

Enchanted 103

She just ignored her own deficiencies and aimed for the greatest victory.

Even if it was her turn to shoot at the last round, she might succeed at last.

"Well, tell me, how much is the prize?" Joseph said to the point.

This time, Irish seemed to be slammed in the ribs and smiled. "Not too much."

Looking at her, Leo poked her head with his hand and said, "You don't hesitate to use us for profit."

"Since it is a competition, there must be a winner. Who would participate in it if there was no prize?"

"But you said it was for friendship." Leo derided.

"I need money to maintain friendships," Irish said sarcastically.

Joseph was plagued by them and simply opened up the curtains and watched the bonfire. Faint music came from afar, and the melodious strings accompanied the night winds, leaping past the grasslands and drifting into the room.

The bonfire started blazing bigger.

"Anyway, I have signed up. You won't leave me alone, right?" Irish began to make a scene.

When Leo was about to answer, Joseph said quietly. "If you want to take part in the competition, then you'd better not drink."

Irish smiled while Joseph looked weird.

"Joseph, do you agree with her?" Leo hastily turned his eyes to Joseph.

"Why? Are you afraid of cooperating with me?" Joseph turned at him.

"Hey, brother, don't dare me."

"Then I hope we can cooperate happily." Joseph still said calmly.

Leo turned away with a snort.

They went outside and sang and danced around the bonfire. That was the life they longed for most.

There were many beautiful love stories and legends here, which Irish was obsessed with. She believed that as time passed by, people would certainly forget something, but in their deep hearts, the softness of humanity still remained. These ethnic and touching stories were full of the deepest emotions that could awaken human hearts.

Leo went into the lively crowds, so he could follow Irish to dance around the bonfire hand in hand. Irish looked very cheerful, and the flames reflected on her cheeks, looking beautiful beyond description.

Staring at her smiling face, Leo's steps suddenly fell off the rhythm, and Irish also danced in the wrong steps.

"Leo, be focused," Irish shouted at him since it was noisy.

Staring at her with a smile, he said to her softly, "I just want to know if I still have a chance."

"I've told you. No way," She declined him directly.

Leo said reluctantly, "Why? I'm really a simple man, and you don't have to guess what I am thinking every day. I promise you that I will take the initiative to talk to you every day. Is that okay?"

Under the firelight, Irish turned to look at him while dancing. His words really had an effect on her heart. She never took him seriously back on the day of the auction. But now, Leo's face looked sincere, and for a moment, she thought he meant it.

Every word he had said was genuine and sincere, and his eyes were free of their usual carelessness and arrogance. She considered that the perfect man was just a beautiful dream, such as Adam and Fredrick. How could she understand Leo, who surpassed them in looks and riches?

No one ever really understood that even though she looked proud, she was cowardly to the extreme.

She was only an arrogant ostrich whose mind and courage had long been buried in the gravel. She could not be in love, and she did not seek to be loved. Joseph had said that love was a luxury, which deeply resonated with her. He was right, but he was the master of luxury. There was no luxury in the world that was not affordable for him or Leo.

But she was different. Her life did not allow her to stop and reflect. She had to keep going on and on and felt that she was destined to struggle to obtain things and had lost the capability to possess luxuries.

"Leo, I believe you." The moment when the man swore to her was true.

Leo clenched her hand, not knowing whether the fire lit her eyes or because of her acceptance, but her lips showed pleasure. "So you are saying yes?"

"No, your words remind me of the landowner of the old Chinese society." Her lips closed, and her eyes fell on the nearby bonfire, where the beautiful girls in beautiful dresses lit their eyes with their lover's affection.

Leo was stunned.

The music started up again, and their dancing steps sped up with the crowds, along with her words, "You are a nice guy. But love is interactive. You like me, but I don't like you."

"Love can be cultivated."

"What can be cultivated is affection but not love." Irish said to the point, "If love is without pleasure in the first meeting, then that is not love. Leo, I have feelings for you, but that is not love."

Leo was at a loss.

Irish didn't want to explain more about it, "I still can't accept you."

Leo sighed deeply, "I know. But I still have to try."

"I will never say sorry to you because I have never lied to you." She said wholeheartedly.

Leo nodded, "Your straightforwardness is what I love and hate. So it is harder for me to give up on you. I don't want to force you to love me, but if we can't be lovers, can we be best friends?"

"Do you think there can be true friendship between men and women?" Irish crooked her head and asked seriously. "You don't think so?"

"No. There is a saying, don't let your girlfriend have a male confidante because he will be the third person and do not let your boyfriend have a female confidant, or she will be a mistress." When the song and dance were over, Irish and Leo stopped, sitting side by side on the grass. She looked at the bonfire and sighed, "In my opinion, the so-called true friendship between men and women can be explained more as an ambiguous fantasy and psychological comfort. If this ambiguity does not exceed the bottom line, then friendship lasts. But people are sentimental animals, and the relationship can be broken and changed by a fatal affair down the line. The world is full of such examples unless the other side is gay. Leo, you are handsome and strong, do you think we can stick to this ambiguity and won't stray from it?"