

The Enchanted Night by LEIGH COBBETT Chapter 9

The two men, equal in stature, stood scowling at each other with Cassandra in between them.

The atmosphere in the living room quickly turned hostile. Even Horace was at a loss for words. The girl who pretended to have blacked out in Rufus's arms lay still, quietly determined to carry on her performance until the very last minute.

“Oh?”

Rufus's thin lips curled into a careless half-smile, his eyes radiating nonchalance. He gave a little chuckle in response to Lionel's question.

“Cassandra,” Lionel began in a stoic, dangerous voice. “Get up! You are in another man's arms right in front of your husband! Do you have any shame? Are you really that desperate to get laid?”

He seemed to have seen through Cassandra's ruse. As Lionel slanted his eyes at her, he moved to pull her out of Rufus' arms roughly.

Almost at the same time, Rufus retreated one step back, with Cassandra tucked safely in his arms. He glared at Lionel with piercing eyes, cutting him with his silent gaze. Lionel retracted his hands quickly, as if slashed by a knife.

“You think she rolled down the stairs deliberately, because she was desperate?!”

An intimidating look came over Rufus' face. They were nearly at daggers drawn. Horace had been cautiously watching the volatile exchange and

now stood up in haste. He held Lionel back, who seemed to be humiliating Cassandra on purpose.

“Don’t argue anymore! You had better take her to the hospital right now!”

Without sparing another glance to Lionel, Rufus marched straight to the door. Cassandra lay comfortably in his arms. The car was already outside, waiting for them. Horace heaved a long sigh before following them.

The pungent smell of disinfectant pervaded the hospital.

Cassandra cracked open her eyes slowly, looking around the room like a thief who had been caught doing wrong. She looked like she was searching for somebody.

“What is it? Are you looking for me?”

A man’s voice came from nearby. The very next second, a devastatingly handsome face materialized in front of her.

Cassandra felt the terrible pounding of her heart when she realized that they were the only ones in the ward.

Suddenly, a sentence flashed through her mind: it is dangerous to have a man and a woman in the same room.

“So, thank you, for your... just now,”

Cassandra stuttered awkwardly, not making any sense. She struggled to sit up and braced herself against the headboard, abstaining from meeting Rufus’s eyes.

“Thank me? For what?”

Rufus arched his dashing eyebrow at her as he plopped down on the bed. He grabbed her chin gently, nudging her closer. Their breaths seemed to mingle as the distance dissolved between them.

For

a moment, Cassandra's mind went blank at the closeness. She inhaled sharply, wondering how this man could be so rude and so bold at the same time. She was his sister-in-law, for heaven's sake!

"You want to thank me? You don't look like you mean it."

Rufus was not the artless type. He said it like it was. He never expected to meet Cassandra again in such a way. This delicate, lovely woman turned out to be the nominal wife of his younger brother!

More ridiculously, his sister-in-law had lost her virginity to him.

His shoulders shook with silent laughter. It was confusing, but intriguing. She was an entertaining woman.

Rufus jerked forward and Cassandra flinched. He reached out and put one of his palms against the wall next to her head. Within moments, he had her caged in his arms.

She tried to feign indifference even as she made an effort to control her breath. Her face flushed and her mind drew a blank once again.

Fortuitously lifting her eyes, she found his dark brown gaze already upon her.

Cassandra's eyes widened in shock as he drew even nearer, a hint of a playful smile dancing around his lips. Suddenly, she shoved the man away with a strength that surprised even herself. He laughed at her quietly and moved back a few inches.

“Rufus! Stop! Please behave! I, I am your sister-in-law!”

Cassandra wrapped her arms around herself, gazing at him with guarded eyes.

How bold he was! The Tangs could come to visit her any moment now. If they had caught them red-handed, all her efforts so far would have been in vain.

“Oh? Why didn’t you tell me you are my sister-in-law on that passionate night?”

He taunted her, a hand stroking his lips in curiosity. He still smiled, and there was no hint of anger in his expression.

Cassandra was tongue-tied. She looked at him, shocked to the core at his words. How dare he mention that night? An inexplicable sense of doom swept over her. She kept her wary eyes glued to the man who would apparently determine her fate.

She was not very familiar with Rufus. How could she be certain he would do her the favor of concealing that episode from her family? She didn’t want anyone to come to know what had happened that night.

If it came to the knowledge of the Tangs, disgrace would befall the Qins. Her reputation would be completely destroyed.

She thought of her mother, who would be devastated if she got to know about this. No, that could never happen. She must keep this secret from the Tangs at any cost.

Suddenly, there was a sharp rap at the door that pulled her out of her thoughts. Cassandra quickly covered herself with the quilt. The door opened and in came Lionel, hot under the collar.

