

Enchanted 711

Irish also understood the situation. She was relieved and sat down, "You asked me to come over. And you take advantage of me, right?"

At the meeting, she received a call from Jordan. It was not convenient to answer his call.

She cut off the call and sent him three words: At the meeting.

Jordan replied: I will treat you to lunch at noon today.

The addresses were attached.

Irish also wanted to meet Jordan to see how he had been during the time, so as soon as the meeting was over, she went straight out of the office. She didn't expect to be used as a shield by him, this son of a bitch.

Jordan obviously did not understand what she meant in her words. Irish had no choice but to explain it again in English. Jordan suddenly realized that he had waved his hand to Irish continuously. "I didn't take advantage of you; she was too annoying."

"Didn't you?" Irish rolled her eyes. The young man laughed in a shy manner.

After ordering the meal, Irish couldn't wait to ask, "What's wrong with the girl? You don't like her?"

The girl was pretty.

However, Jordan nodded unswervingly. Irish looked at him and was stunned. "You like her, and you drive her away?"

Jordan was stunned when he heard it, blinked twice, and picked his eyebrows, "I don't like her."

"Why do you nod if you don't like her?" Irish asked him.

Jordan was even more puzzled, "You just asked me if I don't like her? Then I nodded, meaning yes, I don't like her."

It suddenly occurred to her that she had forgotten that Jordan's way of thinking differed from the way of expression in America.

"You just took advantage of me. You have to treat me to a great meal this time."

When remembering the kiss, Irish was still nervous, and his strong posture was the same as that of Joseph.

Unexpectedly, Jordan bowed his head and began to rummage through his bag.

Irish looked at him.

After a while, Jordan took out all the money in his pocket. "You see, it's only more than three hundred dollars. I'm going to refuel the car after the meal."

Irish was stunned and patted the money he put on the table. "Didn't you say that you treat me to lunch? Are you too poor, or if you were deliberately taking a little money out?"

Jordan blinked and laughed, "You should treat me to a meal instead."

"No! You're a man. You have to keep your word. What is it? Asking a woman to treat you to a meal? You don't need to fuel the car. We can eat with that money." As Irish spoke, she reached out for the money.

However, Jordan put all the money into his pocket and shouted, "I am poor."

Irish looked at him angrily and gnashed her teeth. "Jordan, you are richer than me!"

"But I don't have the money now." Jordan tightly protected his pocket.

Irish looked at him disdainfully. "I won't believe you next time."

"Don't be so stingy." Jordan smiled. The food was served, and it tasted good.

At least Jordan ate with relish.

They ate and talked until Jordan asked where she had been more than a month ago, and Irish began to lose her appetite.

"What's the matter between you and my big brother? He asked.

Irish gently shook her head and said nothing.

Jordan stared at her. "He's not good to you?"

"He treated me fairly." Irish did not want to say these things. "Please eat quickly. I don't have much time at noon."

"You are a shareholder in the Runestone Group, and you can be late." Jordan was obviously annoyed as he answered.

Irish helplessly rolled her eyes. "This law is bullshit in the eyes of your big brother."

Jordan shrugged his shoulders, and Irish did not know if he understood.

"Wasn't the woman earlier a good girl? Where did you know each other?" She changed the subject and talked about the girl who had just run away crying.

Jordan looked irritable. "Bar. We met each other when I was singing. She was pestering me, and it was very annoying."

"Did you go to the bar again to sing?"

Irish was surprised.

Jordan was nervous. "Don't tell him."

Irish knew whom he meant by "him."

A long time later, she sighed and said, "Jordan, in fact, you should go back to racing, that is your dream."

Jordan was silent and ate with his head down.

"Even if you can't catch up with the competition this year, you can return to that team and race next year," Irish said in a light tone.

Jordan stopped moving and looked up at her, wanting to say something.

Irish waited for him to speak.

It was a long time before he said, "Actually, I'm going back to the team because I lost the bet."

Irish remembered that she had made a bet with him.

Perhaps Jordan wanted to express more meaning, so he simply explained in English, "On the day you were injured, I decided to go back to the team. We are all the same and dare not face the past. But you overcame it, and for me, you got an injury because you wanted to prove something. If I dare not face reality, I'm not a real man."

"What are you afraid of?" Irish knew that there was still an obstacle in his heart.

"I don't know how to face my coach, it's my fault."

"People have to face the difficulty, don't they?" Irish gently comforted him, "Unless you can really forget the racing, really can hold the guitar in the bar every day, muddling through your lives. You can ask yourself, are you happy when you sing in the bar? Or is this just an excuse for you to run away from your ideals?"

Jordan was silent for a while and then said to her, "If I want you to go with me to find the coach, do you think I'm not a man?"

Irish smiled. "I'd be happy to see you return to the team, so I'm glad to be with you."

Jordan bowed his head and thought about it for a long time.

"Come on, it's my own business. I'll face it myself." He added.

Irish looked at him. "You've really decided?"

Jordan nodded heavily.

Irish reached out, "I hope you get back to the team, give me five!

Jordan laughed and lifted his hand.

Then Irish said, "Jordan, so you should really treat the meal."

"Why?" Jordan looked at her with alertness.

"Because I came straight out of the conference room without my wallet." Irish motioned to him to see that she had brought nothing.

Jordan protested. "You can't lie to a boy to take his money away."