

Enchanted 109

Irish froze, "Boyfriend? What? I think you're mistaken."

The person in charge of the sponsors laughed kindly. "Isn't he the one who won the horse race? There's nothing to be ashamed of, little girl."

Before the words were spoken, Irish's mind had turned around for a while, and finally, Joseph walked out of the room without saying a word. "You mean he looked for you?"

"Yes, he said today is the first hundred days of you together and hoped the organizers would be kind enough to let you two play together and he could spend the most meaningful day with you. As you can see, the last round was a one-man race, and only you were special. If your boyfriend hadn't come to us, we wouldn't have let you finish the race."

Her heart began to beat irregularly again, and her cheeks turned pink. She subconsciously looked in Joseph's direction, who was talking with Leo. Against the light, his tall figure was dragged behind.

Enthusiastic girls came forward to greet them, and Leo did not say much, but Joseph frowned slightly, pulling Leo to the other side.

It was clear that the girls were frightened by his unsmiling face.

She was a little confused to see this behind the scenes, unable to imagine what it was like when Joseph said, "our first hundred days." He was not supposed to be a man who was good at rhetoric, and she could not see a soft tenderness on his face.

"Little girl, your boyfriend is such a good man. There were so many beautiful girls on the scene, and no one could reach into his eyes. You're the only one in his eyes." The organizer said, "You two are right together, hold on to it."

Irish turned her head and smiled. "I will, thank you." The sponsor nodded and left.

She stood alone in the sun, looking at Joseph's back, but she dared not come forward for a moment.

At night, the farm was more lively.

Because of their proud achievements in the festival, many local people held a celebration for them. This event was led by Amar, together with Irish, Joseph, and Leo, who had been in the limelight. The enthusiasm for them had reached an unprecedented level.

The bonfire was still full of music and dance.

The evening wind, with a clear smell of grass, mingled with the thick sweetness of roasted meat and wine floating in the air.

Irish was excited and drank glasses of wine, but she was only a little tipsy, for Joseph had been guarding her. When other people came to persuade him to drink, it was all in his stomach.

Of course, Leo also drank a lot. People here always liked to drink, which was good, and the wine fragrance intoxicated him. He was drunk.

After the end, Leo is lifted up by Joseph and Irish. Joseph, of course, would not take care of him. After putting him in his room, he left.

Irish covered the quilt for Leo and poured a glass of water, putting it next to him. She sat beside him and looked at him. Being drunk, Leo was very quiet, different from the wild image of the past, more like a sleeping child. He closed his eyes, and long eyelashes covered them.

She believed Leo was a good man.

Perhaps he could do anything in the business world, but a man who did not know how to refuse to drink wine with the locals, how bad could he be? Just by the campfire, she saw that he had taken a glass of wine, drank the bitter glass, and raised his smiling eyes.

This was his nature.

"Leo." She sighed. "We can't be lovers, but I believe you will be the most important friend of my life."

She dimmed the lights and went out of the room.

When Irish went out, she saw the full moon over the farm.

Not far away, Joseph sat on some dry wood, silver moonlight pouring down on him. He looked far away, wondering whose faint shadow fell on the grass. He seemed to be dreaming under the full moon.

Irish stopped and looked at his back from afar. Somehow, there was a slight pain in her heart, which was so fast that she could not grasp it. When she saw him, she could think of the kiss that had fallen on her forehead that morning, and his "our first hundred days" speech, though it was just an excuse.

But she seemed to take it seriously.

It was as if she had known that he would not go too far.

It was as if she knew he would be waiting for her not far away, and as soon as she left the room, she would see his reassuring back.

Maybe she knew him a little bit.

Joseph was a man who spoke less and did more.

She was staring at him.

He turned his head as if telepathically, and his eyes seemed bright in the night, staring at her through the air.

The sound of the grass flickered gently beside her ear. She saw him gesturing to come over, and she followed.

Under the bright moon, they walked without speaking, but it seemed they had said a thousand words. The night at the farm was silent. It was different from being in the city; there was no noise and no buzz, no lights, red, green, or neon.

And there was only the round moon and its shadows.

The tall one was the man, and the petite one was a woman.

Not knowing how long the time had passed, Irish finally opened her mouth with a soft voice, "Thank you for today."

Joseph stopped, staring at her.

She looked up at his angled face illuminated by the moonlight and could not help but sigh at his beauty. She had thought he would follow her words, but he kept silent.

For a moment, she didn't know what to say. "I didn't expect you to ride so well." There was nothing for her to talk about.

Joseph still did not say a word but stared at her face.

She was at a loss, dropping her eyelashes, covering the innermost loss in her eyes. Yes, she admitted she was a little nervous, especially when he looked at her and said nothing.