

Enchanted 39

Irish hadn't often seen him dressed so casually. It was easy for her to imagine how comfortable it would be to wear those clothes, even if it was on such a hot night. She remembered his suit jacket, and the soft and warm feeling was unforgettable for her. It was Armani, which was well-known for its wool, cashmere, silk, and mohair. Joseph, a man with high standards in work, also pursued the best quality of life. He would never be lost in taste.

They talked for only a minute, as Joseph's car arrived at the door quickly. He didn't seem to be drunk since there was a smart and intelligent spark in his eyes. He left after shaking hands with them one by one again.

Irish sat in her jeep and watched Joseph's car leave. She raised her hands to massage her face when she realized it ached. She looked up and didn't find anything. She laid her arms on the steering wheel but still looked in the same direction. Maybe it was because of the dim night light, or maybe because she was still so surprised at running into a familiar face in such a big city she forgot that there were only two minutes from the deadline she had set with Leo.

A car sped past her, and she regained her senses. After seeing the time, she felt the situation was terrible. As she was ready to start the engine, she found that Leo had drifted perfectly around the corner and cut her off.

Leo laughed loudly in the car and leaned against the car door with his whole body, waving his hand to her, "Sweetie, you know what, he who laughs last laughs best. You've been beating me the entire way, but I'm going to win now, can you believe it?"

Irish looked at the time, leaning her head out the window, "One and a half minutes left."

"So what?" Leo smiled flatteringly, "You're going to be with me for a lifetime. Only one and a half minutes is nothing to us."

"Go away." She said, annoyed.

"Am I so bad that you don't want to be with me? You want to fight to the last minute?" Leo smiled an evil smile.

"Last time to say it. Go away."

"Be with me, okay?"

This time, Irish didn't say much to him but returned to the seat and started the engine. Her tires screeched against the pavement. As she stepped on the gas, the red jeep rushed towards the bright, gaudy Bentley like a strong horse without a rein.

Leo suddenly felt frightened, and he rapidly started the car and turned it to the curb. The next second, Irish's jeep whirled past where he had been a second before. A second delay would have caused a disaster.

And he heard the words, "Admit defeat. If you want to pursue me, please be a bit more bold, okay?"

That jeep was red as fire, and it could be seen even as it raced into traffic. He saw her arm reaching out of the window. She lifted her thumb and then turned it down.

Leo watched this gesture as she disappeared into the night and smiled, "Crazy woman."

As foretold by older generations, those who harm others will eventually damage themselves.

Irish thought that she had just battled for defense, but retribution arrived quickly. After speeding so fast, her jeep started shaking like a patient with a sick cough. She couldn't help but let out a whine for her suffering.

The air inside the car smelled awful, so Irish got out of it to breathe in the so-called fresh air. Even though the air she inhaled was the haze of car exhaust, it made her feel better, even though it seemed like her car was fully broken down.

Cars drove past her but were forced to go slowly due to her nearly broken-down jeep. She nipped her waist, standing in front of her car by trying to be innocent. Her car had been very lively before, but now she had to tolerate its shortcomings. Eventually, those little shortcomings became large drawbacks.

She felt that she had to appear to be busy and checked the problem by opening the hood. At least she could pretend that she was trying her best to fix the problem and ease the traffic jam that she had caused. It also got her out of traffic, where she'd be less likely to get hit.

She didn't know how to fix a car, but she could pretend to do so.

A car honked, and she immediately made an apologetic gesture. She dared not to show annoyance to the other drivers since she knew that all of them who had been delayed would secretly want to kill her.

She heard a car come to a stop and the sound of a closing car door. The light aroma of wood accompanied the figure that walked toward her, and she felt nervous.

A familiar aroma belonged to a familiar man.

Irish raised her head and met the man's eyes. She was startled because she had thought he'd already left.

Joseph stopped in front of her, looking at her and her car, and finally, he realized the reason why she stood on the side of the road. She could see a faint smile in the corners of his eyes.

Her cheeks blushed, maybe because of embarrassment or maybe due to the hot night air. She noticed that he was ready to roll up his sleeves, so she rallied herself to prepare to stop him. However, he predicted this and just said, "Stay there."

She stayed there perfectly still.

Joseph rolled up his sleeves and probed the hood with his big hands. Irish covered her eyes, thankful that she didn't have to deal with the greasy dirt.

"Pass me the tool cabinet."

"Huh?" Irish murmured, "I don't have a...."

Joseph didn't speak and walked to the car door and started it. Then, something terrible happened. The whole car started to shudder like a patient with a severe cough. The chassis cracked, and as he stepped on the brakes, the whole car shook violently. Irish felt extremely frightened at the sight of this scene, and she was afraid that her jeep would explode.

"Irish, how did you even manage to break your car?" After turning it off, Joseph got out and stared at her.