

Enchanted 237

It was the first time Irish had entered a casino.

The yacht crossed the coastline to reach this tumultuous land. In South Africa, casinos were well-known.

It could be seen that Leo was a frequent visitor here. He was greeted by a lot of people as soon as he came, but Irish's arrival surprised many people. He explained to Irish that they were surprised because he had never brought a woman to the casino before.

Irish put her arm into his arm. "Will this be more fitting?"

"It really makes me look good," Leo no longer paid attention to what she had said on the yacht, simply watching her smile. It made him so happy.

"Joseph left a bank card just before he went out. If I lose all my money, will you cover for me?" She joked. The casino's environment was even more spectacular than Las Vegas', but of course, she had never been to Las Vegas. She felt dazzled. Affairs in the casino were so common that she couldn't even think about it.

"A man who loves money will never let himself lose too much, but more importantly, for a person who loves money, as long as the money is in his hand, it should be regarded as his own money." Leo always smiled when he greeted the crowd, but his words were sharp and unrelenting.

She drew back her hand and put a fist in his back so that he nearly spewed out all the wine he drank on the deck. "I am trying to soothe your heart without gaining your money, and you insult me with your words? Damn it!"

Leo did not spoil her, reaching for her neck like an eagle catching a chicken and pulling her over. "You and I are allies here, and you are still so unfriendly to me. If you lose, I won't help you."

"Don't forget that I'm the best at looking at people, and I don't believe that nobody is cheating here," Irish shook off his hand and then ran straight to the slot machines.

Leo howled, "You are playing with some technical...ah."

It turns out that Leo's prediction was correct. Someone who loved money would naturally try her best to win money, even if he lost a little like a cut in her flesh. But he couldn't imagine she wouldn't lose money by playing slot machines.

The slot machine, like the tiger's mouth, is one that devours the gamblers' money, and players lose the most, but she plays smoothly. Though killing time, she made a small profit.

Leo always liked to play the five-card stud, but he was very patient with Irish playing the slot machines and the gambling table game. Irish was thrilled. Only when she played at twenty-one did she lose a handful of money, and her little face fell immediately and said she would play no more.

Leo looked helpless, "Miss, you have been lucky tonight." They say that the more they can't gamble, the easier they are to win.

"People's luck is limited, and if I start losing money, then it will be difficult to pull back in the next few rounds." It was not her superstition. It was all seen on TV. "Didn't you say you had sharp eyes?"

"The dealer looked cold and indifferent, and the gamblers never raised their eyes once, it was hard to read them."

Leo nodded, "Right, they are old gamblers, and they evade people like you who could look at changes in the moods of people."

"What then? I can't lose any more. I lost all my money. He will kill me."

Leo patted her on the head, "I'll help you."

As a matter of fact, Leo was really good at gambling. However, he only played with the stud, and after several rounds, he doubled his chips. Irish was only interested in the interactive gambling games, but when she saw Leo win money, she began to get interested in the stud, a boring game that tests IQ.

Leo saw her eyes shining and also let her share the chips in his hands to play. Maybe God wanted to let Irish taste some sweetness and let her win two games in a row. When the third round began, Irish's gambling luck began to develop into a low trend, and she stopped, returning the gambling table to Leo.

Leo said that she was too timid, but she held her own winning chips and said that people should quit while they were ahead.

As a result, colorful chips began to pour toward Leo's side, which made Irish very jealous. When her mobile phone rang, Irish was watching Leo's cards nervously. The atmosphere dared not make a sound because if he had won the game, the chips would not only have doubled several times but dozens of times. Playing the game was to play with fate.

Irish was startled by the sudden ringing of her cell phone, and she reluctantly took a look. It was Joseph, and she then looked at the time. It was getting late, so she answered quickly. At the same time, Leo won again.

As a result, Joseph heard Irish's crazy cheers, and her voice became so sharp with extreme excitement that it almost pierced Joseph's eardrums.

He frowned and took the phone away from his ear, waiting quietly for her screams to stop before asking, "Where are you?"

In the casino, Irish's excitement had not dissipated, and she also did not analyze whether the man on the mobile phone was unhappy or not and said happily, "Joseph, you really should come to the casino to play, we won a lot of money!"

"You went to the casino? With whom?" On that side, the man's voice sharpened a little.

"I'm with Leo. He's so good. Come on, let's win the money together."

Joseph's voice sounded calm and light, ending the call after asking for the address.

On the other side of the casino, Irish was completely immersed in the colorful chips, which could be turned into countless different currencies, which kept swimming around in her mind. When she helped

Leo count chips, she sincerely sighed and finally understood why the casinos have been crowded since ancient times.