

Enchanted 309

Joseph didn't respond, just like an angry lion. He looked out of the window blankly.

Daisy walked forward quietly, intending to figure out what he was looking at. Following his gaze, she saw Irish's weak figure dragging her luggage. She asked in surprise, "Where is she going?"

Joseph stared down and saw Irish getting in the car. He answered slowly, "Hong Kong." As he said it, the heavy rain poured down, and it became dim outside. He frowned and straightened his back.

Daisy fully understood and felt regretful.

"Mr. Dover, so..."

"Let's carry on." Joseph sat back in his seat. His demeanor became cold.

Daisy still asked, "So tomorrow..."

Joseph still looked cold and said lightly, "Back to New York."

There was a kind of beauty in the melancholy fall in New York.

However, the nightlife wasn't influenced by the weather and still showed its comfort to those who were lost and upset in a vibrant and independent way.

In the box at the bar, there was a line of spirits. Psychedelic lights flashed, boisterous music played, and men and women embraced each other on the dance floor.

Only Roy was drinking silently, he was the only lonely figure in the lively bar.

The dim light brightened the Swarovski crystal on the dark purple velvet couch, in contrast with the glamour of the crystal glass beside the table. Roy sat on the sofa, shaking the glass in his hand lightly, and then he drank it in one gulp. Then he began to pour another glass of Vodka, and soon after, the whole bottle of Vodka was finished by him.

When people got mad, the quietest man was the most attractive. Roy wore a pink shirt and an orange sweater with long sleeves over the top, with simple cream-colored casual pants. He looked young and handsome; however, his expression was incompatible with his clothes. He leaned against the sofa idly with two or three buttons undone on his shirt. In this way, his chest was partially showing, making him look sort of a wild boy.

His companions saw him drinking, so they sent the barmaid to Roy and requested that she serve him well.

The barmaid was so happy. Among the crowd, Roy's strong and good-looking figure attracted much attention. She walked forward and sat beside him in a fascinatingly charming way. Her sexy body was attached to his bosom, and she grabbed the glass in his hand quietly. In the lamplight, her eyebrows and eyes were very alluring, "Roy. You are usually so wild, what's wrong with you today? You are just drinking without saying anything."

Roy just let her lie against him and laughed idly without speaking.

The barmaid was sharp, and she figured out that he had something on his mind. So she didn't say much but took the bottle, adding some wine to it, "Let me keep you company."

Roy raised his eyebrows in approval.

The barmaid picked up fruit with a fruit fork and brought it to Roy's lips, and he ate it. The barmaid laughed and still looked at his sexy lips, wondering how wonderful it would be to kiss them.

Spirits became the catalyst of their attachment. The barmaid's body was so soft, and she continued to bring the glass to his lips, saying sweetly, "Let me serve it for you."

"Roy. I also want some."

Roy's eyes seemed to look deeper against the light. He raised his lips lightly and sat up to pour Vodka into the glass. He then leaned back, pointing at the glass filled with Vodka, and said lightly, "Drink it."

The barmaid had never seen a man who was so friendly just now but changed his mind.

Their companions also saw the scene, one of which immediately walked forward and tried to smooth things out, saying, "What's up? What's going on?"

"I..." The barmaid didn't know what mistake she had made.

However, Roy was still indifferent and pointed at the glass, "Didn't you want to drink? I poured it for you, and you should drink it."

And then they understood, so he said immediately, "Do what Roy said."

The barmaid looked at the glass of Vodka on the table. She felt strange, but she had actually experienced a lot. Thinking for a while, she leaned against Roy, "A whole glass? Roy, do you want me to suffer? What reward will you give to me?"

Roy laughed happily, which made the barmaid feel immersed in him again.

"If you just drink it, I will give you a big tip. If you drink the whole bottle, I will take you out."

His companions were astonished by him. It was known that Roy was a playboy, but he would never have sex with a barmaid.

What he had said was exactly what the barmaid wanted. She took the bottle and drank it without hesitation.

It was a newly opened bottle of Vodka. Even a glass of it was hard to swallow, let alone a whole bottle. That barmaid drank it desperately, which astonished everyone. As she finished half of it, she was faced with great difficulties. Roy became impatient, grabbing the bottle and frowning.

"I can do it..." The barmaid said drunkenly.

Roy pushed her to the side and took out his wallet, threw money onto the table, and said lightly, "Wade, I'll pay for it. And she belongs to you tonight. You can take her away if you like." Then he took out his phone and left.

The barmaid lay down on the sofa, looking at his tall figure and calling after him, "Roy."

Everyone was surprised. What was wrong with Roy?

Roy entered the restroom and washed his face with cold water. Finally, his headache was relieved. Having rubbed the water on his face, he didn't go back to the box but entered the lounge.

The lounge wasn't big, but it occupied the best location. The beautiful night scene could be viewed completely through the French sash. Nestled on the sofa and faced with the view outside the window, Roy found that the nightlife could be very quiet.

He was not fretful anymore. Thinking for a while, he took out the phone and dialed the number whose owner made him upset all night. Finally, he called her.