That would be the time she could go out.

"Auntie, don't bother." Lilith hurriedly said, "In fact, I came today to ask about Jay's situation."

Mary slightly frowned, "Jay? Don't you know that he's been out of the country on duty?" As a matter of fact, she had no opinion about Lilith, mainly because she had a prejudice against Lake. In addition, on the day of the fight, Lilith's mother was highly suspected of watching a play, so she was more dissatisfied.