

The Enchanted Night – Chapter: 241

Hatred And Desire Part Two

Rufus and Amanda's earlier exchange came back to her. He sounded so gentle as he reassured her over the phone.

Thoughts began to swirl inside her head. She had been in love with Rufus for so long, and at times, he seemed to be so affectionate.

But it was not only to her. Both she and Amanda occupied a space in his heart.

The clock ticked rhythmically inside the office, the sound creeping thickly through the walls. Cassandra closed her eyes against the piercing pain that came with every heartbeat. When a heart got tired, even love became a burden.

'Amanda, why are you standing there in the cold?'

From afar, Rufus saw Amanda's figure in the doorway, her thin skirt fluttering against the wind.

She was sick, but she still stood in a draught.

Rufus pulled Amanda into the car and drove to the hospital.

'Where does it hurt? Is it your disease?' he asked.

When he found out about her condition, Rufus took it upon himself to learn more about the disease. From what he found out, her condition

couldn't be cured; even the latest medical advancements could only control it.

Amanda nodded absentmindedly, her face blank.

'What's wrong? Are you in pain? Hold on. We'll be in the hospital soon.'

Rufus felt himself toward Amanda's sorry state. She was lethargic and listless, like a dry leaf swaying in the autumn wind. It was no use denying their history. She was the girl who made him know what love felt like; although they had parted ways, they spent wonderful times together. He would always have a certain fondness for her, and he felt sympathy pour out from him as she suffered severely from an incurable illness.

'Rufus, if someone wants to hurt me, will you protect me?'

Amanda asked, turning her head to Rufus. Her sudden question caught him off-guard, her eyes boring into his.

'Is someone threatening you? You have the protection of your father. No one in the world would dare lay a finger on you,' he answered.

Amanda dropped her gaze as a sad smile fell on her lips.

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

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

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

ly when Rufus was around.

Rufus returned to Tang Group and resumed his work like usual. He tried to contact Cassandra in his spare time, but she came up with various reasons to ignore his messages and calls.

‘Cassandra, what is it? What do you want?’

Cassandra’s eyes lingered over the message on the screen, a cold smile on her lips.

‘What do I want? I want nothing. I don’t want to have anything to do with you any more,’ she answered in her head.

She didn’t want to reply, so she threw her phone aside, ignoring the multiple buzzes and vibrations. She buried herself in reviewing the design draft submitted by the design department.

Since her relationship with Rufus was revealed to the public, she had been having fewer and fewer clients.

Maybe Rufus was desperately trying to create an image for her, but the world was unforgiving. As a woman, it dictated that it was immoral to divorce a man and then fall in love with his brother.

Her client list shortened as days went by, and Tang Group might suffer even more.

Cassandra was determined to break up with Rufus, even as she felt her chest constrict in his absence.

However, she didn't know what the effect would be to Tang Group. It was difficult to predict people's attitudes, and there had always been a distinction between how the world viewed men and women.

Hatred And Desire Part Three

In his office, Rufus found himself agitated. Every now and then, his eyes would flit to his phone, waiting for a reply from Cassandra. But whenever his screen would light up, it was with someone else's name.

It seemed that she had made up her mind to ignore him. He heard that she didn't return to the Garden Villa and stayed in her rented apartment in these past few days.

Why was she acting this way? Was it still because he went to take care of the sick Amanda?

Cassandra worked overtime. As she stepped out of the office building, the familiar Phantom came into view.

She had purposefully stayed in her office for as long as she could, but she knew she could hide no longer. Knowing that Rufus came for an explanation, she composed herself and then walked on unhurriedly.

However, the moment she saw Rufus's figure leaning against the car from far away, she felt herself crumbling.

His eyes zeroed in on her from afar.

She was wearing tight clothes that hugged her figure. A cool breeze blew and fluttered her skirt, exposing her slender legs.

Cassandra stood there, hesitating in her tracks, and so Rufus straightened up and closed the distance between them.

‘What are you thinking?’

he asked when he was standing right in front of her. Cassandra wore an unreadable expression on her face.

He took in the sight of her and wanted to sigh at the relief. A few days seemed so long when he did not see her.

‘Nothing,’

she replied stiffly.

Rufus was silent for a moment before speaking again, ‘Come on. I’ll take you home.’

He put an arm around her shoulder, but she shook free from his grasp.

Rufus was stunned by her response, and his arm hung at his side. He couldn’t understand why she was being so cold.

‘I want to go back to my apartment. I have to work early tomorrow.’

Cassandra’s throat tightened but she forced the words out. She could not even bear to look at Rufus. It was all too much.

‘I’ll drive you here tomorrow morning,’ he reasoned.

Rufus could feel t

It all starts on that fateful night.

When Ella, who is the dear sister of Samuel's best buddy, sneaks into the hotel where the drunken Samuel resides and gets pregnant...

'I don't want a divorce!'

'I don't want a divorce!'

'I did no such thing!'

Ella jumped on the bed and cried out. 'I don't want a scheming woman as my wife. Just sign the paper...

heartache.

'You know I don't care what other people think of you. I've stopped at nothing to try to protect you and change your image. There are easier ways. If you had given up Qin Group and married me, you wouldn't need to appear in public and hear criticism from others.

But that isn't what you want to do, and I respect your determination to run Qin Group well. I supported you however I can. How can you tell me that you want to break up over this?'

Rufus's voice had the sound of breaking ice, and his heart plummeted.

Cassandra was grief-stricken. The pain on Rufus's face was unmistakable as he spoke, and she felt her own heart breaking into pieces in the fragile way he looked at her.

His gaze went deep in her bones and tormented her.

'You don't care, but I do,'

Cassandra said heartlessly, steeling herself against her tears.

‘You may not care what I think, but I’m tired of putting everyone else first. The only way I can be free from all these burdens is that I have to separate myself from you. I appreciate everything you’ve done for me, but I can’t stand back and watch my reputation shred to pieces like this. I work hard for my name, and I’m not letting it go now, even if it means that I have to let you go instead.’

The harshness in Cassandra’s voice masked the tears in her heart. ‘No, it’s not true!’

Hatred And Desire Part Four

It’s not what I think. I don’t care about what other people think. They mean nothing to me, as long as I can be with you,’ she screamed in her head.

However, reality was cruel. She had to leave him. Then he wouldn’t need to choose between two women and be pulled apart from both directions.

‘The pain is only temporary,’ Cassandra comforted herself silently. ‘We would only hurt each other more if we stay together. If I leave now, both of us would have more time to heal. It’s for the best.’

‘Cassandra, I never thought that you would be like this.’

Rufus had never hated a woman so much as he did now. Even when Amanda left him, he had never felt this much pain.

He was trying hard to rein in his anger, clenching his fists and cracking his finger joints.

‘This is who I am,’ Cassandra lifted her chin and tried her best to appear cruel. ‘You treated me well from the very beginning, so choosing you was the logical choice. I’m a realistic person, or I wouldn’t have divorced Lionel. I know he’s not as good as you.’

Cassandra projected an air of vanity.

The blood had all but drained from Rufus’s face.

He had never felt so defeated, even before his business reached a plateau.

It seemed that he was twice the fool this time, and the pain brought by the betrayal was also two-fold.

Cassandra had never loved him. His heart broke at the thoughts that crashed over him.

‘You’re right,’ he managed to answer. ‘He’s not as capable as I am, but I’m not as vicious as you are,’ he spat.

How to break two hearts that were in love?

Cassandra thought they were the best example. They were deeply in love, but now, they were only hurting each other.

Although the words that she said were the complete opposite of her true feelings, she had already hurt Rufus, and he was ready to snap back.

The tears were threatening to fall from her face, but she blinked against them, gritting her teeth and clenching her fists to gain control.

‘Well, now that you know what I’ve thinking, I don’t think you have any more questions, and I have nothing left to say to you either. We no

longer have any reason to be together. Let's stop this before things get even uglier.'

Cassandra stared at him for the last time, comm

'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...

us! You son of a bitch! You're out of your mind. Let me go!'

Cassandra was frightened. She could not move her hands as they were tightly tied together.

'Go on and scream as much as you want. You won't be able to curse me after tonight!'

A cold smile played on Rufus's lips. His eyes were evil and cold, and Cassandra's blood froze at the sight.

'Rufus, let me go! Do you hear me?! If you force me this way, I will never ever forgive you!' she threatened.

Cassandra saw the glazed look in his eyes, just like the sky darkening before the storm. No one could stop him now.

'I don't care. You have never really loved me anyway. You can hate me as much as you want.'

I've said before that I won't let you leave until I die. But now, I'd like to make sure you can't leave me unless I die, or you die!

Rufus's words were like sharp knives stabbing right into Cassandra's heart, making deep lacerations. Her heart thundered in fear.

She closed her eyes as he towered over her. She didn't want to see him this way. This was not the Rufus she knew. If this was how he wanted things, she would just bear whatever happened silently.

She was so tired, and she had no more strength to fight him back. Right now, she was no different from a common whore to him. After he was done venting his anger, she would be free.

By then, she would be a thorn in his flesh, and they wouldn't be able to be together again.

There was a smile on Rufus's lips, but his eyes glowed with hatred.

Raging Through Her Body Part One

Cassandra was humiliated. Tears of shame ran down her cheeks.

'I hate you, Rufus! I hate you so much as I have never hated anyone before!'

Cassandra roared. The throbbing pressure on her body and her temples almost made her collapse.

'Go ahead! Hate me all you want! I don't give a damn how you feel!' he shot back.

The night seemed long and distressing. Finally, Rufus lay asleep soundly beside her; his exhaustion was evident from the venting.

Cassandra's eyes widened at the sight of the man beside her.

He was fast asleep. Despite his unguarded disposition, tension shone visibly on his face.

His eyebrows were furrowed. 'What is he dreaming about?' she thought.

The tie around her wrists was loosened—a product of her unrelenting struggle. Cassandra gingerly moved her hands and freed them bit by bit until they were finally fully hers again.

She cautiously pushed herself up and was mildly surprised that Rufus did not wake up to this. He must be exhausted, not just physically, but also mentally.

Every cell in her body hurt. Her wrists were bruised very badly.

She was not sure how she could face the tyrant on the bed. She quietly went to the closet to get some clothes.

It was better for her to leave before Rufus woke up.

She pulled on her clothing, turned around and found Rufus staring right at her. She was taken aback.

'Where are you going?'

His icy voice almost made her jump. She began to tremble.

The sound of the closet door woke him up but he waited until she got dressed to cover the bruises on her body.

'Does she think those clothes would be enough to cover the marks I left on her body? Does she really believe she could escape just like that?

Cassandra, you are so naive!' he jeered within.

'I'm bare naked and you're fully dressed but why are you still the one shaking? It's like you have a cold,'

he said mischievously. There was a hint of allure in his voice. Under normal circumstances, Cassandra might even think he was flirting with her.

The situation now, however, was far from normal. Cassandra trembled and her legs grew weak. With all her strength, she worked hard to keep it together.

'You're clearly cold. Why don't you go back to bed and let me warm you?'

he said a

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...

to her finger.

Hurriedly, she pulled the pieces of glass out of her skin which caused even more blood to come out.

Suddenly, her phone rang from inside her jacket pocket on the ground.

She reached out and answered.

‘Cassandra, I saw a report about you in the paper! You have been nominated for the Top Ten Outstanding Youth Award of G City! Congratulations!’

Dylon’s ecstatic voice said from the other end of the line.

Cassandra remained silent. The news was not enough to lighten her mood.

Suddenly, the bedroom door swung open and a tall figure stood stunned at the scene that welcomed him.

‘So you tried to kill yourself to escape me?’

Rufus said as he slowly went closer, one step at a time. His eyes burned with rage.

He felt so bad about what he did last night that he decided to come back and check on her. He even brought her the latest spring outfit which he asked his assistant to buy for him.

But as the door opened, he saw her sitting dazedly with the glass debris on the ground.

Dylon was perplexed with Cassandra’s silence.

‘Cassandra, can you hear me?’ he asked.

Rufus knew the voice. It was familiar, it was Dylan's!

'And you are asking him for help or are you bidding him goodbye before you take your own life?' he asked.

He was very close now, squatting right in front of her, scrutinizing her face and trying to read every detail.

Color had already drained from Cassandra's cheeks. She could sense the heat of Rufus's rage and boiling hatred.

Raging Through Her Body Part Two

Confused, Dylan ended the call thinking that it was probably the poor reception. The dial tone disturbed the room's deafening silence.

'What a pity. He doesn't even seem to care about you that much. Your call for help fell on indifferent ears,' Rufus uttered.

He watched her with his icy gaze as his lips curled into a sarcastic smile.

'Is that how you plan to get rid of me? Through death? Cassandra, none of your attempts have succeeded so far. Do you need me to inspire you more?'

Rufus reached over, picked up a shard of glass, grabbed her wrist, and placed the broken piece up to her wrist.

'Honey, cutting your hand doesn't work, except for bleeding and having a scar, far from fatal at all. See here? Here is the artery. You should cut

it swiftly. You understand? Hard and fast. With one clean stroke, you'll be able to tear your skin and blood will flow out of your artery,'

Rufus said as he slid the glass gently on her skin. The ice-cold shard of glass sent chills down her spine. She began to shiver.

'But this way of bleeding is so slow, your body will grow cold as the blood drains and your consciousness will slowly go away with it. Then, you will start to convulse, just like a dying ant...'

Rufus whispered slowly in her ear, eyeing her ashen face.

This woman tried to kill herself! He thought that it was best he did something to scare her so she will not try to do it again.

'Now, do you still want to put an end to your life?' he asked.

The warmth of his breath passed from her ear to her neck. No matter how close he was to her body, she felt no warmth within her.

'Didn't you say... I cannot leave you until I die?'

Cassandra stuttered, opening her shaking lips, in a voice too hoarse to bear.

Rufus knitted his eyebrows, suddenly wondering if she was dehydrated throughout the day.

'No, I changed my mind. Even when you die, I'll make sure I still have you. I will dig your body out and put it in my future grave. Then, we would be together again after we die,'

he said as his lip curled up into a menacingly dazzling smile. The look on his face made the hair on her arms stand.

Cassandra felt despair sweep all over her. It seemed that she had no way to escape Rufus.

The Mighty Soldier King is back!

With the original intention to protect his beautiful boss, he accidentally gets involved in dangerous adventures and trouble.

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

I choose to give you a baby?' she said.

She initially thought he was joking. 'Bear him a child? Is today April Fool's day?' she sneered within her.

'Two choices: First, get the license with me to be my legal wife. The other one, bear me a child before I give you freedom! Otherwise, like I said, I won't let you go,'

Rufus said, maintaining an intense gaze.

He knew Cassandra would have no heart to leave him if they have a child. Rufus suppressed the elation inside him for his ideas.

No matter which choice Cassandra made, she would be kept with him tightly, of course. Even if she chose the first alternative, marrying him was the wiser choice, he gloated sneakily.

Cassandra took a deep breath before she uttered something that would drop his jaw, 'Okay, we should make an agreement. After one year, we will not owe each other after I give birth to a child,' she counteroffered.

Determination emanated from her eyes. She knew Rufus well. She knew his slyness so she decided that the best course of action for this moment was to play along.

Now, it was Rufus's turn to be stunned.

He did not expect Cassandra to agree to his mad request. His original plan was to force her to marry him.

'You would rather bear an illegitimate child than marry me?' he asked.

He felt a spasm of anger surging inside him. As far as he knew, Cassandra always cherished her reputation. It perplexed him thinking what drove her to choose to be an unwed mother? That was crazy!

Raging Through Her Body Part Three

But Cassandra thought otherwise. For a man that only saw her as a childbearing body, marriage was nothing but a tool!

'This is ridiculous. I can not believe it but I am still in love with him at this moment! I'm such a cheap and worthless person...' she was mad at herself.

Having a child with Rufus was supposed to send happy thoughts through her head.

Still, it saddened her that her child, though could be materially satisfied by Rufus, wouldn't grow up in a whole family.

'Rufus, what is the problem? You gave your condition and I accepted it,' Cassandra asked.

There was finally a smile on her face at this moment but it was not the kind that he expected. It pained him to see this kind of smile.

'Nothing bad, okay. We can observe it from now on,' he replied.

Rufus wasn't sure of when he started to find it difficult to compose himself around Cassandra. When she implied that she was willing to sacrifice a year of her life just to get rid of him, rage started to burn inside him.

He was tired of being a gentleman. He reached over, clasped her waist and hoisted her up on the table.

Rufus noticed her tenseness. Suddenly he heaved a sigh and tightened his hug.

'Not today! Tomorrow, you will not go back to your apartment after work. I will arrange a driver to pick you up so you don't have to feel guilty for using the company vehicle for personal needs,' he said.

Rufus knew how she thought. She did her best not to use the company vehicles for private purposes.

In regular times, Cassandra would refuse. But in today's situation, she had no say in the decision.

Rufus held her in his arms and put her into the tub before he turned on the warm water. He said nothing as he washed her.

Cassandra was worried that he would take advantage of her again but to her surprise, he just bathed her with great care and no trace of violence.

She wondered whether he had been stung by his guilty conscience and thought he might have regretted what he had done.

Cassandra wanted to talk to Rufus but as soon as she opened her mouth, it closed the next second.

Rufus had seen through Cassandra's thoughts. His lips curled into a crooked smile. He teased, 'Don't take this wrong way. I know that today is not your ovulation date. I wouldn't b

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...

'Child, child, child, so I can never get out of this damned situation unless I am pregnant with another child?' she couldn't help thinking.

But how could she get pregnant given Lionel's cold attitude toward her? The thought made her more upset.

'Ivy, Miss Ke would like to see you in her office,'

Amanda's assistant said as she came in.

Ivy got to her feet and made her way to Amanda's office.

Actually, Ivy's duties couldn't be lighter and easier, in spite of the fat salary.

Ivy was anticipated that Miss Ke would talk to her someday since no company would give a high salary to an employee producing no results.

To her confusion, though, Amanda said nothing but inquired about her recent work.

‘Ivy, you don’t look very cheerful recently. Your eyebrows are always knitted together. Is there something wrong between you and Mr. Tang?’

Amanda asked with concern, looking at Ivy with a serious gaze.

Ivy was stunned. She was not aware that her emotions have been so obvious on her face.

‘Miss Ke, we are fine, I can deal with that myself,’

Ivy managed a smile, uncomfortably.

‘Ivy, I take you as my friend. As a woman, I know what you are afraid of. Mr. Tang hasn’t married you so your affiliation with the Tangs still waits to be acknowledged, right?’

Amanda stood up, walked towards Ivy, and pulled her to sit on the sofa with her.

‘Ivy, I think, you should have a baby. Only in this way will your status in the Tangs be solidified,’

Amanda said. Her words surprised Ivy.

She continued, 'Ivy, I am unmarried but we know what a child means to a family. As long as a woman has her child, her status in the family would be consolidated.'

A sincere look was on Amanda's face and she sounded so thoughtful.

'It is true. But Lionel has been quite busy. We... It has been a long time since we last...'

Ivy stuttered with a little embarrassment.

She had a hunch that Amanda might be able to help her and even help her to restore her status in the Tang family!

Ivy noticed a gleam of bashfulness flashed across Amanda's face. 'After all, she is a virgin, unlike me who is experienced.

Alas, how unfortunate my fate is!' she sighed internally.

Amanda thought for a while before she went on with sincerity, 'Ivy, we know men need a little passion. Probably it is because you are too familiar with each other, and he got some so-called aesthetic fatigue for you. How about making a change of yourself? Or change an environment when you are together, perhaps you will have different feelings about each other,' she suggested.

Amanda's eyes were full of concern for Ivy.

'I also think it might be a factor that we are also confronted with the seven-year itch. But I just have no idea how to make the change,' Ivy confided.

She had tried a variety of fashionable clothes, attempting to seduce Lionel by her appearance. Still, it would only take Lionel two days before he returned to his coldness again.

‘I have an idea. One of my friends has an open villa hotel at the seaside of G City. It is fairly romantic and made especially for couples. Would you like to go for a try? I can arrange a service package for you,’

Amanda suggested, pleased. She knew that Ivy was seriously considering her suggestion. She totally gained her trust.

‘Lionel and I have traveled to many places. I am afraid he wouldn’t be interested in the seaside villas in G City,’

Ivy hesitated, with an apprehensive look on her face.

‘Don’t worry, I will fix this. It is not only about a seaside villa vacation. Use your inner awesomeness to touch him, given his fatigue of your looks!’

Amanda added with assurance, smiling. Her eyes and eyebrows radiated her triumphant elation.

Ivy couldn’t help but reminisce that she once had been as proud as Amanda right now. At those times, Lionel’s intense eyes were always glued to her, and so to sp

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...

you who won this case, I believe he will look at you with fresh eyes!’

Amanda smiled, artlessly and innocently.

‘Really? Can this change the way Lionel thinks about me?’

Ivy asked, with an air of uncertainty. After all, without any experience in negotiation, she feared she would screw up.

‘This friend and I are in good terms. I recommended only the Tang Group. He will definitely sign a contract with us. It is only a matter of time. I will teach you what to say, don’t worry about it!’

Amanda’s promise dispelled the anxiety and fears inside Ivy who became more grateful to Amanda.

‘Amanda, I don’t know how to express my appreciation for your help,’

Ivy said, so grateful to Amanda who possessed beauty and virtues.

‘Ivy, you know, I love Rufus. Though there is some discord between Mr. Tang and Rufus, they are still brothers. And they will get over that eventually. If we are lucky, we will become sisters-in-law and family. So it is my pleasure to help you.’

Amanda’s remark echoed in the heart of Ivy, reminding her of her ultimate purpose of marrying Lionel. Amanda wanted to marry Rufus, therefore, in a sense, they were alike.

But Ivy failed to notice a hint of slyness flashing through Amanda’s eyes.

‘What a stupid woman! I have thought it would be more difficult to deal with her. Instead, it was easy as pie,’ she thought to herself.

Yes, she was going to marry Rufus, but she didn't want to see anyone vie with Rufus. For her, Ivy was no more than a handy weapon which could serve to remove those people standing in Rufus's way.

The Trap Part One

It seemed as if Cassandra had been stripped of all her privacy and freedom. There was always someone to drive her to work and take her back to the Garden Villa. They even followed her when she went shopping or simply took a walk on the street! The mania was driving her crazy!

'Can you please ask your people to stop following me?'

She finally started to negotiate with Rufus. She felt so uncomfortable being eyed all the time, but had no other choice.

'Of course. I will ask them to be unnoticeable,'

Rufus said, shrugging with a nonchalant look which angered Cassandra.

'What I want is for them to vanish! I don't want to be tailed after! I don't want them near me whatsoever! I don't want to be monitored! I am not a criminal!'

Cassandra said, finally breaking loose. She glared at Rufus in the hope that he would see she was genuinely frustrated. On the contrary, he wore a casual smile. Oh, how she wished she could wipe it off his face!

‘Okay, okay. Even if you’re not a criminal, you’re still someone who has escaped me once. What if you run away again? I need to keep an eye on you, right?’ Rufus said, teasingly.

His unbothered attitude annoyed her to the bone.

‘What the hell, Rufus! Do you think I’ll just disappear into thin air? Just tell them to stop following me! I really cannot take it anymore,’ Cassandra demanded.

She controlled the urge to shout at him and tried talking some sense into him, instead. But Rufus was so stuck on his point that he angered her even more! In the end, she had to keep herself sane by clenching her teeth and fists.

‘Alright, then. Agree to marry me, and I’ll order my people to stay away from you.’

Rufus’s mouth turned into a mischievous smile as he raised his eyebrows at her. Cassandra felt defeated.

‘Rufus, I swear I’ll call the police and report that some random strangers are following me! And it will all lead them to you!’ Cassandra tried to threaten him, desperate and helpless.

Watching Rufus unmoved and unaffected, she resorted to actually contact the police and win this battle. She tossed her head up, feigning confidence, as if she had the upper hand in this co

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...

Lionel, falsely believing her performance, turned his head toward Ivy, with a surprised look.

He had always thought Ivy was merely someone who would indulge herself in the extravagant purses, cosmetics, perfumes and clothes. He could never imagine her helping him with his business.

Ivy could tell how surprised he was. She lifted her head and smiled at him confidently.

'Ivy is a capable negotiator. I think her potential hasn't been discovered fully. I even feel that her role in my studio is hindering her own development. After my piano school is set up, I will definitely arrange a more suitable position for her,'

Amanda spoke highly of Ivy, sipping from her wine glass.

At the same time, a rare sense of love rose in Lionel's heart.

'It seems, ' he thought, 'that I don't fully know Ivy.'

He had always believed Ivy paid too much attention to her appearance and had no real talents or potentials. But Amanda talked of her so highly! He felt like he had underestimated her.

'I would like to thank you for giving Ivy this precious opportunity on her behalf. I will be monitoring your project myself to make sure that it goes on well!' Lionel said.

He began to feel elated. If Ivy was granted the opportunity to pursue her career under Amanda, she would certainly benefit from the vast

connections Amanda had and even be able to introduce more clients to him. This was a great opportunity for him as well!

The Trap Part Two

‘I forgot to mention, this cottage belongs to my friend. It hasn’t started serving officially yet. But, you can stay here tonight and be the first guests. I believe it will be an exotic experience.’

Amanda snapped her fingers. A steward approached her and bowed.

‘Miss Ke, is there anything I can help you with?’

His politeness was impeccable. He clearly seemed trained very well for this job.

‘Ready the best room for Mr. Tang and Miss Luo. They are going to spend the night here post dinner.’

It seemed like Amanda knew this place and the staff very well.

‘Okay, Miss Ke.’

The steward bowed again before he exited the dining room. Amanda finished the last piece of steak on her plate and stood up, saying, ‘The atmosphere here is quite soothing. Though it may not be as good as the most famous shore cities, it has a feeling of its own. If you still want any more food, feel free to ask the steward to prepare it for you. I will excuse myself, now. Good night. It was nice meeting you, Mr. Tang.’

She shook hands with both Ivy and Lionel, then waved them goodbye, walking out.

As she stepped outside the place, Amanda turned back to glance at the cottage. Her smiling eyes turned to squinting.

'Ivy, don't blame me for being too cruel. This is how the real world works—the more powerful ones prey on the weaker ones. Unfortunately, you are too weak to be a predator, so take this chance and be my prey, ' she thought smugly.

Lionel and Ivy still sat at the table. It had been forever since they had dinner together. They gazed at each other in awe in the flickering glow of the candle light, feeling the unprecedented charm of the other.

Ivy's alluring red lips were slightly parted. Her eyes seemed to twinkle like stars.

'Lionel, you might be getting really tired these days. I noticed you don't even sleep in late like you used to.'

Just like the dinner, it had been long since Ivy said anything caring or empathetic to Lionel. He felt some warmth emanating from her voice.

'Yeah...the tension between Tang Group and Dawn Star Group has heightened to another level. I cannot afford to relax.'

As soon as he mentioned business, he recalled Hora

It all starts on that fateful night.

When Ella, who is the dear sister of Samuel's best buddy, sneaks into the hotel where the drunken Samuel resides and gets pregnant...

'I don't want a divorce!'

'I don't want a divorce!'

‘I did no such thing!’

Ella jumped on the bed and cried out. ‘I don’t want a scheming woman as my wife. Just sign the paper...

g up.

He picked up his scattered clothes from around the room and started dressing himself.

‘Well, let me tell you. I am not afraid of your tricks. Worst case scenario, I’ll settle things with you in the police station. Then show me what you have to say about this!

I mean, come on! Is this how prostitutes are supposed to behave?’

The man looked furious as if he really was wronged.

Ivy completely blanked out.

‘Can someone tell me what’s going on here?’ she screamed inwardly. The shock made her forget how to utter words.

Amanda, who was waiting outside the room, seemed to have heard the commotion. She asked the steward to open the room with the spare key.

As the key turned into the lock, Ivy slid back on the bed, leaning against the wall, trembling in fear. She didn’t know what to expect anymore.

Within the next few seconds, Amanda pushed the door open. She looked completely astonished as her eyes landed upon the man.

‘Who are you?’

Amanda asked aloud. She then turned to Ivy, who sat wrapped in a blanket, sweating and shivering. Her eyes darted from the man to Ivy, as if waiting for either of them to give her an explanation.

‘Let me tell you, girl. I know you are providing elite level of services from some highly organized group, but that isn’t enough to intimidate me. I swear you can’t cheat me, bitch!’

The man put up an unbridled face, pointing his finger right at Amanda’s nose as he spoke angrily.

The Trap Part Three

Amanda took a step toward him and pushed his finger away. She then turned to the steward, who stood as dumbfounded as the rest of them.

‘Who is this? I thought you said the cottage hadn’t started serving yet.’

Who is this guy then?’ Amanda questioned, again.

Her expression was a mix of disgust and fury. She couldn’t help but raise her voice at the steward.

‘He... he is my master’s son...’

the steward stuttered answering. He could barely bring himself to speak in such an embarrassing situation. Honestly, he was at a complete loss as well.

‘Hey, you. What is this? Who are these two women?’

The man yelled even louder than Amanda, just as arrogant and rude as before.

‘Sir... Sir, she is the daughter of master’s friends,’ the steward replied, pointing at Amanda. ‘Last night, her friend, this young lady, slept in this room.’

The steward was so terrified that he was trembling.

Dead silence followed his answer. Ivy was stupefied, having found who the man was.

‘This man is the son of the owner of this place?’

He thought I was a prostitute?’

Oh my goodness How did I get involved in this complicated matter?’ Ivy thought, her heart still beating fast.

‘Can you please leave the room first? We can talk once Miss Luo is dressed,’ Amanda toned down and requested the man.

She was the first person to recover from the shock and confusions of the situation, and to break the awkward silence. Before he could go out, she thought it was sensible to already warn them.

‘I don’t want this to go out of this room. If any of you try to mention this to anyone, I swear I will make you pay for it!’

Amanda gritted her teeth as she spoke, her lips twisted in anger. The man sneered at her before he exited, slamming the door behind him. Amanda and Ivy remained in the room.

Just as the door closed, Ivy slumped onto the floor. The force with which she was supporting herself in front of that stranger vanished right after he left. All life drained out of her eyes. She looked absolutely disconsolate and broken.

‘What happened? All I remember is I was with Lionel last night. Where did this man come from?’

Ivy mumbled to herself, unab

‘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...

‘Go off now. If you dare mention this to anyone, I will tell my father to ruin you, your father and all your businesses!’ Amanda growled at him, threatening.

Amanda’s protective approach filled Ivy up with warmth. She came off as such a gentle and soft person, yet she turned fierce and harsh when it came to Ivy’s defense. Even after letting the man go, she threatened him for her sake. Ivy really felt like Amanda was a person she could easily rely on.

There wasn’t much of an effect on the man. He jeered, ‘That’s fucking unlucky of me.’ With that, he turned and left, stomping his feet. The steward followed him.

‘Ivy, rest assured. I know what you mean. I promise no one else will get to know about whatever happened. The owner of this cottage depends on my father for most of his business opportunities. His son wouldn’t dare talking about this. Plus, the steward has been in his position for years, and he knows perfectly well about what he should and shouldn’t do. They will keep this a secret. Don’t worry!’

Amanda continued to console Ivy, who finally broke into a wail, unleashing all her emotions. She simply laid her head on Amanda’s shoulder and let out her sadness.

After Ivy was pacified, Amanda asked someone to take her back to Tang family.

‘You can rest at home for two days. You don’t have to come to work. Just relax yourself,’

Amanda sighed, putting up a sorry and pitiful look, which saddened Ivy further.