

The Enchanted Night by LEIGH COBBETT Chapter 15

Lingering through her soul, the familiar scent of the warm man invaded her incessantly, just like how it was in her dreams. Once again, she saw the wicked smile from the mischievous face, so familiar and unforgettable. Scared, Cassandra extended her quivering hand to cover Rufus' lips. The sexy, thin lips which always left her wanting for more, were so soft and enticing. She gestured him worriedly to stay still and be silent.

The sound of footsteps drew closer and gradually faded away. It was then that Cassandra's racing heart began to calm down.

She was so nervous and terrified that she completely ignored the awkward way how she held Rufus. Their bodies were so pressed together and their faces almost touched. It was only after she regained her senses that she realized how inappropriate it was to be that close to him.

The awkwardness was heightened when she realized that she was covering his mouth with her bare hand. It was as if a sharp needle hung between them slowly vanished, and was replaced by the soft touch from her smooth and delicate hand. His deep eyes once again found the path towards the alluring face of the woman. He was not missing any details of the interesting expressions on her face.

"I think he's gone,"

the woman confirmed as she walked away from Rufus and pressed her ear against the door to listen.

It was quiet and not a single sound could be heard from outside. Lionel should be back to his room by now. Heaving a deep sigh of relief, she pulled down her weary hand over Rufus' face, releasing her tension. But, that was not the end of her agony. All the while her attention was focused

on the man outside the room, and apparently, she had forgotten that there was another man inside, who was equally hard to deal with.

With his typical playful smile, he fixed his eyes at the woman.

She, however, didn't notice that. Cautiously, she opened the door slightly and peeked her head out like a thief. The silence in the corridor reaffirmed her assumptions and soothed her mood.

“He's gone. Absolutely gone. Whew! That was scary,”

she murmured softly as she gently patted her chest to relieve the tension. Oblivious to the presence of another man, she was ready to leave.

The instant she opened the door, the man who had remained silent and cooperative throughout the incident, abruptly slammed the door and pushed her against it.

Out of her natural reflexes, she screamed out because of the sudden change of mood. Abruptly, she realized that she was too loud. Consciously covering her own mouth with her hand to avoid making more unsolicited screams, she gazed at the rude man. Confusion welled up in her eyes.

“What do you think are you doing?”

the woman asked in anger, deliberately keeping her voice low. ‘Now Lionel has left. Why wouldn't he let me go?’ she asked herself.

“What am I doing? I just helped you out. Don't you think that you should pay me back?”

The mischievous man teased with a sly grin on his face, which made the lady blush in shyness.

“Oh, well, Rufus, thank you so much. But it’s already late. I won’t disturb you anymore. Goo...Good night,”

Cassandra stuttered as she could no longer hold his intense gaze and diverted her eyes aside. Her voice was almost as low

and soft as a whisper.

Her timid reaction aroused the man’s infatuations, which elevated to the point that he wanted to grab her tight and gave her a long and wild kiss.

“So you owe me one for this. I’ll take back what you owe next time,”

the man asserted. A wicked smile crept on his cheek as he slowly let go of the woman. It was no surprise, actually, that he didn’t continue with the inappropriate and outrageous plan on his mind, considering he was a man with self-control, and not to mention that he was in this place, the Tang family house.

He knew, better than anyone else, what the consequences of his actions would be. It would do no good other than creating a disaster.

Unwilling to stay longer, the fretted woman didn’t even wait for the man to finish his sentence and ran out of the room like a prisoner having a chance to break out.

To him, the action of the panicky woman was so hilarious. He couldn’t help smiling. He smiled despite being hurt inside, and without knowing it he enjoyed the confusing emotions. Alone in the room, he felt strange of himself and turned the smile on his face into a frown.

He had the best-laid plans. But Cassandra, a distraction, just ran into his plan without any prior notice. What scared him right now was that he enjoyed whatever was happening between Cassandra and him. ‘This

woman is indeed cute and innocent, even irresistible, but she's still part of the Tang family!' he thought.

Meanwhile, in Cassandra's room, she was so relieved as soon as the door shut, which signaled her separation from the outside world. Her tired and drained body slumped to the floor. She didn't even have the extra energy to turn on the light that was within her reach.

'If not for my swift action, I would have been caught flirting with my brother-in-law!' she thought.

'Pooh! Pooh! Pooh! It has nothing to do with flirting!' she quickly assured herself and shook her head.

It was a total mess for the brain as she was imagining and anticipating things. She heaved a sigh of fatigue and remorse, her hand rubbing her own hair with worry. 'Why Rufus was the person I had the one-night stand with?' she asked, blaming herself.

It was completely dark in the room. As Cassandra was still mourning for her pitiful fate, the light was suddenly turned on, which scared her. She sprang up and looked around warily.

Soon, her cautious eyes found their target. It was Lionel, sitting elegantly and comfortably on the sofa, crossing his arms. The man eyed her with his usual coldness and indifference.

"It's late. Where have you been?"

inquired the man. Cassandra was stunned to see her husband in her bedroom. That was so unusual and unexpected. The question from him made her heart skip a little.

"You...Why are you in my room?"

she said, answering his question with another question.

At that instant, Lionel stood up from the sofa and walked towards her direction. He faced Cassandra, with no intentions of hiding the intense hatred he had for her. The expression of his disgusted face turned even colder.

Raising up his hand, he lifted her chin and slightly raised her pale head. He ridiculed her saying, “Your room? Hey, Cassandra, let me remind you this is our wedding room. It’s our room.”