

Enchanted 776

The woman was also a veteran of love, and she suddenly understood.

She pushed Irish away, disgusted and got up, and cursed a fierce "You are sick!" Then she escaped and left.

Irish closed their lips and drank up the cocktail in her hand with a smile.

She was about to go back to her position. The light suddenly went dark, and a man blocked her light.

She looked up. It was a handsome young foreigner who made a straightforward invitation.

"How about I go with you if she doesn't want to? Or are you coming with me?" He sat next to her, smiling at her, with light surging in his eyes.

Irish understood the meaning of his ambiguous words. No one would hide their intention in the bar on such a night. Straightforwardness and quickness were the code of conduct of nightclub people.

"Do you prefer her and me to come with you?" Irish was not annoyed. It was no surprise that she was used to such occasions.

The handsome guy from a foreign country smiled and said, "Unfortunately, she was scared away by you."

Irish knocked on the bar, and the bartender brought all the rest of the wine. She took a glass and shook the glass enchantingly. Her eyes first fell on his face, and she picked up her eyebrow, "You are very handsome."

The handsome man raised his lips.

However, she turned around, blatantly speaking in the direction of Joseph. "Unfortunately, you're not as good as he is."

The handsome guy was stunned. Along with her eyes, he saw that he also saw Joseph.

In the dark, through the light and shadow, he was leisurely and lazily sipping wine, and his eyes were always fixed on Irish, and he did not move his eyes when he saw her turn around.

The handsome man smiled and said, "Well, I admit I'm not as handsome as he is, but the man can't be judged by looks."

Irish smiled and looked up and down at him. "You mean, your skill is good?"

"Don't you just try it tonight?" The handsome man approached her and laughed badly.

Irish did not avoid his close face but smiled and resented the smell of men's perfume on him. After a sip of wine, she said slowly. "How do I know if you're big or not?"

As soon as the handsome man heard that, his eyes brightened, and he felt that he was sure that night, closer to her and almost biting her ears. "You'll be absolutely satisfied."

"How can you know that I'd be happy?" said Irish with a smile, pushing him away slightly, "The man."

"Which man?"

"The man you just saw." Irish hooked her lips, "I know his size. If you want to take me away, Okay, first ask if his thing is bigger than yours. If yours is bigger than his, I will go with you."

The handsome guy did not expect her to say this, first stunned, quickly reacted, smiled more purposefully, and pressed down his head, "I didn't expect you to be so hot, okay, wait for me."

When he said that, he also walked towards Joseph.

Irish continued to drink, just as the music was playing the slow one. Dancers on the dance floor were tired and returned to their respective positions to drink. If the handsome foreign man asked exactly Joseph, she did not know, but along with the light music, her deliberately extended ears heard Joseph's voice ambiguously.

Low and majestic.

"Get out of here."

She should have heard right.

There was no noise behind, let alone the alarm caused by the fight.

And the handsome man did not come to harass her again, and he may have been driven away by Joseph's words.

Yes, wasn't it possible for a man like Joseph to have time to compare his size with him?

After that, some men came forward to talk to her and ridiculed her.

All this, Joseph saw before his eyes. He sat there all the time, not going forward, nor to leave. He paid the bill in full for what she wanted to eat and drink. No matter how noisy the scene, no matter how dim the lights were, his eyes were always looking at her, not leaving for a moment.

On the one hand, he would not really allow the men to take advantage of her, and on the other hand, he was sure that Irish's temper would definitely disgrace the chasers.

And he didn't leave because she reminded him of the first time he ran into her in a bar. He liked to look at her from this angle, to watch her drink lazily, and to watch her deliberately indulge in front of him.

Joseph liked to indulge her in person, like indulging a child.

It was different from this time last year.

The first time he had seen her in the light, his chest had tumbled with the most primitive emotional attention of men to women. She had attracted his attention, and it was a pure seduce from a woman to men.

And at present, she was his, and he had more responsibility than his natural possession.

Joseph gently sipped the wine and quietly sent away the woman who kept talking to each other, and his eyes entangled with Irish's back. He thought of what she had looked like when she was a child. With tears, she called him "brother."

Someone came forward and talked to her.

It was a man.

Joseph looked up at the time, drank the wine in the cup, put down the cup, got up, and went to Irish.

Even if the bartender had reduced the amount of alcohol as ordered, he couldn't prevent her from ordering and drinking. And she ordered two more dozen so that the whole bar was almost full of aurora borealis. At first, glance, as if it were set with a long string of night lights.

The bartender was surprised, and no matter what he thought, she really didn't spend her money, so she didn't care about it.

Irish was a little drunk, but only a little bit drunk.

There was a middle-aged man in front of her, thinking himself smart and elegant, and it was a nuisance for her to talk with. She was about to send him off when she saw someone quietly take over the glass in the hand of the middle-aged man and put it down.

Her ears were covered with music, and there was a familiar voice.

"I'm sorry, she can't drink this glass of wine."

The cello was on the side.

Irish slightly raised his eyes, looking at Joseph, who finally stepped forward. The middle-aged man looked suspiciously at her and said, "She..."

"She's mine." The three words were said in a low voice, but they weighed.