

Enchanted 628

Her indifferent words and a sad, tired expression made Leo look at Irish for a long time, trying to find a trace of it, but he found nothing. For a moment, he could not tell which of her words was true and which was false. And he hesitated to judge what he saw and heard.

Perhaps life was true or false, and there was no absolute truth, and a lie that was told a thousand times became true. When he thought of it, he smiled bitterly. Why should he stick to it? For some things, the present was the most crucial.

"Getting healthy is the key now." Leo softened his tone. There were a lot of things he didn't want to ask, such as her pregnancy.

He only knew about the situation when he was in Chicago. And he, who had just heard the two of them talk about the child, to be honest, he did not want to believe that Irish's motives were true or false. Strictly speaking, it was her personal business, and she didn't want to talk too much about it, and he didn't want to ask too much, either.

It didn't matter whether she was bitter or really cold in his eyes now, but the paleness that had been engraved in his eyes, and looking at her skinny appearance, made him pity her.

Irish laid down by his support, gazing quietly at the ceiling, silent as air.

Leo sat by the bedside, covered her with a quilt, and gazed at her, "Take a break, I'll bring you something to eat."

Her eyes twitched and closed gently.

Beside the bed, Leo sighed lightly, and after a long time, he got up.

Approaching the door, he heard the feeble voice of Irish, "Leo,"

He paused and turned his head.

"I'm sorry. I made trouble for you." These were her heartfelt words.

The Runestone Group and Leo's fight was not for a day, she knew, but all the fighting was around the interests of the company. Joseph and Leo were only taking advantage of business opportunities in the attack on each other, from this point of view, it was both justifiable. But now, Joseph was obviously dealing with Leo, which was purely an act of personal emotion. It was she who was making Joseph angry. This consequence should be borne by her, not Leo. He was innocent.

Leo heard this, making a faint smile. He walked back, leaning slightly to her bed, and his arms were in front of the bed, completely covering her shadow. He looked down at her and said in a soft tone, "You're wrong, that's what I'd love to see."

Irish did not expect him to answer like this, a little frozen.

His breath swept down in front of her forehead, and a low voice broke in, "I would like to feel the taste of protecting a person, Irish, I would like to do it for you."

"Leo..."

"I know you mean to say you and I are good friends." Leo interrupted her, "but wouldn't it be too much if I were really mean to take advantage of people's danger at this time?"

Irish stared at him in a stupefied manner, only to react for a long time and quickly get up, "I have to explain this to you. I don't think..."

"Well, why are you so excited?" Leo could not help shaking his head, sitting beside her after reaching out to calm her, turning his head, staring at her closely, "I really want to be your boyfriend, is it that bad?"

He tried to ease the atmosphere.

He didn't think of it, but he saw her nodding her head.

Leo was speechless and was hit hard, so he simply put his arms around her and asked earnestly, "You say you don't love him? Is that true?"

Irish's lips moved slightly, but soon she nodded, "Yes, I don't love him."

Leo held her back and asked, "Well, can you love me?"

She looked at him and pouted her lips, "I don't love you either."

"If you're a heartless woman, I'd like to try." Leo was straightforward.

Irish was puzzled, "Why?"

"Don't you want to bet once in your life?"

Irish smiled bitterly, "Leo, you already lost in the casino in South Africa."

"The real winner starts with losing." Leo unhurriedly retorted.

"To tell you the truth, I'm still worried about the money you lost. You know, kids in many parts of America can't eat enough." It was a serious and sensitive subject, and Irish was not making fun of it, but she wanted to laugh bitterly at the thought of the night he had lost his money, and, at the same time, he looked more like a child in the casino.

Leo was slightly surprised, then frowned, "Irish, I'm telling you something serious."

Irish sighed, "Okay."

"In fact, you're not bad with me." Leo hugged her hard and said seriously. "Although I am a few years older than you, it turns out that we can play together. Like rock climbing, I also changed myself. What's more, I am not a career-minded person. I can keep working as long as I can guarantee my food and clothing without worries, I'm satisfied, and most importantly, I live a happy life. I like to travel, and that fits you. In the relationship between men and women, I am very self-disciplined, although I'm a little flirtatious, but not dirty. I am not an omnipotent person, but I am the one who can bring you a sense of security. Of course, I have my faults, too. I'm afraid of heights, but you seem to have corrected me. At least the lamp at home is broken, and I dare go up and fix it. Oh, I'm afraid of mice, but there are no mice in this place, and there are very few places with mice in this city."

Irish looked at him in astonishment, "Are you still afraid of rats?"

Leo's expression was slightly embarrassed, and he cleared his throat, "Is it not a disgrace for men to be afraid of mice."

Irish nodded gently, which was not a disgrace, but a little strange. She could not imagine how Leo was being chased by a mouse.

"But I can cook, which can make up for my fear of mice." He hurriedly said.

"Actually, fear of mice is not a defect." She needed to remind him.

Leo, however, took it seriously, loosening her and standing up, "That's a mouse as big as a cat you've never seen. I've seen it!"

Then he began to dance and describe how big the mouse was and under what circumstances he met it, and then he saw what the mouse did and what the mouse did to him.

Irish looked at his comparison, very exaggerated, but with the suspicion of deliberately making her laugh. When Leo's handsome face was deliberately twisted, Irish could not help laughing, but quickly, her eyes became red.

Big tears rolled down from her eyes, but she still laughed.

Leo saw that, was shocked and rushed over, "I'm sorry, I didn't want to make you cry."