

## Enchanted 638

The signboard of MI Bar was shining at night on Madison Avenue. It was a place where many young people came for entertainment.

Irish got into the bar and then sat in a secluded corner. It was the right time for people to enjoy the fun here, and when the deafening music sounded, she felt dizzy. It was not until then she had to admit that she was not as young as before.

Jordan asked for a cup of milk for her which shocked her since she never expected that there would be milk. Jordan patted her shoulder as if he was her buddy and then said to her loudly. "I bought this milk outside."

"But no drinks are allowed to be brought personally."

Jordan smiled at her and replied, "Don't worry. The workers are not fools. And have paid the price for this cup of milk. I have to buy an extra set meal here."

Irish widened her eyes since she was surprised, and soon the waiters served them alcohol and some snacks.

The waiter served them two bottles of wine, four bottles of beer, and a compote.

Irish pointed at the bottles on the table and said, "You can't drink so much wine. I won't pay for it."

"I have already paid," Jordan said helplessly.

After hearing this, Irish smiled slyly.

"It doesn't matter." Jordan opened the bottles while speaking.

"Are you crazy?"

Jordan smiled and said, "Don't waste the beautiful moment."

Irish looked at him helplessly.

It turned out that going out with him was a little bit depressing.

Irish couldn't figure out why those young girls' eyes would be so sharp, and more than ten girls had come to strike up a conversation with Jordan within an hour.

Jordan was young, handsome, and vigorous, so it was natural that those girls would be attracted to him. However, Irish still thought they were too audacious.

Jordan drank with those girls, but as long as they sent an invitation to him, Jordan would embrace Irish immediately and say with a big smile, "I am sorry. This is my girlfriend."

As soon as he finished his words, Irish would receive a look of hatred from those girls.

After looking at him helplessly and saying, "Are you sure you brought me here for fun? But I think you are proving your charm in front of me."

Jordan replied with a smile, "I really want to accompany you." But Irish still didn't trust him.

It turned out that as soon as he finished his words, he rushed to the dancing floor where all of the young girls were there.

In such a noisy environment, Irish was so quiet.

He held her face, staring at Jordan through the light.

Those girls surrounded him, so it was easy for her to know where he was. He was good at dancing. His well-defined chin and smiling lips gave her an illusion, and she almost thought it was Joseph who was there.

Perhaps, he was also accompanied by a sweet girl at this time.

Just as her Aunt said, a man like Joseph would never lack the companion of a woman.

Though it was her own decision to end their relationship and why she still felt so painful?

She called the waiter and asked for a cup of hot water to relieve her pain.

Soon the waiter served her the water, but a man suddenly blocked in front of her.

She looked and found a strange man standing there.

"Is anyone sitting here?" He asked.

It was a handsome man in his twenties but looked slovenly.

"Yes." She replied coldly.

The man was going to say something, but soon she added, "I only like women."

"Madwoman." The man was shocked and soon left.

Irish sighed slightly after hearing that since she also thought she was a mad woman.

In the following hour, Irish declined several men's invitations, including the young and old, handsome or not. She felt she was not as vigorous as before, so she lacked the energy to talk nonsense with those people.

However, three nasty men finally came to her.

It seemed that they were frequent callers of the bar, and one of the men with a tattoo sat beside her and asked her, "Hey, beauty, do you want to have a midnight snack with me?"

"I have a stomachache, so I don't want to eat anything now."

"Stomachache? Don't worry. I want to buy some medicine for you." The man with a tattoo reached out and held her waist while talking.

Irish frowned and removed his hands, "Stay away from me. Don't bother me here."

"Wow, hot-tempered woman." Instead of being irritated, the man smiled and said, "Don't be angry. Why are you so sad? You can tell me."

Irish had run out her patience, and she roared at him, "Go away!"

"It's an honor for you since I have a crush on you, so you'd better not offend me." The man pulled Irish's arms and was about to hold her in his arms.

Though Jordan was dancing, he paid attention to Irish occasionally in case any incident occurred to her. He also noticed that many men came to strike up a conversation with her, but those men looked polite and left her soon.

But he stopped dancing immediately and frowned tightly when he saw that the slovenly man was harassing Irish. He pushed the girls who were dancing and pressed him but only gazed at Irish. Jordan was totally irritated when he found that the man was trying to embrace Irish, so he rushed through the crowds and took an empty bottle in his hand.

At the moment when that man held Irish in his arms, Jordan stepped in front of him and slammed the empty bottle to the man's head. "Screw you."

The bottle was broken into pieces soon, and the man fell down to the ground immediately. He covered his head and was shocked. He was indignant when he finally got to know what had happened. "Do you want to die?" He roared at Jordan.

Two of his companions also rushed up after seeing what happened.

Jordan struck out wildly with them while the man who fell on the ground also rushed to Jordan with a bottle, but soon Jordan heard a bang. When he turned around, he surprisingly found that the man had been hit by a bottle and fallen on the ground again.

He screamed out of pain on the ground while the blood was bleeding from his head.

It was Irish who beat the man.

"Bitch! Go to hell!" Two of the other men turned to Irish.