

The Enchanted Night – Chapter: 131

Who s The Bitch

‘Are you serious, Rufus?’

Cassandra asked, surprised. This was the first time she saw Rufus so impulsive. He was normally calm.

Rufus turned around to look at the worried woman and gave her a sly smile. She rarely saw him with such a soft expression.

‘I knew it!’

Cassandra said sheepishly. A part of her worried that Rufus was really going to settle their rivalry with violence.

Surely, he was just joking. But Rufus wasn’t the type who would kid about things like that.

Unknown to Cassandra, his eyes turned fierce.

Jasper Li called Arthur. The usual level-headed man now sounded angry through the phone.

‘Mr. Zhuang, as one of your shareholders, I feel that it’s my responsibility to remind you to watch your behavior! I heard you stole someone’s project. That was not part of our deal,’

Jasper said, questioning Arthur’s business ethics and doing his best to hold back his rage.

‘Mr. Li, you misunderstand me. I did it exactly for our partnership. It’s to make the most out of your investment. Besides, there was no contract yet. The project was still open for public bidding. I did not break any law,’

Arthur explained, trying to defend himself. Investors were important and he did not want to upset them. He did his best to convince Jasper that there was nothing unethical with what they did.

‘Mr. Zhuang, even though what you did was not illegal, it’s still not something we can be proud of. I worry that our peers will go against us if they find out what you did. Remember your position. As the Deputy Director of the Union, you can’t compete with the Director. On top of that, what you did was very inappropriate,’

Jasper replied impatiently. He was on the verge of losing his patience. Then he began to wonder whether Arthur was truly a good steward of his money, seeing what he was capable of.

He began to feel as if the chairman had picked the wrong guy to work with.

‘Mr. Li, the Dawn Star Group is going towards a very bright future. Road bumps are normal while we’re expanding. The question is, will we let them stop us or will we push through them? Maybe you look down on the way I deal with it. But it can lead to the results we both want,’

Arthur reasoned. It seemed as though he came prepared with the possible comments of his investors.

‘Then as your investor, your ethics are important to us. We need to know that you are really a good person to entrust with our money and that you know what you’re doing, instead of just stealing projects from our com

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broad soon, aren't you?

Cassandra stood up and looked at Cloris warmly. The latter, on the other hand, greeted her with a glare.

'Cassandra, you went too far!'

she said as she walked to her sister's desk.

'What do you mean, Cloris?'

Cassandra asked, sensing something very wrong. Her smile was instantly replaced by a look of concern.

'What do I mean? Cassandra, have you always been jealous of me? You must be taking out all your anger on me because our parents liked me better. Why can't you be happy for me? You always try to sabotage my life!' she said angrily.

Cloris's pretty face was distorted with fury. She looked like a wild animal baring its teeth and ready to attack Cassandra.

'Cloris, I think there was a misunderstanding. Let's sit down and talk,'

Cassandra said, trying to calm Cloris down. Unfortunately, it annoyed her instead.

‘Misunderstanding? Come on, Cassandra. Stop pretending that you are innocent. It’s disgusting, you know?’

Cloris shook off her sister’s hand as she was about to touch her. The look on Cloris’s face made Cassandra turn white.

The assistant at the door stood shocked by the scene. It’s the first time that anyone talked to Manager Qin like that. Plus, it was her own sister. This was too juicy.

‘You can go now. I’ll take care of this. Please close the door,’

Cassandra told the assistant when she spotted her dumbfounded face.

It was embarrassing that someone saw her being cursed by her own sister.

Unexpectedly, the simple sentence triggered her sister.

‘Close the door? Why do you need to have the door closed? What are you hiding if you did everything right?’ Cloris challenged.

Why Are You Here

‘What’s wrong with you, Cloris? Remember, this is the Tang Group’s office and not the Qin family house. You cannot have your tantrums here, or else, I will be forced to ask security to escort you out,’ Cassandra said forcibly.

She could not stand Cloris’s temperament. If they were at home, she would probably muster more patience to deal with her bratty and self-centered sister. At the workplace, though, she had to put her foot

down. After all, she was the firm's Architectural Design Manager. In no way was she going to allow her sister to talk to her like that.

'Wow, Cassandra, You really are somebody, aren't you? It looks like you won't even listen to dad. How dare you threaten me with calling the security? Who do you think you are? Well you know what, I am ashamed to be your sister! I am ashamed to be associated with a double crosser like you! And because you had so much audacity to do it, I am not afraid to reveal it!'

Cloris shouted. She yelled like a crazy person and it angered Cassandra very much.

'Call the security! Get this lady out of here!'

Cassandra demanded. Right now she had no patience for Cloris, who seemed to have lost her sanity. She knew that work hours were not the right time to settle personal issues and decided that it was best to talk to her sister after work.

The security guards walked in and pulled Cloris's arms to drag her out. Cloris shrugged them off and glared at the guards.

'I can walk by myself! Do you think I want to be here? I don't even want to come to this place! You are a disgrace!' she shouted.

Then she walked away briskly. The two guards exchanged glances with each other before followed her out.

The assistant, knowing that Cassandra would need some time to settle down, left the room as well, and closed the door behind her. Cassandra rubbed her forehead as she sat on her chair.

She had been so occupied with work from both the Tang Group and the Qin Group that she barely got to talk to Cloris. Therefore, she could not think of any reason why her sister was so upset.

After hesitating for quite a while, she finally picked up her phone and sent Cloris a message, 'Cloris, wait for me at the Sweet Coffee Shop. Let's talk then.'

Cassandra stared at the screen for several minutes but received no new notification. Her mind then slowly drifted away.

Suddenly, the door swung open. It was Stella, running into the office.

'Cassandra, what happened to your sister? She was vandalizing your photo on the Employee of the Month board and couldn't stop cursing you. The security guards tried to stop her and they ended up fighting!' she said worriedly.

Cassandra stood up immediately and was about to run out, but was pulled back by Stella.

'She's gone! I asked more guards to drive her away! I know she is your sister and she must be doing this to get your attention. She would be happy to see you down there so that she can curse you in your face, so just stay here. By the way, what happe

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ier in the laundry room. I have to leave for now. When you are done, just remember to close the door after you go out,'

he said before taking his leave.

Cassandra stood holding the towel, feeling moved.

She was aware that Dylan knew that she would receive many questions from the family if she returned home covered in paint. This would be another headache for her.

How could someone hate her so much that he or she would do this? This question would surely come up if she were to return home like this.

The events that had transpired repeated in her head as she was showering.

'Why did Cloris ask me to not cause Arthur any trouble? Isn't Arthur the person who is causing me trouble?

What is it between them? Are they in a relationship?' Cassandra asked herself.

Feeling extremely unsettled, she made the water gush onto her head to clear her mind.

Meanwhile, in the living room of a well furnished flat, two men sat on a couch with their eyebrows creased.

'Are you telling me that I have to talk to Arthur about dividing the project of the amusement park into two and, assigning one part to Dawn Star Group and the other to Tang Group?'

It was Jasper speaking with Rufus, who had a stern look.

‘This isn’t how you do things, is it? Aren’t you going to take all of it from them?’

Jasper seemed to be quite familiar with how Rufus usually worked. He had always overpowered his opponents so it puzzled him that Rufus was not going for an extreme.

‘This isn’t something you should be concerned about. Just tell Arthur what I want, and the Tang Group is willing to go at great lengths to reach our goal. If he still wants to maintain his place in the Union, this is our condition,’ Rufus stated with a determined look.

After an agreement had been reached, Rufus stood up and prepared to take his leave.

When he opened the door, the door at the opposite side also opened. An astoundingly familiar figure walked out.

‘Cassandra? Why are you here?’

The Devil's Woman

Rufus looked at Cassandra, eyebrows furrowed.

Her hair was damp. Water dripped slowly down to the tips of her long, black hair. Wet and feverish, she looked as if she had just come out of a hot shower and hadn’t gotten the time to dry herself up properly.

Even though Jasper was standing behind Rufus, he could still smell the slight fragrance coming from her. Unconsciously, Jasper uttered something and Rufus turned around immediately, asking, ‘What did you say?’

Rufus was completely unaware of what Jasper had said. All of his attention was concentrated on Cassandra's beautiful face and the water that dripped down her neck. He stared at Jasper, confused.

'This scent is very unique. I think it's the famous luxury brand specialized in shampoos for men. The one she has used is a globally exclusive edition, if I remember correctly.'

Jasper's voice was low but his words were shocking. He turned back to look at Cassandra with a profound look, shocked.

Rufus's handsome face turned darker. His shoulders stiffened as he stared at her, tight-lipped.

Men's shampoo? Just what was going on? Had Cassandra just come out of a man's room?

Without thinking it through, Rufus rushed to the door she had come out of. It was half-closed. He pushed it open reluctantly at first but then stepped in without hesitation.

The apartment wasn't too big but the decor of the rooms was certainly stylish and of great taste. The color scheme was a classy black and white. Judging from the layout and the ambience, it seemed like the owner was well inspired and had a great aesthetic and interior sense.

Small but compact, it was located right in the heart of G city. A location like that would cost a fortune.

As he cast a casual glance at the walls, his attention was caught by the pictures hanging on it. There were several pictures of wild animals and natural landscapes. Among them, a portrait of a handsome young man stood out.

For a second, Rufus's heart skipped a beat. His face turned pale in shock while his eyes narrowed and breath escalated. He remembered that face. The man and Cassandra went out eating on the street together once. Rufus remembered spotting them chatting and laughing, fully enjoying themselves.

Rage seized his heart. He didn't know how to deal with the mixed feelings that arose from the bottom of his heart. He clenched his fists and swirled around, leaving the apartment, stomping his feet. Without looking at Cassandra, he strode out.

'Rufus, stop!'

Cassandra called out to him nervously as he passed by her. It felt like he had misunderstood something. However, he didn't stop even upon hearing her call him. He barely paused before he headed towards the elevator.

Before the elevator could come and Rufus could go away, she ran to his side, reaching for his arm, trying to explain, 'I had a small incident just now, which is why Dylan let me take a shower in his bathroom. Please don't read too much into it! He was just being helpful!'

The blank look on his face worried her even more. She kept gazing at him anxiously while her heart sank at his suspicious, accusing face.

'You don't need to explain anything to me.'

Rufus's mood was at its worst. He reached for the elevator panel directly without even casting a glance in her direction. He didn't want to listen to anything she had to say at all.

'Nothing happened between us, Rufus. Please don't be like this. It's saddening to see you behave so coldly.'

Cassandra was now at her wit's end, almost at the edge of breaking down. Rufus and his aloof attitude scared her. It was obvious he had mistaken things. She was innocent and didn't deserve to be treated like that.

Just then, the elevator door slid open. A glamorous woman stepped out, almost bumping into Rufus's arms.

'Cassandra! How come you're here?'

Michelle gasped in disbelief. She was utterly shocked to see Cassandra and Rufus there. She stared at them, mouth wide open, curious to see what was happening between the two. Judging from Rufus's tightly pressed mouth, she figured he was pretty mad about something.

Rufus didn't answer at all, shockingly. His strange behaviour shocked both Cassandra and Michelle, especially when he pushed Michelle aside and walked straight into the elevator. The door closed silently behind him as he pressed the button for the lobby.

'Damn you! How dare you

'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...

ime for both of them.

However, things changed when Rufus's mother, Michelle's sister got bed-ridden. It was like he matured overnight. This sudden change in him shocked everyone.

Rufus showed his extraordinary skills at such a young age. Ten years ago, he got admitted into an elite group to receive advanced training with the organisation. He turned out to be one of the smartest members.

Intelligent and focused, he founded TY group and just within a short period of 2 years, it saw huge success. TY group made a big fortune and continued to remain lucrative till date. People couldn't believe such a young man had already achieved so much. His sharp brain and immense maturity impressed everyone in the business world.

Rufus was always polite to Michelle, showing full respect to his aunt. Yet, she felt like there was something that kept things cold between them.

To her, it seemed like Cassandra's arrival had changed Rufus drastically. She still remembered the day Rufus came to her, asking for a dress for Cassandra. Michelle could tell his eyes were lit up. It was then when it first struck her what had been missing in Rufus's life all this time.

His success alone wasn't enough. He ached for love and affection but needed to build up the courage to trust someone.

Before Cassandra walked into his life, he was a lone wolf who lived with pride, independent in his own kingdom. He tended to do things in a straightforward manner. Cassandra changed so many things in his life. He craved for her. Before, he had never cared for anyone's well being.

Just the way he talked about her bespoke dress revealed how much he cared for her happiness. He'd asked Michelle to present the best dress for Cassandra, putting in so much effort to help her design it. Michelle was

shocked to see him talking so much that day. He'd barely talked to her since his mother passed away.

He told her Cassandra's favourite colour was blue and that navy-blue suited her smooth ivory skin the best.

A one-piece dress would be ideal for her slim yet curvy figure. She'd completely dazzle everyone with a dress that highlighted her tiny waist.

She was a girl of unique taste and liked her attires to be eccentric and very individual to herself. Even when she wore the most simple outfits to work, she'd have altered some details such that it spoke of taste.

Rufus's behaviour shocked Michelle. She never thought a person like him would go to the lengths of discussing details for a dress! Her jaw dropped when he came to her with that request so seriously.

She had to admit that Cassandra had influenced him greatly. He went beyond himself just to make her happy.

'Gosh, Rufus is such a complicated man. It's so hard to read him! Even though I am a family member, sometimes, I find it overwhelming just to face him. He is not that easy going. I wonder how Cassandra feels confronting him. It must surely be difficult.'

Love And Belonging

Then the room was enveloped with silence. The awkward situation held the two in a daze and they just dropped down their heads in an effort to avoid each other's eyes. It was Jasper who broke the silence.

‘Oh! Forget it! We’d better not meddle in the way of the youngsters. Everything would be all right as long as we two can keep each other company.’

Jasper held Michelle’s hand while looking at her with his eyes filled with adoration.

Michelle let out a sigh of despair. It seemed that they had been left with no choice. She wished that they would get over it patiently and considerately. She didn’t want her reckless actions in her youth been replayed by them.

Cassandra froze, eyeing the lift door closing before her. With Rufus’s face gradually fading out of her sight, she felt like the world was being shut down upon her.

She was aching to jump up and hug him to reconcile; she wanted to be like any other woman who would run after their boyfriends and give them last-minute hugs before they go.

But she couldn’t. She was Cassandra, the wife, though nominal, of Rufus’s half-brother.

Her stomach churned at the thought of Rufus. She wanted desperately to go after him, but she stopped herself and pounded her chest slightly with one hand.

It felt so bad to be in a situation like that. She could do nothing but watch him go.

Tears welled up in her eyes in frustration.

Cassandra thought she was strong enough all this time. When her father was put into jail, she didn't lose her nerve but tried every way to minimize the negative impact of the aftermath.

But for the one she loved most, she felt powerless and could do nothing.

'Rufus...'

She whispered his name in a soft voice, but it sounded like she was so feeble and weak deep inside that no sound was coming out of her mouth.

Cassandra didn't realize until now that she had already fallen deeply in love with him. Her mind was always occupied by his occasional highhanded manner, his unspoken concern for her, and his ubiquitous care and support. Rufus had done so many things for her.

And she did just take them for granted. Cassandra had got used to his kindness. She needn't utter a word and he would jump out from somewhere to get her out of trouble on the dot, without hurting her sensitive pride.

Sadly, Cassandra had nothing to pay him back. She couldn't give him back the love he was showing her since she had to abide by the secular rules.

Such a forbidden love made her heart ache. Tears from her eyes trickled down, she looked sad and forlorn.

Feeling weak in the knees, Cassandra let herself squat down. She buried her head in her palms and sobbed bitter tears. The LED screen in front of her was displaying an ascending number, the elevator was going up.

It was getting closer and closer to the floor where she was squatting half-heartedly.

Then she heard a loud sound as the elevator came to a stop.

As the door slowly opened, she saw a pair of man's feet striding out of the lift and halted before her.

Cassandra raised her moist eyes, to her surprise Rufus's stoic face materialized in front of her. He gazed at her melancholically.

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orry about Lionel anymore? This son of mine is not an asset to the business, ' Horace couldn't help but think about this.

Glancing at Cassandra, Lionel opened his mouth and was about to say something but stopped abruptly.

'Shoot it! Don't hem and haw!'

Horace tightened his eyebrows, this time more annoyed at Lionel.

Upon his father's tough demand, Lionel spoke straight, 'Today, the lawyer informed me that we have fewer shares compared to the other party who had already got 60%, so this means that we can't acquire the Qin Group!'

An ominous silence followed as soon as he finished his words. All eyes were on him, though different expressions had shown on everyone's face.

Cassandra was astounded—she was still in the Tang family, yet they couldn't wait to take over her father's business. Their actions had no difference from robbery.

A scornful smile grew over Rufus's face. 'How could Lionel be so insensitive and stupid at the same time?'

Horace pointed at Lionel with his trembling hand. Given his look, no one would doubt that he wouldn't be repulsed by the idea of strangling his son at this point.

'You... How dare you... That's not what I am asking you!

You brainless thing! How could you speak of this in Cassandra's presence? It was so embarrassing!' Horace cursed his son.

'Father, didn't you just force me to say it?'

Lionel seemed to have realized his blunder before he resolutely passed the buck.

Jill hurried to come over and tried to smooth things over, seeing her husband shaking with anger.

'Stop talking about the business. Let's first sit down and have a meal. All of you have been busy recently and come back home late. Hurry or our meal would turn cold!'

Jill dragged Horace to the dining room, for fear that he would jump up to kick her son.

Embarrassed and mad beyond words, Horace staggered the way, eager to escape the demeaning scene.

Lionel, Rufus and Cassandra, were held dazed at the hall. No one dared to disturb the strange atmosphere in the air.

‘Rufus, how does it feel to have the equity of Gary’s wife, was it great?’

An Accident

Rufus turned to Lionel’s direction and cocked an eyebrow, expecting some sort of explanation.

‘What are you talking about? Cassandra gets the shares because she’s earned it. I did not have a hand in this I swear. What does it have to do with me?’

Rufus was indignant at Lionel’s mutterings because he knew that Lionel was just trying to rock the boat. Lionel turned to Cassandra, ‘Cassandra, you’re one of us. We can help you manage the vast Qin Group. You won’t even have to lift a finger. This is obviously a win-win situation. You realize that, don’t you?’

Rufus’s answer was irrefutable, so Lionel tried to appeal to a different side of things.

Cassandra sighed deeply, visibly weary and resigned. It was as clear as day the Tang family wanted to take this opportunity to acquire Qin Group. Who could blame her for wanting to protect it?

‘Listen, Lionel. I will never, ever, give up my father’s legacy to anyone. Even if it is on the verge of bankruptcy, I won’t just abandon it at the first sign of reprieve. This is my commitment to my family. You glibly said

that I was one of you. Now, I want you to ask yourself, and I mean really think about it, if you have ever seen me as a member of this family.’

Lionel was as stubborn as a bull. Cassandra was too tired to face him or Horace. She was weary from all the hurt pent up inside. She had devoted herself to the Tang family, but they never regarded her as part of the family.

‘I lost my appetite. I’m going up to rest.’

Cassandra stood up and promptly turned around, fully intent on just getting to bed, but no sooner had she taken her first step than Lionel continued to criticize her.

‘You’re feeling guilty, aren’t you? You are a bona fide employee of the Tang Group, yet you also work for Qin Group. I wonder if you have ever used your position to your advantage to seek benefits for Qin Group.’

Rufus stared icily at Lionel who was clearly making a fool of himself. He had failed outright in the task Horace asked him to do, so now he was just trying to embarrass Cassandra.

The Tang Group, for so many years, had dominated the industry in G City, but now Rufus saw a slight decline.

He would eventually witness its decline right before his very eyes. Like a frail old man on his deathbed, it would eventually succumb to the long, dark sleep.

A few days later, Cassandra was in her office, burying herself in work. A messenger came by and gave her new commissions. She almost squealed in surprise when she saw that she had received the design commission for the Ferris wheel.

As he promised, Rufus had talked with Dawn Star Group regarding the amusement park project; and Tang Group would be in charge of the construction of the Ferris wheel.

Cassandra's phone vibrated. It was a text from Rufus.

'Congratulations, your dream of designing the Ferris wheel is one step closer to fruition.'

Her cheeks turned a bit scarlet red, and she unconsciously closed her eyes and held the phone close to her heart, unable to contain the fo

'Let's go and register our marriage on your birthday!'

Marrying Daniel should have been her best birthday gift, but everything was ruined the moment when she caught him sleeping with another woman on the day before her birthday.

'He's going to marry that woman! She... was my best friend!'

knew deep inside that she had nothing besides Lionel's feelings for her.

'You know what, you and Lionel are perfect for each other. You both twist other people's words and act like the victim. Think whatever you like. I'm tired of arguing.'

Cassandra shook off Ivy's hand and turned to leave, but Ivy stubbornly grabbed her sleeve again.

'Who the hell do you think you are, Cassandra? How dare you look down on me? Don't get all high and mighty. I have proof that you lived in the same room with Rufus at the hotel.'

Ivy ferociously stared at Cassandra, like a rabid animal. A diabolical smile slowly formed on her lips.

No matter how beautiful a woman was, if she was caught in the whirlpool of hate, she would be consumed by jealousy. Cassandra now realized how far gone Ivy had gone.

‘A clean hand wants no washing. Nothing has happened between me and Rufus. Now, mind your own goddamn business.’

Cassandra grabbed Ivy’s wrist and forcibly removed it from her sleeve. There was helplessness in her expression.

Cassandra was no further than two steps when she heard glass breaking and a bloodcurdling scream from behind.

‘Ahh! ! !

The scream was painful. Cassandra quickly turned to see what had happened. The scene shocked her to her core.

Ivy, with her bulging belly, fell down the stairs. The stairs, with steep steps, were long and winding. Her pregnant body couldn’t stop at all.

She finally stopped and landed on the first floor with a sickening thud.

At that very moment, Lionel stepped into the hall and witnessed the scene.

Ivy tumbled down the stairs, while Cassandra was at the top, watching.

‘Ivy!’

Lionel yelled in panic. He rushed to Ivy, crouched beside her and held her head up.

‘Ivy! Are you alright?’

He began to tremble violently when he saw Ivy grimacing with a pained expression.

Ivy smiled grimly, her lips quivering, her brows furrowed.

‘Lionel, believe me. I didn’t want to argue with Cassandra,’

she murmured and then soon fainted.

Ivy s Bet

The quiet villa started to become noisy prompting the servants to come out and check what was going on.

Jill, who had been asleep, was woken up by Ivy’s scream. She sat up with a start.

‘Horace! Wake up! Was that Ivy screaming?’

Jill shook Horace awake before she got off the bed and ran outside.

She could not help screaming when she saw Ivy lying lifelessly in Lionel’s arms.

‘Oh my gosh! What happened to her?’

Jill ran downstairs in a rush, almost knocking Cassandra down when she passed by her. Cassandra’s head went blank at that time. She staggered

on the impact; her legs buckled and she landed sharply on the stair; her hand that still held the railing broke her fall. She wasn't yet to understand what had happened.

'Wake up, Ivy! Driver! Where is the driver? Take her to the hospital. Hurry!'

Jill grew extremely distressed at the situation. Ivy was pregnant! What if the baby was hurt?

Everyone was shouting loudly and engaged in taking care of Ivy. Cassandra sensed the darkness closing in on her.

She remembered that she got rid of Ivy's grip and walked a few steps away. But how had she tumbled down the stairs?

Did she push Ivy with great strength so that she lost her balance?

Ivy's face paled dreadfully. Cassandra felt something terrible might have happened.

Suddenly, Jill screamed and raised her trembling hands.

Everyone turned to find her palms covered in blood.

Lionel lowered his head to see what was wrong. Ivy's lower body was bathed in blood. It was indeed a terrible sight to behold!

'Ivy! Please! Wake up!'

sobbed Lionel as he anxiously stroked Ivy's face.

However, Ivy still remained motionless, eyes closed.

Fear had taken hold of Lionel's heart. The fear was like a venomous shadow that clung on to him.

This was the woman whom he had loved for many years. He had wanted to marry her. But now she had slipped into a coma with their baby. How did this terrible situation happen? It was because of her—Cassandra!

Suddenly, Lionel turned in rage and glared at Cassandra with hateful eyes.

'Cassandra, you are a devil!' he bellowed angrily. 'Get the hell out of the house! Now!'

He stared at Cassandra with daggers in his eyes as if the next second, he would cut her into pieces. Cassandra could not help shuddering at his glare.

She had never seen such hate in his eyes before. They were like the bloodied eyes of a monster from hell that wanted to incinerate her.

'Cassandra! You are such a hateful person! How heartless of you to push Ivy downstairs! How could I not have known that you're such a cruel woman before?!'

Jill glared at Cassandra. She had been curious about how Ivy had tumbled down the stairs. It was Cassandra's master move!

Cassandra opened her mouth to explain but no words came out. She did not know what she would say.

How had she become the culprit? S

'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...

ered his head and covered his head with his arms, thinking about the words Ivy had said to him before she lost consciousness.

‘I didn’t want to argue with Cassandra...I’ve never wanted to compete with her...I mean it.’

Lionel closed his eyes painfully. Ivy, the woman he had loved for seven years, the woman with who he had spent the most beautiful period in his life, was now lying on the surgery table, precarious, between life and death.

She didn’t want to compete with Cassandra, nor did she dare to compete with her. All she wanted was his love and the promises he had made to her. But he had not delivered on any of his promises.

He wanted to be Ivy’s partner, as well. But his marriage with Cassandra was always the unavoidable hurdle between them.

He already decided to stay away from all the women he once had dated. All he wanted now was Ivy’s and his baby’s safety on the other side of the wall.

The door of the surgery room finally opened a few hours later. A doctor came out and walked to Lionel with a heavy face.

Lionel stood up immediately.

‘How’s she doing, doctor? And the baby?’

Lionel asked, his voice shaking. He looked at the doctor anxiously, expecting a positive reply.

‘I’m sorry about the baby...It is a boy. She’s in a stable condition. But she lost a lot of blood and will need some time to recover.’

The doctor extended his hand and patted Lionel’s shoulder lightly before turning back towards the operation theatre.

Lionel felt his world started to collapse. ‘Sorry about the baby? Why did the doctor say that?’

My baby is already thirty weeks old now! He is about to come to this world!’

Lionel was unable to see anything in the darkness that enveloped him. For a while, he was in a catatonic state until a sharp fact stung his mind.

‘Cassandra!’

He hissed her name through grinding teeth. The hatred in his eyes burnt in an inferno from hell.

We Lost Our Baby

Cassandra had never paid attention to the sound of the wind so carefully before.

She hated the wind and the rain. She liked the sun. But tonight, she listened to the gush of the wind all night long.

It was still winter. The wind last night was still chilly. It blew through the trees and caused the leaves to rustle.

The wind sounded so sad as if it was worried that it would be soon be replaced by the warmth someday.

She kept calling Rufus. But she failed to get through. The automatic voice informing her of all the failed call depressed Cassandra. It was the cold voice of the machine, bereft of emotion, that affected her deeply.

Cassandra remembered what Rufus had once said to her.

‘Let me be the one to turn to no matter what happens later, okay?’

Yes, and here she was, calling him again and again, to do exactly that. However, he was nowhere to be seen.

Finally, daylight came. Cassandra heard the bustle of the servants beginning their preparations for the day. She forced herself to bathe and get ready to go to work. However, the moment she opened the door, she saw Jill advancing towards her.

Before Cassandra could greet her, Jill had already raised her hand and slapped her in the face with full strength.

‘You bitch! Ivy’s baby is gone! Are you happy now?’

Jill shouted the words as she shivered with rage. Tears rolled down her cheeks quickly.

‘It’s my first grandchild! How did you have the heart to do such a thing!?’

Cassandra had not recovered from the impact of the slap even though she could not feel the pain on her face anymore.

'How is that possible? Ivy's baby is gone? It is a thirty-week old baby! And it is growing bigger and bigger!'

Cassandra felt like she was in the most unimaginably horrid nightmare. How she wished everything could've return to peace when she woke up from the nightmare.

She closed her eyes and then opened them again. Jill was still standing right before her, crying hysterically. Horace stood not far away with his hands behind his back, restraining his emotions.

There was no expression on his face. But people could feel his anger simmer within.

Even though Ivy was not his official daughter-in-law, she had been living with the Tang family whilst pregnant. She was well-mannered and Jill favored her a lot. Horace, himself, bore no ill will towards her. Shockingly, she had a conflict with Cassandra just before her due date.

'Jill, the car is ready. Let's go to the hospital to see Ivy!'

Horace did not acknowledge Cassandra. He spoke directly to Jill and led her away. Cassandra could hear the soft sobs of Jill as she walked away with her husband.

Cassandra walked downstairs in a daze, her mind blank. Once downstairs, she noticed the servants scrutinizing her. They didn't greet her as warmly as they did before. Instead, they averted their ey

'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...

her battles steadily; the one in her belly, the one where she was injected with the oxytocin and the one when she delivered the baby.

She pretended to have had a change of heart and behaved generously, only in order to win more of Lionel's sympathy. Only in this way would he be incensed enough to ruthlessly deal with Cassandra!

Everyone knew Lionel was a romantic person. But Ivy was shrewd enough to sense that he might have a special feeling for Cassandra. She was his wife but she never allowed him to touch her, not even a finger. And Lionel did not force her! He must have a strong protectiveness towards the woman.

As for Ivy? She had no other way but to put herself and her baby at risk to keep Cassandra away from Lionel for the rest of her life.

Ivy was fortunate. She had won this round.

After leaving the hospital, Cassandra roamed around aimlessly. She had no idea where she could go.

If she went back to the Tang house, she would have to face Jill's wrath. Cassandra had no energy to handle her anymore.

So she decided against going back and booked herself into a hotel.

She tried to maintain distance from the Tang family. However, Lionel came to her.

When Cassandra was absorbed designing in her office, Lionel broke in and threw a file at her.

‘Sign it!’

Cassandra was confused. She took the file. It was a divorce settlement.

‘Cassandra, I want to divorce you. The biggest mistake I’ve ever made during my whole life was to marry you!’

Cassandra stared at the agreement on the desk with mixed feelings.

She had been desperate to sign this paper, then walk out of the Tang family and forever leave that cage with her head held high.

Now this dream was about to realize but in such an absurd way. She was being dismissed by Lionel.

‘Just sign the damn papers! Do it! Then we’ll go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get the divorce certificates!’

I s ve Been Missing You So Much

Cassandra had signed her name on the dotted line countless times before but this was different. This time, she was feeling all sorts of emotions—most of which was relief. She smiled from ear to ear as she signed her name on the piece of paper Lionel handed to her.

Signing her name on that dotted line was all she needed to finally free herself from the cage she had been stuck in for the past years. She was more than happy to do it.

It didn't matter if she was framed or not—she still ended up in the same place. Now, she could finally be free and that was all that mattered to her.

She didn't even bother to read through the document—she just went ahead and signed her name.

'Don't you want to have a look at the terms?'

Lionel was a bit taken aback at how calm Cassandra was. He didn't expect she would be this cool and collected. Cassandra just casually signed her name without putting up a fight or protesting even.

'I'll read through them after I've signed. I'm sure none of these terms were written up to favor me, but I guess the worst would be asking me to leave the Tang family with nothing on my back. I don't mind that because I don't want to take anything that doesn't belong to me.'

Cassandra shrugged, her tone was nonchalant but you could tell she wasn't lying or pretending. It really seemed like she didn't care about not getting any money from the Tang family. Lionel didn't know what to make of this.

Cassandra was right—the terms were ironclad, almost too ironclad especially for someone who had been married to him for five years. Firstly, she would not be able to take anything that came from the Tang family when she left. Since she had been working as a designer for the Tang Group, part of the terms also stipulated that she had to finish the amusement park design without compensation. In addition, she couldn't work as a designer for any other company in the next two years to preserve the secrecy and privacy of the Tang Group.

The terms were too harsh that Lionel assumed Cassandra would start a spat making it a perfect opportunity to humiliate her. However, he was surprised to find her pausing for just a second before signing her name.

She pushed Ivy down the stairs, consequently killing the forthcoming son of his. Who could blame Lionel for despising her? Lionel specifically asked his lawyer to draw up ironclad terms that he knew Cassandra would protest to. He wanted her to suffer for all that she'd done, but here was Cassandra acting like she didn't care at all.

Cassandra didn't care that the Tang family would absolutely abhor her and she most certainly didn't care that she was coming out of this whole deal without receiving a penny. She didn't care that her life as the rich wife of a wealthy man had ended. She didn't care that they spat all those hurtful words to her. She would merely lend them an ear and didn't even bother retorting anything back. In fact, she really didn't care about any of these—she just wanted to be done with this whole thing and get her freedom back.

For Lionel, Cassandra was an evil woman because she virtually killed his unborn son. But seeing Cassandra's demeanor today confused Lionel.

What was Cassandra really thinking? What did she really care about? Lionel had no way of knowing the answers to all his questions.

'All right. I signed all the papers. We can go to the Civil Affairs Bureau now to finalize our divorce,'

Cassandra said while getting up. She straightened her clothes then turned around to get her coat from the hanger. She put on her coat and glanced at Lionel, who was still standing and unmoving. Cassandra paused then said, 'Or I can get a taxi there myself. I will see you at the Civil Affairs Bureau. Oh, I almost forgot. Here you go. The keys to the car your father gave me.'

Cassandra dropped the keys on the desk and headed out of the office with her head held high. She never looked back.

Lionel just watched as Cassandra proudly left the office. He watched until he couldn't see her shadow anymore. Then he turned to look at the keys lying on the

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...

ufus's car.

Rufus was finally back!

Cassandra immediately stood up. She even forgot to put down the spade in her hand and wide off the mud that was on her clothes. She was just staring at that car with expectant eyes and watching it slowly pull over and stop. Then, Rufus got out of the car.

He was wearing a black wool coat which made him look somewhat intimidating. Rufus closed the car door on his side carefully. He was now facing Cassandra. She could vaguely see his handsome face that could make every woman swoon.

She just could not take her eyes off him, watching his every move with a big smile on her face. Cassandra was just so happy to see him. She couldn't wait to start their new life.

She knew that Rufus saw her too but he didn't run towards her and envelope her in a hug like she had expected. Instead, he just stood there unmoving, looking back at Cassandra.

Rufus was far enough that Cassandra couldn't see the look on his face. She wanted to assume that he was just surprised but still nonetheless happy to see her here. He must be, right? After all, he had pleaded for her to come here so many times before but she kept refusing. This time, she came without telling him so he must have been surprised.

And this time, she was ready. She was ready to begin her new life with him. A life of freedom that only belonged to Rufus and her.

What if he asked her why she was suddenly here? How would she answer this question? A lot of other questions ran through Cassandra's mind.

Her heart was beating rapidly in her chest out of excitement. She stared at Rufus with intense and expectant eyes, waiting for him to start walking towards her. But suddenly, something unexpected happened.

The car door on the other side opened, pulling Cassandra out of her trance. A woman dressed in red stepped out of the car.

She had a great body, tall and thin. She was wearing a red hat and a long red coat. The black waistband showed off her slim waist. Even from afar, Cassandra could tell that she was elegant.

All of a sudden, Cassandra felt that time had stopped around her. She froze in place and her world suddenly seemed so quiet.

She couldn't see clearly but she could tell the woman had a smile on her face based on how bouncy her steps were.

She walked to stand beside Rufus, and tilted her head to look at him. Then she grabbed his wrist and walked towards the house, dragging him with her.

They got closer and closer. So close that Cassandra could see the looks on their faces.

The woman looked at Rufus with a sweet smile on her face. Then she reached out, put her arms around his neck and said in a seductive tone, ‘Rufus, didn’t you know? I have been missing you so much.’

You Have Always Been This Stubborn

The world went pitch black as Cassandra gingerly closed her eyes, then the colors of her surroundings burst out when she opened them again. She had imagined her encounter with Rufus countless times just several hours before now. Finally, she was a free person—she could come to see him without being judged and it wouldn’t be against her morals either.

Maybe, while she slept, Rufus would silently go to her bedside and kiss her gently on the face. The tenderness would awaken her from her sleepy form and she would open her eyes in delight. Their eyes would meet at the first beam of sunshine, and they would smile at each other.

Or, she would welcome his arrival while she basked under the warmest sunlight at noon. They would embrace each other so tight and step on their shadows as if burying all their miseries in the past.

Or again, he would find her at dusk, where the entire sky would be a wistful red. His eyes would be attractively dark brown like always, and he would whisper to her the sweetest words from his heart...

In all the scenes that she had envisioned, there were only two of them. What she had wished for, was the life between only the two of them.

Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that when they came across each other again, there were three of them—and ironically, she seemed to be the outsider.

Her eyes scanned down her own body—dark stains were smeared on her clothes, and her hands still holding the spade she used for digging were muddy.

Beads of sweat trickled down from her forehead. Her clothes were glued to her back, and she could almost hear the sound of the fabric rubbing against her skin when she started to move.

This definitely wasn't an ideal encounter.

There by the porch stood Rufus and a proud, gorgeous woman by his side. Her eyes didn't intend to hide her boiling contempt for Cassandra.

A frown marred Rufus's face. The beautiful woman had asked a question, but her voice was drowned in his thoughts. He didn't respond, as he seemed to be quite confused with what he saw in front of him.

'Cassandra, what are you doing here?' he asked in doubt.

His voice wasn't gentle; his expression wasn't tender; he didn't even intend to give her a warm hug. It was a totally different scene from her dream.

He was even holding the hand of another woman. Cassandra didn't know how to respond, but she managed to squeeze out a few words.

'I...I'm just planting some flowers...' Silence hung like a heavy curtain in the air.

Awkwardness crept through her skin as if she was the intruder who had broken into this property and even dug an ugly hole in the yard without the owner's consent.

'Isn't it cold outside? Come in,' he said.

When the words came out of his lips, his brows were still creased, and then he walked into the room.

The woman beside him followed suit, and Cassandra was left outside petrified like a statue.

Suddenly, the woman in red whipped her head around and shot Cassandra a meaningful glance. A huge smile was plastered on her face—it was a smile that meant triumph and victory.

Her lips curved into a willful smile in silence; then she turned her beautiful, arrogant head back and followed Rufus's footsteps.

A gust of the night breeze kissed Cassandra's skin, making it quiver with goosebumps.

Her body that felt so hot just now after her wearisome activities, was now like it was the coldest thing in a winter night.

'Who is this woman? Why is she able to hold Rufus's hand so naturally? Why didn't he reject her?

Why was he not excited to

The Mighty Soldier King is back!

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Will our Mighty Soldier King be defeated? Or will he sweep away all obstacles?

be so careless about her own health?

Her health condition wasn't the best as she had always been weak and fragile, and hospitalized frequently. She didn't take care of herself in this chilly winter again. Rufus had to scold her so she would listen to him next time.

'Amanda, wait a second. The stuff is upstairs. Let me get it for you,' he said.

After he spoke, Rufus made a beeline for the second floor.

Amanda Ke requested contact details of all real estate companies in G City. She said she wanted to invite representatives of these companies to her concert, and she didn't want to miss any of them; and the relevant documents were in his study on the second floor.

The study was at the end of the corridor. Before he reached it, he suddenly stopped midway and went a few steps back.

There was one room whose door wasn't completely closed. The door mildly swung with the gentle wind.

A hand gripped the door handle, and Rufus pushed the door open.

Then he fell into another world. This room had been empty as he remembered it, but it was now filled with the scent of the little woman.

The bed was tidy and clean, and the windows were free from dust.

He noticed that the windows were open, which he guessed could be for ventilation purposes. After all, it had been quite a while since someone lived here.

A white doll suddenly caught his eyes.

For some strange reason, Rufus slowly walked towards the bed and picked up the little white doll.

It seemed old from its faded fabric and slightly rough texture—it must have been washed many times.

However, the owner of the doll must have cherished it so much that even though it had endured many years, it was still clean and white.

The doll was a stuffed pony with a horn. Oh, that didn't really sound right—it was actually a creature from the fairy tales, and had a name of its own. It was called a unicorn.

The gates of his mind suddenly burst open, and the memories that had been buried for ages flooded his consciousness. He recalled a lonely little girl in his thoughts.

She stood alone in front of the claw machine. She had been so amusingly determined that she dropped her coins into the machine one after the other even if she failed in all her attempts. Still, she was not willing to give up.

'Well, Cassandra, it seems that you had always been this stubborn,' he thought.

Long ago, in his younger years, Rufus was quite a rebellious child. He had lived with his mother ever since his birth, and had never seen his father. By chance, he knew that he was the bastard of Horace, the kind of bastard who would never be legitimized by his father because of the latter's ambition.

At that time, he was not yet mentally mature enough to accept the cold, harsh truth. Daily, he constantly felt defeated, depressed and dejected.

Ever since the day he could form coherent thoughts, his mother had constantly told him that his father had passed away, and he was the last thing on his father's mind even on his deathbed. Using that as a driving force, his mother pushed him to strive hard in his studies.

And he believed it. With all his heart and soul he believed that he was loved by a father he had never seen. He believed that he was never deprived of love. He was determined to live his life to the fullest, in honor of his father, who did not have the chance to live long.

He worked hard; he obtained the best grades; he was the posterchild of brilliance in everyone's eyes.

However, things started to change when Rufus turned 17. His mother's health condition worsened. Her low blood pressure that plagued her for years has pushed her body to the brink of collapse.

Maybe she was afraid of taking her secret to the grave, or maybe she was afraid of leaving her child alone in the world after she passed away. So she eventually decided to tell him every bit of the truth about his lineage.

It turned out that the truth was too much for him to bear. He became a rebel for some time.

He missed school; even if he did attend, he would only stay for half the lesson. He was also involved in a lot of fighting. In no time, he went from being the exemplary student to a problem child, one who brought forth headaches for all the teachers and his frail mother.

One day, he was reprimanded by his teacher. After much arguing, he was fed up and stormed out of school.

While wandering around, he happened upon a stubborn little girl.

He examined her uniform and realized that she was from another school. The skirt ended only above her knees. Rufus couldn't help but stare at her exposed legs.

She seemed to be obsessed with a claw machine. He couldn't keep count of how many coins she had put in.

One, two, three... She promptly inserted her coins into the slot of the machine, played, but all seemed futile.

Rufus stepped closer to the girl and observed her intently. Her earlobes were surprisingly tiny, and her skin was spotless and smooth.

Her eyelashes were elegantly long, and would swing everytime she moved. She stopped and stood still, gazing at the metal arm of the machine.

Slowly, the arm inched closer to the white unicorn and lowered to grasp it. It always dropped close to it, but just couldn't hold on long enough to pick it up.

It was her last try. She had run out of coins. The tip of her nose was caked in tiny beads of sweat—she was nervous

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.

‘Rufus answered proudly

He had been so cold towards Amanda the whole afternoon, but at the mention of Cassandra, his face lit up like a Christmas tree. Amanda’s heart sank.

She was aware that someone as handsome and fetching as Rufus had no shortage of admirers. As someone who was once an important part of his life, she knew that the only thing he was concerned about was to strengthen himself. He wanted to make his father regret abandoning him and his poor mother.

At that time, even though they were a couple, Rufus just couldn’t give her any sense of certainty.

He didn’t know how to flirt with girls; he was so rigid even when he was on a date.

Amanda was once attracted to his appearance, but fell for his outstanding qualities. However, Rufus was a complete stranger to love. He knew nothing of romance and the subtle nuances of a functioning relationship. Even though she loved him, she had to give in to her father’s strong opposition.

But now, Rufus was radiant. He smiled brightly for a woman, and even went as far as declaring her as his future wife! Amanda started to doubt whether someone replaced the Rufus she knew so long ago.

‘Well, your fiancée is gone,’

Amanda jeered as she pointed towards the yard.

Rufus was taken aback for a moment before he ran towards the door. She was right. The only thing in the yard was the small hill of mud—Cassandra was nowhere to be seen.

He then peered at the main gate. He remembered closing it with his remote, but now it was wide open.

Cassandra took off!

‘Amanda, I’m sorry but it seems I don’t have any more time for you today. I have to attend to this matter. Let me send you off.’

Before Amanda could say anything, he pulled at her arm and took her out of the villa. Then taking out his phone, he called Victor, ‘Get to Garden Villa fast. You need to pick someone up, in 5 minutes!’

After letting go of Amanda, he went out to the main road and looked around. He wondered, ‘Where did the little woman go?’