

Enchanted 107

"Iri...!" Leo was completely shocked.

"Stand up." Irish patted him on the head.

Leo was helpless and got up.

This way, Irish was far taller than the other girls, and she could see a girl in a floral gown with a big red flag far away from her. Everyone around her stared at her.

"We don't have to stand higher to see it, do we?" Leo made a sad face.

"Don't make any noise."

Joseph rode to the last circle, and the horse under him became braver and braver.

In the crowd around the racetrack, Irish also began to cheer in her unique style. She waved the big red flag in her hand and began to sing songs she had just learned in Amar's car in Joseph's direction.

"The man with the horse, you are majestic. I'd like to melt in your broad chest, I want to go to the boundless wilderness with you. All the days are as sunny as you."

Her voice, heroic and passionate, was not very pleasant to hear, but it was cheerful and loud. The song seemed to float onto the racetrack, and Joseph looked at her.

But under her, Leo was frightened. She could be bold and unrestrained, but his hair was about to rise up, along with the people around, all looking at Irish in shock.

Irish was never a person who cared about the eyes of others and still sang regardless:

"The man with the horse, you're in my heart.

Galloping horses like the wind

Your heart is as wide as the earth!"

This enthusiasm gradually attracted a lot of people.

Finally, there was a large group of girls singing the song with her to Joseph.

In the last sentence, "I wish to melt in your broad chest," Joseph reached for the flag of the second round event, and her eyes sparkled like diamonds, shouting, "Let us encounter in the green pasture. Look at me with your hot eyes."

Unfortunately, Joseph did not pay attention to her. Leo almost cried, "Irish, can you get down?"

The second round ended with Joseph winning the flag, but he was too clever to give any girls a chance to come forward or hug or join the crowd. After returning the horse to the host, he left from the back door.

This time, only three teams won, and the last game was the last three of the groups to compete for the title and prize money.

Irish never cared about the title, what she was interested in was the prize.

In the room for the contestants to take a break, the trio questioned the final match.

"You mean you mistook the rules?" Leo held the mineral water bottle in his hand and gazed at Irish without smiling.

The mineral water bottle was pinched in his hand, and Irish thought that he would crush her bones at the next moment, and then she laughed. "I think it's the host's fault, they didn't express them clearly to the organizers."

"Hey, riding and shooting and archery are two forms of competition." Leo reached out and patted her on the shoulder.

"But they were all shooting arrows, which is not difficult."

Joseph did not speak, he had a rest and drank the water silently. He asked in a low voice after hearing her words, "Can you ride a horse?"

"You ride well." She smiled and looked at Joseph.

"We want to know if you can or not," Leo asked.

Irish shook like a rattle-drum.

Leo and Joseph looked at each other, "Wait to lose."

"I don't like to hear that. What does that mean? Wait to lose?" Irish raised her eyebrows and pointed to Joseph. "It's not a big deal. He can ride, and I will shoot arrows."

Leo was stunned.

Joseph looked at her look indifferently and said with serious eyes, "You are breaking the rules of the contest."

"Is it stated in the rules that the rider must ride on his own?" Irish said. This time it was Joseph's turn to be startled.

On the other side, Leo clapped his thighs and gave a thumbs-up. "Well, you are smart."

Irish chuckled, looking at Joseph, who did not say anything, and got up and walked out of the room. Leo reached out and patted her on the shoulder, a little dissatisfied. "You can cooperate with me, can't you see his face?"

"Do you dare ride a horse?" she sighed.

Leo opened his mouth and sighed after a while.

In the last event, a man and a woman suddenly appeared in the shooting area and finished at the same time. The rest of the players were shouldering bows and arrows on their backs and riding horses. As a result of the second wonderful round, many people recognized the man riding the horse, but also because of her impassioned song, they knew the woman on horseback.

Joseph came out on horseback, and Irish sat in front of him. She was the only woman of the trio, dressed in a shooting suit who was valiant and heroic bearing. As soon as they came out, they naturally got everybody's applause.

She said hello to the audience, smiling like a flower.

The man behind her said in a low voice, "Concentrate."

Joseph's voice was so close that his warm breath fell close to her ear. She could not help but look up, and he also happened to bow his head, and they looked directly into each other's eyes. There was a shock that went through her heart.

She hurriedly turned her head to look forward, with a smile to hide her inadvertent embarrassment, "Oh, I said that the organizers had to admit that our cooperation was reasonable."

Joseph let her comfort herself, reached for the reins, and his strong arms wrapped her firmly inside. Seeing her spine stiffen, he could not help saying in a low voice, "Relax and lean on me when the target is ready to shoot, then give your best shot."

"Oh." The back of the horse was so large that they would be so close to each other, and she regretted the fact that his chest was hot. "If I fall..."