

## The Enchanted Night – Chapter: 211

### The Hidden Enemies Part One

‘Why not pay more attention to the company’s affairs instead of her?’

Rufus asked, grumpily. Cassandra’s very name hit his sensitive nerve. His tone became aggressive as soon as Jasper mentioned her.

‘Why? Is it true that your relationship has some problems?’

Jasper leaned forward, his eyes widening. He was amused to see Rufus act so out of his regular cold and calm way.

‘What do you mean by ‘some problems’? What have you heard?’

Rufus wanted to end this conversation right away but thought it was wise to face it, sooner or later these questions were bound to come up. Plus, he was aware Jasper had his tongue in his cheek.

‘Isn’t it all over the news? People are saying someone has stepped out and claimed he is dating Cassandra now and it is her who stole Lyndsy’s boyfriend. Haven’t you read about it? It’s all over the internet!’

Jasper said in surprise. He had assumed Rufus might already have heard about it.

‘No. I never pay attention to this kind of gossip,’

Rufus answered flatly, his eye brows knitting. Yet, he was surprised by whatever Jasper had just said.

‘You know the man. That guy we met at the private club the other day? A Mr. Tong, does it ring a bell? He made an announcement to a big crowd of reporters that Cassandra is his girlfriend!’

Jasper explained hurriedly, while checking his phone for the article. He found it pretty easily and presented it to Rufus. Rufus’s face turned cold just after casting a single glance at it.

After reading it, he remembered how Cassandra clung to Dylan’s arm intimately and how closely they sat together at the club.

Then there was Cassandra staying in that man’s apartment later the night. What was more, she was even with him in A City for the rescue operation after the earthquake.

‘You see? I don’t understand why your aunt likes her so much. The more I find out about Cassandra, the more convinced I am of her being a loose and easy woman,’ Jasper said, disgustingly.

‘How could she ha

‘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...

en?’

Jasper asked, looking at Rufus worriedly, hoping that he would come up with a way to solve the problem.

‘We will meet changes with constancy,’ Rufus responded calmly.

‘Maintain the status quo and maintain the profits as they are.

Otherwise, we may fall into the trap they have set and mess things up ourselves.’

Despite the urgency of the matter, Rufus managed to speak with rationale and make dispassionate, meaningful judgements, with his signature look-of-composure back into play.

‘But...you know, many of our peers have followed their ways in the past...’

Jasper hesitated and looked up at Rufus, evidently embarrassed.

He knew it wouldn’t be a problem for the TY Group even if they would lose some customers in this price war, but he still found it hard to swallow that doing nothing proactively would be a good idea. How could they just grin and bear it?

‘Don’t worry and just do as I say. I will find out who is behind these attacks as soon as possible,’

Rufus interrupted him and raised his hand to stop him from continuing.

Jasper just shook his head, saying nothing in return.

He realized that dropping the matter was all he could do right now.

Thanks to his own self, Rufus wasn’t in a great mood. Now that he had made up his mind, any argument further would only irritate him.

For a while, he just stood there, shaking his head, contemplatively.

‘Oh, by the way, do you remember the wife of Mr. Gary Zheng? Whitney?’

Jasper asked after a pause, suddenly remembering.

‘Of course. She’s one of our VIPs, and has put most of her assets under our management.’

Why do you ask?’

Rufus raised an eyebrow, wondering why Jasper had mentioned her out of the blue.

He also thought about how Cassandra wouldn’t be able to take control of the Qin Group if Whitney didn’t offer her equity shares.

‘I heard she’s coming back to develop her career here, and has transferred large amount of funds to her domestic capital account recently. I think she’s preparing for a big move soon,’

explained Jasper, looking down at the floor, lost in thought.

‘Isn’t it normal for our customers to transfer funds from one account to another? What’s so strange about it?’

Rufus asked, doubtfully, bringing a pen to his lips. He couldn’t place exactly why Jasper was worried or would even bring it up.

‘Well...the thing is, she once mentioned to her subordinates she might bring her daughter here to G City as a permanent resident,’

Jasper said, shaking his head in bewilderment, getting to the point.

‘And alternately, I remember her saying she had no intention of coming back here and that her daughter liked living abroad. Don’t you think there’s a catch here? Why would she suddenly change her mind?’

Something doesn’t feel right to me.’

Jasper went on. He was totally intrigued by this news, and didn’t realize that he sounded very gossipy now. However, Rufus found it unnecessary. He stood up, walked to him and patted him on the shoulder.

‘You know what? It’s a pity you didn’t choose to become some kind of entertainment-reporter,’

Rufus joked, feeling torn between laughing and weeping. To tell the truth, he had somehow guessed what was on Whitney’s mind.

Originally, she’d chosen to settle in Norway for the sake of her daughter’s illness, such that they would have a positive change in their li

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...

things were going. But she restrained herself, thinking of how bluntly he had said ‘Let’s break up,’ right to her face.

She kept asking herself, 'Is it true that I've been dumped by Rufus?'

It was a reality she found too hard to accept.

The unicorn still seemed to stare at her with tender eyes, just as Rufus once did.

Her brain flooded with memories every now and then, no matter how hard she tried to distract herself. His face, his laughter, the time they had spent together—everything flashed through her mind in an instant.

She thought of how wicked he could be sometimes, his anger in between the long stretches of calmness, his tenderness for her. Everything had become a thing of the past.

Ever since she had encountered him in her life, part of him had attached itself to her, a part that eventually became love, admiration and respect, which was something she found extremely hard to get over now.

Everything felt so...strange and uncomfortable without him.

Here she was sitting at the edge of the bed again, looking blankly at her unicorn toy, thinking of the good old days when her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the ringing doorbell.

Snapping to her senses, Cassandra walked out to the living area.

'Who is it?' she asked, involuntarily.

'It's me,'

a very familiar male voice answered from behind the door.

Cassandra dashed to open the door, excited to hear a familiar voice.

Finally, he was back. Dylan had returned after the disaster relief mission, looking a lot leaner and darker than before. He must have endured great difficulties.

‘I’ve brought you food. Want some?’ asked Dylan.

His hands were loaded with parcels, like a pack horse carrying essentials for a team up Mount Everest. A bright smile was drawn on his face, as he motioned by raising his hands high.

‘Sure, I would love to! This is such a wonderful surprise and you come bearing gifts. How good to see you, dear friend! You are so thoughtful. I haven’t had dinner yet.’

Cassandra was so delighted to see Dylan safe. Hurriedly, she gestured Dylan to come in. She felt so emotional at seeing him that her eyes welled up.

Dylan had arranged a room for her in this apartment building, below his, so that she didn’t need to stay at hotels, which would have been expensive and inconvenient.

‘When did you get back?’

Cassandra jovially asked, as she began opening packages. The grilled corn captured her attention, making her mouth water. Quickly, she bit into it. ‘Oh wow, this is so delicious!’ Cassandra stated as juice dribbled down the corner of her mouth.

‘I just got back this morning. I took a shower and had lunch with my parents. Then I immediately came to you. That’s what good friends should do, right?’

He beamed as he spoke to Cassandra in a cheerful tone, but the fatigue in his eyes was too much to hide.

‘You should have had a good rest at home first. I’m so honored to have you here,’ Cassandra said jokingly.

She was so excited seeing Dylan again; her face formed a fixed smile.

‘You did a lot for the rescue

‘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!’

is values, he was a man. Should she say that Rufus had left her several times, to run after Amanda? The slightest thing, Amanda would phone for. He felt obliged to help her and would never turn her down. But as for her, he never gave any explanations of what and why he did anything. To avoid all that discussion maybe she should say their relationship was not as stable as it seemed.

As confused as she was, Cassandra didn’t want others to worry about her. If she had constantly been burdening her friends, she wouldn’t have any left.



‘It’s no big deal. Rufus and I are both adults. We know what we are doing. It would be best if we can be hand in hand till the end. But even if we can’t make it, we won’t blame each other,’ stated Cassandra.

She sneezed hard, then rubbed her eyes to try to hold back her tears. She didn’t want Dylan to see her emotionally weak side.

What she didn’t know was, the more she tried to hide her emotions, the more Dylan felt sorry for her.

‘Cassandra, sometimes you are just too stubborn. It may be better for you to give in sometimes and allow him to lead and look after you,’ suggested Dylan.

*Dote On You Too Much Part Two*

He couldn’t help giving her advice, feeling as though he could be a couples counsellor. He sounded quite good at it.

‘Give in? Why do I have to give in? I didn’t do anything wrong. I haven’t been bossy or controlling. I would like a normal relationship for once. I don’t think I’m being unreasonable.’

Cassandra couldn’t understand. It was Rufus who hurt her by swaying between her and Amanda. He would express his love for her but in the next moment, turn to another woman in a hospital. He stayed with Amanda the entire night, leaving her alone. As the situation didn’t change, her heart hardened.

He wanted to possess her and wouldn’t let her go. He refused to understand why she made the heartbreaking decision, saying she was

unreasonable. He couldn't see his blame in all of this and wouldn't beg her to stay and try again.

Seeing the stern look Cassandra gave him, Dylan let out a deep sigh.

'Well, that's normal for people in a relationship. They always blame the other half when there are conflicts, saying they are innocent. No one likes to be blamed. Anyway, they might just get back together after a few weeks, ' Dylan thought.

'You brought beer as well?' Cassandra squealed.

She took out several cans of beer from the bag with an excited smile.

'No, you're not drinking It's not for you. I'll drink it myself!'

Dylan hurried to stop Cassandra. He still remembered what happened at the bar last time. Cassandra overindulged. That scene was still too fresh in his memory to forget. Rufus had to fetch and carry her out as she was completely intoxicated.

'You are extremely sensitive about a little mishap,' Cassandra complained.

She didn't resist as there was a lot of variety in the parcels and took the grilled meat from the other food box instead.

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had an apartment here as well. Nevertheless, he convinced himself that it was a coincidence.

However, there was no way he could convince himself the moment the door opened. He had brought her so many roses, only to find the little couple having barbecue and watching TV together. How could he be so stupid, thinking she longed for him as he did for her? He wanted to have her back and love and spoil her. Now he was betrayed and his heart felt ripped out.

Cassandra sensed the discontent in his voice, and the excitement of seeing him instantly disappeared.

Waiting for the bomb to explode, she looked at Rufus fearfully.

'Dylon is obviously not my boyfriend. Doesn't he know that? The three of us spent quite some time in A City together with the relief work. If there was something between Dylon and I he would have picked it up then,' Cassandra thought.

'Rufus, you are the most small-minded man that I have ever seen!'

Cassandra blurted out with her face red, but now it was because of anger.

'Small-minded?'

Rufus repeated as he walked slowly towards Cassandra. Looking down at her, he had his cold eyes fixed on her.

‘Cassandra, it seems that I have doted on you too much.’

*You Are Only Mine*

As Rufus drew closer to her, Cassandra’s heartbeat began to race.

‘What...d-do you mean..by that?’ she asked, stuttering a little.

The air was filled with an impending doom. Cassandra could feel perspiration forming on her forehead.

Watching her uneasiness, a sinister smile crept up on Rufus’s lips. If someone witnessed him in this expression, he or she would have believed he was a Satan from the hell.

‘Since you’ve doubted my good intention, I think it’s time for me to show you my atrocious side.’

His malicious smile conveyed that he was about to lure her soul out. His eyes reeked with cruelty which Cassandra had never seen before.

Suddenly, Rufus flung the bouquet of roses disdainfully aside. Without any second thought, he callously stomped on the flowers lying on the ground. His brutal contact led the flowers and the stems to break apart. White fluid oozed out of it. To Cassandra, it seemed akin to a sacrificial offering.

‘Rufus, just stop!’ she groaned.

Her body started to quiver. In such a tiny apartment, she knew she didn't have a place to hide.

Wrath was roaring from his heart while fire was gleaming in his eyes. If this fire were real, it could have burnt down the whole place in a matter of seconds.

Cassandra winced each time she looked into his eyes. Haltingly, she began to retreat. If he were his normal self, he would certainly have felt sorry for his love.

But today, he was engulfed by immense jealousy which, as a consequence, blinded his eyes. Rufus was oblivious to the fear on Cassandra's face.

When she realized he was getting closer, Cassandra began throwing random things at him. She hauled whatever that was within her reach—pillow, alarm clock, as well as other miscellaneous items in the living room. However, Rufus dexterously dodged her attack. His strong body continued to advance towards her.

'You...Stop! If you don't then I'll call...the police!' Cassandra spat out her feeble warning.

It wasn't just her body, even her voice was trembling. She dashed behind the couch to escape from the man's hunt. It was as if they were playing the game of *The Eagle Catches the Chickens.* The eyes of the eagle turned sharp and grim. Watching her futile attempts at escape, Rufus became even more determined. While the chicken, Cassandra, was quivering in horror.

‘You want to call the police? Go ahead and do it. Do you need my help? Shall I call the head of the police station as well?’ Rufus offered sarcastically.

He was nonchalant to her threats. Any attempts to resist him would do her no good. If anything, it would only ignite the fire on him which was already roaring.

Terrified, Cassandra was prepared to dial the police using her trembling fingers. Seeing her boldness, a sharp light flashed across his eyes. Before she realized it, he lurched forward and grabbed the phone from her hands. As she was registering the situation, he hurled it away.

Cassandra was horrified. ‘Just a moment ago, he was at the other side of the sofa. How did he manage to reach here in a blink of an eye?’

‘He is so agile! There is no way I can escape him!’ Cassandra thought with misery.

‘Woma

When her boyfriend betrayed her, all light and joy was gone from Cherry’s life. Deserted, bereft of hope, she married a man that she had barely met, but she had never expected him to be her ex-boyfriend’s uncle.

Cherry thought that she had finally found her happiness, but she had no idea about the dark secrets that were bound to unfold and haunt her forever...

ings clear to Cassandra in the very beginning, they could have saved a lot of problems. The presence of Amanda seemed to have a great impact on

their relationship. 'I really need to discuss about this with Cassandra, ' he thought with determination.

He peeked at the phone once again and realized Amanda hadn't given up. She was still calling, nonstop. A little annoyed with her persistence, Rufus decided switching the phone off would put it to a full stop.

Just when he was about to push the switch off button, a message popped on his screen.

It stated, 'Rufus, would it be possible for you to come to the hospital? I am diagnosed with a rare disease. And I want to see you.'

The message was short, but it was enough to send shocks through his body.

'A rare disease? What could this rare disease be?' he wondered in bewilderment.

Even though he had no feelings for Amanda, he still didn't wish her ill. In fact, he wanted her to live a happy life. Knowing that something was wrong with her right now, he didn't have the heart to leave her alone.

He glanced at Cassandra who seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Taking a deep breath, he straightened his clothes and walked out of the room.

As soon as the door shut, Cassandra opened her eyes. She sat up on the bed and stared blankly at the door in front of her.

She had dozed off for a few minutes, but the second Rufus left the room, she woke up. After this, she found it hard to go back to sleep. The sound of him tidying up the roses brought a smile on her face.

Rufus returned a while later; she could tell even with closed eyes that he had brought in the roses by the fragrance of the flowers.

Just when she thought everything was going to be alright, he left her. She had heard it all—the constant phone call and the sound of the message.

Her hope faded and all she could feel was the sound of her heart sinking.

'Rufus, how can I trust you? Every time I put my faith in you, you give me a reason to distrust you. A call from another woman is enough for you to abandon me, over and over again, ' her mind howled in fury.

Clark Ji Part One

Cassandra held her breath against the invisible hands that gripped at her heart.

Love was a trap. At one second, warmth would fill her and send her feet floating off the ground; the next moment, it would send her crumbling as if knives were cutting through her heartstrings. Rufus enveloped her with joy such as that she had never known before, and he came in her life at a time when she least expected it. Despite this, she was not allowed that. Just as he came, he was free to come and go whenever he pleased, and certainty was something that did not exist between them. At times, she felt like a ship without an anchor, forever drifting in the waves of her emotions.

At this moment, the waters of Cassandra's mind were filled with nothing but turbulence. Rufus said, time and again, that he loved her and that she occupied his heart. Why were his eyes following another woman then?



Cassandra thought long and hard, but the silence of her thoughts offered no answers.

The red roses that Rufus brought were blossoming, their petals moist with water. To Cassandra, the trembling dewdrops looked like tears under the faint lamplight.

Rufus slammed on the gas and drove as fast as he could to the hospital, heading straight to Amanda's ward.

Her lone figure appeared to him as he opened the door. She was sitting immobile at the edge of her bed, her face emotionless.

The sound of the door pulled her attention and she turned her head to him.

'Thank you for coming, Rufus!' she said, forcing a smile on her lips.

It was a strange expression to see in her face. Gone was the light of the proud pianist he had always known her to be. Despite the curve of her lips, she looked so sad.

'What did the doctor say?' Rufus asked immediately.

He heard earlier that she was sent to the hospital from loss of oxygen, but something nagged at him. He wanted to be sure.

Amanda looked down at her hands as they lay folded across her lap. 'The doctor suspected that I might get the Becket's disease,' she murmured, speaking in a hushed voice.

He almost failed to hear the slight tremble in her words.

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d been attacked or framed by competitors. Issues and scandals were nothing new to them, but this time was different. It was a full-scale invasion, and the enemy had been constantly on the offensive.

They were quickly taking over the market, and most moderate-sized companies took the brunt of the blow. Charlie had to watch them fall one after another, like perfectly arranged dominoes.

The strangest thing was that they had no idea who they were up against. He had already sent his men to investigate and gather intel, but nothing came of it. At surface level, it seemed like it was nothing but a horizontal competition, but Charlie knew better. The truth was much more complicated, and this was only the tip of the iceberg.

The Dark Night Group had been standing strong for many years and had cultivated countless talents. With the support of the powerful group, all members shot up to success rapidly. The group gave them a solid starting point, and the members gave a considerably firm foothold to the group. Day after day, and year after year, the Dark Night Group grew in success

and influence, and almost dominated the whole financial market as of today.

With this success came competition. The higher they went, the fiercer it got. It was inevitable that outsiders stopped at nothing to try to destroy them, but with their strength and resources, the group remained firmly standing its ground.

Clark Ji Part Two

This was all the more reason why it was uncanny how they had failed to find who their rival was this time. What kind of enemy could hide itself so carefully?

Charlie strode back and forth in his office with his hands clasped behind his back. His frame gave off an oppressive air to people around him.

Then, his head shot up, and everyone held their breath at the movement. 'Did you ever contact Clark?'

He suddenly asked his assistant, his eyebrows knitted in question.

'Mr. Ke, Mr. Ji has been out for quite some time now, and we couldn't contact him,'

The assistant replied carefully, his voice trembling as he watched Charlie's face warily, searching for signs of another outburst.

'This is ridiculous!' Charlie roared. 'His father had entrusted the group to him, but where is he now when he is needed?'

Charlie cast a stern glance at his assistant, his frustration boiling inside him. The son of the former president fell a long way off from his expectations.

When his father passed away, Clark was next in line to his father's position. He was supposed to handle everything in the group, but he failed to act like a proper owner. This young man had never taken his job seriously, and he was nowhere to be found when something happened, not to mention being dependable enough to solve problems. Charlie was the second in command and had to clean up after his mess, taking charge of everything, bustling to and fro and bearing all hardships without any complaint.

Had Clark not been the son of the former president, he would have been thrown out long ago.

'Mr. Ke, I found something the other day. I've been wondering whether I should tell you...'

the assistant spoke in a measured voice, looking at Charlie with hesitation. From his face, Charlie had a foreboding sense that things were about to get worse.

'Hurry up!' he snapped, losing his patience. 'If you feel that it's necessary, tell me now; if it's something you can take care of, then don't bother. Do I always have to do the work?'

Charlie stared at him. Yet another disappointment. His assistant had no conviction o

'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...

ion. It would take quite a while before everything settled, and only then could they work to fix the problems that they were facing.

In his heart, Charlie never saw Clark as his boss. He was far too unqualified, but he supported him all these years in respect to the memory of his late father. A promise was a promise. On his deathbed, the late president asked him, to take care of his son, and so he did.

However, this and that were different matters. He would not take Clark's side or show any mercy if he deliberately broke the rules.

Charlie had always believed that Rufus was more suitable than Clark to take the helm of the group.

He was far better than Clark, in mind and in action; if Rufus was willing to step forward to the task, Charlie had no doubt that most of the executives would give him their favor.

Charlie had watched as Rufus built his own empire. It was the greatest success they had seen since the establishment of Dark Night Group. The young man had ambition, drive, and purpose—things that Clark had none of. Lost in his thoughts, Charlie wondered if Rufus would accept to handle this trouble.

He had just one flaw: he was bent on destroying his own father, and he was clinging to that hatred and using it as fuel.

One day, this loathing would burn him. At this thought, Charlie couldn't help but heave one deep sigh after another. There was much work to be done.

A Heartbreaking Scene Part One

Rufus crouched on the sofa the whole night. Early the next morning, he bathed his face with cold water and then was ready to head for the company. He was surprised, however, when he turned around to leave. Amanda got up from her bed and stood at the door of the restroom.

'Are you leaving, Rufus?'

pretending to be so meek and innocent, Amanda asked Rufus, her beautiful eyes looking at him and her lips puckering slightly.

'I'm going to work,'

Rufus wiped the water dry on his face and answered briefly.

'Will you come back here and accompany me after work? Please!'

With frowned eyebrows and expectant eyes, Amanda crossed her fingers and put her hands by the chest, praying.

Hesitant for a while, Rufus finally nodded to agree.

Seeing his gesture of showing agreement, Amanda smiled immediately. Her face was like flowers blossoming in the live spring, beautiful and sweet.

Unexpectedly, she tiptoed to leave a soft kiss on Rufus's face and then turned around, ran to her bed, and covered her whole body with the quilt shyly.

Astonished, Rufus was stunned by her act. He remembered that this happened once in the past.

They were still young back at that time when Rufus was trained in the Dark Night Group. One day when Amanda was sick and stayed at home, Rufus went to her room to pay her a visit. He sat beside the bed and chatted with her.

Similarly, Amanda kissed him so unexpectedly and then covered herself with the quilt. He was annoyed because she 'attacked' him unexpectedly, yet amused by her cute behavior.

In his mind, Rufus could still remember how Amanda was like that time. However, everything changed. Now, she was no longer the innocent girl and he didn't love her anymore. Rufus sighed with a heavy heart. He shook his head to stop himself fro

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‘Will you come here for dinner tonight? I’ll make you some fish soup.’

After the message was delivered, Cassandra waited anxiously. She was uncertain what Rufus would reply.

To her surprise, the reply came in an instant. Her phone vibrated. Cassandra unlocked the screen to check the message at once.

‘In the hospital. Have dinner yourself.’

Depressed upon reading this message from Rufus, Cassandra heaved a desolate sigh.

She rarely offered to invite him to come and had believed that he would accept her offer. However, his reply was out of her expectation.

‘To the hospital? Would he stay with Amanda again?’

Questions lingered on Cassandra’s thoughts silently. She couldn’t understand why Amanda would stay in the hospital for such a long time. Yes, she fainted away and needed to be looked after. But this long? That was just unbelievable that she didn’t recover after spending so many days in the hospital. Rufus was keeping her accompany day and night. Obviously, he was taking care of her like what a boyfriend would do to his girlfriend. But why didn’t Rufus explained things to her? He was supposed to enlighten her why he preferred to stay with Amanda than her.



'Well, forget about it. Amanda is sick now. Rufus takes care of her as a friend. That's all.'

Moments later, she braced herself up and decided to stop thinking about them.

She felt bored staying at home alone. So she decided to go out and took a walk. When she passed a bakery, an inviting delicious scent of bread and pastries diffused out from it. Cassandra couldn't resist the smell and walked in, intending to pick up some pieces of bread.

While she was inside the bakery and her head low while choosing among the variety of bread, the door opened. A woman came in, then she said happily, 'Come here, Rufus. The bread here is super good. I want to buy some!'

Through the bread shelves, Cassandra saw Amanda walking into the bakery. She was stunned at the sight of her.

Her body was held frozen while her brain started to work quickly. Immediately, she turned around and hid in a forgotten corner.

Rufus walked in with an uninterested expression on his face.

He had planned to leave after paying a visit to Amanda. But unexpectedly, Amanda changed her clothes secretly and claimed that she wanted to go out to have a walk. Rufus was unable to make her change her mind. So he had to go out and keep her accompany.

But in his heart, he was still thinking about Cassandra. She was alone in the apartment and she must feel lonely. All Rufus wanted was that Amanda would finish buying the bread quickly so that he would send her back to the hospital and go back to Cassandra.

He stood beside the cashier counter and didn't step inside further. The waitress's face turned red and her heart beat fast when Rufus leaned against the co

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th.

'Cassandra, stop being a fool anymore. He doesn't belong to you and he does not care for you, ' Cassandra talked to herself.

She was still alone when she was back. Cassandra took a shower like a puppet and then put herself to bed. However, no matter how she tried to fall asleep, it didn't work anyway.

Tossing and turning on her bed, she couldn't help wondering what Amanda and Rufus would do when they were staying together at night.

The feelings of mixed emotions inside her left a hollow inside her heart. She was confused about whether to trust Rufus again or not. Moreover, a million thoughts were running on her mind.

Suddenly, the bell rang. Cassandra was distracted by the ring. She walked to the door and opened it.

With a paper bag in his hand, Rufus was beaming while standing at the door. He raised the bag to Cassandra and shook it.

‘I brought you this bread. I heard it tastes good,’

Rufus said to her happily. However, in Cassandra’s eyes, his smiling face was so unpleasant.

Tears rolled down from her eyes all of a sudden without any sign in advance.

Rufus We sd Better Break Up

‘Tastes good? Must’ve been Amanda who said it.

Amanda bought this bread for him, but he turned around and gave it to me? It’s ridiculous how he thinks I know nothing about this.

Rufus, you must be wallowing in satisfaction right now as two women pine for you at the same time.

What exactly am I to you?’ she thought to herself.

Her trust in him was already at the brink of collapse, but because of this, it had fallen rock bottom. ‘Is there any good reason, any reason at all to stay in a relationship with a man who uses what his other lover gave him to flatter me?’ she wondered, apparently in a daze.

‘Rufus, we’re barking up!’

Cassandra wrestled with herself before blurting it out, her tears like torrents streaming down her cheeks.

‘What’s wrong with you, again?’

Rufus’s smile was gone like the wind and was replaced with a look of concern when he saw her tears. A wave of panic engulfed him.

‘Why is she crying? Is it because of my tardy return?’

But no matter how upset she is, she has no right to break up with me because of that small slight, ’ he thought and got kind of crossed.

‘I remember saying that to you before, are you just using that to get back at me?’

Rufus asked, knitting his eyebrows and studying her expression, grasping for some sort of clue that would give away her true intentions.

Cassandra only shook her head, unable to say anything.

‘Tell me what happened, Cassandra. Please, please talk to me,’

Rufus pleaded. He took Cassandra’s arm and held it tightly. She was wracked with sobs.

His stomach did a one-eighty. He was so physically close to her, yet their hearts and feelings were so far away from each other.

He silently wished that she would stop being so stubborn and be gentle like other women. He just couldn’t bear seeing her in tears.

‘I don’t love you anymore. We’re done,’

Cassandra cried out desperately and in one swift motion, pulled her arm out of Rufus's grip.

Once upon a time she had always imagined that she would live a happy and peaceful family life with Rufus.

But the recent events had only reminded her that she was never good enough for him. They weren't fated to be with each other.

'No!'

Rufus hissed with a snarl. He refused to believe what he had just heard. What he believed were her bitter tears, which betrayed her true feelings—she was still deeply in love with him.

'I'll be here for you as soon as I get off work tomorrow onwards, okay?'  
Don't say things like that!'

Rufus tried comforting Cassandra, to no avail.

'No...' Cassandra shook her head slowly as she closed her eyes, tears streaming down her cheeks, 'it's impossible for us to be together. I mean it, Rufus. I really don't love you anymore. I can't con

'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.

Rufus rebuffed in an indifferent tone. He thought she was being too petty.

With that said, he turned around and quickly left, his face a mask of sorrow.

Cassandra slowly got to her feet and looked at the peephole. She made sure that Rufus had left before she weakly opened the door.

There was a paper bag at the foot of the door, containing the bread Rufus tried to give her.

She took the content out of the bag. It was her favorite kind, with the dried pork floss. Ironically, their tastes really matched.

Her lips curled into a wry smile. She took the bag, went to the kitchen and tossed it into the trash. She wouldn't eat a gift another woman had given Rufus.

Meanwhile, Rufus arrived at the Tang Family home. He was about to head upstairs when the light went on in the living room. He saw Horace approaching in his nightgown.

'Where have you been? Look at the time!'

Horace said with a frown. It had been days since Rufus had dinner with the family.

'I have been busy,'

Rufus uttered briefly and continued to the stairs.

'I will never consent to you two being together!'

Horace blurted out. Unsatisfaction seethed in his voice.

‘I am an adult. It is my right to choose anyone I like,’

Rufus said as he paused without turning around.

‘What? How come he’s saying the same words he has said to Lionel? Does he really believe I’ll follow his commands to the letter?’ Rufus sneered inwardly.

Horace had never felt the weight of responsibility that a father shouldered. For Rufus, he wasn’t worthy of it. All that Rufus did for him was no more than what he needed to accomplish his revenge.

He could destroy the Tangs at any moment of his choosing.

‘I am your father, your elder! How dare you disrespect me at my own house?’

Horace roared, outraged by Rufus’s unexpected defiance.