

Enchanted 774

After all, Joseph was a mature man, and he was not like those saucy boys. He found that there were so many protests, so he slowly closed the street, and Irish happened to be walking against the side of the road. Joseph was riding on the steering wheel in one hand, slightly close to the copilot's seat, and facing Irish through the window. "Get in the car, will you?"

In a patient and persuasive tone. In the past, Irish would have been moved to tears, and she would have felt how touching it would be for such a person who was so busy every day to forget to eat, regardless of the eyes of passersby, enduring the protest of the car behind her with a whistle as arouse, and following her slowly in order to please her, just to make her happy.

She would not hesitate to get into the car, then put her arms around his neck, give him a kiss on the cheek, said flatteringly, Joseph, you were such a woman, crazy man.

But at present, did she still have the courage?

No, she had nothing.

She gave all her courage to a brief but hard time, and at present, she left nothing, so she had no courage.

The night wind brushed gently.

With the smell of night.

Irish took a deep breath and deliberately ignored the car shadow and his voice.

As soon as she moved, she walked directly towards a crowded place.

The large area was a pedestrian street, and the car could not go up. She was lost in the crowd, and Joseph could only look at her back, helpless. He stepped on the gas and turned into the small street.

She glanced subconsciously at the car shadow as she passed through the crowd, thinking that he would have gone.

A man as proud as he was, could he yield again and again? Was it possible?

She hummed coldly and headed for the bar street.

Bar street was divided into two.

On one side was the old street where there was shouting everywhere, and the lights of a bar were brilliant, and although there were more pedestrians at this time, it was not a weekend. Only a few drinking guests sat in these bars on the street. Therefore, as long as the people outside the bar saw passersby, they were as positive as bees seeing pollen, and they wanted to pull them in by way of pedestrians.

After a few times, Irish was tired of that, and she directly walked down the street to avoid the staff who pulled the guests.

Before she took a few steps, she felt strange around her.

Turning her head and she was stunned.

Joseph's car came out of nowhere, kept up with her in silence, and drove slowly again.

Like a deep-sea fish, wanton leisurely.

Irish was annoyed by such a silent move, and the next second, the car around her stopped steadily.

"What are you doing with me?" Joseph leaned over and still coaxed in the tone of persuasion. "Go home."

Because of the angle, Irish could only see his slightly lifting chin. Frowning, she said in a not-very-polite tone, "Joseph, is it still necessary for me to listen to you now?"

"Let's talk about it."

"There's nothing to talk about."

Joseph directly got out of the car, bypassed the front of the car steadily in front of her, and said in a compromised voice, "Then go to dinner, you haven't had dinner yet."

"I'm not hungry. Don't follow me." She didn't want to eat either.

Curious eyes around them kept hovering around them, making Irish nervous. This afternoon the network was bubbling with noise, and she was always paranoid, always feeling that she had been recognized.

This feeling was terrible.

She had long said that she hated being exposed to her life in front of others and that she did not want her world to be exiled in the spotlight. It was terrible.

After telling the warning, Irish left Joseph straight across the street and walked into the path from the garden into a lane.

The street lights stretched out.

Her back was elongated and slowly diluted by the light of the night and the streetlights.

Joseph stood in place and watched her walk far away until she was almost in the midst of pedestrians, his eyes never drew back, deep and far away.

He ignored those eyes, thought about it, and directly parked his car by the side of the road.

When was the last time she drank brazenly in a bar, Irish couldn't remember.

This is a PUB whose owner was a young American, so the environment and music were full of passionate noise. Irish could never accept such enthusiasm unless she was particularly high with her friends.

She summed up that she was old, and her heart load could no longer keep up with the fast pace of the music.

That night, however, she strangely wanted to hide in the noise and the lights, for only when she came here and the dim lights swept through every indulgent cheek did she feel comfortable and not feel lonely. Here, all were lonely souls.

The winemaker standing behind the bar was also a young American, speaking fast, yet with a strong voice, "How's Lilc?"

Irish's ears were full of fast music rhythm. She looked at the smiling man in front of her. "What do you say?"

"This cocktail comes from the famous French film Lilac, mainly made of strawberry wine and whipped cream, so the color is light pink, and many female customers like it very much."

Irish knew about the French film, Lilac, which interpreted the meaning of "the bud of love" in the film. Obviously, it did not fit the scene. She shook her head. "No, I don't like pink wine."

When she said that, the rest of the eyes inadvertently swept past, quickly, through the noisy crowd and quietly shook when she saw the man sitting on the scattered platform.

The evil influence lingered on, and that was probably what it meant.

Handsome men were always popular. Soon, the bar staff took the initiative to order for him.

Irish could see clearly through the wandering lights, and a girl with passionate red hair was at his service.

"Then a Blue moon is also good. Piano wine, Violet sweet wine, and lemon juice." The bartender introduced patiently, with a small white tooth refracting a clean luster in the light as the smile rose.

"This glass of wine has another meaning, Prfit mour."

When Irish was studying abroad, the girl who shared the room with her was French, so she more or less learned a little bit of French. Prfit mour means "complete love" in French. The moral of this glass of wine was very good, but Irish felt ironic that night.

The bartender saw that she was lonely and silent, thought about it, and suddenly made a finger snap.

"Since you don't like the first two, please wait."