

ENCHANTED BY HIS CHARM

Chapter 1 1: Was He Going To Get Married?

"It's me, the woman who fu***d you last night," Irish wanted to say, mirroring how arrogant he was. Although she didn't know much about romantic relationships, she was unwilling to be too stubborn. In this society, your new sweetheart was always going to be the old flame of someone else, and to worry about it too much would exhaust you.

Irish looked over at the man sleeping beside her. He was innocent, yet dapper, and so incredibly handsome.

With his thick eyebrows, a sharp nose, and thin lips, even fast asleep, his gorgeous characteristics couldn't be concealed.

The morning light penetrated the heavy velvet curtain of the hotel, shining on Irish's long black curly hair and shoulders, as well as on the man's bronzed skin. The bright sunlight dazzled her eyes, and she wondered whether it was the light or the body in front of her that caused a blind spot in her vision for a moment.

His skin had a perfect complexion, and his broad, sturdy shoulders were hard and lined with toned muscles. For a moment, the sunlight drew a perfect outline of his strong body. He was breathing evenly in his sleep in stark contrast with Irish, who frowned while curling herself up in deep thought.

After a while, Irish's eyes slowly moved away, falling upon the crisp white sheet under her body, then back on the face of the man who was still fast asleep. Finally, her eyes focused on the clock lying on the ground. It was 6:35. For the past five minutes, she had been staring at this strange man.

Five minutes prior, Irish had woken up from her dreams as usual, and before opening her eyes, she was shocked to hear someone whisper in her ear.

"Hurry, run away!" The voice was anxious and childish as if it came from a distant place. It sounded like a rough piece of music, scratched on a rusty iron sheet by a nail.

She felt perspiration on her forehead and was short of breath. Inhaling deeply, she wiped the sweat from her face and got out of bed. The thick purple curtains obscured the view from the window and the sky, so Irish couldn't tell the time. But it was unnecessary for her to know the time, or to take notice of her surroundings because this was her vacation, and she was used to waking up in unfamiliar places.

Irish poured herself a glass of water. While the cool liquid slid down her throat, she felt relief from the endless suffering of her dream. She walked towards the window and drew the curtains, and the morning light burst into the room. After gazing out the window, she turned to find the figure of the mysterious man sitting up in the bed.

She was so caught off guard that she dropped the glass of water. After falling directly on her big toe, it spilled its contents across the floor and rolled under the comfortable Australian blanket.

Her toe was going to bruise painfully.

She got back into bed with her newly bruised foot, her eyes never leaving the unacquainted figure sitting in it. Trying to remember the night before, she recalled drinking a lot with Cassie and the girl's talk that followed it. But that was all she remembered.

Despite her eyes looking calm, Irish's heart was in chaos. Gradually, she remembered that she had passed out in the arms of a man. Irish wondered if it was the same man in front of her. And then she just had sex with him just

like some cheesy soap opera? Was he tempted by her or vice versa? And why couldn't she remember the feeling of making love with him?"

The morning light grew brighter and shone into the room, bathing it in a thousand wisps of golden light. Then the phone rang. The ringtone was so monotonous and dreary that she instantly knew it wasn't her phone.

The man moved slightly, and Irish's head buzzed as if it had been hit. She scrambled into the quilt hurriedly, squinting to observe the man who had woken up by the ringing of the phone.

As he answered his phone beside Irish, she saw his bronzed arm reaching out quickly. It looked strong and powerful with a clear palm print and an extremely long wisdom line. One side of the bed shook slightly, followed by the man's magnetic voice: "Who is it?"

Attracted by his voice, Irish turned her head to him. The faint sunlight shone across the man's back, dividing the strong figure between light and dark. The bright half shimmered with bronzed light, while the other was plated with a magnificent dark light that made her gasp in reverence.

In this executive suite, where she could hear a pin drop, it was hard for Irish not to eavesdrop on this phone conversation. He said only a few words and listened quietly while the other speaker continued at length.

The speaker was reminding him of a wedding.

Was he going to get married?

The call lasted less than a minute. He spoke once more with only two words, "I know." He hung up before the other side could finish her sentence.

The room suddenly fell into silence, and it was so quiet that Irish felt her ears buzzing. Astonishment gradually disappeared from her eyes. Things were

much clearer now. If this man was going to get married, then their one-night stand seemed reasonable.

When the man put back his phone, Irish quickly rose from the bed. Her long curly hair, hanging over her chest, looked like a black silk scarf covering her magnificent breasts.

Still staring at the man's beautiful back, Irish slyly asked: "Are you getting married today?" Her voice was so enchanting that nobody could resist it.

At the moment the man turned his head, shock and astonishment surged up in Irish's eyes.

He looked calm and gentle, but behind his eyes, he had the distinguished look of someone who kept a good distance from people. Though his prominent nose and thin lips were fascinating, it wasn't hard to tell that he was a very harsh man.

He kept looking at Irish quietly, his eyes glittering with calmness while she raised her head so as to look into them.

She could feel the tension in his eyes.

Irish chuckled softly while withholding the brittle laugh in her heart.

Psychological evaluation was only one of her professional skills. She caught a quick stern look in his eyes, showing her that he was dominant during their one-night stand yesterday. For a man who was going to get married soon, Irish wasn't surprised that he wanted her gone.