

Enchanted 38

"Did you send me Jasmine flowers?" She thought about many things during that walk. Since coming back, she didn't know many people. If excluding women with a normal sexual preference around her, that left only men. It definitely hadn't been Fredrick, and Joseph denied it. Her younger brother was not romantic, so the only possibility was the man in front of her, who had adhered to her parents' request to come and have a date with her.

He looked excited, "Sweetie, it's good to take Jasmine flowers as a gift this season. I chose the big white flower buds and wrapped them. If you put them directly in water, you can..."

"What do you want?" Irish interrupted him again.

"What?" Leo stopped laughing for a long time. He reached for her hands, "come on, I know you can't accept the fact that we are unmarried couples. Don't worry, I have enough time to let you get used to me."

Irish had to admit that his voice was pleasant to hear. But these words were like a heavy hammer beating her head, making her numb. She pulled her arms from his hands, "Mr. Leo, you should know two things. First, you are not my fiance. Don't say it in that way, we don't know each other. Secondly, you are not my type, and we wouldn't work out. "

"Well, you promised your uncle in person." Leo showed no anger but smiled, "We're adults, and you can't be dishonest."

"Don't you know that bitchy girls and mean boys are difficult to raise? I know I'm not a loyal woman, so I don't need to keep any promises." Irish said quickly, "I suggest you don't let others waste their time playing with you. Since childhood, I was taught marriages should be between families of equal social class. You are a tycoon in the Asian area and have many treasures and beautiful women. In other words, you are a typical wealthy man, and I, even having no stable occupation, am an insignificant and diligent person but satisfied with my own job, which should be carefully attended to. We are not on the same level. It is said that people on different roads are incompatible, so how could they even stay together with each other?"

"Oh my dear, I like how your lips look when you refuse me."

Irish stretched out a finger and pointed it at him, "Don't call me dear or sweetie."

Leo grabbed her hand with raised eyebrows, "Baby, it is not polite to point at others. I should teach you more in the future." He still did not seem serious.

"Stay away from me!" Irish wanted to break free from his grip but was pinned by him.

"Is it illegal to chase you?" He looked down upon her, their faces close.

"I am not convinced of love at first sight." He pressed her shoulders.

The smile on his lips shone through the night, "For me, the possibility of falling in love with you is mainly because you are so beautiful."

Irish lifted her head up and stared at him while he smiled at her. The atmosphere between them was thick with rivalry.

"All right," Suddenly she also smiled in laziness, "Let's do what my uncle said. Fight me. If I lose, I'll go with you, but if I win, you won't bother me anymore."

Leo's eyes twinkled, "Fight you? Baby, you are from a martial art expert family."

"Calm down. I can go easy on a weak man who has acrophobia." Irish raised her hand, lazily pointing at a place nearby, "Race me in my Jeep for 10 minutes. The person who goes the farthest wins."

Leo hesitated, "Well... Is it fast?"

"Why? Are you afraid of speed?" Irish wore a faint smile.

"I mean, people are hurrying too and fro, it would be awful if we hit someone." He smiled.

"Yes or no? No means you withdraw your challenge, which naturally includes your courtship right."

"Okay." Leo agreed helplessly.

In truth, it was a good thing to drive wildly with the flow of traffic. Irish's shiny red car could be seen dodging in and out of others, like an extremely active cell speeding up a blood vessel. Her driving skills were incredible, swerving left and right, all at full throttle. It also brought a lot of angry honks from other car drivers.

Her car quickly drove up the one-way street, in front of Leo's Bentley following her. Irish shot a glance at the rear-view mirror, knowing that everybody could tell that Leo would win in terms of his car. It would be a piece of cake for a luxury convertible like his to speed past her car on an open roadway. It was a pity that this car was in the wrong city. Though there were always green lights in NYC, he couldn't fully take advantage of his car's speed.

Ultimately, Leo was not as determined as her.

She didn't care about the license penalties or fines and even sped quickly between two cars, cutting off a bus. Though Leo kept honking the horn, the car in front of him still stayed in its lane.

Ultimately, Leo was too much of a coward.

Irish took the initiative shamelessly. She imagined that the speed cameras caught her more than once....

As she turned a corner, preparing to floor the gas pedal once again, she screeched to a halt in front of a five-star restaurant on Madison Avenue. Her body was thrown forward with force, but she held herself in place with the steering wheel, preventing her from being disfigured.

She also incidentally prevented ruining another scene at the door of the restaurant.

It was Joseph.

It seemed that he'd just finished a social engagement. He waved his hands to say goodbye to those who went out of the hotel with him. His smile was always so light and subtle that nobody could figure out what it meant. But from Irish's angle, she could see his lips rise slightly, and it was controlled to be polite

and far-reaching. He was dressed simply but sharply in a clean white shirt with a tidy necktie and smoky gray pants. He looked elegant and fresh against the light of the city street.