

The Enchanted Night by LEIGH COBBETT Chapter 1

Somewhere in the medieval city of Rome, as the moon cast a mystique glow out of the pitch-dark night, a white luxurious cruise ship silently transcended the calm torrents of the ocean. The festivity in the ship was heightened as it was filled with singing and dancing. Everyone on board was in a sprite, enjoying the lively and cordial atmosphere.

Meanwhile, in a deluxe room of the ship, the silhouette cast on the glass door was blurred by the steam of the hot shower, making it mysteriously attractive. The sound of water dripping on the floor strikingly contrasted the silence of the night. Inside the room, the ambiance was cozy and charming.

On the other side of the glass door, a man was patiently waiting. He leaned himself against the board of the bed. Between his slender fingers, a half-burnt cigarette lay pinched. Sipping his cigar, he felt boosted knowing that smoking was regarded as the symbol of masculinity. Gently tapping the ashes of his cigar, he took a heavy breath and spluttered out a beautiful array of smoke rings. He regarded the playful smokes as an art piece. The man's wheat-colored skin exuded a healthy glow under the dim light. His build was lean and firm without any extra trace of fat. Every aspect of his appearance was just so perfect.

He slightly narrowed his eyes. Those eyes that were so sharp – eagle-like sharp, emanated a strange sense of sinister languidness. His well-sculpted face was so irresistible, with his sexy, thin, and pinkish lips nicely tilted with faint mockery. His eyes, blazed with fire and desire, fixed the gaze through the glass door. He was carefully examining every inch of crease and curves of the woman inside the bathroom.

The door slowly opened. Alas! The white silk bathrobe worn by the woman showcased her alluring figure. She was drying her long black hair

with a towel. Adjusting her robe, she turned towards his direction and gave him an enticing smile.

He was overwhelmed by the sudden burst of hormones at the sight of her. She looked sexy as she was still rubbing her hair. Beneath her hair was her adorable face, honed to perfection. It was a definition of astounding beauty. That trace of rosy redness on her cheeks was a feast to the eye. He wondered if maybe there was something on her skin that made it red after every bath, as he couldn't keep himself from staring. For him, she resembled a delicate flower in full bloom.

“Awake from alcohol now?” the man asked, still tapping his cigarette which made him feel like a real macho. “Yeah,” she answered raising her eyebrows an inch.

Swiftly, the sturdy and handsome man lying on the bed moved to her. His hands were widely extended to welcome her. He ran his fingers on her back as he gave her a hug. With his lips against her ear, he whispered, “Hhhmmmm you smell great.” The hidden sexiness of his low voice made her so sensitive that she shrank her head back. He did it intentionally.

Teased by the mischievous man, the lady blushed in red with great introversion. Her head was still a little heavy from a tinge of wine. If she hadn't blanked out that night, there wouldn't be a chance for her to have a roll in the hay with this man.

She remembered that it was already the second half of the night. Before that, she was so drunk that she could no longer remember how she got there. The crazy moments with the man, followed by a hot bath, almost sobered her up or at least revived her sanity.

“Please let me go. I must go,” the damsel implored the man.

Her mind was cleared and was gaining full consciousness. Covered under the bathrobe, she felt a dull pain in her body and total chaos on her mind. On the night of her graduation, she couldn't believe what had happened to her on this foreign land with a strange man.

“My name is Rufus Luo,” the man introduced himself instead of attending to her small request.

The lady's cold tone failed to drive the man away, but only induced him even closer. The deep and low voice was so enthralling, and the smile on his handsome face was so wickedly tempting and charismatic.

“Look Mr., you don't have

to tell me your name. We're just satisfying our individual needs. After tonight, there'll be nothing in between us. No strings attached.”

The girl seemed to be annoyed by his action of introducing himself, which for him indicated his interest in further development of their one-night relationship. The lady turned around, with her elegant, wet hair leaving a cool and gentle touch on his skin.

“You have been great tonight. Will there be a next time?”

The man named Rufus Luo slightly raised his eyebrows. The smile on his face was so dazzling that the woman, who tried so hard to keep a safe distance from him, was somewhat dazed too.

“I'm sorry. I have to go now.” The damsel finally pulled all her strength and decided to leave.

Without hesitation, the woman took off her bathrobe under the man's gaze, and quickly put on the clothes that were scattered on the floor. When she was dressed, she picked up her purse in panic. With her

slender hands quivering, the purse dropped onto the floor, with everything in it littered on the floor.

She frowned and let out a profound rustle. Clipping her long hair on the back of her ear so that it wouldn't block her eyes, she squatted down to pick the scattered things. This made the man draw a coy smile on his face. This time, it was a meaningful smile as if he discovered something really interesting.

Crawling swiftly down from the bed, before the woman had any chance to stop him, he picked up a passport lying at the corner. Naturally, he flipped through the pages of the passport. His smile couldn't help widening.

“Cassandra Qin?” he read out the name.

“Give it back to me!” shouted the young lady.

Upon hearing her name being called by the man, the lady who was busy collecting things on the floor, sprang up hastily to grab the passport from his hand. Her beautiful eyes were blazed with fury and fire, glaring at the rude man who took her passport without her consent.

Probably she wouldn't have anticipated, that what happened next was even ruder. He suddenly pulled her into his arms, enjoying the familiar aroma of the woman lingering in his nose. Being held so close to the man in her conscious state for the first time, she started to become nervous and her heartbeat started to race. Together with her heartbeat was her breathing, which sped up accordingly. Suddenly, the senses of that crazy night crept into her mind.

“Are we having a goodbye kiss?” asked the naughty man in a playful tone.

Though disguised in the question form, this sentence was actually a statement, to show that he was polite enough to ask for the opinion of the girl in his arms. However, there seemed to be only one answer for her, for the woman had nowhere to escape. As soon as he finished the sentence, he gave no time for the damsel to respond. He sealed her mouth with his sexy lips.

With his arms around the lady's waist, the man didn't give her any chance to resist. After the prolonged kiss, the lady could barely support herself, so she had no choice but to continue lying in his arms. Staring at the man with her elevated rage, she felt more precarious with each second passing. The next instant, she waited no further to escape from the place, leaving her still scattered pieces of stuff on the floor and a blatantly wicked smile behind.

With a loud "bang" of the door, the spacious room now was left with the man, surprised and alone.

His eyes glanced around as if trying to find a trace of the woman's presence and finally landed on the smears of something red on the blanket. His smile now turned more mysterious and harder to interpret.

This man had lived in Rome for many years. Just last night, he was invited to a wine party, where he met the enchanting damsel. In his many one-night stands, it happened so rarely that his partner was a virgin. Was that considered luck? He couldn't give himself an answer, at least for now.

What he knew was, this woman had left an indelible impression on his mind. Until now, he was still savoring the crazy night he spent with her as her scent still lingered under his nose.