

Enchanted 104

"Are you still afraid of falling in love with me?" Leo smiled.

"No, ambiguity is not loved, I just fear that we will be confused by it, and in the end, it will be just another game." Irish shook her head.

"Irish, I'm simple. I just want to stay with you before you fall in love with someone else. If you just think of me when you are unhappy, and I can listen to your complaints, that's enough."

Irish smiled a gentle, wholeheartedly smile, "I think we have been friends for a long time, and just friends without ambiguity and fantasy. Can you do it?"

"Thank you for your sincerity. I'd like to try." Leo gazed at her beautiful eyes by the light of the fire, "But before we break the ambiguity, can I make a request? The first one and the last."

"Don't ask me to kiss you, I can't." Irish sat cross-legged and was in thought.

A trace of loss ran through Leo's eyes but soon disappeared, he smiled, "You are mistaken, I want to kiss you."

She looked at him quietly, her eyelashes blinking.

The beautiful figures of the girls outlined by the fire were like enthusiastic flying moths. Irish was quiet with her soft eyes.

Leo looked at her and leaned toward her, gently kissing her on the lips.

She did not move, her eyes twitched with her lashes slightly closed.

In her mind, however, she inadvertently remembered the kiss of Joseph in the morning whose warm thin lips fell on her forehead, so soft, like feathers softly caressing her. At that moment, she seemed like she might melt.

Leo stopped without continuing and going deep as if cherishing a treasure. He didn't move and just let their lips close on to each other.

Before them were layers of grass, gently swaying in the night wind. Behind them were large campfires, beside which people were dancing and singing. Only they were still, like a film, and all their emotions seemed frozen in their beautiful encounter.

In addition to them, there was another man who was still.

It was Joseph.

Standing a little farther away from them, the bonfire light couldn't reach his shadow. Only the moonlight spread down on his shoulders.

He gazed quietly at them by the bonfire, and loneliness gradually rose to his face.

In addition to the participants in the wrestling competition, there were 11 other groups of contestants. Not far away, there were huge fake cheques dangling in the ring, \$6,000. The prize money, though not massive, was rare for this kind of entertainment.

Because of the prize, Irish began the morning run at the first call of the calf, and ran around the whole farm for a few laps, then returned to awake the two men who were sleeping. Joseph always had the habit of getting up early, so it was not a big deal for him. But Leo was a typical sleeper who always wanted to get up in the afternoon. It was incredibly hard to wake him up. When Irish didn't know what to do, Joseph was unkind, throwing a pot of cold water directly on Leo, who immediately jumped out of the blanket and bared his teeth.

Before Leo shouted out angrily, Irish came forward immediately, dragging him out of bed and saying, "You better hurry to change your clothes, you are the first one."

"Irish, why do we have to fight so hard for 6,000 dollars?" Leo clenched the door firmly. He pleaded, "Let's talk it over, I'll give you \$6,000. Can't you let me go back to bed?"

"Don't be difficult with money." Irish used all her strength to pull him up, "If you want to give it to me, I'll accept that. The bonus plus what you want to give me is \$12,000."

Leo felt dizzy from her annoyance.

After Joseph had washed up, he watched the two people still pulling at the gate of the door and said simply, "Leo, if you are afraid to lose, you can admit it directly. I don't mind changing competitions with you."

The words came out, and the effect was immediately achieved.

Leo loosened his hands, facing Joseph coldly, "Just worry about your own event. Who knows who will lose!"

"Well, I'll wait for your baton." Joseph threw a pack of matches to him.

Leo quickly accepted, saying nothing, and went to wash up.

When he left, Irish said to Joseph, "It's strange for you to become confidant or enemy."

Joseph's eyes looked complex.

Really?

After so many years of fighting, they were very familiar with each other.

Joseph, Leo, and Irish attracted a lot of attention when they appeared in the match. The competition had already gained a lot of attention, and the participation of female contestants was interesting for people to talk about.

Before the start of the contest, cheering girls sang and danced, and the atmosphere was very lively.

Irish was a little worried.

Leo's opponent was a strong man, and he was twice his size. Leo was the first to compete in wrestling because it was only for entertainment, so it would not be too strict regarding rules.

On the court, Leo was wearing a wrestling suit, which was somewhat similar to his ordinary clothes but much more concise. Because the day was hot and sunny, he simply opened his chest to reveal a large number of strong muscles. Many of the girls cheered for him.

"Do you think he can win this?" Irish asked Joseph, looking anxiously at the strong man opposite Leo.

Joseph raised his eyebrows, "I remember you fought with him."

Irish knew he was talking about the game on the golf course, and the expression on his face was gray.

"It's over. I wouldn't spend that much strength in one day." The mood of worry was unprecedented,

"Who is stronger, you or him? You look confident, even if we just win one game, there will still be a bonus. Well, he's a big man, of course. It doesn't look like a weak person, though."

"It looks like he and I are really your money makers." Joseph looked down at her.