

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 2 2: I Am Terrified Of Heights

Thinking of it, she wanted to play a trick on him. A smile rippled on her soft lips, and Irish laid her hands on the man's broad shoulders. And slowly, he wrapped his hands around her waist while her nimble fingers drew a circle on his chest gracefully.

"You're about to get married, but you still have sex with another woman just hours before. What gives? Was it just an accident, or are you used to acting like this?"

There were still some unwritten rules for one-night stands, so it wasn't difficult to figure out what he wanted.

He didn't answer and continued looking at Irish quietly, his eyes squinting as if he was deep in thought. His breath, fresh and cool, tickled her smooth forehead. While the smell attracted her, the coldness made her hesitate to move forward. This kind of look brought her an uncomfortable feeling she had never had before. His eyes were so calm that Irish couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

"I'm not a little girl anymore. Please don't worry," said Irish with an indifferent attitude. Irish's fingers caressed his face, but she put and lowered her hand quickly because of his frowning. She then walked to the head of the bed and averted her eyes.

She felt that the man was observing her. His eyes focused on her cheeks, her fair skin, and the perfect outline of her chin.

Irish's long eyelashes flickered, and when she looked up at him, her soft lips unfolded with a bright smile. But behind her smile was aggression, silent

aggression. The contest of their eyes was also a battle of the heart. She would not be the loser.

He walked to the bathroom without any words. His strong body had seemed more enchanting under the morning light. Irish's eyes squinted subconsciously, and the man standing before her was very tall, at least 6 foot 4.

She liked tall men because they gave her a sense of security. However, the man standing before her only made her feel the opposite. Sitting for a while, Irish got out of the bed and stood barefoot on the soft carpet as if she was standing on a soft cloud. Her large nightgown made her seem more petite.

Going to the window and looking outside, she saw the morning traffic begin.

The third ring road was packed with vehicles like a clogged artery. New York had always been a city that got sick during the morning or evening peak. The arrival of spring had woken up a large expanse of white magnolia flowers, whose fragrance reached a height of more than 30 floors.

When the man came out of his bathroom, Irish had washed and dressed neatly and clearly in the bathroom of the reception hall and seemed to be preoccupied with the fragrance of the magnolias. The man stared at her for a long time, and the uncomfortable sense of oppression rose in Irish's heart again. Before he could speak, she took out some bills from her purse and placed them in front of him.

The man frowned at her, with astonishment growing in his eyes. Irish smiled softly and said, "Don't get me wrong. It's just a small cash gift for your wedding."

Finally, the uncomfortable silence was broken, giving her a sense of achievement.

Finishing her words, she now wanted to get out of the room as quickly as possible to avoid further interaction with the man. At the moment her fingers touched the door handle, the man standing behind her spoke out with his magnetic voice, "Do you often do that?"

Irish had to admit that his voice was as soul-stirring as his breath. His sudden words had surprised Irish into momentary shock. A second later, tilting her head slightly, she looked at the man's strikingly tall figure.

This time, it was her turn to keep silent, and she just sneered. Then she opened the door and walked away quickly.

The room descended into dreariness again, and the sound of magnolia falling outside of the window could barely be heard. In the light's refraction, the man's exquisite cufflinks were reflecting with a golden splendor.

His phone rang again in the monotonous, dreary ringtone, the sound of which was as lonely as the sunset. As he picked up the phone, his luxury cufflinks collided with the morning light, which had re-filled the room.

"Mr. Dover, the car is ready for you," a man said respectfully on the other end. He hung up the phone. Seeing those bills on the bed, his eyes fluttered, and a subtle smile raised on his thin lips while the sides of his face remained sharp and still.

This Spring, even the colors of the flowers were warm. With a great number of cherry blossoms falling, the gentle breeze outside was filled with fragrance. However, if you looked down from the height of 68 meters, the spring breeze felt like a sharp sword that could cut you with its edge.

Beside the Bungee platform, after throwing her apple core into the trash can, Irish sat directly on the pedal and looked at the man with the Bungee cable

around his ankle. "Leo, are you going to jump or not? I've eaten up an apple, but you're apparently still here."

Her outfit was very casual today, a short and thin leather coat, a white pair of jeans with the cuffs rolled up, and a pair of dark leather Doc Martin boots. Her long and curly hair was tied behind her cap, with sunglasses covering her beautiful eyes, but they couldn't conceal her perfect cheeks. The sunlight in Spring made her skin glisten, and her clothes exuded a cool and free vibe.

Leo, his eyes squinting, looked a little bit embarrassed. Sweat had been dropping down from his forehead, making him look depressed. His terror could be seen clearly from the reflection in Irish's sunglasses.

"I am terrified of heights."

"Then why are you dating me?" Irish frowned at him.

Leo opened his mouth but only managed to squeeze out a few words, "Does acrophobia have something to do with blind dates?"

"What do you think?" Irish stood up and stretched her hand to pull him up.

"You get up first."

He stood up slowly and had a quick look down at the rushing water beneath his feet nervously. Irish held back her smile and said, "It's only 68 meters..."

Hearing this, he almost staggered.

"And then what?" He knew that she hadn't finished her sentence.

"And think you're ready for it." Irish shrugged her shoulders and gave Leo a swift kick in the butt without warning. "When you have the courage to go bungee jumping, you can date me."

As Leo plunged 68 meters towards the river below, a scream echoed down the valley.