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Irish was astonished, looking at the man with an evil smile. He looked leisurely and carefree and smiled at her, "Yes, right. We have been engaged to each other before we were born."

Irish can't help quivering, "Are you acting in an idol drama? It was just an old practice in that era, you know."

That's the reason that she met him in Linbia Canya. Before her uncle and aunt returned to America, the order of the blind date had been published by them, so she had to meet him. As for her Uncle Matt, she didn't remember him at all. Even her uncle Steven couldn't explain the origin of their friendship. At that time, Matt was going to exploit the market in New York, and he was more modest that time.

Generally speaking, he was in the high social class, and it's unreasonable that he would woo an ordinary girl. But she heard that it was he who begged her uncle Steven to remind her of the history of their appointed marriage. Steven was a person who always remained faithful to friends, and he was also impressed by his handsome appearance and his innocent family history, so he hurried to make a match for her, a 28 years old single leftover woman.

"Irish, nobody is forcing you to get married. We didn't intervene when you studied abroad. You are now 28 years old, if you still have no boyfriend, I'm not going to face your mother with that when I meet her in heaven. You should marry a good man instead of just a man with a good job."

Irish opened her mouth slightly, saying nothing. Leo looked complacent, and the corner of his lip raised like he needed a smirk, "Sweetie, we are destined, you can't get married without me."

"You..." The look on his face made her clench her teeth.

"Okay, you can tell your uncle directly whether we get together or not."

Her Uncle Steven was a straightforward person, he hastily patted his big hands on the table.

Irish knew her uncle, lifting her eyes to see him and licking her lips, "Do you have anything else to say?"

"Yes!" Her Uncle Steven suddenly arose, pointing outside, "If you say yes, and you have a thorough conversation with Leo, then it's perfect. If not, come outside and fight with me. If you win, your Auntie and I won't supervise you, if not, you should still follow our advice."

Irish felt like she had been punched in the stomach, winded and out of breath for a while. When she saw Leo's face looking playful, her spirits lifted. She couldn't let this outsider laugh at her, so she jumped up. Looking ready to do battle with her uncle.

"Sister, bravo!" Jay said, hiding a smile.

"Sweetie, bring the weapon!" Her Uncle said harshly. Her Auntie heard his request, whose chubby figure was still swift to move, vanishing into the study and returning with a weapon and giving it to her husband. When Irish saw the weapon, her cold sweat began trickling down. It was a razor-sharp sword, which was her uncle's trump card.

"Irish, you don't need to fight me without a weapon. You can swing freely and attack me three times first."

Jay was giggling and cheering for Irish, "Irish, use the chair! "

Perhaps Jay was too eager to let Irish avenge him, and he forgot that despite Irish's skill at martial arts, she was facing a master. When Jay just finished his words, Irish gave out a wail, "Uncle, please have mercy on me."

Jay suddenly widened his eyes in shock, "Irish..."

"Shut up! You come here and try it." She had engaged in this kind of fight with her uncle many times and always lost. This sword was her nightmare because every time she had been naughty in her childhood, her uncle had given her a good beating. She didn't want to be hit in front of Leo.

"All right. Then Leo and you..."

"I'll give it a try. "Irish quickly replied with an obsequious smile. Jay looked helpless and held his forehead.

"Jay, you don't need to keep adding fuel to the fire. I know your plan. You're just afraid of being forced to get married after your sister. Marriage and giving birth are great things in life. Can you avoid that?" His mother pinched his arm.

Jay screamed and looked for help, "my dear sister..."

Irish quickly hid her face, pretending not to see such a scene.

"Don't blame her, she can't even save herself."

Leo was standing near them, and an obvious smile showed on his face.

The dinner that evening was plain, but it seemed that only Irish thought so because everyone else was very happy, especially her uncle. Hearing that Irish would not go abroad anymore, he was extremely joyful and even sang a song during dinner. Her Auntie drummed a rhythm for him, and they were a happy couple. Even her brother Jay betrayed her, obediently adding wine and serving the table for their parents. And Leo was obviously thrilled, his long narrow eyes occasionally glancing at her.

For a moment, Irish thought that there was no such thing as this arranged marriage and that it was entirely a lie.

After the meal, Irish proposed to leave earlier with Leo. Her Uncle and Auntie were delighted that they would have a chance to be alone, so they agreed. They went outside. Irish was afraid that her uncle and auntie were staring at them, so she walked faster.

"Your uncle's family is funny."

"It's unimaginable that a frail girl like you even grew up in such a volatile family. Whose skill is better? You or your brother? I guess it must be yours."

"You can teach me in your spare time. You certainly are a professional."

"Sweetie, do you want to see a movie with me? I know a new...."

"Mr. Leo." Walking ahead, Irish suddenly halted, turning around, and she interrupted his nagging. A feeling in her heart arose, which she couldn't place. Leo nearly bumped into her.