

"Mr. Qin, what's your full name?"

As her voice died down, the music also stopped, indicating that their dance was over. She didn't want to leave the dance floor yet, without hearing the answer to her question, but the man had already pulled her off with him.

He brought her towards a huge staircase and they both went up the stairs. He then led her along a corridor and they didn't stop until they went through a big set of doors which led out to an open air garden. The garden was a beautiful sight to behold. The flowers were in full bloom, an assortment of different types and colours, and the petals seemed to be glowing from the moonlight. But that wasn't all. The view from where they stood was magnificent. The lights of the skyscrapers and the lights of the city below were spread out in front of them like a bright painted canvas.

The man walked towards the railing and leaned on it, facing her. She finally realized that the man was wearing a vintage, classic black suit. She had been so focused on his face until then that she didn't even notice his clothes. As she looked at him standing there, she couldn't help but gape at him. His clothes looked like they were made for him. His black jacket hugged his broad shoulders perfectly and showed off his well-built physique. He had the look of an immortal god who came down to Earth just to show these measly humans what perfection looked like.

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When he removed his mask, he looked at her with those same probing eyes.

Abigail followed suit and lifted her hands to remove her mask as well.

Because her silver and blue mask covered her face from her forehead to her cheekbones, no one had seen her face yet, except for Mr. Black Leather jacket.

She slowly pulled it off and looked at him as she put it down, her chin up in the air, as if daring him to reject her this time.

The man was silent, his eyes glued on her face but his expression didn't give anything away.

Under the moonlight, Abi waltzed towards him. The silver stones on her dress sparkled, her eyes glimmered and she looked like a goddess - alluring, mystifying and simply beautiful. The man looked like he couldn't tear his eyes off of her.

With her head up, Abi stood right before him and said, "Mr. Qin, you still haven't answered my question."

"I'll tell you once you pass the test."

"I still didn't pass the test?" Abi was shocked. She thought that she had at least attracted him. She was pretty sure because he still hadn't moved his gaze away from her. What did this mean? Did this mean that her observation was wrong and he still found her unattractive?

Abigail was speechless. She didn't know how to react or what to think.

The man watched her expression and the corner of his lips lifted up before he moved and leaned in on her. He bent close to her until his lips were about to touch her ear.

"Indeed, you've proven yourself well. You certainly exceeded my expectations," he whispered. His breath touched her skin, electrocuting her nerves, that she almost forgot to breathe. His voice seemed to have some sort of magic as it lingered in her ear.

But the fact that she was wrong in thinking that he was still not attracted to her was enough to awaken Abi's dumbstruck nerves. However, the smile that was about to appear on her face faded as soon as she heard what he said next.

"But not yet, you still haven't passed the test," he said and Abi immediately looked at him with widened eyes.

"Ehh? What do you mean?"

"There's still one last test that you need to pass."

"One last test?"

He nodded, his eyes searching hers carefully.

Abi heaved a long sigh before she looked at him again. "Okay, tell me what it is, then." She said, looking intent and determined.

Her seemingly unwavering decisiveness made him narrow his eyes. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

For a moment, the man didn't move, nor did he make a sound, upon hearing her firm one-word answer but in the next second, he dragged her towards an elevator and brought her to the hotel's highest floor. He was silent and Abi couldn't help but feel her heart starting to race wildly.

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They both then entered a presidential suite which screamed of luxury. Long, thick, velvet curtains hung from the walls and covered the windows, preventing all light from penetrating through. The large lounge area was dotted with expensive furniture, tables and chairs and lounge suites. There was a bar at one end, filled with expensive bottles of alcohol and the bedroom was on the other end.

The man stopped after taking a step inside and Abi closed the door behind her. He then turned to look at her.

He extended his arms and leaned on the door with her jailed between them. He stared at her and then he dangled the keycard in front of her face.

"I'll put this here," he said as he placed the keycard on the table right next to the door. "You are free to leave once you change your mind," he added, smiling wickedly again.

Abi fought the urge to gulp. He was at it again, taunting her to change her mind. Somehow, every time he did this, it only resulted in making Abi become even more determined. She knew that he was trying to make her change her mind but what he was doing strangely had the opposite effect on her.

She didn't talk back this time. She was already here. No matter what challenges he put in front of her, from here on out, she would no longer change her mind.

Seeing that the girl didn't even falter, the man lifted his hand and touched her cheek.

"Are you scared?" he whispered and the girl was quick to answer "No", causing the man to chuckle. He gazed down at her one last time before he took her hand and dragged her towards the bedroom.