

The Enchanted Night by LEIGH COBBETT Chapter 10

The crisp sound of footsteps made Cassandra sink deeper into the bed sheets. She closed her eyes and felt a headache coming on. She wondered what in the world was happening. Why did she keep running into problems ever since she got back from Rome?

As Lionel walked into the ward, his eyes swept indifferently over the woman hiding under the sheets before they landed on Rufus.

“What’s going on? You took over Tang Group the second you came back to the city. Now you’ve set your sights on my wife too?”

Lionel said, sarcasm dripping from his tone. He crossed his arms as he glared at Rufus. His attitude toward his half-brother had always been hostile. Rufus just came out of nowhere, and his father treated him with utmost respect and admiration. His brother’s alienating and cold eyes only pissed Lionel off further, since he was used to being proud and arrogant.

In the aisle outside the ward, Horace had just announced that Rufus was about to take over Tang Group. He would become the new CEO of the company.

In the past few years, Lionel had been looking after everything at Tang Group. His position might be inferior to his father’s, but he had been in charge of all the significant business decisions. There was only a difference of the title between them.

At first, Lionel couldn’t believe his ears when Horace made the announcement. In a matter of minutes, he handed over the company to this illegitimate bastard who had materialized out of thin air. It was completely unfair to Lionel, who was the presumed heir of the Tang

family. In his mind, he should have been the CEO of the company – the one who would hold the highest power.

He could not allow Rufus to replace him.

Rufus made no response to his ironic question and simply ignored his younger brother. He didn't bother gracing Lionel with a look. His half-brother simply had no effect on him.

“Rufus, I don't know what you said to my father to make him hand over the company to you, but don't you ever forget that I'm the rightful heir of the Tang family. You will never win!”

Rufus's cavalier attitude was beginning to infuriate Lionel. He looked like he had no care in the world. In all of Lionel's privileged life, no one – be it a servant or the president of a multinational company – had dared to treat him in this careless manner. He approached Rufus with a clear warning in his eyes, the sharp sound of his shoes echoing in the ward. Lionel raised a threatening eyebrow at his older brother.

“Right,”

Rufus replied lazily. Their demeanor was in sharp contrast – Lionel was almost shaking with anger while Rufus was sitting on the bed leisurely as if he was on a vacation.

Lionel felt frustration rise up in him like never before. His eyes narrowed in anger and his lips curved up in a taunting smile. Once again, he issued his brother a slow warning.

“We'll see. Watch your back, brother.”

Lionel pivoted on one foot and walked out, in his irritation slamming the door with a violent thud. He paid no heed to the patient in the room.

Watching Lionel leave, Rufus looked at the swaying door and smiled a little. His face was an unreadable mask; his intentions unclear.

It was like a battlefield without any smoke. Cassandra had been hiding under the quilt all this whi

le, listening to Lionel's tense words. The news was unexpected. Horace had handed over Tang Group to Rufus, who had only just returned home.

Cassandra knew Horace was far from recklessness. He must have his reasons for this. Was he trying to make up to Rufus, mending the bond between them? Or did he have a secret agenda?

"How much longer will you hide?" Rufus asked her when it became clear she wouldn't speak.

He threw back the quilt and saw the little woman curled up in bed. The sudden light hurt her eyes and she made a sound of annoyance. When she raised her head, a pair of beautiful, wicked eyes smiled in her direction, calming her nerves a little.

"Rufus, we have to talk," Cassandra said.

She gripped the sheets tightly and in the next moment relaxed her hold, realizing that she was showing all the signs of being anxious. Lifting her chin, she looked him in the eye bravely, adopting a determined stance.

"Uh huh?"

Rufus raised one curious eyebrow at her, tilting his head lazily.

"About that thing that happened in Rome...could you keep it secret?"

Cassandra said in a small voice after hesitating for a while. Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment.

“Which thing are you talking about? The fact that you were still a virgin despite having been married for so long? Or are you referring to us doing the deed that night?”

Rufus chuckled and brought his arm closer to her, lessening the gap between them.

Cassandra couldn't help but shrink back. She could smell the danger he emanated and had no doubt that he was silently scheming against her. She was lost for words. He always said things she had no idea how to respond to.

“It would be of no good to you if this information goes public. You're going to inherit Tang Group soon. Your reputation would take a hit and your inheritance could be in jeopardy. Do you really want the media to know that you slept with your brother's wife?”

Before Cassandra could think twice, she voiced out the ugly truth, loud and clear. She knew Rufus was clever enough to know what to do. Surely, he would step back, wouldn't he?

But Rufus just laughed. “You are funny, Mrs. Tang.”

Her forthright words amused him. He reached out and pulled her into his arms, holding her by the waist.

“Nothing and no one can threaten me, never.”

Deliberately, he emphasized each word, suggesting that he didn't care about any of the issues Cassandra just mentioned. It also seemed to imply that he might never let her go.

“What exactly do you want?”

Cassandra panicked, starting to be afraid of him. His eyes were wild and fierce as they looked into hers. She didn't know what his purpose was, or why he had returned home.

She could tell he didn't hold affection for any of his family members. If he did, his eyes wouldn't hold such callousness when he looked in their direction.

Cassandra didn't want to get involved in this domestic war. She was scared that she was only a tool in Rufus's eyes, to be used at his dispense.

“Come to this place tonight. If you do, I will keep that night a secret between us.”

Rufus pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket. He still wore a languid, sinister smile, and one could not tell what was hidden in the depths of his deep, dark brown eyes...