

The Enchanted Night by LEIGH COBBETT Chapter 7

“My name is Rufus Luo.”

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

“My dear, you’re so hot.”

All of a sudden, the passion and gentle touches that night in Rome flurried into Cassandra’s brain. She could still hear the charming, sexy voice of the mysterious man, and his hot breath when he blew into her ear. It was as if she had returned to that night. Her ears turned red as she went further into her memories.

It had been a night of madness. She had lost her virginity to the man she never met before and never thought she’d see again. It felt like a dream that was not real, yet that very dream had come to life, and was now standing right in front of her. The same wicked, playful smile was painted on this man’s face, reminding her that the night had been all too real.

Their gazes fell on Cassandra, who looked dazed and baffled. Horace coughed intentionally to distract her, pulling the girl out of her memories.

“Cassandra, this is Lionel’s older brother. So he is your older brother as well.”

Horace’s voice was not loud but fell on her ears like thunder. Her heart raced in alarm. She had no choice but to accept the harsh reality – that the man she had slept with the other night was in fact, her brother-in-law. Trying her best to suppress her shock, she squeezed out a weak smile. However, her lips, along with the rest of her face, had turned abnormally

pale at this point, revealing that she was not as calm as she pretended to be.

“My name is Rufus Luo. Nice to meet you.”

Before Cassandra had the chance to greet him, the man introduced himself once again. His every feature was familiar to her – his sexy, intimate voice, his rakish smile, his slender and strong hand that was stretched out in a greeting. Her mind lingered on the four words that were so heavy with meaning – “nice to meet you”. She knew he said it on purpose, as if it was really the first time they were meeting.

“Welcome, brother Rufus,”

Cassandra said. Too shy to look into his eyes, Cassandra lowered her head and shook his hand politely. Just as she was about to withdraw, he pulled at her palm in a small gesture, making it impossible for her to retreat from his firm grip.

Her nerves went haywire and her palm was now sweating in his. The man seemed not to notice as he raked a finger down her palm surreptitiously, his enchanting smile growing deeper.

At the intimate gesture, Cassandra’s ire knew no bounds. How could he be so daring? He was caressing her right in front of the Tang family! She tried to force her hand back, with stronger pressure this time, but to no avail. He would just not let go!

“Rufus, this is Lionel’s wife, Cassandra.”

Horace’s enthusiastic voice sounded in her ears again as he introduced her to Rufus gaily. He was clearly oblivious to the uncomfortable atmosphere between the two.

“Really?”

the man asked as the family walked indoors. By now he had released his grip and Cassandra had taken her hand back. His manner had been careless throughout this encounter, but at Horace’s words, his eyes blazed in Cassandra’s direction. The fiery light in his eyes was the same as the one from her memory.

Others might not have been aware of the wordless exchange, but Cassandra could feel the intensity of his gaze. His eyes never left her. As her panic elevated, she had little choice but to follow everyone. Keeping her head bent, she remained silent all the way.

However, her silence didn’t turn the set of burning eyes away from her, up to the point that she could no longer bear the sensation of being so blatantly stared at. “Mother, Father, I’m feeling unwell. I’ll go upstairs to rest. I’ve called Lionel. He said he would be back soon.”

As the others gathered around the sofa, Cassandra mustered the courage to leave, finding herself an easy excuse.

Seeing his daughter-in-law’s pale face, Horace nodded, signaling to Cassandra that she could go.

“You don’t look so good,” the head of the family said, concerned for her. “Do you have a fever? All right, take some rest. Rufus has come to stay with us anyway. You two will have ample opportunities to get to know one another.”

The phrase “ample opportunities” thumped inside Cassandra’s heart, morphing into a whirlwind that threatened to catch her in its vortex.

She dreaded being around this man. Horace said his crisp words as if they carried the best news in the world – that she'd have plenty of chances to interact with Rufus.

“Yes, Cassandra. We will have ‘ample opportunities’,” Rufus reminded her, as if the awkwardness was not enough.

Sitting right in the middle of the sofa, he was like an emperor, proud and dictatorial in his own right. His eagle-like eyes suggested an a

dditional meaning to his words that only she could understand. His smile curved up significantly, chilling Cassandra to the core.

After getting consent from her father-in-law, she scuttled away, escaping from her tormentor as fast as she could. As she finally reached her room, she could barely support her trembling legs. Downstairs, if she hadn't made a conscious effort to remain standing, she would have probably kneeled over in front of everyone.

Shutting the door and making sure it was locked securely, she leaned against it, gasping hard as air filled up her lungs. She put one hand over her chest and closed her eyes.

Her heart was palpitating so fast that it could have jumped out of her mouth.

She would never have imagined that her one-night stand partner in a foreign land was none other than the older brother of her spouse. It was just too dramatic to be true. With this absurd story, a playwright could easily make a hit drama. Actually, it would be a rather tragic one.

What should she do?

It was the only question hovering in Cassandra's mind. Everything had happened so fast and caught her off-guard. She had been utterly unprepared and couldn't calm down for one moment to think this through.

One thing seemed certain. Rufus seemed like a man with status and power, so he would probably not boast around about the strange encounter with her. Convincing herself that the shameful story would remain concealed from the Tang family, Cassandra breathed in relief.

However, thinking that she had to live under the same roof as this man who held her most dreadful secret, Cassandra felt shockingly nervous and terrified. The tad bit of assurance that she had managed to find ebbed away.

Rufus was like a hidden time-bomb which could explode at any moment!

“Brother? I need to call a man born out of wedlock my older brother?”

While she was immersed in her thoughts and haunted by the idea of living together with Rufus, a roaring sound suddenly emerged downstairs, kicking her out of her reverie.

She knew that voice. It was Lionel.

“Lionel, mind your language when you talk to your brother!”

Horace scolded his son fiercely. The overwhelming curiosity inside Cassandra's heart compelled her to open the door quietly. With great caution, she sneaked out of her room and hid at one corner of the staircase. Making sure that she could not be seen, she peeked at what was going on in the living room downstairs.

Lionel stood beside the table, anger bulging out the veins on his forehead. His finger was pointing at Rufus, who did not react to the hostile gesture.

Jill joined in to side with her son. Normally she was a bit scared of Horace, but right now, in the presence of Lionel, whom she agreed with on this matter, she enjoyed the rare sense of superiority.

“My dear, after all, he is an illegitimate child. Can you imagine how the media would report this?” asked the wife. “Lionel has devoted himself to the company for so many years. You should know that better than anyone else. Now you are saying you want to hand the company over to this bastard? Lionel is our flesh and blood. How can you make this unfair decision in favor of the son of your mistress?”

Offensive words like “illegitimate child” and “bastard” slipped from the woman’s tongue so easily. She seemed to have no respect for the new member of the family. Cassandra began to feel sorry for the man being insulted by his family, despite the fear she had felt when his gaze had been focused on her some minutes ago.

From where Cassandra was standing, she could only see the back of Rufus and was unable to get a clear view of the expression on his face. She assumed he was very angry.

“Do you know the definition of an illegitimate child? I am Lionel’s older brother. That means my father met my mother before you. So let me ask you, who is the illegitimate child in this scenario?”

Rufus shot back in his undisturbed tone, hurling a nice counter-attack. His opponent was rendered speechless, so he took it as a temporary victory and laughed softly. Suddenly, he turned his head, meeting a pair of mystical eyes, belonging to the woman who currently hid at the corner of the stairs.

Once again, Cassandra saw him smile at her in a sinister fashion. She caught the thirst that flashed across his eyes and instantly quivered in fear.

Their eyes met for a brief moment, but the frightening look in his gaze felt like it was suffocating her. She had been maintaining her squatting position for too long and the tension in her leg caused her to lose its strength, making her fall forward. Heart in mouth, she suddenly felt herself tip over the stairs, and she rolled down before she could catch herself.