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The next sentence of Jordan was more complete, "You are not worthy of my brother because you are too evil!"

Then he went into the bathroom. Irish was first stunned, then laughed hard.

At breakfast, Jordan was unhappy, perhaps stimulated by Irish's words that "Your brother's thing is bigger than yours," or also, last night, he had been slapped by Joseph.

So he kept quiet throughout the meal.

Irish did not say much, always thinking about whether Joseph would be troublesome to shareholders after he went to the Runestone Group. On several occasions, she wanted to call him to ask about the situation, but she was afraid to delay his work and had to hold back.

The work of the Linkus had been at a standstill. Professor Tim urged her to stay at home because the media had not let the Linkus off, and at the university side, she most hated Cheska, who took her place. Irish could imagine her walking in high heels and walking proudly into the college classroom.

After breakfast, Irish lagged lazily on the sofa. The remote controller was integrated, and the computer and TV inside the room were controlled. The switch was turned on, and as long as she gently said: "Joseph" or "Irish" to the air, the computer would automatically check out the latest news about the photos, and TV would automatically broadcast the news related to it.

As long as she spoke, she could get the latest news.

The two names rolled around in her mouth several times, almost blurted out on the tip of her tongue several times, and finally, she didn't say them out loud, and she seemed to languish like a deflated ball.

Until the corner of her eye glimpsed Jordan's figure, she reached out her hand, determined to turn the remote control off. She listened to Joseph's words about not listening to things outside the house.

Then she would have to come and fix Jordan.

"Stop." She said lazily.

Although Jordan was not satisfied, he stopped and stared at her.

Irish turned her head from the sofa and looked at him, smiling, "What are you going to do?"

"Sleep." Jordan squeezed the word out of his voice.

"You can't sleep during the daytime as it will cause you to be sleepless again at night. From today on, I have to adjust your sleep time, you are an earth person, and your sleep time should be aligned with human beings, understand?"

"Boring." Jordan frowned.

Irish ignored his words and pointed to the sofa opposite, "Come and sit down."

Jordan did not move.

"Quickly!" She yelled.

He knew what she meant, so he walked forward and sat down across from her. He was not angry and asked, "For what?"

Irish got up and said, "Sit here."

Jordan was impatient.

When Irish returned to the living room with the medicine box and the ice bucket, she was satisfied that Jordan was still sitting there. She walked to him with a smile.

Jordan, not knowing what she was going to do, looked at her with an alert face.

Irish did not speak much, opened the medicine box, took out a large packet of medicine cotton cloth, put several pieces of ice into the cotton cloth, wrapped it into a small ice bag, and pressed toward Jordan's mildly swollen cheek.

Jordan reflexively shunned.

Irish, holding an ice bag, remained calm but said lightly, "Hide what? Do you think I will hurt you? Your brother is like a mother, and a sister-in-law is like a mother too. Have you not heard about that?"

Jordan stared at her and said nothing. Irish took the ice bag and gently pressed it on his face.

He hummed, it was too cold.

"I don't know you are my sister-in-law," he said a long time later.

"That word is admitted." Irish slowly corrected his sentence.

Jordan choked and then said, "I don't admit that you're my sister-in-law."

"You can add the word" really "between me and not, and when it is used as an adverb. You can express your inner feelings better." She rubbed his face and said.

Jordan stared at her. "I really don't admit you're my sister-in-law."

"Well, you said it three times, see." Irish laughed instead of being angry.

Jordan did not expect her to say that. For a moment, he was dumb. He had intended to provoke her and have a good quarrel with her to vent his anger and grievance that had been circling in his heart since last night. But she acted cool, and he was embarrassed to make trouble again.

The room fell into silence.

Only the clock on the wall beating the box fills the room.

Irish applied his face intently, and all her thoughts were on his bruised cheek. It was a pity in her heart that such a beautiful little face suffered, and Joseph was not afraid to slap Jordan's face to disfigure him.

But on second thought, thanks to Joseph's slap, she saw in advance how strong he was when he was angry. She wanted to avoid the chance that he would slap her, too, in the future.

The ice pack pressed on Jordan's face, from the initial discomfort to gradually making him comfortable.

Jordan's eyes had not looked at Irish at first, but as she lifted her hand against the ice bag, his eyes had to fall on her. Gradually his eyes calmed, and the time he looked at her grew longer and longer.

To be honest, he had never looked at Irish so closely, nor had he seen her for so long.

In fact, she was really extremely beautiful, her fine white skin was milky, and at such a close distance, her face had no visible pores. He was sure she had no makeup, for her cheeks were a little pale, and if she put on makeup, they could be covered. Her eyes were small, her pupils round and dark, beaming clear, and her eyelashes were long and curly. Her nose was high and straight, and then her slightly closed lips were thin.

At this moment, her lips didn't look good.

Pink and white mixed, there was almost no lip color.

At first glance, he felt a little pity for her because she was wearing Joseph's pajamas, lifting her hand to apply a cube of ice on his face, the broad sleeve fell her elbow, so it exposed her arm, like a lotus root, white and tender, and her skin in the sun refracted light, like a shell.

The unique fragrance of the woman also crept into Jordan's nostrils, accompanied by his breath, and that fragrance also went into his viscera.

Somehow, he felt a little numb all over his body. The position of his belly rising familiar heat. He was shocked, turning his eyes and no longer looking at her. The restless mood winded up in his heart. He now knew why his brother fell head over heels for this woman.

Irish, of course, did not know his psychological changes, applied the ice, and gently sighed, "Are you stupid? You stand there and let your brother hurt you?"