

Enchanted 106

Compared to the wrestling arena, the racetrack was crowded with people. The vast farm was surrounded by bright flags and became a natural racetrack. The spectators were stopped by flags. When Leo finally broke through the crowd of girls and found Irish, she had squeezed into the best position to cheer Joseph on.

Joseph also naturally wore a horse riding suit, but unlike a traditional knight suit, it was an improved version of Leo's attire. He was selecting horses, but it was inconvenient that he had rolled up his sleeves. His strong brass-colored arms were exposed to the sun, and his handsome face naturally attracted many of the girls present. A lot of people were whispering about him.

Irish felt herself caught in the breathless wave of girls, snorting and turning a blind eye to them. But her eyes unconsciously fell on Joseph. Today he was different from the serious demeanor he had in the office or the leisurely laziness on the golf course. He was no longer a businessman in the business world and was more like a rough man of the plateau, with an unforgettable air of attraction.

Among the six participants, three were local people.

In the end, Joseph chooses a black horse. He turned and got off the horse, and the girls screamed.

Irish helplessly looked at the scene and then turned her head and glared at Leo. "I'm wondering, was it wrong to release you two devils?"

Leo shrugged his shoulders, "I'm just afraid of heights, otherwise, I would definitely have chosen horse racing. Obviously, people prefer to watch the heroes on horseback."

"What?" Irish's ears were sharp, and she heard something different and meaningful and stared at him with a laugh.

Leo also realized that he had exposed his timidity, embarrassed, but what he said was like pouring out water, and it was difficult to remedy it. Irish wanted to address it before he could hide his feelings.

"It turns out that you are even afraid of heights. Oh, my God, you are a special case. The situation is worth studying. Remember, when you come back to New York, find me and see if I can give you a 60% discount since I think we have a good relationship between us."

Leo closed his lips tightly, and his face was terrible and cleared his throat after a while, "Thanks to you, I'm more afraid of heights after I was down."

"Oh, sweet Kitty. Don't be afraid," Irish pacified him pseudo-sympathetically.

The horn of the horse race was sounded, and the race began.

When the six horses rushed out of the starting line at the same time, the whole crowd was jubilant, especially the girls who shouted at the racetrack, "go, number three!"

Number three was Joseph.

Leo chose wrestling because of his fear of heights. Joseph chose racing because Leo chose wrestling. She chose archery only because it was the last choice. If Leo's victory in wrestling made her sweat, Joseph's match with five other strong men made her feel even worse.

It was not that she did not trust Joseph.

It was because of his usual image and behavior, which was the charm of his personality. Most people who are very calm are not very keen on exciting sports, such as riding horses. Irish thought Joseph was just appropriate for playing golf.

As soon as the horses rushed out, most of the girls' eyes focused on Joseph.

On horseback, Joseph was handsome and majestic, with large hands controlling the reins, his bronzed arms shining in the sun, and people could feel his strength from afar.

Irish got up in excitement and shouted loudly at the racecourse, and Leo swayed his legs lazily on a wooden chair. He looked at Joseph with a disdainful face.

"See? He rode too slowly. The man in the rear will soon catch up."

Irish stopped shouting, turned her head to listen to Leo's gloating words, and said. "Then you should cheer for him with me."

"He can't hear you, no matter how loud your yelling is." Leo bit the grass, tasting its bitterness.

Irish glared at him again and then looked back at the racecourse. "Joseph, the short guy behind you, is about to catch up," she said. "Hurry up!"

This let Leo take a breath. He jumped up to her and used his hand to cover her mouth, "What are you shouting?" He looked around, and a lot of people were looking their way.

Irish was almost out of breath and made gestures to him for a long time. When he let her go, she gasped. "What are you anxious about? Many people here are from remote rural counties, and they are kind and pure."

"You have succeeded in attracting a lot of attention." Leo was helpless, rolling his eyes.

Irish reached out and pushed her head toward the crowd. She was surprised to see their different reactions.

"Look, all the people are looking this way." He snorted again.

Ignoring their gazes, Irish turned her head and pointed at the racecourse happily.

"Leo, see, he is far ahead, and the other five people fell behind after such a long distance."

The wonderful race elicited a surprising exclamation from the girls.

"I don't know whether it is because the horse is great or if he's just lucky," Leo murmured.

Irish had no mind listening to him. Joseph was on horseback, facing the wind against the light, his eyes sharp and his gaze determined. The number of laps continued, which meant he was closer to the flag.

Almost all the girls stood up and screamed at Joseph. How could those girls defeat Irish's enthusiasm?
After thinking about it, she walked toward Leo.

"What?" Leo was shocked. Irish pushed him away.

Without saying a word, Irish pushed his chair to the front of the crowd and beckoned toward Leo. He was puzzled but still followed her to sit on his chair.

"Irish, you..."

"Sit straight." Irish pulled a big red flag from the side and patted Leo on the shoulder.

Without knowing what to do, he followed her.

"Hold on, don't let me down." She said and rode directly on his neck before the crowd.