

The Enchanted Night – Chapter: 121

The Sleepwalking Young Lady

Cassandra felt warm sleeping in her comfortable bed. However, her blood froze when she caught sight of a figure in the dark from the corner of her eye!

It was looming around the corner. She could not recognize who it was. It was just sitting there quietly, not moving.

Cassandra dared not do anything boldly. She covered herself with the quilt carefully while staring at that figure anxiously.

After what seemed like an eternity, the figure suddenly moved and stood up slowly.

Its shoulders moved up and down in a heave of sigh. Then it turned its head from left to right, and walked out of the room at a very slow staggering pace.

Through the dim light from the corridor outside, Cassandra saw its face all of a sudden.

It was Courtney!

Her skin seemed to be paler, and her face bore no expression. There was something odd in the way she walked. It was really slow, rigid and unnatural as if she was a puppet.

Then an idea occurred to Cassandra. She covered her mouth to stop herself from making any noise.

Courtney was sleepwalking! On the back of her mind, she recalled that sleepwalking happened in one's dream and the sleepwalkers were unconscious and didn't know what they were doing.

Cassandra was both surprised and curious. She remained silent and watched Courtney walk out of her room silently.

After Courtney left, Cassandra rolled out of bed. A precarious idea haunted her. She wondered why Courtney sleepwalked to her room and where she would go next.

With that thought in mind, Cassandra tiptoed and opened the door. Courtney went to the next room. She opened the door and walked in.

Cassandra followed her carefully. She didn't enter that room. Instead, she crouched down by the door and peeked inside.

Courtney walked to the walk-in wardrobe and opened the door. A ginormous closet filled with countless pieces of gorgeous garments surprised Cassandra.

'Not this one, nor this one...'

Cassandra heard Courtney murmuring. Her pale and thin hand stroked through the rows of fancy dresses.

'Is she looking for a special dress?' wondered Cassandra.

Finally, Courtney closed the door and turned around.

She continued murmuring, 'No, no...not here. It's not here...'

Cassandra saw her walking towards the door of the room. She didn't want herself to be discovered. So she hurried to her room secretly.

Courtney repeated her act going into one room after another. She would open the door and walked inside to search for something.

Sometimes, she would open the cosmetic drawer, or stroke the mirror by the bedside.

She staggered to her feet during the whole process, which made Cassandra quite anxious, afraid that she might fall down.

Suddenly, Courtney walked downstairs. Cassandra followed closely behind her.

She was so nervous all the way that even her palms sweated. What she hated the most were horror movies, but with what was happening now, she felt like she was playing one of the roles in a horror film.

Midnight, inside the dark mansion, a young lady was sleepwalking. These were the classic elements in a horror movie.

Courtney reached the first floor and opened the door of the house.

The cold wind blew in, and a surge of tiny chills met Cassandra's tensed face.

However, it seemed that Courtney didn't feel the cold at all. She stood at the g

'Who does she think she is? I won't marry her even if she is the last woman on earth,' said Hiram Rong.

'Marry into a family with tens of billions of assets? How lucky I am! I won't be so foolish as to break off the engagement. At worst, I can receive money as part of the divorce settlement,' said Rachel Ruan.

Their great-grandfathers made a pact about their engagement a hundred years ago...

getting late. You can talk to the steward if you need anything. He will help you. The vegetables of the salad are from my own farm. They are organic.'

Whitney's retaliation surprised Cassandra. She, however, understood why Whitney had a sudden change of attitude.

Whitney had been strong to endure for a long, dark, and depressing time. It was her love for Courtney that was supporting her. She would do anything she could to help her daughter out. She was a mother who was willing to sacrifice everything just for her child. No mother could bear seeing her child unwell.

All these years she was thinking about Courtney's welfare. She even built a castle with all the safety features to cater to her needs. Whitney's thoughts were immense with her lovely daughter. She had been taking a good care of her beloved daughter. Most especially, she wished Courtney would have a normal, healthy life.

Suddenly, a loud noise sounded from the upstairs as if something heavy was knocked over.

With the sound of a loud thud, Cassandra shivered with fear. She stared at Whitney with her eyes opening wide with shock.

'Auntie, is... there anything happening upstairs?'

Cassandra felt restless. Judging from the sound, an extremely big bang, something or someone must have fallen down.

Whitney sprang up from her seat immediately. She was not calm and reposed anymore. The table mat was pulled out by her sudden action. She threw the fork and the knife onto her plate, spilling the salad out forming a messy smudge on the floor.

The rumbling sound upstairs made her so restless that the elegance she once had was not evident with her now.

Whitney rushed to the stairs and shouted towards the steward who was just following her, 'Call Smithers, now!'

Then she fled upstairs lightning-fast.

Cassandra was taken aback, for a moment her mind went blank and did not know what to do. Pulling her senses together, she immediately left her seat and followed Whitney upstairs.

Whitney ran so fast that Cassandra could hardly catch up with her. Obviously, she was extremely worried at this moment.

She barged in through the half-opened door and dashed into the room where the loud sound came from.

'Courtney!'

Was It Love Sickness

'Courtney!'

Whitney cried loudly. There were desperation and agony in her ear-piercing shriek.

Cassandra's heart sank horribly when she heard the scream. She rushed to the room where the voice came from and gasped when she saw what had happened inside.

The white European-style engraving dresser was turned upside down, and things that were once neatly placed on it were scattered on the floor.

Strong fragrance from a broken perfume bottle filled the room. Still, it failed to mask the smell of blood.

Courtney's long-sleeved silk nightgown was stained with blood. Cassandra's heart skipped a beat when she saw this.

The girl sitting on the floor was holding a piece of blade on her left hand, her face oblivious to her mother's scream. The shining piece of metal was bloody, too.

Looking closer, Cassandra realized that Courtney had cut herself. Blood oozed from the wound. And it stunned her just as much as it did Whitney.

After what felt like a long time, the frightened mother rushed to her daughter's side and knelt beside her. The girl still sat on her knees and gave no response at all. Whitney snatched the blade and flung it to a corner of the room before begging, 'Please don't do this, Courtney!'

Then, tears started streaming down the poor woman's cheeks. Surrendering to the sobs, she held the bloody girl tightly as she cried hoarsely.

'I don't know what to do, sweetheart!' she wailed, heartbroken. 'I did not know when you'll give up and hurt yourself. It pains me so much to see you like this.'

Whitney's face that was distorted in agony was a stark contrast to her daughter's, which was blank and indifferent, staring into the abyss.

Cassandra put her hands over her mouth to stop herself from screaming. The strain of the situation was too much for her, and she nearly burst into tears as well.

Whitney had told her that Courtney might have some mental problems, but she did not expect it to be so grave. She was thinking something possibly like sleepwalking or reluctance to interact with people, not to an extent that she would be predisposed to self-harm.

It now made sense why Whitney chose to be away from most people. She was a proud woman. She knew how gossip would spread if anyone found out that she had a mentally ill daughter.

Feeling pity, tears finally welled up in her eyes as Cassandra watched the mother holding the girl and crying her heart out.

Just then, they heard quick footsteps from downstairs. Seconds later, a man in a suit was led to the room by a steward.

The man was around 50 years old, and carried a medical kit with him. He wore grave expression as he strode into the room.

Hope shone in Whitney's eyes seeing the man.

'You must help her, Smithers. She... has cut her own wrist,' Whitney pleaded.

She then let go of Courtney, rose, and stepped aside to allow the doctor to get closer. It was then that Cassandra realized that the blood had stained her clothes too as she was holding her daughter, but it seemed to be the least of her concerns.

Clearly, it was not the first time that Smithers had handled situations like this. He crouched down beside Courtney, took out some drugs and bandage from

‘Do you know what you did wrong? It’s alright if you just wanted to own me. But you should not have helped Molly leave me!’

When Brian learns the truth, there is no chance for Hannah to win his heart.

Molly, who wants to run away from Brian, seems to be the only one to blame for Hannah’s misfortune...

and might very well be the one whom she was unable to let go.

Her shilly-shallying when selecting the clothes, the way she hurt herself and how she had been acting like a girl in love all seemed to point to one thing.

Cassandra guessed that Courtney was in love but was unable to move on. Would that explain her mental disease?

The door opened and Whitney walked in.

Her brows knitted, her eyes were red from crying, and she wore a look of despair when she saw Courtney choosing her clothes happily again.

‘What...is the matter with her?’

Cassandra asked in a low voice, referring to Courtney.

‘She has again been caught up in remembering her last relationship. This was what she used to do when she was in love: dressing herself up for a date,’ Whitney sighed.

She closed her eyes as soon as she finished speaking with an expression of pain, as though she couldn't bear to look at it anymore.

Cassandra turned back to look at the girl. She felt so much sympathy for her, but also relief.

She remembered the locket around her neck and thought that Courtney's problem might have been caused by a man she loved. He was probably the man in the picture she carried.

Courtney indeed was one of her childhood friends. Though she had very little memory of her now and didn't even know where to start if she wanted to help, Cassandra decided she was going to do something about it. The girl was about her age, it was truly a tragedy that she had to spend the best years of her life in pain and suffering, and even sometimes ended up in hurting herself and breaking her mother's heart. Cassandra wanted so much to help.

A very wild idea prompted in her head:

she would find a way to get to the core of Courtney's misery and help her recover.

Didn't the doctor also say that he wished that he could find out the cause of her distress? Now that Cassandra might have a clue, she promised herself that she would do her best to help Courtney.

Taking another look at Courtney, Cassandra finally made up her mind.

'Auntie Whitney,' she said seriously, 'I might know exactly what has happened to Courtney.'

Whitney looked sad and frustrated. What Cassandra said even gave her more pain.

‘I know why Courtney is acting like this. It is because of that man. He left Courtney and no one knows where he is now. I can’t seem to find him no matter how hard I tried,’ she said.

Whitney furrowed her brows and looked at Courtney who was picking out clothes from her closet happily. Tears filled her eyes.

‘Considering Courtney’s mental state, how can I leave her? I can’t afford to try to find the guy myself. Someone has to stay with Courtney. Also, that man hurt her. I don’t know what will happen to her if he comes back in her life again. What if she goes out of control? I can’t afford to lose my only daughter.

I don’t expect her to fully recover. All I want is that she becomes capable of living her life without trying to hurt herself again,’

Whitney sighed. She became even more sorrowful as she looked at her daughter.

Cassandra followed her gaze. The sunshine lit the room beautifully. Under the warm sunlight, Courtney looked young and beautiful.

It could have been a very wonderful sight to see a girl picking out dresses for her date so happily on a warm afternoon, thinking about the love of her life.

Courtney, who indulged herself in her memory, must be very happy now.

‘Sometimes, she acts like this, happily dreaming about the man. But after a few moments, she will suddenly return to the present and go back to her cold, indifferent self,’ Whitney explained.

It was difficult to watch her. Whitney looked at the ceiling to keep her tears from falling.

‘Why don’t you stay for a few more days in Norway, Cassandra, since you seldom come here? I have a lot of guest rooms. You can pick whichever you like. Remember to lock the door before you go to sleep so Courtney won’t startle you. Please think about it,’ Whitney offered. ‘Anyway, I have a meeting with a securities agent. I should go now.’

Whitney ended and left, leaving Cassandra with Courtney.

Cassandra went into deep thought.

‘Pink, no. I wore pink last time,’

Courtney muttered to herself as she threw the pink dress away. Pouting, she looked like a three-year-old little girl.

‘Black, no. He doesn’t like me in black,’

she whispered as she threw away another batch of clothes.

‘Purple? He thinks I look old in purple. No purple!’

Courtney still couldn’t choose what to wear.

Cassandra walked over to her.

‘Courtney, what does he like?’

she asked, being observant of Courtney's facial expression.

The girl suddenly stopped. The smile on her face disappeared gr

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ne rang. Relief filled her when she saw Rufus's name on the caller ID.

The past two days had been tough. It would be great to have someone to talk to.

However, when she answered the phone, she didn't know where to start.

'How's everything going? Are you doing okay?'

Rufus sounded calm and was a comfort to Cassandra. She could picture him raising his eyebrows when talking to her.

'Not very well. I don't know how to bring this up to Whitney,'

Cassandra confessed.

'Your father and her husband are best friends. I thought she would support you,'

Rufus replied. He did not expect Cassandra to be in such a sad mood. He actually expected the meeting to go smoothly.

‘She understands me and I understand her too. Since she needs to take care of her daughter and their assets at the same time, she does not have time to think about me or my father’s business,’

Cassandra explained as she turned around, looking at the castle behind her. Under the blue sky, there was a dysfunctional princess and her unfortunate mother living inside that beautiful place. What a pity.

Wait, a princess ?

Suddenly, an idea gripped her.

She seemed to have overlooked a very important fact.

‘Cassandra ? Cassandra Qin ?’

Rufus raised his voice on the other end of the line after Cassandra didn’t answer him, which brought back her attention.

‘Sorry, I zoned out for a minute,’

Cassandra apologized.

‘What are you thinking ? I thought you were hypnotized. You scared me!’

Rufus said, a little disappointed with Cassandra’s absent-mindedness. He felt as if he bored her.

Hypnosis ?!

Suddenly, Cassandra felt as if it all made sense.

‘Rufus! Thank you! Now I know how to solve the problem!’

‘What is your plan?’

Rufus was confused when he heard Cassandra’s words.

‘Rufus, thank you! I think I finally found the key to solve this problem!’

Cassandra giggled. But then, she realized another problem that she might have.

‘Rufus, do you know of any hypnotist?’ she asked.

Talking about being hypnotized reminded Cassandra of her roommate at school before who majored in Psychology. She remembered her sharing that mental illnesses could be treated by hypnosis. The problem with this was that there were very few of them, not to mention excellent ones.

Rufus forced a wry smile. Hypnotist? He wished he had heard it wrong. Staying on the line, he said, ‘Hold on. I happen to know one hypnotist. I’ll send him over to you now.’

As soon as he hung up, he turned to Victor.

‘Book me the earliest flight to Norway,’ he ordered.

About the hypnotist, memories flashed in his mind of the days when he just started training ten years ago.

‘You must have a mind so tough that no one can bar it. Wars are not just fought with bullets. There is another aspect unseen by the common eye, and it’s mental confrontation!’

The trainer was a man from the special forces. He had tattoos all over his body and a brilliant track record.

He stood there like an impenetrable fortress. His cold face made new recruits shiver.

‘If your mind is weak, your enemy will destroy you in every way they could. They can use it against you by hypnosis. Once they succeed, they can get you to do whatever they wish,’

Rufus was all ears. His stern and determined eyes impressed the General. In the following training sessions, he stood out from his class because of his excellence.

Later, he was chosen for higher studies.

One of the skills he learned there was hypnosis.

Rufus did not know what Cassandra needed a hypnotist for, but he flew in anyway to be of help.

Besides, it had been days since he last saw her. This was a good way to visit her as well.

Cassandra was startled when she saw Rufus driving the car into the yard by himself.

‘Don’t tell me you’re the hypnotist!’

Cassandra said in surprise. She looked around but could not see anyone else that he was with. Even Victor wasn’t with him.

‘Why can’t I be the hypnotist?’

Rufus smirked and looked at her with gentle eyes.

‘Will you suddenly hypnotize me?’

Cassandra said, instantly alarmed with what he was capable of. Had she been hypnotized by him? Was that the reason she fell for him?

‘Hypnotism is not an answer to everything. It only works on someone who doesn’t resist you in his consciousness,’

he replied. Cassandra seemed to think that hypnosis was

‘You’re my wife in name only, on paper only. My heart and love will never be yours.’

Edward made it clear to Daisy that she was nothing to him. They were both victims of family greed -- the marriage was arranged for them.

Six years passed. She remained quiet, gaining a reputation in the army as a tough-as-nails colonel. When she walked into his life again, Edward fell in love with this woman...

e up.

‘It’s not what you think, Auntie Whitney!’

Cassandra said, trying to explain her relationship with Rufus. After all, she wasn’t divorced yet. Technically, she was still Rufus’s sister-in-law. Whitney’s question frightened her.

Rufus, however, answered differently.

‘No, we are not. But I will marry her one day,’

he said, extending a hand to hold Cassandra's shoulder. Cassandra immediately refused it as her face flushed in tomato red.

'Well, it's okay. I know Cassandra still has things to deal with but I believe you will be together, sooner or later,' Whitney said, smiling.

Her words made Cassandra freeze, looking up to the lady.

She noticed the wrinkles that surrounded her eyes. Still, the blemishes did not reduce her beauty. If anything, they only made her look wiser.

Cassandra didn't understand how a woman as wise as Whitney could see through what was going on between her and Rufus, but did not know what to do with her own daughter. The thought saddened Cassandra.

Men are blind in their own cause. It is always easier to observe something from afar than to be completely submerged in the situation. Cassandra wondered why people seemed to find it easy to figure out that there was something special between her and Rufus.

Rufus and Cassandra stayed in the bedroom as they waited for Courtney to sleepwalk.

Finally, at around midnight, they heard noises from the corridor.

Rufus put a finger on his mouth to remind Cassandra to be quiet.

He opened the curtains gently and saw Courtney going back and forth along the hall. As she was about to go back to her room, Rufus sneaked up and followed her in. The moment she lay down, he showed her a photo and said, 'One, two, three. You will only see him when you sleep.'

Rufus quietly opened the bedroom door to allow Cassandra to enter. Courtney had fallen asleep. Rufus knitted his eyebrows and gazed at her, thoughtfully.

‘Did you find out something?’

Cassandra looked at him hopefully.

‘I’m guessing her boyfriend said something before he left her which turned her into what she’s like now,’

Rufus replied, looking a little worn out. Because making one confess something that was bothering her very deeply was a challenging task, both mentally and physically, for a hypnotist.

‘What on earth did he say to her?’

Cassandra asked, partly thinking aloud.

‘She hasn’t mentioned it. It must be something that hurt her so deeply that she refuses to recall what it was. Again, hypnosis is not a cure to everything. I have no way to dig into the thoughts that she subconsciously rejects,’

Rufus shook his head helplessly.

Cassandra let out a sigh. It looked like it would take much time before they get Courtney to allow her trauma to surface.

As Rufus looked at her disappointed face, an idea came to him.

‘If it’s okay with you, I will ask Victor to bring Joel here. We haven’t turned him in yet. He might be of help,’

Rufus said, taking a look at Joel's photo in his hand. It was what he used to hypnotize Courtney just a few moments ago.

Cassandra remembered freezing when she saw Joel's photo in Courtney's locket. She guessed that something terrible must have happened between them.

While her experience of Joel was rather disruptive—the man drugged her and plagiarized her work—Cassandra still could not believe that he had anything to do with Courtney's illness.

'I'm scared that seeing Joel would make it worse. It's the reason why her mom kept her away from people,' Cassandra replied. 'What if... We ask Joel what he has done to Courtney, instead?' Cassandra said thoughtfully.

She thought this might be the best solution after racking her brains

Rufus mused, nodding in agreement.

He thought of Joel's file. Joel worked as a Manager Assistant for two years in the Tang Group. Given the timeline, he must have entered the Tang Group right after he broke up with Courtney.

The family columns in his file were left blank. None of his parents' names or his siblings' name were filled. It appeared that he has deliberately been hiding his affiliation to Ivy the moment he entered the company.

Unfortunately, he was too bold and arrogant. It did not take long for him

'You're my wife in name only, on paper only. My heart and love will never be yours.'

Edward made it clear to Daisy that she was nothing to him. They were both victims of family greed -- the marriage was arranged for them.

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ng it ?

Ivy seemed to have better taste. During that same year, she sent her an accessory made of Jade as a gift. Everyone who saw it would admire her taste and Jill liked that!

‘Auntie, Cassandra is busy with work. I’m sure she doesn’t have time to shop with you. Don’t take it against her,’

Ivy replied. Deep inside, she felt delighted that Jill was starting to show a preference for her.

‘No matter how busy she is, as a woman, it is her duty to take care of her husband and her children. Still, up to now, she can seem to neither satisfy Lionel nor have a child. I really don’t like her.

It’s such a pity I didn’t meet you earlier. If I did, I would not have consented to their marriage. Such a shame!’ she retorted.

Jill always said what she thought. Ivy looked at Jill affectionately.

‘Auntie, please don’t dwell on it, I don’t plan on marrying Lionel. It is already an honor for me to bear a child for the Tangs!’ she said.

Ivy smiled. Her remarks and humility made Jill sympathize with her even more.

The two women were about to go home when Ivy spotted a rather familiar couple.

The woman, petite, wore a sweet smile as she held the man's hand and looked up at him with unmistakable adoration.

The man, on the other hand, looked polished and handsome. It was difficult for anyone not to notice them.

'Arthur and Cloris? Why were they here? Are they in a relationship?'

Ivy's mind began to revive. Suddenly, an idea occurred to her.

'Auntie, look! Isn't that Arthur and Cloris?' she said pointing at the charming couple.

Following the direction that Ivy pointed at, Jill's face darkened.

Keep Your Hands Off My Girl

Jill heard Horace mention that Arthur was an ungrateful money-grubbing man. Ever since he took over the Dawn Star Group, he had poached the customers from Tang group despite the close relationship between their two families. What was even worse, Arthur had tried to mobilize other members of the Union to vote for his own company to lead the Union as its Director.

When Dawn Star Group was just a small company, Horace had consistently aided Arthur's father, who was the leader of the company then. He had even given away plenty of engineering projects to help Arthur's company grow.

Dawn Star Group should have been thankful for Horace's contributions. However, now that the Dawn Star Group was a bigger company under Arthur's leadership, the Group disrespectfully undermined the Tang Group. Horace attempted to hide his disappointment even when he went to the hospital to visit Arthur's father, since he couldn't blame the father for what happened to their companies. He knew Arthur acted out on his own. That was why, when Jill saw Arthur, her eyes immediately began to burn from anger.

She held her tongue despite wanting to shout at Arthur when she saw Cloris with him.

At present, stating that the Tang Group and the Dawn Star Group were in a tense competitive relationship was an understatement. It seemed that Cassandra's sister Cloris and Arthur were in love seeing that they're together. Jill's shoulders grew tense as she began to doubt Cassandra's loyalty to the Tang Group.

'It seems that Mr. Zhuang has become a prisoner of love. Cloris is as beautiful as her sister, Cassandra. No wonder he's fallen in love with her!'

Ivy said with a smile, deliberately mentioning Cassandra. Jill glared at Ivy as her doubt began to grow.

'There's no point in being beautiful if you don't have the brains to back it up. If Cassandra is loyal to the Tang family, how could she allow her sister to engage in a relationship with Arthur?' Jill chided.

When Jill first met Cloris, she had a good impression of her. But now, she disliked Cloris as much as she did to Cassandra.

‘Auntie, don’t be mad. People are free to choose who they want to love. This has nothing to do with loyalty. If one loves a person, it’s because they saw something in them. Don’t you think so?’

Ivy said with a meaningful look.

Looking at Ivy silently, Jill became more suspicious of Cassandra.

‘It’s because they saw something in them, ’ Jill reiterated in her head. ‘Maybe Cloris hooked up with Arthur for his money, ’ she thought quietly.

‘Yes, that’s right. Vernon is in prison. They need money to pay the fines. Their mother Edith is a housewife and she has no way of getting her own income. Cassandra couldn’t get any help from the Tang family, so Cloris is trying to look for a rich boyfriend to help the Qin family get out of their crisis!’

Jill deduced.

It was obvious that Cloris’s relationship with Arthur would do no good to the Tang Group. Dawn Star Group

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is asked, unable to hide the shaking in her voice. She started to tear up despite trying to calm herself down. She never expected being in such a situation.

‘Oh Beautiful! Are you crying? Don’t be scared. I’ve come to help you. I’ll make a real woman out of you,’

The man stood up and walked closer to her, looking at her with lecherous eyes. Cloris stumbled back until she felt the wall behind her; her hand was still gripping the remote by her chest as if to shield herself from him.

‘Don’t you dare. My boyfriend will be here soon. If you hurt me, he’ll kill you!’

Cloris’s tears fell out of her eyes. She was horrified.

‘Your boyfriend? Who is he? You think I would be afraid of him? Nobody can scare me off. So don’t fool yourself into thinking you could threaten me,’

the man said dryly as he continued his approach.

‘Who are you working for? Are you hired by someone to ruin me? Who is it? Tell me!’

Cloris asked in a louder voice. The little woman was smart and quickly figured out what was happening. She didn’t expect that what she had been experiencing now was deliberately arranged! But she didn’t have any enemies. Who could the mastermind be? Anger started to wash over her, overpowering her fear against the man in front of her.

‘Sorry, that’s classified. Otherwise, I wouldn’t get paid.’

Cloris was now trapped in between him and the wall. The man started to unbutton his shirt and stared at Cloris wantonly.

‘I-I have money! If you just let me go, I can pay you ten times as much as your employer!’

Cloris tried to persuade him.

‘Don’t try to fool me! I know your older sister is rich, but you and your mother are practically poor,’

The man chided. With that, he eagerly grabbed Cloris’s wrists and pinned them above her head, his face nearing her own. Suddenly, the door was smashed open, and the man and Cloris both darted their eyes towards the door.

‘Get your evil hands off my girl! Go to hell! You son of a bitch!’

Cloris s Nightmare

Shocked by the loud noise, Cloris was delighted to see it was Arthur who broke into the room.

At this very moment, the appearance of him was like a mighty God who could save the world. In a panic, the sleazy man drew back his neck as if trying to make himself invisible.

Arthur’s face was contorted with anger and he rushed to punch the man in the face. The man had no time to think and was quickly knocked down to the ground. He looked at Arthur as he coughed blood out from his mouth, trailing down to his jaw.

Instead of punching Arthur back, he lay there defenseless as Arthur kicked his torso.

The next moment, Arthur grabbed Cloris and pulled her into his arms, squeezing her tightly that it became difficult for her to breathe.

Arthur's strong and tight embrace immediately made Cloris feel better and calm. She let the tears fall finally.

'I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left you alone,' Arthur said, apologizing while stroking her hair.

His voice was trembling, and he sounded quite miserable.

'Arthur, I was so scared! I thought I would die!' Cloris whimpered in his arms.

Her tears kept falling down like broken strands of pearls, disappearing whenever they landed on his shirt.

'I'm sorry, babe. I'm here, I'm right here. I'm sorry. I will never leave you alone again,' Arthur apologized once again, embracing her tighter.

He patted Cloris's back to comfort her and glared furiously at the man on the floor. The man squirmed underneath his gaze and quickly crawled to the door.

Arthur didn't let him leave, however, he kick the man down to the floor again. He whipped his phone out from his jacket pocket and called the police.

'Yes, Room 8708. Please hurry,' Arthur spoke.

As the man struggled to get up once again, Arthur stomped his foot directly against his spine and held him there.

'Don't even try to fucking move or I swear to god I'll murder you right here before the police arrive,' he hissed.

It only took a few moments before the police arrived at the scene and arrested the man.

‘Captain, my girlfriend is still in trauma and I don’t think it’s wise for her to be going to the police station at the moment. I hope you could understand,’ he said to the lead policeman.

It seemed that they knew each other before, as he also patted the captain on his shoulders.

‘Okay then. Mr Zhuang. Please wait until we’ve investigated everything,’ the policeman replied.

Afterward, he turned to wave at his fellows and left the room.

‘Okay, let’s take him back!’ he commanded.

When there were only the two of them in the room, Arthur picked Cloris up from the ground and carried her to bed. He whispered loving words to her in order to keep her calm.

Cloris hadn’t properly recovered yet from fright. She held onto Arthur tightly, afraid that he would disappear.

‘Arthur, the man was sent here by an employer. This was planned, and I’m their target,’ Cloris said assertively as soon as she was calm enough.

She clutched onto his shirt and looked at him, eyes still in panic.

‘I know. Just relax, okay? The police captain is a friend of mine and he’ll look into it. Stop thinking about it and get some rest. I won’t leave you, I promise.’ Arthur replied.

He patted her on the

‘You’re my wife in name only, on paper only. My heart and love will never be yours.’

Edward made it clear to Daisy that she was nothing to him. They were both victims of family greed -- the marriage was arranged for them.

Six years passed. She remained quiet, gaining a reputation in the army as a tough-as-nails colonel. When she walked into his life again, Edward fell in love with this woman...

had put aside all these things, good or bad, especially when she got Arthur as her boyfriend. He was so sweet and considerate, and Cloris had long gotten over Rufus, even forgetting what he looked like.

But now, Cloris realized that Cassandra had never forgotten.

Thinking of it, Cloris grasped the quilt so tightly that her knuckles turned white.

It must be Cassandra who employed the man. She was such a sneaky bitch and it seemed that she rushed here and there for their father, trying her best to support their father’s company and paying no mind to the other things, but actually she remembered every single thing Cloris did to her. She would take revenge against Cloris when the time was right.

What a spiteful woman Cassandra turned to be!

At the same time, Arthur had noticed the unnatural expression on Cloris’s face and was clear that she began suspecting her older sister. He smiled in his mind but showed nothing on his face.

‘Cloris. Hey babe. Relax. No one can hurt you anymore,’ he whispered lovingly.

He wrapped his arm around her and tried to warm her with his own body.

Cloris felt that she had suddenly matured overnight. She was no longer a mischievous girl who would play tricks anymore. She was now a strong woman and she intended to protect herself.

'Cassandra, you were humiliated on the party but you lost nothing. Why did you do this to me? Why did you pay someone to rape me? I hate you! I hate you! I swear I will repay you ten times over,' Cloris thought, her heart growing cold at the mere mention of her sister's name in her mind.

Arthur felt the stiffness of her body and he couldn't stop the sly, cold smirk on his face anymore.

'Cassandra, please don't hate me! I never intended to hurt you, but you should blame yourself for marrying in to the Tang Family. It's your own fault!' Arthur thought.

Meanwhile, within the walls of a castle in Norway, Cassandra was dumbstruck and her mouth was wide open after hearing Rufus's words.

'What? Seriously? Joel told Courtney that he broke up with her because he fell into love with another woman, and the woman was a real princess?' she exclaimed stunningly.

Falling In Love With A Princess

This was the first time Cassandra realised how ridiculous a man could get. Joel perhaps just churned out an absurd lie to Courtney

and Courtney believed him blindly! The whole story depressed Cassandra very much.

‘Joel confessed that he had cheated Courtney out of a large amount of money and justified himself by saying that he fell for another woman because he wanted to escape the scrutiny of her family. Courtney was stubborn and blindly in love with him, so she probed Joel about who the woman was...‘

Rufus concluded his summary with a serious look. The fact that a scum like Joel had worked in Tang Group for two years and nobody knew of his crimes, shocked Rufus for a long time. ‘Fortunately, we’ve found the evidence to prove his crime, or he would do more damage, ’ thought Rufus.

‘So he told Courtney that he had fallen in love with a princess?!‘

Cassandra was incensed at Joel’s treachery. In her mind, a man like Joel deserved to go to hell.

Courtney was devastated by the passing of her father and the betrayal of her boyfriend, thus she had isolated herself from the whole world.

Since Joel disclosed that the woman he loved was a princess, Courtney adopted a princess lifestyle too. She was crazy about princess-style things, such as royal-style decoration and a dreamlike princess room.

She was barely sober most of the time and when she looked disinterested, it was because she was suffering internally. The thought of Joel greatly distressed her and she often felt broken alone in her room.

When she lost her cool, Courtney would sink herself in the past with Joe. She spent hours picking out a dress for dating and ran to the door from time to time to see if Joel had returned. She hoped he would come back one day and profess eternal love for her and her alone.

She was so vulnerable, that even a man like Joel could destroy her. Cassandra swore to send him to prison for what he had done.

‘That son of a bitch! How I wish I could cut him to pieces! I would do that secretly to protect Courtney.’

Cassandra blushed with anger as she recalled how much Courtney was hurt within. It upset her greatly to think about that.

‘Had Joel cast a spell on her? Why does she love him so much?’

‘What if I were to love a man so obsessively one day? Would I be fortunate or not?’ mused Cassandra.

‘Did Courtney ask him which princess he fell in love with?’

asked Cassandra with a frown. Courtney was stubborn enough to have asked this question.

‘Yes, and Joel told her it was Princess Ofelia, the Princess of N Country, who was on a diplomatic trip to our country. You can still find the related news online now. She even made a

‘Do you still want to run away after what happened last night?’

Their relationship changes overnight. She tries to keep her distance from him, while he comes closer and closer.

Spoiling her, he gives her everything she desires. His only wish is to keep her around. The whole world is envious of what she has.

‘Never rush in a relationship,’ she says calmly.

r and closer to her yet she couldn't see his facial features clearly. Finally, her knees buckled and she tumbled onto the floor.

Upon seeing this, Cassandra and Rufus stopped abruptly. Then Cassandra ran over to Courtney to see if she was fine.

Whitney also darted out from a corner and headed for her daughter, falling to the ground beside her.

'What happened to her? Why did she faint?'

asked Whitney, quaking with fear.

'She is fine. I just hypnotized her. She will wake up tomorrow.'

Rufus walked up the stairs slowly, in conversation with Doctor Smithers, 'You can measure her blood pressure. It should be normal.'

Doctor Smithers nodded his head and proceeded to check on Courtney and concluded that Rufus had been right.

'Courtney obsessively believed that Joel had fallen in love with a princess, so she wanted to become a princess to compensate for her short-comings. She couldn't find the perfect gown because the gown she kept looking for is here,'

said Rufus as he gestured towards the gown that Cassandra was wearing, which dazzled when it caught the light.

This was Michelle's design. She had gifted it to Princess Ofelia. The princess loved this gown and even wore it on her visit to China. No one expected that a gown which had caused such a stir could become a mental block for Courtney.

She believed that this gown represented Princess Ofelia, so Cassandra and Rufus came up with a plan—Cassandra wore the gown when Rufus hypnotized her. He told Courtney in her subconscious mind that Joel wasn't the lover of the princess and that she didn't need to worry about a princess stealing him away.

The sky gradually lit up and the Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes slowly.

There was a hint of a hint of limpidity in her beautiful eyes.

A Present For Cassandra

'Courtney, are you okay?' Whitney asked worriedly.

She rushed to her daughter and embraced her tightly, her eyes full of tears.

The lack of significant progress after the previous hypnotherapy session confused her. Still, Whitney noticed that her eyes were no longer as dull as before. It had more life in them now.

Courtney also stretched out her hands to hug her mother and stroked her on the back as they embraced.

'Mom, I'm fine. I just feel like I had a really long dream. Now, I feel tired,' Courtney replied slowly.

Both her eyes and her mind were slowly getting clearer.

'Oh, you should rest then. Are you hungry? I can ask them to bring you something to eat,' Whitney said.

The change in her daughter overwhelmed her with excitement.

'I don't want to eat alone, mother. I want to go downstairs and eat with you,' Courtney replied, sat up, and walked with her mother out the door.

Whitney had dreamed of this moment many times. Seeing it happened after these many years, this filled her with so much happiness.

Courtney smiled happily at her mother. Her smile loomed through the light. She was as beautiful as ever.

Cassandra packed her luggage, ready to return home with Rufus. She decided that it would be futile to force Whitney to turn over her shares after she explicitly stated that she had no plans of doing so.

'Anyway, I hold as many shares as Lionel has. As long as Whitney will remain neutral, the Tang Group will still not be able to acquire the Qin Group,' Cassandra thought to herself.

Suddenly, Whitney entered Cassandra's bedroom and handed her a folder, smiling.

'Sign here, Cassandra. I've already run this through my lawyer. He approved it,' Whitney said.

Confused, Cassandra took the folder from her and was shocked by what she saw.

'Auntie Whitney, this... this is a share transfer form!' Cassandra felt a tingle of excitement.

With an astonished look, she gazed at Whitney in disbelief.

Whitney nodded with a smile to signify that she was correct.

‘You’ve helped me so much. Now, Courtney is slowly recovering from her illness. I know that this is what you need the most right now, so I am giving it to you. Consider it a gift for my gratitude,’ Whitney replied.

Cassandra held the folder tightly against her chest. She was too excited to know what to say.

‘What a pleasant surprise. I just wanted to help Courtney but I also managed to acquire Auntie Whitney’s shares. I can’t believe she transferred all of them to me.

Now I own 60% of the company. There is no way that the Qin Group will be acquired by the Tangs. The company is safe,’ she thought.

‘Thank you, Auntie Whitney!’ Cassandra said excitedly.

She was so happy that she turned red. Looking out the window, everything seemed perfect: the blue sky, white clouds, clear water, and green field. How wonderful the world was!

Carrying her luggage, Cassandra walked into the Tang family’s villa with Rufus following her. Upon entering the living room, she felt something very strange was happening.

Angry, Jill sat on the sofa. Sitting close to her was I

Jean Wen sacrificed herself for family interests. Before her husband divorced her, she made every effort to please him.

‘You are inexperienced in bed,’ he said coldly.

‘You! Give that land to my family, or I won’t agree to divorce,’ Jean replied furiously.

‘Fine. It is exactly what I am thinking about,’ he sneered.

pregnancy, Ivy rushed to stop Horace. Knowing that she was pregnant, he forced back his anger and dropped the hand.

The tension in the house had been high right before Rufus arrived.

‘What you should is, Horace Tang, you are disgusting, just like your bastard son!’ Jill boomed. ‘Lionel doesn’t have a good grip on reality. Shouldn’t we be working together to come up with a solution right now? If you or Lionel can’t say something to help solve this, then you should both shut up!’ Horace claimed.

Their words annoyed him so much. He glared at them with his big eyes as the muscles on his face trembled with anger.

‘I’ve supported Lionel so much, hoping that he would be able to help me manage this company the way Rufus does, but he does nothing except disappoint me.

Right now, Rufus is my only hope. If Rufus can find a way to bring this project back, then I would really say that he is an asset to this company,’ Horace thought.

This amusement park was more than just a single project. More importantly, it would be located inside the new industrial area of the city, as a central landmark and tourist attraction. This would only increase the project’s importance significantly.

If the construction of the amusement park could be completed successfully, the Tang Group would likely get more credibility to acquire more projects in the tourism industry. This was an opportunity of expansion that the Tang Group did not want to miss. There might not be

another chance like this. Allowing Dawn Star Group to have this project would give them a huge advantage.

‘Rufus, do you have any ideas on how we could get this case back?’ Horace asked.

Gazing at his son expectantly, he hoped that Rufus would be able to give him a definite answer.

However, Rufus shook his head and said, ‘There were two reasons why I managed to get us this project. First, I left a good impression on the officials. Second, the officials knew of Cassandra’s capabilities...’

After this saying, everyone looked at Cassandra. She was the one now who everyone focused on.

A Passionate Kiss

It was such an embarrassing situation. Horace had just taken away the amusement park project from Cassandra and appointed it to another designer. But the Dawn Star Group got in his way when he thought he had the deal properly set up. How could he ever face Cassandra now?

Lionel was just as stunned. He never really gave his attention to the project, so he wasn’t the least bit aware that Cassandra was a large contributor to the project.

The moment turned sour and awkward. Everyone was silent. It was so still in the room that everyone could possibly hear a pin drop.

‘Don’t worry. Rufus and I will visit the person responsible tomorrow,’

Cassandra broke the ice. She sighed deeply. No one would be able to leave if they remained deadlocked like this.

‘Okay then. Tell him that you’ll still be the lead designer of the project.’

Horace pushed the boat along with the current, letting Cassandra take back the project. It left him with no other choice, anyway. He dreaded to think what would happen next.

‘Please excuse me now. I’m tired. I want to rest up for tonight,’

Cassandra said and turned directly for her bedroom upstairs, carrying her luggage with her. She was relieved after she closed the door.

The atmosphere in the living room a moment ago was suffocating. A bitter smile curled the corners of Cassandra’s mouth.

She knew for a fact that the Tang family had been keeping a wary eye on her. They excluded her from several projects and even tried to take over her father’s company, but she didn’t have the courage to retaliate against them.

Anyway, they had helped Qin Group once when it was in trouble. If it hadn’t been for them, Qin Group would have gone bankrupt long ago.

‘Well, it’s to repay their kindness. After this project, we will be even, and I can leave at ease,’ she mused.

Back in the master room, Jill was still grumbling, ‘Why did you let Cassandra take over the park project? Didn’t you want to cut her out? She is already planning a divorce! What is your point of keeping her here? That woman is thinking about leaving us!’

Jill was upset at the thought of Cassandra, who wanted a divorce before the Tang family abandoned her as the daughter of a prisoner.

‘This project is important. If we complete it successfully, we will sure be getting the upcoming projects in the next few years. She can be of help to us, so I’m willing to make a compromise. We have to look at the bigger picture and break some eggs to make an omelet.’

Horace unbuttoned his coat and went to bed.

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex. To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him. ‘As long as I’m alive, I’m still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses.’ She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women...

ind blew her wet hair, making her feel cozy.

Rufus stroked her hair, fingers grazing against her ear.

He looked down seeing her earlobe turn pink, and suddenly felt an irresistible impulse to kiss her.

The man turned off the hair dryer, put it aside and turned to look at her, their faces only inches apart.

He slowly held her face in his hands and planted a soft kiss on her lips.

Cassandra faltered for a bit, but returned the kiss. It was a tender and passionate kiss. Afterwards, Rufus slowly broke away, then held her in his arms without doing anything else.

Cassandra stared at him, eyes hooded and dark. She knew he had promised that he wouldn't touch her until the divorce was final. This man had always cared for and been considerate of her.

Rufus looked at her and admitted to himself how aroused he was, but he knew he couldn't go any further.

The next day, Rufus and Cassandra went to visit the person in charge of the project, but his secretary said that he had something else to do and could not meet them today.

'It must be an excuse! Obviously, there is no other room for negotiation!'

Cassandra was aggrieved after they left the office building. Both parties had agreed to sign the contract later, and the Tang Group had finished the design draft and the prep work; but now they were replaced by Dawn Star Group suddenly.

'They must be declaring war. Let's pick up the gauntlet then!'

Rufus gritted his teeth in anger. His face looked as rigid as stone.

'What do you mean?'

Cassandra's eyes darted at Rufus's trembling frame. He seemed to have a vicious idea.

'Since they stole our project, we might as well beat them at their own game.'