

## Enchanted 775

Irish did not know what kind of wine he was going to make, so she looked at him curiously.

The bartender moved quickly, and soon a very strange cocktail was put in front of her.

She was amazed that the wine showed the same color as the aurora in the gloom, and it was magnificent and dreamy.

"Uror Jungle-juice." The bartender smiled and introduced it.

Aurora cocktail.

"It's beautiful." Irish took a sip, and it was with the taste of lemonade and a hint of flowers.

"It has the smell of roses." She was amazed.

"It's a rose Mojito cocktail, and it's a traditional Cuban cocktail."

Irish liked this wine, which was gorgeous, almost desperate gorgeous.

The bartender saw her satisfaction and smiled gently. "Have fun." Then he was busy greeting the other guests.

There were not many people sitting at the bar, including her, and there were only three. She was sitting in the innermost position, and a woman was about two meters away from her. Wearing very few clothes, in front of her was a glass of Martini, and Irish could see that she was not in the mood for drinking.

Sitting at the outermost was a man, but he had been drinking. Perhaps there was something in his mind.

All the others were sitting on the platform or sofa, dating each other, or coming in groups. In short, when they came to such places, the lively people were more lively, and the lonely people were more lonely.

With the light, Irish saw Joseph order a glass of wine, and the coldness of the ice spread over the glass, and the brown liquid gradually melted into the ice.

Somehow, when she picked up her glass and took a sip of the wine, her stomach suddenly ached.

Forcing herself no longer to take into account her situation, Irish was drinking a small sip.

Soon, the staff brought some cheese sandwiches, which were cut into exquisite and convenient sizes, and placed them on the same delicate dish.

"I didn't order it." Irish raised her head and drank the cocktails at once.

"The gentleman sitting over there ordered it for you, and he prepaid your expenses for tonight." The staff said.

Along the direction of the staff, Irish turned her head. Not far away, he picked up the glass and signaled to her with a faint smile on his lips.

He chose a good position, not too close to her but not far away, to ensure that his sight fell on her.

"Please take your time." The staff considered the scene the most common encounter between men and women. She glanced at Irish and left.

Irish was buried again at the bar. She was self-abused to fighting with her stomach, and she didn't want it to go back. If someone spent money, why didn't she eat?

She enjoyed the sandwiches slowly.

The taste was not thick, and the cheese was very fragrant.

She gently shook the copper bell in front of her. Even in loud music, the bell was crisp into the ear.

The bartender came over and stood up in front of her.

"The uror Jungle-juice, ten." Irish ate sandwiches in a few mouthfuls.

The bartender picked up his eyebrows, "One by one?"

"No, altogether."

The bartender glanced at her in surprise but said nothing and did so.

Ten cocktails lined up in front of Irish.

Her eyes were suddenly lit up by dreamy auroras, and her delicate face fell into the beauty of the intertwined night and aurora. A faint blue, purple, bright gold and white fell on her nose's bones, reflecting more straight lines.

She took the first glass, took a sip, frowned, and called the bartender.

"You've lost your ingredients." Less than that before, it was not so strong, so he might reduce alcohol, so it was like a drink.

The Bartender erected his shoulders, "The gentleman ordered."

It was the gentleman again.

Irish knew who was the "gentleman" he called without looking back.

She continued to drink without saying anything.

But she could not always be happy in such an environment where she should have enjoyed herself. But he sat so quietly opposite her, and it was strange that as long as she raised her eyes a little, the rest of the corner of her eyes could sweep in his direction.

It was the kind of feeling that she went into the game hall and was ready to play hot but was supervised by her parents.

So, the rest of her eyesight would still sweep at him under the light.

However, she could see that there was already a woman around Joseph.

She frowned. It was the woman sitting next to her, dressed in nightclub style, who was pestering Joseph enthusiastically.

It was sickening.

Irish forced herself to turn a blind eye and drink one drink after another.

After a while, the woman returned and sat in her original position. Judging from the impulse to drink, it could be that Joseph had rejected her.

Irish hummed coldly, a glass of wine against her forehead, looking at the woman not far away through the bewildered light.

The woman also sensed that she was looking at her, turned her eyes against her, and then moved away. Again, she probably found Irish inexplicable.

Irish smiled and lazily took two glasses of wine and sat over.

The woman did not expect her to come, startled, and looked at her.

"This is for you." Irish pushed one of the cocktails before her, bewitching with a faint smile between her lips and teeth.

The woman was puzzled and stared at her, perhaps looking at her intentions.

"Beautiful women should go with the most beautiful chicken tails, not too exciting spirits." Irish smiled and pushed the Martini away in front of her.

The woman looked at her, said thank you for a long time later, took the cocktail, and sipped.

"The alcohol was very light." She uttered leisurely.

Irish leaned closer to her and chuckled. "Women will be happier in soberness."

"What do you mean?"

Irish closed her lips, put her arms around her shoulder, took a cocktail in one hand, swallowed it, and looked at her with a smile.

At close range, the woman looked at the perfect facial shape of Irish, and her skin was like white ceramics, without any defects. Irish gazed with her, her arms moving down and her cheeks getting closer to the woman's face, almost affixed to hers.

The woman did not know what she would do, and her whole body was tight.

"My house is nearby. Would you like to come home with me for a drink?" Irish's lips curved into a smile, but her hands pressed against the woman's waist, and she walked down unkindly.