

## **Wedded Bride 1231**

### Chapter 1231 Gamora's Invitation

"Hello, Cassie. What are you up to now?"

The female voice on the other end of the line belonged to Gamora Jiang, Cassie's college classmate.

"Oh, Gamora, it's you! It's been a while. I'm here at home. So, how are you, and what made you think of me today? Is there something you want to say to me?" Cassie rattled off.

"I just wanted to say that I missed you so much. So, you're at home. You must be free then. Would you like to come out and join us? Let's have some fun!" Gamora Jiang replied. She was happy to hear her friend's voice and excited to invite her over.

But Cassie was hesitant. After a while, she asked curiously, "Have what kind of fun? Where are you now?"

There was laughter in Gamora Jiang's voice as she said, "You'll know once you agree to join us. Come on! Let me send you the location. You must come!" Her friend was persistent, and Cassie felt tempted.

But before she could ask any more questions, she heard Gamora Jiang hang up.

The abrupt end to their conversation made Cassie more curious. In answer, her phone vibrated, and a WeChat message flashed on the screen.

She opened the message, which indicated Gamora Jiang's location. Her friend was in Seven Nights.

The name was familiar to Cassie. Seven Nights was a famous Karaoke bar in the city. During their college days, Cassie used to have Karaoke nights with her classmates regularly. But she had only been to Seven Nights once, although that visit left her with a lasting impression. With all its equipment and decorations high-end, everything offered in the place was not cheap. So, she never had another chance to go back to the place.

"When did Gamora start going to bars like that, spending that much money?" Cassie asked herself.

'Ah, I remember someone said she was dating a rich man. That must be why she's able to spend that much money, ' Cassie thought.

Thinking about Gamora Jiang's invitation, she suddenly realized something. She was single now, and it wouldn't be appropriate for her to go there alone.

While Cassie was deciding whether to go or not, her phone vibrated again.

There was another message from Gamora Jiang. This time, it was a short video showing how she was having a good time at the bar.

The place was packed. There were happy boys and girls, wearing make-up and colorful clothes, singing and dancing crazily.

As she continued to watch the video, the angle of the shot shifted, and the next scene that came onscreen had Cassie dropping her mouth open. On a large table, bottles of wine were piled high, forming a pyramid.

As soon as Cassie caught sight of a figure passing by on the screen, her eyes froze, and her pupils dilated.

"Hold on... That figure. I'd recognize that figure anywhere! It's Nick. It must be him!"

She couldn't believe her eyes. At first, she had doubts and thought it was only an illusion. Perhaps, she thought it was him because she missed the guy so much recently. To make sure, Cassie played back the video and focused on the frames when the figure started to show up.

"I'm right! It's him! It is Nick!" Cassie murmured excitedly.

Though she based her identification on just a silhouette, the woman strongly believed it was Nick. It had to be him!

Acting on impulse, Cassie jumped to her feet and quickly walked to her closet. She spent a very long

time finding the right outfit to wear. At last, she finally chose a brand-new suit she hadn't worn before.

But it was her favorite, and Cassie remembered buying it for a date.

Holding the suit in front of her, she imagined herself wearing it, going to the bar, and showing up in front

of Nick. A smile crossed her lips.

'Nick, wherever you are, I will always find you! Wait for me. I'll be there soon, ' Cassie thought to herself.

Ten minutes later, Cassie was wearing a suit with a tight pink skirt. Before heading out, she checked herself in front of the mirror for the last time.

It was already midnight.

In Seven Nights with its flashing neon lights, however, the party was only starting. Boys and girls continued flocking inside the busy and crazy bar. They were all looking for fun tonight.

Inside a noisy box, dozens of people gathered around and enjoyed themselves with drinks, talks, and some food. Some were shooting dice, some were singing aloud, and still, others were dancing to the rhythm of loud pop music.

"Has your college classmate arrived?" a man with curly hair asked. He tilted his head towards the woman seated beside him. She was delicately made up.

She tried to mask her frown with a smile as she looked into the man's eyes. Gamora Jiang answered,

"Don't worry, Quill. She's on her way, So, take it easy."

"Gamora, call her and tell her to hurry up! I promised to introduce her to Shawn, so she has to come

tonight!" Quill demanded. He had raised his eyebrows in impatience. The man was not used to being kept waiting.

His behavior, however, made Gamora Jiang jealous. Tonight was supposed to be her night, where she was to take center stage. But her boyfriend seemed to care more about another woman than her. What pissed her off most was the fact that the woman was her college friend!

'It's all my fault. If I didn't show Cassie's picture on my phone to Quill, he wouldn't be interested in her.

Why? Oh, why did I show him that picture? Why does she have to have such a seductive face? Since our college days, she's been courted by many boys because of her looks, ' she thought bitterly.

Now, even Gamora Jiang's boyfriend was attracted to her, or so she thought. But it was Shawn, Quill's

partner at work, who was utterly captivated by Cassie as soon as he saw the photo that was resent to

his phone. He then asked Quill to help him set up a meeting with Cassie. To please her boyfriend,

Gamora Jiang agreed to do Quill a favor.

But with Cassie taking so long to arrive, Gamora Jiang was already cursing her friend silently. 'What the

hell is she doing that's taking her so long to get here?'

At the entrance of Seven Nights, Cassie stood waiting at the gate. She had arrived a long time ago.

After college, she hadn't gone to any bar. The woman didn't think bars were fun places. If it weren't for

Nick, she wouldn't even be here tonight. Cassie still hadn't made up her mind whether to go inside the

place or to only wait for Nick outside. And since it was Nick that brought her down here, she had

completely forgotten about Gamora Jiang at this point.

But after waiting for a long time, Cassie still hadn't seen any sign of Nick. She was already growing

anxious. Cassie admitted she was eager to find the man, and it was why she came tonight. Finally, she

decided to go inside. Before entering, Cassie recalled every detail about the person she had seen in

the video sent by Gamora Jiang earlier. From her perspective, Cassie presumed Gamora Jiang must

have shot the video while in her box. It was unlikely for Nick to have been in the same box with Gamora

Jiang because as far as Cassie was concerned, the two didn't know each other. Most likely, Nick had happened to pass by Gamora Jiang's box door as she had been recording the video, so she had ended up catching his back on the camera while filming the place.

'That's it! I'll likely find Nick somewhere near Gamora's box. That's how he passed by her box, ' she thought.

The idea made Cassie excited at the prospect of finding Nick soon. She hurried towards Gamora Jiang's box.

Finally, she reached Gamora Jiang's box. Just as she was about to pull the door open, Cassie heard someone inside mention her name. And she didn't sound like Gamora Jiang.

Inhaling deeply, Cassie decided to go inside and greet Gamora Jiang first, before asking for help to find Nick.

The instant Cassie opened the door, Gamora Jiang caught sight of her. "Hi, Cassie! You finally got here," Gamora Jiang greeted her excitedly. She cheered up at once, as she spotted her college friend standing on the doorway. She quickly got to her feet and walked to greet Cassie. With her grip on

Cassie's arm, Gamora Jiang tried to drag Cassie into their box.

"Gamora, I came here to..."

Before she could even finish her words, Gamora Jiang had plunked her down into a seat.

Quickly, she made introductions. "Quill, this is Cassie."

She was unapologetic for the interruption, and turned to look at Cassie again before saying, "This is my boyfriend, Quill."

"Since Cassie got here so late, we have to follow rules. It says that we should fine her with a drink, right?" Quill grinned. His quip made Cassie uneasy.

Seated to his left was another man, who kept eyeing Cassie without blinking.

'This girl is so hot. And she's certainly worth the long wait, ' the guy thought to himself.

The man who kept glancing at Cassie was Shawn. Since he first saw her in the photo, he had been impressed and had been looking forward to meeting her in person. Thanks to Quill, he was finally seeing the woman in front of him.

Quill and Shawn were both from well-off families, and they had dated many pretty women. However, it was rare for them to come across a woman like Cassie, who was beautiful and innocent. And not only



was Cassie good-looking, she was also a nurse. Being tempted by someone because of their uniform is not uncommon among men. Shawn was already having fantasies of seeing Cassie in her nurse's uniform, then sleeping with himself. It was a breathtaking vision!

He took a deep breath to calm himself down. Shawn was now thinking of a way to make Cassie stay with him tonight. Quill tried to cooperate with his friend and attempted to take Cassie down with drinks.

Cassie helplessly looked at Gamora Jiang. It was not that she didn't drink alcohol, but she disliked being forced to drink. But sober as she was, Cassie wasn't even aware that she was on her way to being snared by Shawn, and that it was a college classmate who set her up!

Chapter 1232 Apologize To Me And Get Lost

"Quill, Cassie just got here. How about we let her have some rest first?" Gamora piped in, noticing the embarrassed look on her friend's face.

Quill raised his eyebrow and said in a slightly infuriated voice, "Cassie doesn't know our rules and we can understand that. You have been with me for so long. How could you not know?"

Gamora was terrified by his harsh tone. Of course she detected the warning behind his words. 'There is no such a rule. Quill just wants to get Cassie drunk and take advantage of her, ' she mused.

To avoid displeasing her boyfriend, Gamora closed her mouth and moved away from Cassie.

Cassie watched as Gamora walked up to the couch. Apparently, her friend intended to stay out of this and she had predicted that. However, she was still disappointed in her friend's actions. She glanced at the people in the booth discreetly.

She could tell by their attire and jewelry that those men were from rich or powerful families. And she knew that she couldn't afford to mess with them. 'Gamora knows these people. Why did she invite me here? How could she treat me this way?' she thought to herself.

Cassie instantly regretted accepting her friend's invitation; she wanted to compose herself and somehow change the situation she was in.

She focused back on Quill. Biting her lip, she decided to play coy with him. "Quill, you'll not ask me to drink more after I down this glass of wine, will you?" she asked.

Seeing her act cute, Quill became more fond of her and decided to let her go after she drank the wine.

Waving his hand, he replied, "Of course, I won't. Just drink."

Upon hearing his promise, Cassie was slightly relieved even though she was unsure whether he would change his mind or not.

She picked up the glass and with a little raise of her chin, emptied the glass of wine with a swig.

"I'm impressed. I underestimated you. You are really good," Quill praised her, laughing and clapping.

The rest of the group complimented her as well. All of a sudden, the comfortable atmosphere filled the booth.

One of the men got up from his seat and made his way to Cassie. Offering his hand, he greeted her,

"Nice to meet you, Cassie. I'm Shawn."

Noticing the confused look on Cassie's face, Quill smiled and said to her, "Cassie, this is my friend,

Shawn. He has heard about you and wanted to meet you. Say hello to him."

Cassie was eager to leave here to look for Nick. But considering Quill's hospitality, she found it

improper to excuse herself now. As requested, she nodded at Shawn and smiled at him. "Hello."

Shawn was internally filled with joy at her smile, mistaking her friendly smile as attraction. He grinned

wider and looked her up and down. "It's really good to meet you. How about we go sit over there and

chat for a bit?" he asked, turning to look past her.

Cassie followed his gaze over to the darker side of the booth.

Her face dimmed with fright. 'Obviously he wants to take advantage of me. If I accept his invitation, I will fall into his trap and it will be difficult for me to leave here and find Nick.

No, I can't stay here. I have to find an excuse to leave. I can't watch them bully me, ' she pondered.

"I'm sorry, Shawn. How about we talk another time? I need to go meet my boyfriend. We have agreed to meet here," Cassie replied, flashing Shawn a smile that showed her guilt.

Shawn's face darkened. "You disappoint me, Cassie. After Gamora invited you here, how could you agree to meet with other people?" he whined.

"Shawn does you great honor of inviting you to have a chat with him. How dare you turn him down?"

"You stupid woman. Do you have any idea what you are doing?"

Suddenly, out of nowhere, the others in the group began to hurl disparaging, insulting remarks at Cassie.

Cassie started to panic. 'These are not good guys. I can only ask Gamora for help, ' she thought.

She looked around and didn't see her friend. She pouted a little and whined, 'Gamora's so annoying; she abandoned me when I needed her.'

Quill leaned over to Cassie and got a hold of her shoulder gently. "Listen to me, Cassie, just stay here

and we will have a good time. Shawn will take you home later. What do you say?"

When Quill breathed in her ear, Cassie shuddered and reared a bit with utter disgust and repulsion.

She felt really uncomfortable with the man's physical contact, and even though he was fully clothed, she still felt strangely violated by him and Shawn.

Cassie shook his arm off from around her neck. Then she crossed her arms over her chest and looked at the rest alertly. "My boyfriend's coming here to pick me up. I really got to go," she told him.

As soon as she finished speaking, a man's voice cut through the air with such ferocity that it shocked her. "You bitch! How dare you embarrass me!" Then she got a slap in her face.

With a scream, Cassie covered her burning right cheek with her hand, and stared at the man who hit her. It was Shawn.

"Come here!" Shawn demanded. He reached out his hand to hold her arm, but Cassie moved aside and dodged his touch. She glared at him.

"How dare you look at me that way!" Shawn yelled, raising his hand for another slap. Before his hand touched her face, someone grabbed his wrist.

"Damn it! Who the hell are you?" Shawn cursed as he looked up at the fearless chaperone.

Cassie had shut her eyes, anticipating the slap, but when it didn't come, she slowly opened her eyes

and stared up at the scene in front of her.

The sight of the one who had protected her shocked her.

'Nick? Why is he here?' Her eyes widened with thrill.

Then she frowned a bit. 'That's not good...Nick'll be bullied too if he stays here, ' she thought.

At this point, she wasn't worried about herself. She was worried about Nick.

'He is no match for them.'

"Who the hell are you? How dare you get in Shawn's business!" Quill barked menacingly, narrowing his eyes at Nick.

Before Nick could respond, Cassie spoke up. "Who are you? Who give you permission to meddle with my business?"

Nick was stunned to find that she was talking to him.

The rest of the group had no idea what was going on. 'Obviously she doesn't know him. Did this guy come here to rescue a damsel in distress?' they wondered.

Nick didn't know why Cassie was pretending that she didn't know him especially when he did such a noble thing and stopped the guy from slapping her a second time. He had been standing by when the others were throwing hurtful comments at her and when the guy slapped her the first time, he tried hard to control his anger. When the guy went to slap her again, he broke in and stopped him.

But Cassie was acting as if she was blaming him for getting in her business.

'Did I make a mistake? Does Cassie know these people? Is she closer to them than to me?' All of these questions started to cloud his mind.

An indescribable feeling rose in him.

Nick lowered his arm and released his grip on Shawn's wrist.

Shawn decided to let him go because he hadn't done too much harm to him. "Apologize to me and get

lost!" he hissed at Cassie's rescuer.

Chapter 1233 Call The Police

"Apologize to Shawn, or we'll kick your ass."

"Hurry up! If you do what Shawn asked of you, we'll let you go." The crowd started to urge Nick to make an apology.

Looking slightly embarrassed, Nick fixed his eyes on Cassie, but to his dismay, she turned her face away to avoid meeting his gaze.

"I'm sorry for my rude behaviors. I mistook her for someone else. I thought she was my friend." Nick humbly apologized to Shawn, though he felt frustrated inside.

Shawn regarded him as nothing but a clown. Looking away from him, he let out a cold and scornful laugh.

Nick cast a glance at Cassie, but she turned her head away again. Battling with the surge of disappointment that was gripping him, he silently headed straight to the door.

As soon as Nick exited the booth, the people inside started to drink and talk again as if nothing had happened.

"Well, it turns out you're interested in me. So, why did you refuse my invitation? It must hurt. Let me have a look," Shawn coaxed. He wanted to caress her face, which was slightly bruising up.

Cassie carefully stepped backward, dodging his touch. Staring at him, she pleaded, "I'm begging you. Please let me go. I need to leave."



"Leave? Where are you going? Are you going to find that man? If that's the case, I can ask my men to bring him back. I'd like to know who he is," Shawn snorted as he was beckoning the other guys with a wave of his hand.

Cassie flew into a panic when she heard his words. She moved a step closer and clung to his arm.

With a rattled expression, she implored, "Please don't. I don't know that guy."

"That's my good girl." With an evil grin on his face, he touched her cheek as he said, "You're such a nice girl. I will reward you."

He draped his arm around her shoulder and escorted her to the corner of the booth, pinching her waist from time to time.

Cassie gnawed on her lower lip helplessly. She was enduring the unpleasant feelings of being taken advantage of by a disgusting man.

She could still see Nick not far away from where she was when she discreetly looked at the door. 'I can't displease this man, or else Nick will be taken here.

What if they beat him up? He can't be hurt. He hasn't fully recovered yet. For his sake, I have to be strong and endure this.

Nothing is more important than his safety, ' she brooded.

Instead of leaving Cassie, Nick hid in a corner near the booth. He could overhear the noise inside, including the conversation between Cassie and Shawn.

He clenched his fists in anger.

He finally understood why Cassie had pretended not to know him and treated him in such an indifferent manner.

It turned out that she was only doing this to protect him.

'Cassie is afraid that those people will probably hurt me. I can tell that those guys are from rich families.

I am a nobody, and I can't afford to mess with them. The only way I can do is to hide like this, ' he mused with a scowl.

However, at the thought of the innocent girl who was being bullied inside the room, he definitely couldn't ignore her and walk away from her.

'I was too reckless. I saw Cassie get slapped, so I broke in. But my reckless behaviors almost got us in big trouble. I shouldn't have acted that way. It is a wrong decision, ' he reflected.

'Obviously, that man in the booth likes Cassie. He will not let her leave until he gets his way on her.'

The longer Cassie stayed there, the more dangerous the situation was for her. He was so nervous that he got beads on his forehead. He wasn't able to think of a good idea to help Cassie out without getting himself into trouble.

'Oh, geez, what should I do?' he wondered anxiously.

He eventually decided to call the police.

Twenty minutes later, a couple of men in police uniforms barged into the booth where Cassie was.

There was no doubt that those were the real policemen as each of them held a pistol, wore armor with a stern look.

The people inside were taken aback by the intruders.

'What the hell is going on?

What are the cops doing here?

Did someone violate the law? Who?' Full of doubts, they looked puzzled and surprised.

They glanced at one another trying to find out the criminal. Pissed off by the unexpected visitors, Quill stood up from his seat.

Quill was from an influential family, and he knew many people working in the police station. Hence, he

wasn't afraid of those police officers. Most importantly, he wanted to keep his image. Most of the people

inside the booth were his friends. No matter how loyal they were to him, he thought it was his

responsibility to have them under his protection since he had invited them here.

Noticing that her boyfriend got up, Gamora knew what he was going to do. Looking worried at him, she

immediately grabbed his arm and whispered, "Quill, please don't..."

Quill shook off her hand and cast her a glare. 'This stupid woman. She is useless and timid, ' he

thought.

He sauntered toward the leader of the police and handed a cigarette to him. "Who is your boss, sir?" he

asked cheekily.

The leader had met lots of people like Quill, so he took the cigarette but kept it unlit. Then gravely, he

countered, "Who is the boss here?"

"Me. What's wrong?" Quill replied candidly. His apprehension vanished immediately because the police

accepted the cigarette he offered.

'A person who can gather so many guys together must be affluent and powerful. I am that kind of person since I invited them here, ' he thought smugly.

The leader swept his gaze through the crowd. And since no one dared to say anything, he looked back to Quill and replied, "I see. Come with us."

A bad vibe took over Quill. 'I already bribed him with a cigarette, and they are supposed to leave.

What's going on with them?' he thought.

"Well, sir, what did we do? Why do you want to take me with you?" Quill asked gingerly.

"You know it," the leader replied coldly. All of a sudden, his eyes settled on a girl, who was in Shawn's arms in a corner. Without wasting time on Quill, he went towards Shawn and stopped in front of him.

"You get up," he instructed.

With his arm around her shoulder, Shawn was forcing Cassie to drink. Hearing the demand from the police officer, he let go of Cassie and rose from his seat reluctantly. Annoyed, he threw Quill a glance with contempt.

'He is such a loser. He can't even handle these officers.

Looks like I have to solve this, ' he thought.

"Sir, my father is Rock Li, the president of Crown Group. Who are you?" Shawn began. He revealed his identity as a threat in anticipation to make the leader take his men to leave. He didn't think the police officer would dare to displease him after knowing who his father was.

To his astonishment, the leader's face didn't show any hint of surprise. Instead, he pointed at Shawn and then at Cassie as he asked, "Who is this woman?"

"My girlfriend," Shawn replied calmly.

"No, he is lying. I don't even know him," Cassie cried out. She knew that the only one who could help her out was those impartial officers.

All she wanted was to get out of there without being raped.

The leader shifted his gaze from Cassie to Shawn. After a brief pause, he prodded, "Do you know this girl?"

"Sir, I told you we're friends. Why do you keep asking? Do you know that my father..." The leader gripped his wrist, not giving him a chance to finish his sentence.

Chapter 1234 Malicious Woman

Pointing at him, the leader commanded, "Arrest him! Take him to the police station. We will interrogate

him there." Several policemen nodded and walked towards Shawn's direction. They grabbed his hands and yanked them behind his back. The policemen cuffed his hands tightly, making them turn blue. They pushed Shawn forward and forced him to walk out of the room with them.

Quill attempted to stop the policemen from taking Shawn away and shouted, "He is innocent. He didn't do anything wrong!" The police had no mercy and took Quill as well.

Everyone that was in the room with them became frightened when they saw the two men getting arrested and fled immediately.

When they left, Cassie stood up from the sofa and let out a sigh of relief.

Shawn forcefully embraced her and urged her to drink more wine. He threatened her that if she didn't drink, he would kill Nick. Cassie didn't like alcohol and she knew very well that it made her do things that she regretted later on. She was in a dangerous position and she couldn't do anything about it.

Cassie had no choice but to keep drinking, Shawn just kept handing her glass after glass. She began to feel discomfort and her head started turning.

Cassie was unaware of how the police arrived here or who tipped them off. Right now that didn't matter

to her. she was just grateful that her virginity was still in tack. If the police hadn't arrived, Shawn would have taken advantage of her. She would have been too drunk to defend herself.

"Cassie!" A woman called out her name in anger from behind her.

Cassie turned around to find herself staring right at Gamora, whose eyebrows were arched.

"Gamora? What's wrong with you? Why are you so angry?" Gamora was once her classmate in college and that they were pretty close. After what happened today, she could never trust her again. She put her in harm's way and from this day on, Cassie would never accept an invitation from her ever again.

Cassie realized that money meant more to Gamora than years of friendship.

Gamora responded in anger, "Did you call the police?"

Amazed, Cassie chuckled and said in a sarcastic tone, "Oh, do you think I called the police?"

She gave Gamora a bitter smile and said, "You knew I was in danger and you did nothing about it. You invited me here for your own selfish needs, didn't you? This was your plan all along. You sold me to those men, like I meant nothing to you. You were just using me to flirt with them and give them what they wanted, so they could give you what you want. Am I right?"

Gamora remained silent, her face emotionless.



Cassie looked at her in disgust and continued, "I actually thought you called the police when you saw I was in trouble. That's what a classmate, friend or even a proper human being would do. I was in danger Gamora! You don't care about anyone else but yourself. I always thought highly of you, but I was wrong. You are not only coldhearted but malicious too! You wouldn't have cared if I got raped by those jerks. You are heartless Gamora! The wheel turns and one day it will land on you. The most wicked thing of all is that you are upset that the police came to my rescue, right?"

Gamora looked down at the floor in shame and attempted to defend herself. "No, I'm not. Cassie, I didn't think like that." Gamora averted her eyes away to avoid her angry face.

Cassie sneered and added, "You didn't? Don't lie to me, you know better about what you have done than anyone else does. In fact, I don't want to see your face anymore or hear from you. Bye, I hope what you have done to me eats you up inside."

Upon saying those words, Cassie turned around and headed for the door.

Gamora fell on the couch and watched Cassie slowly fade into the distance. There was nothing she could do now. She was exhausted and in shame. She felt all her energy drain out of her body.

'What do I do now?' she thought helplessly.

Quill would lose his temper with her when he got back from the police station. It was all her fault. She was the one that showed Quill the photo of Cassie. If she never did that, this would have never happened.

Therefore, she blamed Cassie for all the trouble caused.

The more she thought about it, the more she hated Cassie. This would have never happened if Cassie wasn't so beautiful. In a sense, Gamora was jealous of her.

Outside the room, Cassie stopped to think about everything. Her mind was such a mess. She tried to think but it was just a blur.

Before she left the room, her mind was clear and she could talk. She suddenly became dizzy and disorientated. Cassie couldn't even remember her own name.

All she wanted to do was go home, but she couldn't remember where she lived. The ground she was standing on began to shake and everything started to spin around her. 'I wonder if there is an earthquake, ' she thought to herself.

Cassie held her head with hands and rubbed her forehead. It didn't matter what she did. This

uncomfortable feeling wouldn't go away.

All of a sudden, Cassie's body convulsed several times and she lost all consciousness.

Before Cassie's body could hit the ground, someone caught her and she fell straight into his arms. She

could feel his strong body when he caught her, and his scent was so familiar.

How warm and comfortable the embrace was!

Cassie couldn't resist the smell of him. Before she knew it, she fell fast asleep.

Nick couldn't help but smile at how peaceful she looked sleeping in his arms.

It was him that called the police. He saw Cassie was in danger and knew he had to do something about

it. He told the police that there were two men trading drugs and trying to rape an innocent woman.

After he called the police, Nick hid where he couldn't be found and waited for their arrival. He let out a

sigh of relief when the police arrived shortly after and arrested the two men.

As he was about to leave, he noticed Cassie stumbling across the floor. He became worried and

decided to follow her without her noticing.

Cassie was not good at drinking as he expected and she fell asleep on the road.

He was grateful that he came across her first and caught her. If Cassie fell into another man's arms, he would take advantage of her even if he was a good man. She had the most beautiful face that would make any man fall to their knees and follow her like a lost puppy.

Nick carried her with both arms and headed toward his car. He suddenly remembered something and stopped in his tracks.

In another private room, the CEO of Amtel Company, Wilson, was waiting for him to talk about business. If he left now, he would ruin everything for the business.

Nick was trapped in a dilemma. He looked at Cassie sleeping peacefully and realized that she was more important. He couldn't leave her alone even if he tried. He knew she needed him more than ever right now. She was in sound sleep now and couldn't easily be woken up. She was vulnerable and any man could easily abduct her.

Nick stood and thought about all the options, but he couldn't even come up with one. Finally, he took his phone out of his pocket and dialed Bob's phone number.

"Bob, I have to leave for an urgent matter. I need you to talk business with Wilson. Remember to try your best to make him happy."

Bob responded frantically, "But Mr. Zhang keeps asking me where you are. I am afraid he..."

Before Bob could finish, Nick interrupted, "I know, It's all my fault. I will personally go to Wilson and apologize. Please just help me deal with him right now, I have an urgent matter to attend to. Thank you." Nick hung up just as he finished talking.

Cassie was still sleeping in Nick's embrace when the loud noise from the phone slightly woke her. She waved her hands to defend herself and accidentally slapped Nick in his cheek.

Startled by her unexpected behavior, Nick chuckled.

Lowering his head, he looked at the woman in his arms and continued walking to his car.

At the same time, Bob hung up the phone in the other room and prepared what he was going to say to Wilson.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. As soon as he was ready to face him, Bob turned around and walked toward Wilson.

Two slender women came to accompany Wilson. They were tall and had a blanket of makeup on. Bob couldn't help but notice Wilson exploring their bodies with his hands.

Seeing the whole scene unravel, Bob realized that Wilson was too distracted by the attractive woman and didn't tell him about Nick as yet. Instead, he stood silently, waiting for Wilson to finish fumbling them with his hands.

#### Chapter 1235 A Thoughtful Friend

It was dark, but the dazzling diamonds scattered in the heavens still managed to make the sky bright.

The quietness of the night was deafening. The street looked bare and empty.

Nick's car turned right as he slowly drove his way through the gate into a block of flats. Its headlights beamed straight onto the trash bin far ahead where a sleeping cat remained unmoved.

He switched the engine off and checked the girl in his passenger seat. Getting out of the car, he headed towards the elevator door as he held Cassie in his arms. Her weight didn't even strain his arms, and surely he could carry her all night. His apartment was on the 19th floor. Carrying the unconscious young woman, he walked passed the janitor's room.

Such a scene was immediately noticed by the security guard on duty. Then an embarrassing conversation began.

The security guy knew that Nick had always lived alone. So he was extremely surprised when he caught sight of Nick at the point. The guy still had his mouth wide open and stared at Nick suspiciously

when he passed by. Nick could already read what he was thinking just by looking at the guard's face.

In his daily life, Nick was known as a modest and polite young man. Every time he happened to see the guard, Nick would greet him with a smile. He always left a good impression on the old fellow. But at this moment, he didn't know what to tell him so he felt at a loss. He didn't want the guard to think bad of him, so he stopped at last. Getting himself settled down a little, he greeted him, "Good evening!"

The guard, still frozen, took a while before he recovered from his shock, and then quickly replied with a smile, "Good evening, Mr. Ge." He stared at the young woman in his arms. After a pause, he asked, "Who is..." But he decided to stop in mid-sentence as he now stared at Nick with his questioning eyes.

Clearly, he was waiting for an answer.

Nick was confused at his expression. He gave him a blank look.

Seeing his clueless face, the guard pointed at the young woman lying in his arms. "Is she...okay?" he asked in a low voice.

Nick couldn't help but curl up his lips when he heard this. He thought to himself, 'Why does he have to speak in such a tone? Does he think that I will do bad things to Cassie?'

Despite the guard's simple question, his tone of voice and inquisitive look told Nick that what he really meant was "Why are you carrying an unconscious young woman at this hour? What will you do to her tonight?"

In order to not be misunderstood, nor to cause any trouble, Nick explained at once, "Oh, she is my friend. She drank too much tonight. I don't know where she lives, so I have to bring her home. She will be fine. Thanks for your concern."

Knowing that Nick had always been an honest man, the guard trusted what he had said was true. He then gave Nick a nodding smile as he teased him, "Mr. Ge is a very kind and decent man, as I always know. This girl is so lucky to have a thoughtful friend like you."

Nick felt relieved and decided not to comment any further. He smiled back, awkwardly, and then turned to the elevator.

The guard shrugged as he watched Nick walk towards the elevator. With a smile, he suddenly realized that he had just cared too much about other people's personal lives.

Inside the elevator, Nick held Cassie with one of his arm while he reached out to press on the button numbered 19 with his other arm. As soon as the button lit, he quietly waited for it to move up to his



desired floor.

Meanwhile, Cassie was still sleeping soundly in his arms, completely unaware of anything that was happening around her.

Nick heaved a sigh as he observed Cassie who lay comfortably in his arms. He thought, 'Such a thoughtless girl! What were you thinking? You should be thankful that I was there tonight. If you fell into the hands of some other evil man in this condition, you would be doomed!' While he thought of this, Nick suddenly felt a sudden stir in his heart. He wasn't sure what had gotten into him so he decided to divert his gaze off Cassie.

He took a deep breath to calm himself down. He couldn't help but look at Cassie again. The light inside the elevator had created a restful atmosphere. Cassie's skin looked soft and light. As Nick continued to keep gazing at her, he spotted a red glow on her face, which made her skin appear softer and tenderer.

He couldn't resist sniffing close to her, as he felt an alluring and pleasant smell coming from her body.

Something about her scent left Nick with an inexplicable thought. She smelled like a mellow fruity wine, or a scent of flowers. Her scent was such a strong pull that he found it too hard to resist. It was like a

spell that he was unable to get rid of once he was casted. The only thought he had at the moment was to hold Cassie firmly and never let her go!

Ding. The elevator finally reached the 19th floor and halted to a stop. Its doors opened at once.

Nick pulled himself off from his illusion. Carefully, he walked out and headed to the first door to the right. He unlocked the door to his apartment and went inside. The room was dark but that didn't stop

Nick. He knew every corner of this apartment by heart.

Several minutes later, he finally took Cassie into his own bedroom and then put her on the bed.

His apartment was neither too big, nor too small, equipped with a hall and two bedrooms. One bedroom was for himself, and the other one was originally used for guests, though he hardly had visitors before who had stayed the night. Without any spare beddings, Nick couldn't let Cassie spend the night in the guestroom, so he allowed her to sleep in his own bedroom instead.

In so doing, Nick had no choice but to sleep on the sofa in the living hall.

Luckily, it was not too cold tonight. He had a jacket on and thought that he could just take it off and then draped it over his body, if he slept on the sofa later on. That would pretty much be okay to keep him warm throughout the night.

After lying Cassie on the bed, he stayed beside her for a while, just in case she woke up and needed some help. But she remained perfectly still. Nick decided to finally go to the bathroom to take a shower when she didn't wake up.

Twenty minutes later, he came back. However, he was taken aback by what he caught sight of.

As he stepped into the room again, an erotic scene was unfolding in front of his eyes!

Perhaps feeling hot, Cassie had kicked aside the quilt that Nick had placed over her. Other than that, she had pulled her shirt wildly. The black lace bra under her shirt had now been partially exposed. Her skirt had also been peeled up, so her undies were also visible, also black and made of lace!

Nick's face turned as red as blood, his heart beating faster.

What was in front of his eyes right now really took him by surprise. His breath sped up in an instant. His mind was a complete mess. He thought to himself, 'I just left to take a shower, and then came back to observe such a scene! She turned herself into such an indelicate posture! How did she do that in such a short time?

My God! What should I do now?'

He could swear to God at this point that, in his past twenty years of existence, he had never experienced such a breathtaking moment! Ever! His heart was pumping rapidly. He had a hard time controlling his breathing. The beady sweats on his forehead cropped up. His legs had turned into jelly, almost unable to steady his own body. He could feel the fire inside him. It was continuously growing and he could feel his body burning.

"Water! Water! Give me water..." Cassie suddenly yelled.

Nick tried to pull his eyes away from her body and attempted to just listen to her voice, but he failed. He seemed to have been put under her spell. It was too compelling for him to resist and get rid of. After a hard struggle, he managed to snap himself back to reality and tried to concentrate again. He heard what Cassie was yelling about.

Hastily, he turned around and rushed into the kitchen to fetch some water for Cassie. Holding the glass of water in his hand, he stepped back into the bedroom. Suddenly he paused by the door. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to pull his eyes away if he looked at her again. So he lowered his eyes as he continued to walk towards her. When he finally reached her side, he propped her up without looking, and then pushed the water towards her lips only by instinct.

Cassie felt nothing but rather thirsty. She was unaware where she was. Her mind was in such a mess that she didn't even know who the man in front of her right now was.

Without any second thoughts, she grasped the man's hand and guided him to let the water flow into her mouth. Nick was surprised but he held onto the glass as Cassie gulped it in. When she was done, she licked her pink lips, a pleased look shown on her face. She felt much better and couldn't help but let out a gasp of relief.

Her voice sounded so soft and full of satisfaction. Nick felt mellow with such a tempting sound, and he started to feel a strong stir in him. Again, he knew he was about to lose control of himself.

Quickly, he shook his head to force himself to stop such thoughts. He put aside the glass and carefully put Cassie back to the bed.

"Nick?" Cassie gripped him on his arm and looked at him, as he was about to turn and leave. Her hand held onto his arm firmly, but her eyes were clearly in a mist.

Nick turned back and looked at her again.

From her touch, he could feel her ardent heart. He could feel each of her fingers pressing hard on his

skin.

She tried hard to wave her forceless hand before his eyes, and murmured, "Is it really you, Nick? Didn't you just leave? Didn't you leave me alone in this room? Why did you come back?"

Her voice became lower and lower, until it turned into a sad tone. Gradually, tears started to well up in her eyes, as if she was about to cry. Her heart felt heavy. She felt so weak and lonely. At the moment, she realized that she needed Nick more than ever.

She felt so anxious. She wanted Nick by her side at all cost. She reached out the other hand to touch the man's face. Slowly, she moved it from his eyebrows down to his nose, tracing each feature, and then stopped on his thin lips.

Cassie's soft touch left Nick kind of itchy, as she slowly ran her fingers on his face. It was torture. Nick could feel sensations burning inside him again. When she finally stopped, Nick felt much relieved and let out a sigh. However, he didn't expect what was coming soon.

Chapter 1236 Take It Slow

As Cassie caressed her fingers on his body's features, Nick froze. He was so nervous that he even held his breath, allowing her to touch his face. She was drunk, but with every touch, his heart skipped a beat.

It caused an electric feeling to rush over his entire body, leaving him unable to move. He had never felt this way before.

As she continued touching him, Nick noticed that Cassie didn't want to stop. Her finger slid down his neck, and then met his sturdy chest.

When she slid her hand down even further, Nick grasped her hand tightly.

"Stop!" Nick growled as he felt like he was about to lose control. He kept breathing faster and faster.

Suddenly, Cassie snapped out of the moment.

Rolling her eyes upward, she stared at Nick confusedly. 'Wait...Why did he stop me?' she wondered.

Meeting her innocent gaze, Nick acknowledged his strong desire towards her, which ran through his entire body. He was flustered, scared and thirsty for what she had to offer.

He didn't want to stop her. Staring at her luscious pink cheeks, he wanted to kiss both of them, and then her lips. Her scent lingered on his body, making him want her even more.

However, his cognitive senses stopped him and suggested, 'If you have sex with her now, you are a bad person. You'll definitely be no better than that man in the booth who was trying to take advantage

of her.'

Given that he had respect for women, Nick placed her hand back on the bed gently.

Meeting Cassie's bewildered eyes, he took a deep breath, cleared his throat and said, "It's getting late.

Goodnight. I will sleep in the living room and you can call me if you need anything."

Without waiting for her response, Nick quickly made his way out of the bedroom.

Once he was out of the bedroom, he ran to the kitchen table, poured himself a glass of cold water and  
downed it in one gulp.

He still felt very uneasy. The cold water failed to satisfy his thirst. He was still feeling a surge of lust  
from the lower part of his body.

After he put the glass down, he ran into the bathroom, took off his clothes and took a cold shower to  
clear his mind from what happened in the bedroom.

In fact, he even ran an unnecessary bath, but it didn't matter. The only thing he really wanted to do was  
ease his urge ignited by Cassie, as he didn't want to be projected as a bad person in her eyes. He was  
better than that.

As soon as the cold water graced his body, he managed to slightly compose himself. However, the



desire in him remained strong.

After taking a shower, he jumped into the bath which he already filled. He stayed in it for ten minutes before getting out. He then dried himself off with the towel and put on his pajamas.

Entering the living room, he hurried to the bedroom's door and pressed his ear up against it.

He didn't hear anything, which made him feel relieved.

He took a deep breath. 'If Cassie continued to act that way, I'm not sure if I could control myself, ' he thought.

Making himself comfortable on the couch, he intended to get a good night's sleep.

The moonlight shone on the window of the living room, which attracted bugs to the surrounding air.

Nick couldn't manage to fall asleep. He stared at the bugs, which had made their way to the window.

The scene which occurred earlier in his bedroom remained vivid in his mind. It was almost like a movie.

As he thought about her soft touch and pleasant scent, his lustful desire increased once more.

'Stop, Nick! You have to stop! If you continue thinking about her in this way, you will lose control of yourself, ' he reminded himself once more.

Trying to clear his mind, he patted his head hard with his hand. He needed to snap out of it.

Even though he couldn't sleep, Cassie managed to sleep well.

In the bedroom, Cassie opened her eyes. She felt rejected.

When Nick held her wrist, she snapped out of the moment and came to her senses.

Initially, she didn't think about what she was doing when she was drunk, but then she managed to get

back to reality and realized what she was doing with Nick. That was why she fell asleep in his arms too.

When she was placed on the bed, she started gaining consciousness. When Nick gave her water, she

was certain that she was with him and not somebody else. That was why she drank the water. Her

mind was at ease.

As for what happened next, it came naturally. She really loved Nick, and that was why she wanted to

have an intimate relationship with him. However, she caught him off guard. She definitely didn't think

he'd stop her.

Nick's retreating figure pondered in her mind. Although she felt moved, she was very upset.

She was touched by how he treated her. She could see that he was a lot more different, compared to

those other hypocrites. He didn't attempt to take advantage of her while she was drunk, which made

her feel even more attracted to him.

What upset her the most, was the fact that Nick was unwilling to have sex with her even though she seduced him that way.

'Doesn't he have feelings for me? Have I been blind all this time?' she wondered, and her mind was a mess.

This question kept bothering her, leaving her unable to fall asleep.

A few moments later, she heard Nick go to the kitchen to drink some water and yet again, run to the bathroom to take a bath. At the sound of the water reached her ears, her heart palpitated fast. She was no longer a teenage girl. She was a respected nurse. She knew why Nick had to take yet another shower and bath.

'Well, obviously he fell for me and even wanted to have sex with me...'

The thought delighted her. 'At least he has some feelings for me.'

He is a true gentleman, which is fairly difficult to come by nowadays. I'm sure it must've also been difficult for him to break one of his rules, especially to take advantage of a drunk girl.'

Cassie giggled silently. Suddenly, she was in a good mood. At that moment, she had an impulse to rush into the living room and display her affection towards Nick. However, it was just a thought in her mind. Her mind shifted quickly.

'He must feel upset after what he saw in the booth. I can't confess my love to him at this point. What if he turns me down?

I should take it slow. I still have a lot of time to get closer to him, ' she comforted herself.

As her apprehension disappeared, she fell fast asleep.

Chapter 1237 You Should Be Ashamed

The night was peaceful, but the same couldn't be said for the people in Dream Garden.

Although it was late and the city was quiet, the people in Dream Garden were still wide awake. The lights were still on and there were signs of activity.

Arrogant, Melissa sat in the living room. Anger burned in her fiery eyes.

On the other hand, Sheryl stood beside her and held Shirley's hand. Sheryl looked serious, and a frown replaced her usual happy face. She tried hard to hide the unease she felt.

Silence hung like a thick curtain in the living room. However, Shirley couldn't stay quiet any longer. She anxiously glanced at Melissa, fear evident in her eyes. Then she turned to Sheryl and asked, "Mom, is

Grandma angry with me because I broke her antique vase?"

Sheryl felt her daughter's trembling hand as she held it and couldn't help but squeeze it a little tighter.

She got down on one knee and reassured her, "No, Shirley. Grandma is not angry at you. She doesn't

blame you, but that antique vase was grandma's favorite thing. She is not in a good mood because you

accidentally broke it. So Shirley, go and say sorry to your grandma."

Shirley fearfully looked at Melissa again and stood closer to her mother. "Mom, I'm scared," she said

and shook her little head.

"She is your grandma. You have nothing to be afraid about, my child," Sheryl said. Although Sheryl

reassured her daughter, she still felt a bit worried about her. She patted Shirley's head and encouraged

her to apologize.

However, she knew what Shirley was actually afraid about.

After she made Clark and Shirley return to Dream Garden, they lived there peacefully. Then Melissa

got out of prison and came back to Dream Garden. She was nice to her grandchildren at first. She

cared about them and was happy to be with them. But as time passed, since Melissa didn't like Sheryl,

she also became less fond of her two grandchildren.

Melissa couldn't criticize Clark since he was a boy and the only heir to Shining Company. On the contrary, Melissa was never nice to Shirley. Shirley was not so mature as Clark. Or maybe, she was just a girl and unimportant to Melissa, so Melissa didn't need to care about her feelings.

Sheryl couldn't change Melissa's views. She herself wasn't on good terms with Melissa, so she couldn't force her children to get close to their grandma who didn't like them either.

However, that night, Shirley accidentally broke Melissa's favorite antique vase. Shirley was so scared that she cried loudly. After Melissa went to her and saw what happened, she couldn't stop scolding the little girl. Shirley was afraid of her words.

Suddenly, Melissa turned to Shirley with hatred in her eyes.

"Shirley, this is your mistake. You should reflect on what you have done. Shouldn't I criticize you? Aren't you educated to be so rude and ungrateful like this?" she said. Then she added, "What would you like others to think about Lu family if you behaved like this in front of other people? How would you like to let other people talk about your dad if he has a daughter like you?"

She scolded Shirley for quite a while with plenty of sharp questions. Shirley was only three years old,

so she couldn't really understand what many of Melissa's words meant. And Melissa didn't intend for Shirley to understand her words. She just wanted to criticize Sheryl by saying that Shirley wasn't well-educated. The one who was really being attacked was Sheryl.

After Sheryl heard all of Melissa's words, she breathed deeply to calm herself down. She knew that although this was Shirley's mistake, Melissa just wanted to use her granddaughter's mistake to warn Sheryl and show her power in this family.

'If I continue to step back whenever she arrogantly criticizes my daughter, it will only help increase her arrogance. If I endure and stay silent when these kinds of things happen, my children and I will only suffer more and forever be under her control, ' Sheryl thought and mentally decided.

She got down to Shirley's eye level and said, "Your brother must've fallen asleep by now. How about you go to bed as well?"

Although Shirley was only three years old, she was able to understand certain things. She glanced at Melissa, who looked at them angrily like she wanted to tear them both apart. "Mom, I'm scared. I want my dad," she said.

Sheryl felt so sorry for her daughter when she heard those words. Her hands gripped Shirley's shoulders and held her smaller body in her arms.

What her daughter said reminded her that she and her children suffered all these things only because

Sheryl always stepped back when they had conflicts with Melissa. It was because she didn't want to

hurt the relationship between Melissa and Charles. She was so considerate that she didn't want her

husband to be troubled with matters concerning his wife and mother. So unless she had no choice but

to tell Charles what happened between them, she wouldn't bother him with these issues.

"Shirley, don't be afraid. Mom is here for you. Go to your room and sleep. If you behave well, I will go

and be with you later. How about that?" Sheryl managed a smile and tried to comfort Shirley. She tried

to look normal when she talked to Shirley so that her daughter wouldn't worry about her.

The little girl nodded at her mother. She looked angrily at Melissa again and then walked back to her

room. Her eyes repeatedly glanced back at Sheryl when she went back, as if she was worried about

her mother.

After Shirley's figure disappeared behind the corridor, Sheryl sighed in relief. As long as her daughter

wasn't around, she didn't have to worry about whatever would happen or how angry Melissa would be.



Melissa heard Sheryl sigh and smirked. "Stopping faking your kind-mother face. If you want to call

Charles back, then call him. It is a good time for us to show your real face to him," she said.

Sheryl didn't respond to her provoking words. She slowly walked towards the sofa in front of Melissa

and sat down. "Mother, if you feel anything unsatisfactory about me, you can tell me. I will try my best

to change them," she calmly said. "But tonight, Shirley did not mean to break your antique vase. Please

forgive her for that," she added.

"Forgive her?" Melissa asked incredulously. "No, there is nothing to forgive. I definitely won't blame her.

She is the daughter of my son and a girl in the Lu family. She has my blood in her veins. Although she

has a bad mother, as long as she is educated well, I believe that she will be different from you in the

future." However, Sheryl wasn't mad at Melissa's words. A laugh escaped her lips.

"On behalf of Shirley, I thank you for the compliment from her grandmother. And I am also grateful that

you see Shirley and Clark as members of your family," Sheryl said.

Melissa's lips only curved into a smirk once more. "I don't need your gratitude. It's none of your

business. It is natural for me to see my grandson and granddaughter as my family members. But I have

to warn you that as long as you are Charles' wife, you have to understand what your position and social status mean. You have to remember what you shouldn't do and what you cannot do. If you make mistakes that you shouldn't have made or do things that you shouldn't have done, you will be losing the face of Lu family," she said.

Her words were obviously sharp and meant to criticize. It was plain that she wanted Sheryl to feel uncomfortable. No one would've endured the things she said, because all her criticisms weren't reasonable at all.

However, Sheryl didn't respond. She wasn't even angry at all. She sat on the sofa with a blank face.

After all of their conflicts, Sheryl learned something. As long as she didn't go directly against Melissa whenever she criticized her or gave her a hard time, the older woman would eventually stop. Melissa could say anything she wanted and Sheryl just needed to say that she got it, then she was good to go.

This night, however, Sheryl didn't intend to do the same. She realized that she didn't get any respect at all because she always endured everything and kept a low profile. She always took a step back every time Melissa criticized her because she thought it would protect the relationship between Melissa and Charles. But, things didn't turn out the way she expected.

Melissa took her gestures for weakness instead of kindness. She became more pompous and started to torment everyone in the house, including Clark and Shirley. She even started to show her wicked attitude and acted viciously in front of her grandchildren. She showed her anger to everyone without caring for anyone's feelings.

Therefore, Sheryl couldn't stand her anymore. She refused to be under her any longer.

The sounds in the living room seemed to drown in Sheryl's ears as she remained silent. "Have you heard what I said? It is useless for you to sit there like a dead body," Melissa said loudly. When she saw that Sheryl still didn't respond, she became angrier.

Finally, Sheryl smiled and said, "Mother, I've heard what you had said. May I say something now?"

Melissa's smug face smirked once again. "What do you want to say? You should be too ashamed to say anything at all," she said and glared at Sheryl with displeasure. Even then, Sheryl still wasn't angry at all.

"After I moved to Dream Garden with my children, our lives were peaceful and harmonious," she calmly stated. "And after you got out of prison and moved in to Dream Garden, I treated you as if you were my

own mother. I know that you think I'm not good enough for your son because of some reasons. But

after all this time, I can honestly say that I have never done anything wrong to you. Didn't that reduce

your hatred towards me?"

Chapter 1238 Cut His Finger

"Seriously? Are you kidding me? You're nothing but a gold digger. Just admit that you married Charles

for his money and power. You've never been good enough to be a part of our family and you never will

be." Melissa raised her voice, wearing a stern face.

"I know you think that I don't deserve your son. So, tell me. Who do you think is good enough for him?"

Sheryl inquired calmly.

"Leila would be a good wife for Charles. Now that you know, what now? Are you going to divorce my

son?" replied Melissa with a sarcastic smile on her lips.

The joke made Sheryl chuckle. "Mom, Charles and I are a solid pair. Even if we're enemies, I'll be his

wife. You have to accept that I'm your daughter-in-law whether or not you want to," she said.

"How...how dare you!" Melissa trembled with anger. Pointing at the woman in front of her who looked

too perky for her liking, Melissa snapped, "Is this how you talk to your husband's mother? Where are

your manners? Unlike you, Leila is sensible and well-bred..."

Abruptly interrupting her, Sheryl retorted, "Of course, I'm sure you're much better-bred than I am.

Otherwise, how could you tell me you're going to get your son a mistress? Truly, I have so much to learn from you." The fake smile on Sheryl's face was taunting.

Upon hearing the sarcastic remark, Melissa glowered at the woman. The older lady was so furious that her eyes almost popped out.

This time, Sheryl really pushed her buttons. During her stay in prison, she had suffered immensely.

Although she had been free for a while, the inferiority she experienced still haunted her—she had a criminal record, after all.

The arrogance and pride she always exuded were a means to protect herself. Now that Sheryl had stamped all over her facade, she felt humiliated.

Blazing fury smoldered within her heart. Glaring at her daughter-in-law with ferocious eyes, she wished she could pounce on the woman and strangle her.

'It's all this bitch's fault. Because of her, I can never get a break. She's the reason why Charles drifted away from me. This cursed woman not only stole my son away from me, but she dared to insult me!"

Melissa was seething.

Eventually, the furious look on Melissa's face was replaced with a twisted smile, only making her look more dangerous. Pointing at Sheryl with a hand trembling with anger, she gravely said, "You're really good, Sheryl Xia. But this isn't over. Just wait and see."

Sheryl's expression didn't even budge. Putting on an innocent look, she said, "Mom, I've done nothing to you, so don't be angry. It's bad for your health."

Her voice was so soft and gentle that it could convince anyone else but Charles' mother that she was sincere.

It was at this point that Melissa realized what a horrible person Sheryl was.

'As it turns out, the old saying is right—appearances can be deceiving.

I underestimated her. Given the fact that she's not from a rich or influential family, I insulted her. I did all

I could to get her to leave Charles. I never thought she would ever fight back, or that Charles would ever get angry at me because of her.

After living with her all this time I see, now, that Sheryl is a wolf in sheep's clothing. She's good at

pretending to be obedient and kind but in reality, she's craft and evil. I have to be careful," she brooded.

Slowly, Melissa regained her composure.

"If there isn't anything else, I'm going upstairs. Goodnight, Mom!" As if the two hadn't just had an

argument, Sheryl threw a breezy smile at her mother-in-law.

With a grim face, Melissa refrained from responding. As she watched as Sheryl's figure disappeared

upstairs, a crooked smile replaced her icy expression.

The following morning, Cassie woke up to the sound of something sizzling outside the room.

The second she surveyed the room, what happened the previous night started coming back to her.

As it turned out, all that happened last night was true. As the fact that she was still in Nick's house

dawned on her, Cassie drew a contented smile.

Yanking the blanket off, she got up from the bed and walked up to the door where a delicious smell

filled her nose.

Something good was being cooked.

For someone who hadn't had breakfast yet, the smell was irresistibly tempting.

It made Cassie's stomach growl.

When she stepped out of the bedroom, she followed her nose to the kitchen where she assumed Nick was preparing breakfast.

Her heart skipped a beat. Eager to see Nick cooking, she made her way to the kitchen excitedly.

Standing by the counter, Nick had ingredients laid out as he made some delicious soup.

It had been a long time since he cooked for himself, so his skills had gotten a bit rusty. The dish was supposed to be tomato noodle soup with pork ribs and eggs, but it was a challenge.

Suddenly, he recalled the days he spent in the orphanage. Back then, he led a tough life where he couldn't really enjoy proper food. There was a time when he swore to himself that he would cook delicious food for himself when he finally lived a comfortable life. When he got a job, though, he seldom made time to cook for himself even when he knew how to cook. Usually, he just ordered take-out to make things more convenient for himself.

As he got immersed in his own thoughts, his hand carelessly slipped and sliced his own finger with the kitchen knife.

"Ah!" he groaned from the pain. Looking down at his hand, he saw a big cut across his left index finger



where blood started to drip from.

Hurriedly, he dropped the knife. As he was about to press down on the cut with his other hand,

someone made him turn around.

"What's wrong? Did you get hurt? Let me have a look!"

A familiar, anxious voice reached his ears. Looking up, Nick saw Cassie's worried expression as she

held his hand and examined the cut closely.

Feeling uneasy, he attempted to withdraw his hand from hers.

"Stay still!" she seriously said as her grip on his hand tightened. "I need to disinfect your cut or it will

fester."

Casting a glance at the soup brewing on the stove, Nick began to say he would take care of the cut

later when Cassie turned down the heat and pulled him into the living room. "Where is the first-aid box,

Nick?" she hastily asked.

Although Nick wanted to tell her that the cut wasn't a big deal at all, the worried look on her face made

him swallow his words. Instead of refusing her help, he pointed to where the kit was.

In a blink, Cassie had the first-aid kit ready. Wasting no time, she brought out the medicinal alcohol and

cotton to disinfect the wound before carefully covering Nick's injured finger.

After taking care of his cut, Cassie put the first-aid kit back and urged, "Try not to get this wet for a while. You don't want to get the cut infected..."

Chapter 1239 Household Bliss

Upon hearing Cassie's words, Nick thought she was just making too big of a fuss. All he did was cut himself while preparing food in the kitchen—was it necessary to be so concerned? However, seeing the worried expression on her face and considering what she had done for him, Nick felt warmth surge through him.

Without saying anything, he merely ended up nodding.

After dealing with his wound, Cassie suddenly realized that she was acting like she was taking care of her beloved. The thought made redness creep into her cheeks.

Of course, she was used to fulfilling a nurse's duty at the hospital—it was second nature to her to look after the wounded. The difference was that this time, she was facing a certain Prince Charming. Such a situation required far more attention and caution.

The continuous sound of boiling water broke the silent tension between them. Both were taken by

surprise when they realized the noodles were ready.

As Nick was about to attend to the food, Cassie stopped him. "Why don't you just sit down and rest? I'll go take care of it."

Quickening her pace, she practically sprinted to the kitchen.

As she continued the breakfast preparations, she was so focused on moving skillfully and proficiently that she didn't even notice that Nick stood by the door, watching her every move.

After the noodles were readied, Cassie split everything into two sets and prepared the table.

In front of them were meals of tasty sparerib tomato soup with fresh noodles and a layer of green onions sprinkled tastefully over them to complete the delicious cuisine.

Appreciating the dish in front of him, Nick never thought that he had the talent for cooking. Surprisingly, he made the simple noodles taste spectacular. As he ate, he guessed that Cassie added in some special flavor that elevated the dish.

After finishing the noodles, Nick made sure to drink the soup, licking his lips to further relish the flavor.

"Hah!" When Cassie saw him behave like a glutton, she couldn't help but laugh.

Hearing her chuckle, Nick realized how awkward he had just behaved. Suddenly, his cheeks turned as

red as the tomato soup.

"Well...

I just don't want to waste such delicious food..." he murmured in embarrassment.

After a moment, Cassie smiled and pushed her own bowl toward him. "Here. It's yours, if you don't

mind. I'm already full."

Acting on instinct, Cassie herself didn't know why she offered him her noodles. When she realized what

she just did, she started blushing as well.

'What was I thinking? It's so embarrassing to offer him my unfinished noodles!'

Feeling the shame overcome her, she wished she could find a hole to disappear in to escape Nick's

eyes. However, what happened next astonished her to the point of disbelief.

After a few silent seconds, Nick merely took the bowl and started eating out of it with his chopsticks

without a word.

Seeing this, Cassie began flipping inside, her face increasingly flushing for every bite he took.

Somehow, it was so intriguing to watch him eat up her dish. Why did he seem so comfortable doing so?

Did he not realize that it was her leftover? Did he not mind finishing other girls' food?

At that moment, Cassie almost felt dizzy as her heartbeat sped up. Her breathing seemed stuttered because of her excessive nervousness and excitement.

After drinking up the soup, Nick began clearing up the table until Cassie grabbed the bowls from his hand, wiped the table off efficiently, and walked to the kitchen.

It was a wordless moment because she was too afraid that her voice would tremble from the thrill of the situation.

As he watched Cassie rush into the kitchen, Nick continued to blush.

In truth, he was so willing to finish the rest of the noodles because he didn't want to embarrass her.

What did it mean when a girl offered her leftovers to a man for him to finish them? Of course, Nick wasn't stupid and he understood what it was. Although he was reluctant to admit that Cassie was special to him, he was already crushing on her—it was an easy decision for him to spare her feelings by finishing up her bowl.

Listening as Cassie washed the dishes, Nick leaned back into his chair, relishing in the fantastic time he was having.

How long had it been since he felt any kind of warmth in his home?

The scene was so clear in his mind—a girl was busy in the kitchen preparing food while he rested in the living room after a whole day at work. After he took a shower to wash off his fatigue, she would bring the homemade delicacies when he took a seat at the table. At the end of the meal, the girl would sit with him and they would share some chit chat or watch a movie together. What a good day!

These happy images filled Nick's head pretty much every day but in the end, they were mere fantasies—things he looked forward to but never existed.

Only at that moment, his feelings were so strong and real. A girl like Cassie was exactly what he always wished for.

Standing up from his chair almost unconsciously, he headed for the kitchen and watched as Cassie handled the dishes. Suddenly, his mind grew more settled and reassured.

Right at that moment, he had a sudden impulse to step forward, embrace her wholeheartedly and gently whisper into her ear, "Please stay. Don't leave me alone."

Yet, he felt ashamed to do such a thing. Why would he act on his feelings? Did he have any right to do

so?

Why was he so certain that he had the right to make a radical change to Cassie's future? Was he

absolutely certain that he was capable of making a promise and ensuring Cassie a happy life?

In the end, he couldn't keep thinking about it—he concluded that it was merely a beautifully weaved

fantasy.

As the illusion drifted away from him, Nick's eyes dimmed back to normal. Before he turned around, he

took one last glimpse at Cassie and was satisfied.

Maybe another time, when he saw Cassie on the street or some other place, he would greet her with a

smile. But that was all. He wouldn't do anything else.

Meanwhile, it was a lovely, sunny day outside and the breeze was fresh and clean.

Leaving behind yesterday's unpleasant memory, Sheryl quickly got up from her bed. Going about the

usual morning routine, she woke up the kids and got them ready for school.

The previous night, Clark felt rather uncomfortable and slept early to drive the feeling away. When

morning came, he recovered and seemed no different from usual.

"Clark, are you still feeling dizzy?"

Sheryl checked him with concern.

Shaking his head, he gave his mother a reassuring reply. "I was just dizzy, Mom. I'm fine now that I've slept. Please don't worry."

After glancing at his sister, he turned back to Sheryl and asked, "Shirley told me that Grandma scolded you last night."

A combination of feelings began bubbling up inside her at his words. Never would have she imagined that Shirley would tell Clark about what happened. Last night, Sheryl had hoped that she could spare her son all the drama if he went to bed earlier. Unlike his peers, Clark had always been incredibly considerate and mature for his age, but Sheryl didn't want her son to become too familiar with the dark side of humanity at such a young age.

#### Chapter 1240 Teach Her A Hard Lesson

Since Clark had brought up what had happened, Sheryl couldn't ignore it. But, to avoid worrying her children, she decided to lie to them. Shifting her gaze from her son to her daughter, she smiled brightly and said playfully, "When did you guys start to have secrets? Shirley, Grandma didn't curse me last night. She was just upset and needed to be comforted. So I asked you to go to bed first, and then I



talked to her to make her feel better before going to sleep."

She might have fooled her daughter with the white lie, but Clark didn't buy her story. Instead, he

suspected that Sheryl might have gotten into a big fight with Melissa.

"Mom, it wasn't the first time that Grandma had been mean to you. We all know it. How about..." After a

pause, he bit his lower lip and continued earnestly, "Mom, how about we move out of here? I hate to

see you being bullied." He raised his voice when he spoke.

Sheryl was taken aback by his bold proposal. She already knew that her son was sensible and

intelligent for his age, but this went above and beyond her expectations.

'Move out!' Sheryl urged herself.

The fact was, this thought had dawned on her many times. To get rid of Melissa, she considered

moving out of this house with her children and husband more than once. That way, she could live a

peaceful and undisturbed life with her family.

However, she found it hard to bring up the idea in front of Charles. Her husband couldn't bear the

thought of leaving Melissa alone.

Even though Melissa was unfriendly to her, she was still Charles' birth mother. Sheryl understood that

Charles might feel guilty if he had to leave his old mother behind to live with his wife and children.

Hence, Sheryl had given up that idea for the sake of Charles. She thought that everything would be

okay as long as she ignored Melissa's provocation.

But she didn't expect Melissa would go so far as to take it out on her daughter. Shirley had only broken

her vase, but Melissa threw a tantrum and yelled at her.

At the thought of this, Sheryl drew in a deep breath, trying to shake away the anger. Fondling Clark's

head, she reasoned tenderly, "Honey, Grandma is Dad's mother, so he has to be kind to her. We can't

put your father in an awkward situation. Besides, she adores you so much. I hope you can help me get

Grandma to like me. Can you help me with this?"

Shirley wasn't following the conversation, but Clark understood what she was saying.

Clark nodded his head quickly and promised sincerely, "I'll help you Mom, and I'll never ever suggest

we leave again."

Sheryl smiled approvingly and nodded back at him. However, an inkling of bitterness ran through her.

After the three had breakfast, Sheryl got the car keys from their chauffeur, planning to send Clark and

Shirley to Eton Kindergarten. As they walked to the front door, they heard Melissa yawn out loud as she made her way down the stairs.

"Good morning, Mom!" Sheryl greeted with a strained smile.

"Good morning, Grandma!" Clark followed loudly with a bright smile.

"Morning, Clark, my good boy. You're up so early," Melissa greeted back cordially, a brief smile flickering across her face.

Shirley gave Melissa a quick glance and pursed her lips. She was still mad at her grandma who had snapped at her. 'She's a bad person, ' the little girl thought to herself.

"Greet Grandma, Shirley," Sheryl told her daughter in a low voice.

With a pout, Shirley called out with much reluctance, "Hello, Grandma!"

Giving Sheryl a displeased glance, Melissa snorted, "She didn't want to greet me, just let her be. Why did you pressure her to do it? You're teaching her the wrong thing, do you know that? You're misguiding her to be a deceptive person. If she becomes a bad person, it's your fault."

Sheryl didn't take Melissa's insults to heart, and had no intention of fighting with her in the presence of

her children. Looking at the kids, she said softly, "Let's go to school."

Clark was an obedient boy. Knowing Melissa was going to give his mother a hard time, he decided to try and protect her in some way. Taking Sheryl's hand, Clark said sweetly, "Mom, you promised us you'd take us to school today. You can't back out."

Sheryl looked down at her son and rubbed the tip of his nose. "Don't worry. I'll keep my word," she said, smiling warmly.

As the three headed for the door, Melissa blocked the door, stopping them in their tracks.

With confusion written all over her face, Sheryl stared at Melissa, wondering what she was up to.

"Today, Leila is going to come over. Charles is on a business trip abroad, so as the hostess of this house, don't you think you should stay home and entertain her?" Melissa said superciliously, looking down at her manicure.

Before Sheryl could say a word, Clark replied for her, "Grandma, Mom is going to take Shirley and me to school. She doesn't have time."

Upset as she was with Clark's response, she didn't show it on her face. Instead, Melissa tried to act as a sensible elder. He was her favourite grandson, after all. "Clark honey, your mom has to stay and

greet a guest. Let the chauffeur drop you two off at school, okay?" Melissa persuaded patiently.

With a tense look on his face, Clark stole an anxious glance at Sheryl and held on to her hand.

Sheryl knew what was on his mind. With her children around, she didn't want to argue with Melissa, so

she smiled at Charles' mother and negotiated, "How about I take them to school first? Then when I get

back home, I'll prepare some refreshments for her. I bet she won't be arriving at this hour."

As Sheryl agreed to entertain Leila, the old lady nodded in agreement.

'The show is about to begin. I'll let that bitch go now, ' she sneered.

Watching Sheryl drive out of the gate, Melissa grinned cynically and pulled out her cell phone.

"Hello, Leila, where are you?" Melissa asked.

Leila had just stepped out of her condo. Knowing she had something important to deal with today, she

had gotten up earlier than usual.

"Aunt Melissa, I'm on my way. I'll be there in half an hour. Please wait a little while," she replied politely.

"Fine. Drive carefully. Oh, and make sure you have that thing I asked you to bring. I'll teach her a hard

lesson," Melissa said eerily.

'How dare Sheryl defy me! If I don't teach her a lesson, she'll think I'm afraid of her, ' she thought.

Upon hearing this, Leila arched her eyebrows slightly. She responded flatly, "Aunt Melissa, rest assured. I have it with me."

Leila felt fidgety and a bit scared. She wasn't sure whether she had made a wise decision.

She had originally gotten close with the old woman in order to win Charles' heart, and marry into the Lu family. But as she spent more time with her, she was beginning to think that Charles wasn't as close to his mother as she had imagined.