

Enchanted 368

Leo had a bad smile. "Why don't you send him a short message and tell him that you are having dinner with me? I can assure you that he will be in front of you in ten minutes. Do you believe me?"

"Do you like me, Leo?" She suddenly asked, sounding annoyed.

"Of course." He winked at her.

"Then why do I think you're taking me into the pit?" Irish waved her hands with a knife and fork, wanting to turn them into weapons to make him blind, "Why should I compromise first?"

Leo immediately raised his hand and surrendered. "You hear me out first."

Irish glared at him.

"First of all, you must admit that Joseph is busy!"

She nodded her head.

"Second, you know he never looks at his Twitter?"

"What are you trying to say?"

Leo laughed with a bad intention. "You don't want to call him on your own initiative, and you don't want to send a text message, so just post our photos. He seems to be on Twitter. Last time I saw you showed him a picture."

Irish blinked twice.

"You post a picture of us eating, oh no, you don't even have to take me in, just two red wine glasses, and he's sure he can come in without a word."

Irish thought for a long time, then shook her head. "It's too obvious."

Leo sighed, "You are really difficult to understand."

"That's why Joseph called me crazy." Irish stared at him and slowly said.

"Can he say that? He seemed to be mad." Leo laughed.

"I am angry, too." Although Irish said this, her heart was in a panic.

Leo shrugged his shoulders and smiled at her. The night was pleasant, but her little face was horribly pale. It was not true that he didn't feel pain seeing her in a bad mood, but it was true that she was gaunt for other men.

"Tell me how you pissed him off?"

She looked down at the dish, poking her fork several times before lifting her eyes. "I scratched him."

Leo was startled, "Severe?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. I saw blood on his collar."

"Oh, it's the neck." He thought it was on the face. "Is that why he's angry?"

"No." Irish held the cup, took a deep breath, and looked at Leo. "I said something I shouldn't have said and mentioned a person I shouldn't have to."

Leo sensed the repentance of her eyebrows and felt that the matter might not be so simple. The two people quarreling like that would have a reason. There must have been a fuse.

Irish clutched her finger and said slowly, "I mentioned Jenny." She knew that once the name came out, Leo would understand everything. She had checked the two of them and knew that the name was taboo for both of them, but the reason she could mention it in front of Leo was that she just didn't intend to hide it anymore.

Not surprisingly, Leo also changed his face, and his originally smiling lips became cold.

"I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have mentioned the name in front of both of you," said Irish sincerely. "But I didn't mean to say it at all. If you don't mention it on your own initiative, I will not say that. But...it was just that night that I did say something I shouldn't have said."

Leo lowered his eyes, and his eyelashes covered his expression. A long time later, he took a light sip of red wine and said, "You and Joseph said what?"

"I told him not to think that he was doing everything right, that if all were right, Jenny would not die or ruin his friendship with you." Irish sighed heavily.

Leo gently nodded and suddenly said with a bitter smile, "At that time, he did not slap you, it is your luck. To attack a man as proud as he is with such words is to hit him to the point. "

Irish shivered involuntarily.

"If it were me, I would be angry, too." Leo's tone was slow but also a little helpless, "So Irish, really not to say again, the name of Jenny for Joseph or me is unspeakable pain."

"I'm sorry." This sentence, she seemed to say to Leo and also to Joseph.

Seeing that she was feeling down again, Leo quickly resumed his usual look. He changed the serious and heavy topic. "Now that you think Joseph is so abhorrent, consider me."

Irish rolled her eyes.

"Don't be too quick to say no, either of you doesn't care about the other, so you can be my girlfriend for a few days." Leo was very "shameless" in putting forward the proposal.

"Are you getting in while it's empty?" She remembered Joseph's warning.

"I don't like these words," cried Leo. "How fair and bright I am. Do these words you come up with, or has someone taught you to be bad?"

Irish heard that he was alluding to Joseph, deliberately pondering, "Actually, your suggestion is not bad, let me think about it."

"How long?"

"One year? Two years? Or when I'm in my seventies and eighties." Irish answered very seriously.

Leo raised his eyebrows. "I've got to have a feud with Joseph all my life. He not only robbed me of my diamond but also robbed my woman!"

"When I belonged to you?"

"Didn't I know you before him?"

Irish reached out and shook. "I had a bed with him first."

"You hurt me."

"That's why he called me crazy." As she spoke, she grieved again.

As soon as Leo saw her like this, he said, "He's crazy. Don't listen to him."

While Irish was still sad, her eyes were a little red.

"Don't be depressed. People have to eat and sleep. Look at yourself now. There's no flesh on your face." Leo was a bit panicked and hurriedly put all the chopped veal on her plate. "Don't think about anything. I'll treat you tonight. You can eat whatever you want."

"Are you serious?" There was a lump in Irish's voice.

"Yes, you look at yourself in the mirror, you are thin."

"No. I mean, you treat me?" She tried to suppress her tears and asked.

Leo quickly nodded, "Can I lie to you? Don't worry, I'll treat you."

"Then two more kinds of cheese, five foie gras, and Fried bamboo shoots with black truffle are good, too. One more."

Leo looked at her in surprise. Wasn't she sad? How could she eat so much? After a while, he could not help sighing, "I owed Joseph in my previous life, so I spent money to coax women for him in this lifetime."

"What are you talking about?" She couldn't hear him clearly.

"Nothing." Leo hurriedly called the manager.