

The Enchanted Night by LEIGH COBBETT Chapter 6

G City, international airport.

Black leather shoes clicked on the floor, as a tall figure in black cut his way through the swarming crowds.

He stopped and leaned his angular face to the side. His expression was hidden by dark, expensive-looking sunglasses. Despite the pushing crowds, a stream of space remained around where he stood.

A black stretch Lincoln was waiting at the gate of the airport. As soon as he stepped outside, he was surrounded by a group of imposing men in smartly pressed black suits. They turned to him and bowed their heads in respect.

“Welcome back, boss.”

The tallest of the men stepped forward, gesturing to the man and speaking in a clear, low voice.

The figure remained silent, but his thin sculpted lips pursed and lifted into slow, crooked smile. Slender fingers took the sunglasses from his face. And underneath them, his eyes held a frightening, challenging depth.

After ten years, he was finally back. The city was both strange and familiar to him. As the figure strode towards the car under the protecting of his guards, his eyes roamed around. And his lips pressed again into a thin smile. Something about him made the people walking past unable to look at anything but him, until he turned his gaze to them and they hastily scurried away.

He, Rufus Luo, was finally back.

In Tang house, Jill sat in the quiet living room, gently sipping a cup of cosmetic tea.

Meanwhile, Horace paced back and forth across the floor, constantly checking the phone gripped tightly in his hand.

To anyone looking through the window, the scene from last night might not have happened. The house seemed still.

When Cassandra had returned last night, she had gone straight to the guest room. Lionel did not bother her after that. On the first night in Tang house, she slept peacefully. All she wanted now was calm, and stability. That alone was enough for her.

As she came down the stairs, she was surprised by the stillness in the living room. ‘In the Tang family, I should be a good daughter-in-law, clever and gentle,’ Cassandra kept reminding herself as she stepped into the role.

“Good morning, Mother and Father.”

Cassandra softly greeted the two people in the living room. Without even looking her way, Jill snorted derisively. She was always not satisfied with this daughter-in-law. From the slight nod that Horace gave her, she gathered that he had something on his mind.

Lionel was already at work, so the three of them were alone in the house. Cassandra looked at the two people in front of her and realised that something unusual might have happened. She thought she felt a tension in the air. And she tried not to let her nervousness show. Curious though she was, Cassandra knew better than to ask if anything was wrong. In any case, she had never felt the need to make small talk.

“Cassandra, make a phone call to Lionel, and tell him to come back now.”

Cassandra was about to slip out of the room when she heard these words, and realised that Horace had been speaking to her. She turned to look at him. Why would he ask her to call Lionel?

“Lionel has gone to work, why do you want him to come back? You think he should be here to welcome back that dirty bastard?” snapped Jill.

She sat back against a cushion to sip her tea, and Cassandra saw a look of disgust flash across her usually-composed face.

‘Wait what? A dirty bastard? Coming back?’

Cassandra blinked her eyes innocently. Was the person they were referring to...Could it be that Horace had a secret son?

“Hold your tongue! Rufus is my son. You will not speak of him in this manner. Why should Lionel not be home to welcome his elder brother?” Horace growled.

Whilst he spoke in low angry tones, Cassandra thought about what she had heard. ‘Wow, Lionel’s older brother. So he must be the eldest son of Horace.’

But what would cause Jill to call someone of his age and position something as harsh as a bastard?’

Cassandra’s eyes shone clear and bright as she thought. The mention of this person had sparked her interest. She had known that the Tang family

had a complex and difficult dynamic, but to find out that Horace had another son! Lionel's elder brother....

Her thoughts were interrupted by the ring of Horace's phone. Horace's face transformed into a joyful smile. He placed it to his ear and beamed.

“Rufus, my son! Have you arrived yet? I'll come and collect you!”

Everyone in the room could feel the joy radiating from the man. After hanging up, he put away his cell phone and waved to the servants of the Tang family. They arranged themselves in a neat, practiced row and inclined their heads respectfully.

“Jill, come out with me to welcome Rufus.”

Horace commanded. Hearing his tone, Jill reluctantly pushed herself up from the sofa, and followed him out of the room. As she turned her head away, Cassandra saw the look of resentment on her face.

“Cassandra, what are you waiting for, call Lionel and have him come back as soon as possible.”

Horace called to Cassandra from outside the room. Cassandra nodded her head at once, and tried to shake the remaining sleepiness out of her eyes. Before she could do anything, however, she saw the young master of the Tang family through the window, approaching the doorway. She was amused by how quickly she had gone from learning about a new member of the Tang family, to seeing this person standing before her.

Cassandra rubbed her forehead. The slight pain she felt there ensured her that it was not a dream. For some reason, she was exhilarated at the idea of this new person's arrival.

She asked the housekeeper to make a phone call to Lionel. Then she straightened up, and stood by the doorway to welcome the newcomer. She ran a nervous hand through her hair, and her eyes shone with curiosity.

“Rufus, you’ve worked so hard abroad all these years.”

Horace’s gratified tone warned her that the group was arriving, and Cassandra composed herself. He was here!

A line of people were approaching the living room, granting the house a new kind of vigor and energy. Cassandra smoothed down her blouse one last time, and then raised her head.

She planted a polite smile on her face, hoping that her delicate features would make her seem amiable and easy to approach.

“Hi...”

Her eyes met the dark eyes of the figure who had entered the room. And Cassandra felt as if she had been struck by a bolt of lightning out of nowhere. The words that she had carefully prepared got stuck in her throat, and she found herself frozen in place.

This man, Rufus, raised again the same languid smile that had filled passers-by with a sense of foreboding at the airport. He raised a smug eyebrow at Cassandra’s shocked expression, radiating calm in contrast.

‘Oh my god! How could it be...him?’