

Enchanted 105

Irish's brain worked faster, and she immediately said with a fluttering voice, "We can spend it together."

Joseph was most afraid of the way she looked, and he had to follow her, sighing. "Don't worry, Leo is not as weak as you thought."

"Really?" As an alarming sound was given out, the audience began to huddle, and Irish began shivering.

Joseph looked at Leo on the stage, who was warming up, laughing coldly. "How should you describe him? It's not an exaggeration to say he is deeply reserved," he said. The person who could open his interest could not be weak.

Irish was shocked, looking at Leo. Him? Deeply reserved?

The 12 groups of contestants were divided into six groups for pairings, which meant that only six contestants were left after the first round, and the winning side would make way for the next event. Grouping was determined by drawing lots.

The second round began.

The strong man raised his voice, heading towards Leo. He spread his arms, threw them around Leo's shoulders, and threw him to the ground.

All the girls below the stage screamed, including Irish.

At the moment Leo fell, she also covered her eyes.

On the stage, Leo lay on the ground, looking at the white clouds floating in the sky and feeling the heat in his chest for a moment. Fortunately, he protected his head when he fell.

"Oh my God! Why is he motionless?" Irish was worried and wanted to rush to the stage to check.

But her arm was pulled back by Joseph, "Don't worry."

"What if something really goes wrong?"

Joseph simply pulled her into his arms and held her back, looking at the stage without saying a word. Irish did not know why he had so much self-confidence, then she thought again. He and Leo were enemies, did he take advantage of the opportunity to...? Such an idea was just a flash, but on the stage, Leo slowly got up from the ground, and at the opposite end, the strong man said, "Good."

"Dude, are you okay?" After all, it was not a contest, the other side was also very worried.

Leo took an exercise and said, "Such strength to beat me down?" He reached for him, "Come on."

When the man rushed to the front again, Leo stuck firmly to his attack, using his feet and fists. He controlled his strength when the other man became weak. Leo made a quick and accurate overarm throw when the man did not react, and then he fell to the ground.

Clearly, Leo was not great at wrestling, but he used his strong foundation to gain the upper hand.

It was approved by the judges unanimously.

"Was that Kyokushin karate?" Irish pointed at Leo on the stage with startled eyes, turning her head again to look at Joseph, "how is he able to do this?"

She recalled her uncle was obsessed with martial arts, and the martial arts styles were always on his mind, and even when he opened his martial arts school, he studied videos extensively. She was also impressed by it. Irish had seen Kyokushin karate, which was different from the traditional karate. It was more practical and had less ornamental value than traditional karate. Once an apprentice who studied in his uncle's martial arts school learned it, they remembered it. Joseph seemed used to it and said lightly. "He's always known it."

Irish looked at Leo with a surprised face. He was always playing the fool in front of her.

"I didn't know he could do that." Joseph smiles, "It's just for self-defense."

"What about you? He's reserved, and you should be the same." She turned to him.

"Me?" Joseph looked at her with a smile. "Can you call a man who only knows how to protect himself a martial arts master?"

"Every move of Leo's karate was professional, since you could become old enemies, then your strength would be equal." She looked up and down at him and seemed to feel the need to know him more deeply.

Instead of satisfying her curiosity, he pointed at the stage. "Stop gossiping. Leo won this round. I'm going to prepare for the second game." After saying so, he turned and left.

Irish wanted to stop him, but his figure soon disappeared into the crowd. She returned her attention to the stage, Leo was still grappling with the other man, and the result was unknown. How could Joseph predict that Leo would win?

Just thinking, she heard Leo roar, and the giant black man has knocked down again, the match stopped, and the referee blew the final whistle.

Leo won.

Irish stood still there.

Joseph really guessed right.

But wait, was he really lucky enough to guess correctly?

Leo had picked up the first flag, waved to Irish under the stage, and after a graceful thank-you gesture, he ran excitedly up to her and looked around behind her.

"Don't look for him. He said you could win the first game and went to the racecourse before you had picked up the flag," said Irish.

Leo snorted, "He is just jealous of me."

Irish reached for his banner and waved it in front of him, "Leo, Joseph's assessment of you is accurate, you are deeply reserved."

"No, not now." Leo knew what she meant but deliberately changed the subject and patted his chest, and the sweat on his strong chest shone sexily in the sun.

Irish could not help but laugh.

A group of little girls rushed up and pushed her to one side. Leo was in a hurry and was about to reach for her, but she ran quickly. "I'll go to the racetrack and watch the race. If you can't see him win, stay here."

"Oh, Irish, wait for me..." Leo shouted at her back while the little girls were so enthusiastic that they surrounded him.

The second event was horseback riding, and the team of six that had successfully won the first flag were eligible for the second race. The race had 6 participants, while three people were eligible for the next phase, and the first rider riding past the finish line and winning the flag would reduce the ring number in the final archery round.

Joseph took part in the horse race.