

Enchanted 555

The loud noise broke the stillness of the bedroom.

Jordan in bed was alarmed, but perhaps he was too thirsty for sleep, he frowned, muttered, turned over, and fell asleep again.

Of course, it was impossible for Irish to jump on the bed and pull him up, so she knocked things louder and made a bigger noise.

Jordan was impatient, pulling up the quilt to cover the head.

Irish's knock made her wrists sore, and when she saw that the man on the bed had not got up, she stood at the head of the bed and thought about it. She went to the sofa and took some pillows, one by one, then hit Jordan.

"You're almost awake at night, so you're having a hard time getting up during the day. Jordan, you have grown up!"

The man in the quilt moved, and the impatient voice roared out, "Don't bother me!"

"Get out of bed!"

Jordan was still quiet.

Irish thought about it and turned around, and went out.

The room was quiet again. But soon, there was a sound of footsteps.

Irish came back again, this time carrying a mop on her shoulder and pacing to the bedside. The long mop pole reached out to Jordan and poked him, "Get up!"

No response.

She stabbed him twice. "Get up! Get up!"

The man in the quilt moved restlessly.

Then she started stabbing wildly, "Get up!"

Then, she heard Jordan's roar, and he pulled up the quilt and sat up, looking angrily at the abominable woman who had disturbed his dream. He was about to break his mouth and scold her, and with his mouth open, he stopped at the next moment.

Because Irish waved the mop, smiled, and reminded him before he even spoke, "If you dare to say something bad, I'll have to hit you hard until your teeth fall on the ground."

But knowing that it was definitely not a good thing to say, Jordan, who did not understand what it had to do with his teeth, closed his mouth and stared angrily at Irish, who looked as if he were staring at an alien invading the earth.

Irish, standing before him with a mop like a swordswoman, gazed at Jordan on the bed and saw that his cheeks were still a little swollen, more or less painful. She couldn't help complaining that Joseph was too

ruthless. No wonder he got into the bedroom last night without having a meal. If she were him, she would be furious, especially when he was young and angry and he was slapped in the face by his brother in front of an outsider. This thought lingered in her head and suddenly caused an insurmountable obstacle.

"Come on, don't be depressed. Isn't it just getting up? Get up and eat. You didn't eat anything last night. Aren't you hungry?" Irish smiled.

"You don't have to be hypocritical!" Jordan said a bad word.

"I don't like to hear you scold me in English," Irish threatened by waving a mop in front of him.

Jordan shut his mouth and stared at her indignantly.

Irish could not help laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" Jordan spoke angrily again, this time in French.

Irish deliberately elongated the sound, "You look so cute."

Jordan sitting in bed was a little adorable, and his bleary-looking cheeks matched with such a pair of cynical eyes, and his hair grew a little longer when he came back, so as soon as he got out of bed, there was still a wisp in the top of his head. It was like having a wireless receiver.

But he couldn't look down. His upper body was bare, his smooth texture and strong skeleton were the same as his brother Joseph, and his mature male body was very different from the good looks which were Kawaii.

Jordan did not know why she suddenly said so, frowning, but her cheeks flushed. After a while, with a wave of his hand, he said, "I'll get up and leave me alone."

"Well, get up."

Jordan, however, still did not move.

Irish stood patiently before him and spent time with him.

Jordan could not bear it and pointed to the door, "Get out."

Irish laughed instead of being angry and shook her head, "I have to watch you get up, or you'll go back to sleep when I'm gone."

Jordan's eyes glared like a glass ball; he reached out to her and pointed at himself. "You're going to look at me?" he asked.

"Yes."

Jordan choked.

"Don't tell me you have a habit of sleeping naked." The quilt blocked his lower body, so Irish was also tempted to ask.

Jordan's face was redder, and he said angrily, "I don't, and you can't look at it."

Irish's heart was clear, simply sitting at the bedside, with a mop in hand, "Quickly get up and wash, sooner the cleaner will come over, you also want to let her clog you with your quilts?"

Jordan saw she had the intention of leaving, bit his teeth, and his angry eyes, after a few seconds, faded, coldly humming, "You like to see a man? So be it."

He could not articulate what he meant in French fully, but his expression was full.

Irish understood what he meant and smiled, "You are wrong. In my eyes, you are a child."

In a word, he was so angry that he got up from the bed without saying anything.

In the dim light, Jordan had only one underpants all over his body, and his strong legs were long from Irish's angle, and he had long legs like Joseph, which was why Joseph was a good shelf of clothes.

Of course, she saw the wrong place when she gave him a subconscious glance.

There was a big bulge between his legs.

Irish was a little embarrassed, withdrawing her eyes.

Jordan sensitively caught her subtle expression change, and his face turned to sarcasm. He went down from the bed and said, "Awkward? You deserve it!"

There was a lot of gloating.

Irish was unhappy and threw a sentence at his back. "Gloating? Boy, I've seen something bigger than yours."

Jordan suddenly stopped and looked back at her, eyebrows soon brewing anger, "You and another man, you dare to betray my brother?"

Seeing that he was angry, Irish smiled and said slowly, "You misunderstand, the man who's bigger than yours is your brother."

"You..." Jordan's cheeks flushed, pointing to her, too angry to say a word.

"Not going to wash up?" Irish showed a relaxed face.

Jordan bit his teeth. After a long time, he said, "You are not worthy of my brother!"

"Oh?" Irish raises a brow.