

Enchanted 575

Adam had an emergency to deal with, so Leo sent Irish back, and when they arrived at Joseph's house, Jordan opened the door for them so that they could drive directly.

Leo held Irish into her bedroom while Jordan stared at Irish's wounded ankle wrapped in gauze and felt regret.

"Why do you always make trouble?" He questioned unpleasantly.

Irish didn't answer him while Leo focused on Irish, so he ignored Jordan's words. Leo grimly said when she sat on the bed, "Let me find another doctor for you. I am suspicious about the medical skill of the doctors in that hospital we went to today, and he didn't even ask you to take a CT scan."

Irish shook her head slightly and replied, "The doctor said it was just a skin trauma. Though my muscles and skin tissue got hurt, the ankle bone had no fracture. Don't worry."

Leo was still anxious, but he had no choice since Irish insisted she was fine.

The bedroom sunk into stillness after Leo left.

Irish leaned on the bed, but her head was buzzing. She was restless on the way back home from the hospital.

She didn't tell Adam and Leo she was pregnant, because until now she still didn't believe this news. It happened in a short time, and she couldn't accept the truth yet.

After a long while, Irish finally reacted and put her hands on her abdomen, looking down at it, but the astonishment still didn't vanish from her eyes.

Was she really pregnant?

It meant a small baby was in her body, just like the seed had quietly sprouted roots in the soil.

Irish swallowed nervously, and her fingers trembled slightly.

She had a baby with Joseph.

Thinking of this, Irish's heart was beating so fast, and the unnamed emotion in her heart exploded abruptly. The complex emotions seemed to be nervous and surprised but also seemed to oscillate and bewildered.

She had never imagined the feeling of being a mother and what she would look like when she was pregnant. To be honest, she had been accustomed to the days of living with Joseph, and it was hard to imagine what her life would be when they had a baby in the future.

Irish bit her lips and touched her belly gently; now she could feel nothing of her baby.

But when did they have this baby?

She was lost in meditation, and her thoughts finally stopped, recalling one fateful night.

She figured out the answer.

Joseph was drunk that night and was different from his gentle, he ignored her supplication, and he ejaculated inside her body.

It was the only time he did that because he never did that again after that.

Irish adjusted her posture, and she had to admit that it felt strange.

She didn't know how to describe her feelings, but in the end, she couldn't help smiling.

She recalled that Joseph asked her if she had been pregnant several times before and if he must like children.

And now there was a small baby in her body. A baby belonged to them. If he got this news, would he be happy?

Thinking of this, Irish felt that her heart was beating so fast again, and she rubbed her hands so nervously.

How should she tell him this news?

What was the first sentence to say?

Should she say that: Joseph, I had your baby now?

While she was meditating, Jordan knocked in.

He sighed when he saw that Irish was sitting blankly on the bed, so he stepped forward and looked embarrassed, "Are you okay?"

Her attention then transferred from her baby to Jordan.

"She looked up at him and said, while pointing at the bed, "Can you sit down to talk with me? You are as tall as your brother, and it is tiring to look up at you."

Jordan followed her words and sat down on the bed, staring at her foot with apologetic eyes, "Leo said that you got hurt because of me."

Irish then understood the reason why he felt guilty, and she said frankly with a smile, "It has nothing to do with you. I never said that I went climbing the rock for you."

Jordan raised his eyebrows and looked at her unpleasantly.

"But I have to admit that I am getting older. I wouldn't get hurt even if I climbed the steeper mountain while I was still young."

"Bullshit. You are still young." Jordan said loudly.

Irish smiled after hearing his words.

Jordan pointed at her foot and asked, "Is the injury serious?"

"No. Don't worry."

Jordan snorted and pouted, "I am not worried about you."

Irish said nothing but stared at him, which made him more embarrassed. He blushed and cleared his throat, "I will take care of you now that you get wounded, but you have to repay me."

Irish felt it hard to understand his logic. Still, he was making progress, so she just pretended to say harshly to him, "Your brother is on a business trip now, and you are the only man in the house, so it is natural for you to take care of me and do all the chores for me."

Jordan glared at her and stood up. He turned back when he walked at the door and added, "You said you are skillful in rock climbing, but your leg was broken now." After finishing his words, he left.

"Hey, it's just skin trauma, but my ankle bone wasn't injured! You have to be clear about this." Irish shouted at the closing door but got no response.

She put down the bolster and relaxed.

She couldn't help smiling when recalling Jordan's words.

She had climbed the mountain for so many years but had never been so confused. She fell halfway off a gentle slope, and Leo, who had acrophobia, saved her life.

She felt absurd and then recalled the moment when she gradually fell down while the new memory came to her mind again.

At the moment when she fell down, her memory went back to the mountain peaks in Columbia as well as the mountain wall covered by heavy snow.

She was alone there, and when she was about to climb, the ice axe fell down, and she slipped, hanging on the snowy mountain wall while the thin safety rope prevented her from falling down.

There was an abyss under her foot.

A new picture in her mind occurred when she descended today.

Irish was frightened but also confused.

Why was she alone there, and where was Adam?

However, Irish smiled soon.

She thought that God had blessed her.

She suffered from a minor injury and suddenly knew she was pregnant.

She had to thank God.

Irish was the kind of person who knew the sugar was placed on a bomb, but she would eat the sugar first.