

The Enchanted Night by LEIGH COBBETT Chapter 11

Standing in front of the thirty-six-floor building, Cassandra held the scrip that Rufus gave her crumpled in her hand. With her long hair streaming in the the strong gust of wind, she wore the determined expression of someone ready to fight for her life. Neither the biting cold nor the sheer danger of being outside on the streets at this hour of the night mattered. Those things didn't scare a person anymore, when his or her life was literally on the line.

Coming here was the last straw of hope she had for a solution to the looming danger, and she had prepared to do whatever Rufus asked her to do.

Nervously, Cassandra licked her dry lips and dragged her heavy feet. In spite of how she felt, she had to keep going. Braving the biting cold, she forced herself forward slowly in the winds, with a heavy heart.

She had to face him anyway, hoping Rufus would let her alone, once and for all. For that she kept reminding herself that everything would be better, even though she wasn't sure of anything. Sometimes, we just have to take things as they come.

And while she was mulling, struggling and trudging along, Rufus was standing in front the French window at the top floor of the same building. In a white slim fit shirt, unbuttoned halfway down his chest, he peered at the darkness outside with his deep eye, and cracked a wicked smile.

The breathtaking horizon at the top floor of a thirty-six-storey building made him feel like a giant who dwarfed everything under his feet.

Rufus liked the feeling of controlling everything, just as what he did to the Tang Family and what he was doing to Cassandra now.

“Boss, she’s here,” the mechanical voice of the keypad speaker on the door suddenly announced.

The smile on his face grew even wider. He moved back to the table, took his half-full glass of red wine in the left hand, holding it leisurely with only the thumb and index finger, and drained it in one gulp.

Everything was as perfectly going according to the plan. Surreal, so to speak, like he was watching a movie, and he could predict the story-line and tell exactly what was next.

“Let her in,” he said.

In that low voice, eyes still fixed on the nightly view outside the window, he sounded somewhere between sensual and sleepy. No one had expected that Rufus, who just recently returned to G City, would own such an imposing building on the city’s skyline.

When Cassandra entered the building, she was met by a man in black suit and earphone. Careful about the earphone, as if it was an IV drip on which his whole life depended, the man led her to a door made of red sandal wood. After pressing a series of password, the door opened to both sides immediately. With a slight, respectful bow, she thanked the man.

“Please come on in, Ms. Qin. Mr. Luo is waiting for you,” the man said politely and showed her the room.

A foggy expre

ssion written on her face, Cassandra nodded to the man, and then hesitatingly dragged her weight in, wondering what was waiting for her.

Although she was born into a rich family and married into an even richer one, the room's immense size alone made Cassandra's jaw drop.

Equally breathtaking were the furniture and decor around the room. The look and feel of every single piece was a statement of the owner's sense of art. The luxury must have come at an astronomical cost.

The lavish interior of his room made the presidential suits in any five-star hotels pale in comparison. It was ridiculous of him to call her here just for a one-night stand.

Cassandra was old enough to understand what would happen between her and Rufus later. Since he asked her to come here alone in late night and there were just the two of them here, she was not at all surprised.

If it could guarantee her peace and end her mother's misery, Cassandra would be willing to sleep with him, for one more time.

Thinking of her situation, Cassandra sighed and felt sore in her heart. Silently, she wished she had the power to decide what she could do with her life. But from experience, life had beaten her into accepting whatever fate threw at her.

"Here you are," Rufus said from behind her.

Suddenly he stood right behind her, catching her by surprise. But before she could react, he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind.

Out of fear, her whole body began to shiver forcing her to take a deep breath, trying to compose herself.

"Hmm, right. I'm...here," she responded in a low voice.

Desperately, she tried to open her mouth to speak, only to find she was too tensed to sound natural.

“Relax, honey! This being our second night, aren’t we supposed to be more relaxed with each other?” Rufus whispered in her ear.

The obvious sarcasm in his laugh forced Cassandra back to her sense immediately. On instinct, she turned around, mustered all the strength she could and pushed him away.

Infuriated by his abrupt and smug approach, she stared at him with the ferocity of a trapped lioness.

“What do you want from me? If you called me here, just to humiliate me, I’d rather leave now!” she confronted him.

As she turned around and feigned to leave, Rufus laughed out loud. When Cassandra looked at him keenly, she read a strange drowsy expression on his face which she couldn’t understand.

In an instant, he grabbed her arm and pulled her into his arms, so fast that she let out a startled scream. They were so close that it made her flush. The smelt of his familiar scent, mixed with the wine he had just drank, reminded her of the first night they had spent together.

“Since time is short, let’s do something meaningful together,” Rufus whispered.

He cracked a crooked smile, lifted her in his arms and carried her to the other side of the room.