

Enchanted 582

Jordan was even more aggrieved. He felt like a man walking around on the road, but he was punched by someone for no reason.

"I want to hear how you understand this sentence," she said, "I mean, how do you understand it in English?"

"I'm tired of it." Jordan also had no appetite to eat, gasped for a breath, and said his understanding in English. "Burger is delicious, sister is funny."

"You bastard!" Joseph could not bear it, and then he got up.

"Joseph!" Irish held Joseph's arm and hurriedly said, "He didn't mean that."

Joseph's face was dark, looking at Jordan, coldly yelling, "What have you learned the whole day then? Such things?"

"You let me learn English!" Jordan was also on fire.

Irish felt dizzy and quickly played a regulating role, fearing that the two brothers would fight again. Of course, she absolutely believed that Jordan had said it without understanding this remark.

"I'm asking you, do you understand what 'play' means in the second half of the sentence?" She asked quickly.

Jordan, though rebellious, was also very sensitive. However, seeing Joseph was so angry and listening to Irish's question, the displeasure in his eyes began to loosen. He looked at her hesitantly, opened his mouth, and did not say anything for a long time.

Irish looked at him and repeated the second half of the sentence with difficulty.

"That's what you just said, playful sister." Do you understand what it means?"

Jordan was stunned for a long time and then said, "No. I don't mean to be happy together and fight?"

After hearing this explanation, Joseph was stunned.

Irish was stunned for a few seconds but suddenly couldn't help laughing, looking at Joseph and saying, "You misunderstand your brother."

Joseph only then reacted.

Jordan was even more puzzled. "Isn't that what it means? You taught me, and you said it."

Irish patted her forehead and smiled, "I'm sorry, it's my fault."

It was one time in the street Jordan heard two children talking, and one asked the other, was that playful? Someone else said, yes, the football was so playful. He asked her what she meant, and she casually explained that it made them happy to fight and funny.

Then he understood the sentence this way.

As he understood it, he had never been able to fight his sister-in-law.

"Jordan, do you know there are many explanations for the word 'play'?" Irish tried hard to suppress laughter and decided to teach him a lesson.

Jordan looked disdainful, "I know, this sentence can be understood as 'sister-in-law is funny.'"

Joseph was unhappy again.

Knowing the logic of Jordan's thinking, Irish immediately explained, "You mean interesting?"

"No!" Jordan sneered, perhaps it was to vent, and viciously said, "You are very funny, meaning that you are funny!" He threw the word out with no politeness.

"It doesn't matter, and it's almost the same." Irish was relieved, but from the point of view of being responsible to him, she felt it necessary to correct his understanding.

"You know there are a lot of explanations for the word 'play' in English, especially in the second half of what you say, 'play' is not what you mean."

Jordan looked at Irish, feeling bored.

Irish knew he seemed to be not caring about it, but actually, he heard it in his head, licking her lips, and said, "This word isn't interesting or funny, but..." She was a little embarrassed and blushed.

Jordan looked at her, puzzled.

Joseph, who had been silent, said the words she was embarrassed to say for Irish, "It means salacity, and the good thing to say is that screw, which is not good to listen to, is called fuck!"

Jordan was suddenly startled, then his eyes widened.

Joseph stared at him sullenly, his eyebrows stained with displeasure, and asked, "Is that what you mean?"

"No!" Jordan, flushed, got up, waved desperately to both of them, and looked anxiously at Irish. "I don't mean that, I'm sorry," he said and ran out of the living room in fright.

After his figure disappeared, Irish sighed and looked at Joseph. "You see, you don't ask him," she said, "you scared your brother. How could he possibly have that idea?"

"He dares to have any idea of you, and I'll break his leg!" Joseph frowned and was indignant.

"Your brother has an American face, but in fact, he was still a banana man. He's made a lot of progress, so encourage him."

Joseph put a glass of warm water in front of her, sighed heavily, and said nothing.

Irish took a cup of water, moistened her throat, and leaned on him, "Let nanny make burgers tomorrow."

"You even?" Joseph thought of it and looked back at her, "You can't plead for that boy."

She stretched out her hand, gently wound around his neck, and said lazily, "Is it alright if I want to eat?"

Joseph slightly raised eyebrows, smiling.

"And..." Irish gently clung to his thin lips, shyly filling in the sentence, "The child in my belly also wants to eat."

This really worked.

Joseph thoroughly relaxed the lines between the brows, smiling, "Okay, all listen to you."

It suddenly occurred to him that Joseph had been angry at Jordan's words, which meant that he had acquiesced to her as Jordan's sister-in-law. Irish's face was red again. What did Joseph mean?

At night, it was quiet.

Joseph took a shower and went back to the bedroom, full of warm yellow lights. Irish lay on the bed, and the whole person was shrouded in this soft light, like a dream making people feel comfortable.

He went to the bedside and opened the quilt, and lay on the bed.

His arm stretched out, and the woman was put into his arms.

Irish was looking at the result of B ultrasound, nestled in his arms, only to feel very safe. She could not help laughing and pointed out the little shadow above, "It is really small."

Joseph did not feel sleepy at all, immersed in happiness and joy all day, and he took the result, looked at it for a long time, and smiled, "How beautiful it is." He snatched the orange from her hand again, found it cold, released one hand to heat the tangerine one by one, and fed her one by one.

Irish looked at the corner of his smiling mouth in amazement and couldn't help but look at it, "How do you see it is beautiful?"

"You see the outline, isn't it beautiful?"

Joseph's fingers gently touched the shadow and softly said.

Irish looked carefully for a long time and blinked, "I did not see it."

"You idiot." Joseph looked at her with helpless eyes and gave her a light flip on the head.

She looked up at him, "The internet says a pregnant woman can't be knocked on the head, or the baby will be silly."

Joseph was stunned, "Really?"

"Really." Irish nodded.