

Substitute B 1101

Chapter 1101: Shadows in Pairs Beneath the Moon (Jinling End)

In the blink of an eye, little Vivi turned three and was old enough to start kindergarten.

Little Vivi was lively, adorable, with a sweet tongue, and she looked like a little milk bun, making her loveable to everyone.

Justin Xavier took little Vivi to meet someone, and that was Vivi's grandmother, Laura Xavier.

Leah Thorne did not oppose to Vivi meeting Laura Xavier; all the past grievances had dissipated like smoke, and she had moved on. She shouldn't sever the familial bond between Vivi and her grandmother.

Laura Xavier had been recuperating in the sanatorium these past years, and her health had been deteriorating. Only when Vivi visited did she smile.

Laura Xavier loved Vivi dearly. Before Vivi came, she would have the housemaid take her to the supermarket to personally pick out gifts for Vivi.

Vivi loved her grandmother too, cuddling in Laura Xavier's arms every visit, chirping delightful stories that amused Laura Xavier into laughter.

The sun shone brightly that day as Vivi visited Laura Xavier in the sanatorium once more.

While on the way, an impish little boy suddenly jumped out and rudely said, "You must be Vivi, coming to see your grandma again?"

Vivi nodded, "Yes~"

"Vivi, my grandma says your grandma is not a good person; she's just an old hag!" the little boy said with attitude.

Vivi's adorable face immediately turned cold, indicating her anger as she softly retorted, "You're lying! My grandma is not an old hag!"

"I'm not lying; my grandma says your grandma used to do many bad things, almost causing harm to your mama and nearly hurting you!"

Vivi furrowed her brow, her big eyes rolling around, "I don't believe what your grandma says. If she likes talking bad behind people's backs, then it shows she's a gossiper!"

Vivi turned and walked away.

The boy panicked; he simply wanted to find a sense of presence before Vivi. With Vivi ignoring him, he reached out and pushed Vivi, "Your grandma is an old hag!"

Vivi stumbled and fell to the ground with a splash.

At that moment, Laura Xavier had just come out. Seeing Vivi hadn't arrived yet, she came out looking for her, only to see Vivi had fallen.

Laura Xavier turned pale, pushing her wheelchair forward, "Vivi! Vivi, are you alright? Someone! Someone, come here!"

Laura Xavier didn't care about her paralyzed legs, reaching out to lift Vivi, but unfortunately, she toppled out of the wheelchair, awkwardly sitting on the ground.

"Vivi, don't be afraid, grandma will hold you." Laura sat there, reaching to hug Vivi and nervously checking if Vivi was hurt, "Vivi, did you hurt anywhere? Quickly tell grandma!"

Vivi burst into tears, rubbing her eyes with tiny fists as golden beans fell continuously.

Laura Xavier was very anxious, "Vivi, what's the matter...?"

Vivi opened her little palm, sadly sobbing, "Grandma, I broke the chocolate I brought for you."

Laura Xavier froze, seeing a heart-shaped chocolate lying in Vivi's palm, broken in half.

Vivi came to give her chocolate.

That's why Vivi was crying.

Laura Xavier looked at the little milk bun in her arms, Vivi's eyes resembled Justin Xavier's, a true part of the Xavier family line. Laura remembered almost causing Leah Thorne to miscarry years ago, and how close Vivi was to never reaching this world.

She had made countless mistakes.

Having lived most of her life, she felt always muddling through, but with this vibrant little life entering her world, filling it with laughter and warmth, remorse and guilt surged within her.

Laura Xavier's eyes turned red, wet with tears, as she reached to touch Vivi's little head, "Vivi, actually... actually grandma did many bad things in the past..."

"That's okay," Vivi interrupted Laura, "Mama said everyone makes mistakes, but as long as you recognize and correct them, it's alright. We should all look forward."

Leah Thorne...

Did Leah Thorne really say that?

Vivi peeled off the candy wrapping from the chocolate and put half into Laura Xavier's mouth, "Grandma, in my eyes, you're the best grandma in the world, I love you~ Chocolate is sweet, isn't it~?"

Chocolate has always been an expression of love, something young girls receive along with flowers, but Laura Xavier had never received it her whole life.

Now, the rich taste of chocolate spread in her mouth, a faint bitterness surpassed by sweet sensations, sweetness reaching her heart's tip, as Laura held Vivi tightly with tears streaming down and nodded, "Yes, sweet, really sweet, grandma loves you too."

She felt truly healed in that moment in her life.

.....

Vivi bounced out of the sanatorium, Justin Xavier and Leah Thorne were waiting outside.

"Daddy, Mama~" Vivi ran over.

Justin Xavier swiftly lifted Vivi into his arms, Leah Thorne picked up a towel to wipe the sweat from Vivi's forehead, "Vivi, did you have fun today?"

"Yes, had lots of fun." Vivi nodded happily.

"Then let's go home," Justin Xavier easily held Vivi with one arm, extended the other big hand, and clasped Leah Thorne's delicate hand.

The family of three walked home together.

Tonight, the moonlight was beautiful, neon lights dazzling in the night, couples holding hands filled the streets.

Vivi looked at her mama, "Mama, are you going abroad once? I heard Auntie Goldie said you're going to attend Milan Fashion Week."

In these two years, Leah Thorne hadn't fully returned; she occasionally attended some business events. Now with Vivi starting kindergarten, her return was imminent.

Madame Goldie was eagerly sharpening her knife for this day and could hardly wait to schedule Milan Fashion Week.

Milan Fashion Week's chief editor also had ties with Leah Thorne, making it difficult to decline.

Justin Xavier squeezed her soft hand, "Honey, are you traveling for work?"

Nearby was food street, Leah Thorne already smelled appetizing aromas but didn't want to eat, instead feeling nauseous, wanting to vomit.

Milan Fashion Week, probably out of the question.

Madame Goldie aged only convinced it was easier with Vivi in school, yet...

Knew the truth, Madame Goldie might cry.

At that moment, Vivi fussed about getting down, and the babysitter took Vivi ahead to play.

Leah Thorne looked at Justin Xavier, smiling with curved eyes, "Honey, lately, I really crave something sour."

"Sour?" Justin Xavier glanced at the food stalls, "What you want, I'll buy it for you right now. Stand still, don't wander."

He turned to buy.

"..." This man is really muddled at the moment.

"Honey!" Leah Thorne called him.

Justin Xavier stopped in his tracks.

"Come back!"

Justin Xavier ran back, "What's wrong?"

Leah Thorne took his big hand, slowly guiding it onto her still-flat belly.

Justin Xavier immediately realized something, his eyes lifting in shock to meet the dazzling sparkle in Leah Thorne's eyes.

Leah Thorne coyly looked at him, "Honey, there's already a little Young Master Xavier here; would you like me to give you a son~"

Under the moon, shadows pair, words exchanged

(End of Justin and Leah's story)

Chapter 1102: Sweet Little Extra Stories (1)

Leah Thorne is pregnant again. Madame Goldie knows this triple-award-winning actress won't be returning to the limelight because Leah has given all her time to her family and to her closest love, Justin Xavier, to bear his children and walk through life hand in hand with him.

The second child came unexpectedly, and Justin Xavier was unprepared, as Leah's health had led him to think that having their daughter, little Vivi, would be enough.

However, Leah secretly got a formula from her good friend Serena Sterling to nurture her health, and soon conceived again.

After the initial shock and delight, Justin Xavier quickly calmed himself down, reassuring Leah not to worry. He had personally cared for her from her first pregnancy to delivery, and now he considered himself an experienced father of two.

Justin Xavier once again reduced his workload, staying wholeheartedly by Leah's side, and planned to take her on a trip.

Laura Xavier, in the sanatorium, heard she was going to be a grandmother again, and this time it was a grandson, little Young Master Xavier was coming. That day she sat at the window for a long time, tears streaming down her face again. It turned out that love really can heal everything; outside, the sun was blazing.

In the evening, Justin Xavier held Leah closely in his arms, feeding her sweet and sour candied fruits, "Honey, where do you want to travel to?"

"Hmm..." Leah thought for a moment, "It's been three years, I really want to see Tanya again."

It's been three years without any contact between Cain Shaw and Tanya Sullivan. Cain married Christina Shaw, becoming the Shaw family's son-in-law, completely taking over the Shaw family's business and becoming a prominent figure of power in Starfall City.

Meanwhile, Tanya Sullivan returned to City of Crestfall with her mother, becoming Dianna Hollis.

"You mean Dianna Hollis?" Justin Xavier fondly touched Leah's soft hair, "Dianna is now a wealthy lady, an upper-class socialite, and the most sought-after ice beauty in City of Crestfall. I'll have someone arrange it, and take you over for a visit tomorrow."

Leah nestled in Justin Xavier's arms like a little kitten, enjoying the well-arranged married life that Justin has always provided, leaving her worry-free.

She was like a little piglet fed with happiness.

Leah raised her two small hands to wrap around his neck, giving his lips a light kiss, "Thank you, husband~"

Justin Xavier looked at her rosy lips, cupped the back of her head with his large hand, and kissed her again.

The atmosphere in the room quickly heated up. Leah shifted and climbed onto his firm thighs, her kisses trailing down from his handsome face to gently bite his prominent Adam's apple.

Justin Xavier's slim eyes were tinged with a deep red, slowly closing his eyes, still feeling as if life was a dream, so blissful. Over the years, the woman in his arms was soft as if boneless, accompanying their daughter by day, him by night, giving him everything she had.

Countless nights she clung to him with fiery passion, kissing him voluntarily, her eyes moist and dreamy, and her voice calling "husband" by his ear, all full of love she gave him.

Justin Xavier squeezed her slender waist with his large hand, his voice hoarse, "Is it okay?"

"It's okay~ It's been three months~"

"Really? I remember there are still two days before three months. Let me check the calendar..." Justin Xavier kissed her petite nose while reaching for the calendar.

But he didn't get it, Justin Xavier fell back heavily to the bedhead, resting his head slightly against the wall, feeling a bone-deep pleasure about to escape his throat.

Leah loved seeing him like this, the clear and abstinent man revealing a puppy-like vulnerability whenever she initiated. She tightened her grip on his neck, "Husband, do you like the little Young Master Xavier I'm carrying for you~"

Justin Xavier's kiss landed on her long hair, "I like it, I like the son you're carrying for me."

"But, but my figure will be deformed again, might even become ugly. Will you be dazzled by the pretty women outside~?" Leah batted her eyes at him pitifully.

Justin Xavier couldn't handle her like this, the coquettish woman pretending to be innocent, pure yet seductive, performed perfectly by her.

Where were any other women around him? His secretaries and assistants were all male. As a married man, he's quite self-aware.

Besides, it's not like he hasn't seen the world; he's seen plenty of beautiful women, yet in his eyes and heart, there's only her.

Justin Xavier curved his lips, "Having you is enough, being drained of energy by you every night, where would I have the energy for other women?"

Leah was satisfied, "Then... I'll try even harder in the future~"

Justin Xavier wished he could melt her into his bones and blood, holding her little face to start kissing, "What made you think of giving me a son?"

"Because... too few people love you, no matter how much I love you it's not enough, so, I'll have another baby to love you~"

Justin Xavier paused, then pulled her into his embrace forcefully.

...

Little Vivi was officially named Vivi Xavier. In Vivi Xavier's memory, Daddy and Mommy were always loving, their relationship even envied by Aunt Serena.

When she was three, they moved out of the villa and into an estate, with antique carved gates, neatly trimmed green lawns, small bridges and flowing water, an European-style manor, beautiful as a fairyland on earth.

The family of three was playing on the lawn, Daddy lying on the grass while Mommy and she rode on his back, spending sunny days full of joy, Mommy laughing so happily, "Little Vivi, Daddy is taking us for a ride on the pony..."

Daddy's work sometimes kept him busy; when he came home, he would often be on phone calls, pinching his brows. That's when Mommy would go over, using her index finger to smooth his brow, and Daddy would always smile, a smile as warm as the spring breeze of February.

Throughout her life, Mommy lived in happiness and bliss, her voice nurtured into sweetness, her brows and eyes glowing with radiance.

How did she nurture?

For example, once, a light in the kitchen of the estate broke, Mommy called Daddy, and then Daddy was at a charity meeting, but he came back in less than ten minutes, rolling up his sleeves to stand on a chair and change the light bulb himself.

Mommy held a lantern standing by the chair, the couple talking.

It was Daddy who told a joke, he said: in a restaurant, John said Chinese men are the most useless, most fear their wives, now do a test, those who fear their wives go stand on the left.

So, everyone stood to the left, except John stood still.

When people praised John for being brave, John said: My wife told me not to stand where there are many people.

Mommy's eyes were curved with smiles at the joke, she asked, "Then do you fear your wife?"

Daddy finished changing the bulb, came down, and embraced Mommy, kissing her face, "Yes, I am a classic example of a husband who fears his wife."

Mommy immediately huffed, "Then I command you not to kiss me now."

Daddy quickly turned her around, "Wife, this alone your husband cannot obey."

Chapter 1103: Sweet Little Side Story—A Couple of Episodes (2)

There's a new little brother in the house, Vivi Xavier now has a brother and is an elder sister, making the household lively.

Mom is resting after giving birth, while Dad insists on taking care of the baby by himself despite everyone's objections.

Taking care is one thing, but when Mom's post-birth resting days ended, no one knew what Dad and Mom were doing in the room, staying inside for two hours without coming out. Meanwhile, when Grandma came to see, the little brother had wet his pants and was crying his heart out.

That very night, Grandma took the little brother away and punished Dad by making him stand in the corner to reflect.

...

In Vivi's memory, there were never any other women around Dad. More than avoiding flirty ladies, not even a female mosquito was near him because Mom was adept at managing her husband.

Once, Dad had an obligatory business dinner, and upon returning home, Mom smelled the scent of women's perfume on Dad.

Oh dear, Mom grabbed Dad's shirt and had a breakdown, crying beautifully with tears streaming down, even kicking off her crystal high heels.

Dad tried his best to explain; he hadn't brought in any women, but the presidents at the dinner had, and he might have gotten perfume on him.

Mom didn't believe him and firmly shut Dad out of the room that night, leaving Dad outside the door the whole night.

Next day, the wealthy gentleman went to work sporting dark circles under his eyes.

That evening, Dad continued coaxing Mom, who was sitting on the bed in a pink sheer nightgown that slipped off one shoulder, revealing her petal-soft skin, still fragrant from a rose petal bath, all the while crying tremulously, displaying that irresistible demeanor that men can't resist.

Dad was swayed by the crying and wanted to pounce on Mom, but Mom drove him out once more.

On the third day, the wealthy gentleman went to work looking gloomy and unfulfilled.

That evening, Dad decisively gathered the presidents and women from the dinner and brought them to Mom, explaining one by one to prove his innocence.

Mom pursed her red lips and huffed with a soft giggle.

That night, she stood outside the door and heard the conversation inside. Mom's voice was adorable as she said, "Sorry husband, I misunderstood you,"

"But you were at fault too; you shouldn't go to places with women. You know I'm jealous."

"Leah can't be without her husband, Leah loves her husband so much, her husband belongs solely to Leah."

Standing outside the door, Mom got goosebumps, but Dad was quite pleased.

Dad went to work shining, refreshed, and told the presidents, "I'm not attending any more dinners, my wife is fierce!"

Everyone knew then that the wealthy gentleman had a fierce wife, skilled in managing her husband, tidying up the wealthy gentleman thoroughly.

That battle earned Mom great achievement, and people in the circle dared not call the wealthy gentleman to be among women. If there was dinner, all women had to be cleared first.

One day, the wealthy gentleman sported ambiguous red scratches on his neck and chuckled, saying the wildcat at home is truly unbearable.

The wealthy gentleman grinned like a cat who got the cream, prompting inquiring gazes.

Mom said, to mold the husband you want, you must nip any wrong tendencies in the bud. This is the art of managing a husband!

...

Of course, Dad had many interesting stories, including when Uncle Crawford and Serena's mom came to visit.

Dad and Uncle Crawford often bickered, and each time Dad would say, "Looks like my Vivi can't be your Crawford family's daughter-in-law."

Uncle Crawford would quickly offer the teacup, "President Xavier, please have tea."

Dad said, "Hayden, good boy."

She knew Dad and Mom wanted her to marry into the Crawford family, but Uncle Crawford and Serena's mom have two sons and a daughter, the eldest being Caden Crawford, reigning in Westria. She often saw Caden Crawford's figure in TV political forums, a prodigious talent born to rule, with narrow eyes flashing indomitable sharpness and supreme arrogance. Just one glance made her think not of becoming his wife, but wanting to kneel before him.

The second son, Gael Crawford, had been unseen for many years, but legends of him filled the land.

It's said this enigmatic figure wanders the world. One day, encountering a high official, he sighed, "Your days are numbered."

And sure enough, within three days, the official passed from a sudden illness.

One day the mysterious man met a farmer and shook his head saying, "Don't plant anything. The red apricot in your backyard has climbed over the wall; better go fix it."

Thus, the farmer returned home to catch his wife and her lover in the act.

Should she meet this mysterious Gael Crawford, she wouldn't want to marry but instead seek a fortune telling.

Not long ago she saw Serena's mom's daughter Willow Crawford. Willow was truly mesmerizing and ravishing.

Someday, who knows whose crown will rage for beauty.

...

Dad spent his life blissfully; he and Mom were deeply intertwined each day. Pretentious, coquettish, spoiled, and charming. Mom always tightly gripped Dad's heart, keeping their romance fresh regardless of long marriage years.

Of course, Dad had moments of unhappiness too, when Mom fell ill.

Actually, it was no serious illness, just ordinary cold and fever. Yet Dad would dismiss all work and stay by the bedside.

If Mom didn't want food, Dad wouldn't eat either. When Mom wanted food, Dad would prepare meals in various ways, and once Mom recovered, Dad was revived too.

Dad loved holding Mom tightly, burying his face in her hair, whispering, "Wife, I truly can't be without you."

...

Later, when Mom turned 30, a woman is truly mature at this age, and under Aunt Goldie's supervision, she founded an entertainment company, initially working late and socializing a few times.

Every night Dad would be alone in the empty room, secretly calling Mom.

Dad's excuse was always the daughter or son... like the daughter was fussing, the son was disobedient...

Every day for three hundred sixty-five days, the excuses varied, and she felt embarrassed for Dad.

At these times, Mom would rush home, only to find the daughter and son were fine and held by Dad.

Actually, Mom knew it was a lie, yet she later handed over the entertainment company to Aunt Goldie, who tearfully despaired, saying, "Leah Thorne, I've told you before, men are stumbling blocks on women's success paths. You're a thrice victorious movie queen yet playing frivolous games with men, achieving nothing!"

Dad and Mom continued to live together day by day, making agreements such as being together when needed.

From the first glance outside the Thorne family years ago to this emotional endurance, lasting eternally.

This love was never before and never again, enchanting beyond compare!

Chapter 1104: The Girl He Likes

Justin Xavier flew to City of Crestfall with the pregnant Leah Thorne to attend the birthday party of Yuric Thatcher, the young master of the Thatcher family.

At the party, President Thatcher and Mrs. Thatcher personally greeted Justin Xavier and Leah Thorne, "I can't believe President Xavier and Mrs. Xavier are attending my son's birthday party, this truly brings honor to us and adds splendor to our humble abode."

Justin Xavier held Leah Thorne close, there were many people here, so he kept Leah snugly by his side, fearing she might get bumped or jostled, "President Thatcher and Mrs. Thatcher, you're too kind."

The Thatcher family was a prominent, well-reputed family in City of Crestfall, known for their cultured background, both President Thatcher and Mrs. Thatcher exuded grace and elegance, humble and courteous.

The Xavier family and the Thatcher family also had some business dealings, and Leah Thorne wanted to see Dianna Hollis, which was why Justin Xavier had brought her along.

Leah Thorne glanced around but couldn't spot Dianna, and she quietly asked, "Honey, will Dianna really come? I haven't seen her~"

Justin Xavier affectionately tousled Leah Thorne's hair, "Don't worry, Dianna will definitely be here. The Thatcher and Young families are very close."

The Young family that Jodie Young belonged to, who was Dianna's mother, was the leading female tycoon in City of Crestfall, having deep ties with the Thatcher family.

Leah Thorne looked at Justin Xavier with puzzlement, sensing there might be some hidden meaning behind his words "very close."

Just then, a commotion erupted around her ears, "Look, Cain Shaw is here!"

Cain Shaw?

Leah's heart skipped a beat, as Justin hadn't mentioned her brother would be here; he actually came!

Leah quickly looked up to see the banquet hall doors swing open with a bang, and a tall, formidable figure drew everyone's gaze. Cain Shaw had truly arrived.

They hadn't seen each other for three years, and in those three years Cain Shaw had become a major figure in Starfall City, shedding his old black T-shirts for tailored black shirts, wearing sharp black dress pants and polished black shoes, enhancing his handsome aura.

Over these three years, Cain Shaw seemed unchanged, yet somehow changed in every way; time had tempered his sharp brilliance, his dark eyes were deep and layered, his commanding presence was suffocating, only his eyes contained hints of thrilling coldness.

Cain Shaw entered, all eyes "swish" focused on him, Leah could hear the excited voices of the ladies around her,

"Oh my, Cain Shaw! Cain Shaw actually came!"

"Cain Shaw is so manly, truly like walking dynamite, I've heard many prominent daughters want to... have a fling with him!"

"Calm down, you've got to maintain your poise as an elite lady, curb your drool and hold onto your dignity!"...

Seeing her brother here naturally delighted Leah, she understood his powerful allure, contrasting sharply with those conventional business executives or young talents; her brother's wild and rebellious nature captivated those elite ladies far more, as nothing was more satisfying to a "good student" than conquering a "bad boy."

Moreover, Cain Shaw was now influential and in control, commanding Starfall City's winds, the kind of man emerging from bloodshed, stimulating both fear and love, attracting those elite daughters to sneak glances, hearts pounding restlessly.

"Honey, you didn't tell me my brother would be here~" Leah whispered to Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier smirked, "Surprise for you."

Leah was tempted to stand on tiptoe and give his handsome face a big kiss.

At this moment, President Thatcher and Mrs. Thatcher hurried forward to greet him, "Cain, you finally came, we've been waiting for you for so long."

"Yuric, come on over, Cain is here!" Mrs. Thatcher warmly called over tonight's main guest, Yuric Thatcher.

Yuric was the only son of the Thatcher family, very graceful, having returned from overseas business studies to take over Thatcher Industries, young and promising.

Yuric bid farewell to his business friends and approached Cain Shaw, "Hello, Uncle."

As the Shaw family and Thatcher family were related, with Christina Shaw being Mrs. Thatcher's niece and thus Yuric's aunt, Cain was naturally Yuric's uncle.

Yuric deeply admired his uncle, anyone who ascended to major status in Starfall City within a few short years had to possess iron-clad skills, Yuric much respected and admired Uncle Cain.

Cain Shaw raised a hand, his large palm landed on Yuric's shoulder in a patting motion, "You've grown quite a bit since a few years ago."

Yuric loved fitness and was strong, yet he felt every one of Cain's casual pats press heavily into his shoulder, leaving him internally shaken.

Uncle had amazing strength.

Yuric glanced at Cain Shaw's physique, standing at 1.9 meters, the thin shirt faintly revealing his layered muscles, brimming with masculine power, Yuric felt envious, wondering when he'd gain such strength.

"Uncle, I've grown up now." Yuric smiled.

"Indeed, Cain, Yuric has grown, already at the age to settle down and start a career. You know many people, if there's any well-bred, refined ladies to introduce to Yuric, he hasn't got a girlfriend yet." Mrs. Thatcher chuckled, covering her mouth.

This...

Before Cain Shaw could speak, Yuric interrupted Mrs. Thatcher, "Mom, I don't need you to introduce a girlfriend, I already have someone I like."

Mrs. Thatcher seemed aware of her son's feelings, and was quite pleased with the girl, she smiled, "Why so tense, I'm just joking."

Cain Shaw knew the Thatcher family had discerning taste, the girl who could conquer both this proud young talent, as well as satisfy President and Mrs. Thatcher, must be remarkable, he asked, "Yuric, which girl do you like?"

"It's..." Yuric looked around, searching to see if she'd arrived.

Just then, two figures emerged from the banquet hall, the guests had arrived.

Yuric's eyes brightened, "Uncle, look quickly, that's the girl I like, she's here!"

Witnessing Yuric's excited expression, Cain Shaw tucked one hand in his pants pocket and slightly turned, he raised his dark eyes to glance towards the door, initially languidly, yet the next moment, he slightly froze.

"Uncle, she's the Young family's daughter, named Dianna Hollis." Yuric eagerly introduced.

Dianna Hollis.

Otherwise known as Tanya Sullivan.

Cain Shaw's dark eyes pierced through the crowd and landed on Dianna. It had been three full years since he'd last seen her.

Back when she left, she was just 19, not yet blossomed, but now, three years later, at 21, she has bloomed fully like a stunningly serene plum.

Dianna entered alongside her mother, Jodie Young, and tonight, at 21, wore a simple black spaghetti-strap dress, fine straps hugging her snowy shoulders, black hair loose revealing her delicate oval face, truly fresh and subtle, graceful and charming.

Chapter 1105: He Has a Son!

Cain Shaw couldn't believe that the daughter-in-law the Thatcher family had chosen for Yuric Thatcher, his sweetheart, was... Dianna!

At this moment, chatter from the elite ladies reached his ears,

"Look, Dianna is here!"

"Three years ago, President Young brought back his daughter Dianna, and she quickly made a name for herself among the upper-class ladies, ousting the previous 'Number One Ice Beauty' of Crestfall and taking her place."

"Isn't she just an ice beauty? Have you ever seen her smile? She thinks she's above us and never mingles with us."

"Now, there are so many rich young men pursuing her that they're lined up all the way to Gallia. Who knows how many people have driven luxury cars to her school just to wait for her. She's certainly in high spirits."

"Say no more, the Thatchers and Youngs have a deep connection. Mrs. Thatcher and President Young have been best friends for over ten years. This time, Young Master Thatcher's birthday party is specifically waiting for Dianna to arrive. Isn't it obvious? Dianna is set to marry into the Thatcher family, marking a high-profile union between the Thatcher and Young families."...

Cain Shaw listened to these discussions expressionlessly. Now Dianna had become the object of envy and jealousy among these upper-class ladies. The moment she appeared, she became the focal point.

It seemed that the union between the Thatcher and Young families was already well-known, and Dianna was indeed going to marry... Yuric Thatcher.

At this time, Mrs. Thatcher warmly greeted them, "Jodie, Dianna, we're over here."

Jodie Young looked up and saw Mrs. Thatcher. She politely nodded to the executives gathered around and then walked over with her daughter, Dianna.

"Dianna, you've arrived?" Yuric Thatcher ran over to Dianna, his eyes shining as he looked at her.

Dianna's once immature features had matured, her face small like a lotus, adorned with a pair of cool, bright eyes, resembling a spring pool gently flowing, glimmering with light.

Her beauty was captivating, and her eyes even more so, making men want to kiss her at first sight.

Dianna gave a slight nod, "Mm."

Mrs. Thatcher affectionately took Jodie Young's hand, "Jodie, Yuric has been waiting for Dianna since early morning. Look how happy he is now that she's here."

Jodie Young and Mrs. Thatcher were good friends. Back in the day, when she divorced Jason Hollis and came to City of Crestfall alone to start her business, it was extremely challenging for a woman. Mrs. Thatcher, Josephine Thatcher, stood by her and gave her great support, and the two friends' relationship was exceptionally strong. Jodie Young was now entrusting her daughter Dianna's lifelong happiness to Yuric Thatcher.

Jodie Young smiled and said, "Josephine, my Dianna has a cold personality, unlike other girls who are sweet and lovable. Please be more accommodating in the future."

Before Mrs. Thatcher could respond, President Thatcher waved his hand with a smile and said, "That's precisely why I find Dianna's untainted nature truly precious."

The Thatcher family was of literary heritage, and President and Mrs. Thatcher had sharp eyes. They immediately took a fancy to Dianna.

In private, the couple used these four words to praise Dianna's innate dignity.

President Thatcher's words immediately made Jodie Young smile. There isn't a single mother who wouldn't be happy knowing her daughter was valued and loved by her future in-laws.

"By the way, Dianna, let me introduce you to someone. This is Cain Shaw!" Yuric Thatcher introduced Cain Shaw to Dianna.

Cain Shaw...

Upon hearing this name, Jodie Young's face changed dramatically, and she immediately looked over at Cain Shaw.

Cain Shaw's gaze was fixated on Dianna. Perhaps he hadn't realized it himself, but ever since Dianna appeared, he hadn't taken his eyes off her.

Dianna looked up, her cool, bright eyes falling on Cain Shaw's handsome face.

She had noticed him the moment she entered.

He stood there in the center of the dazzling lights, tall and straight, towering above, impossible to ignore.

Three years have passed...

"Dianna, have you heard of Lord Shaw? He's a legend in Starfall City, a powerful force. Oh, and he's also my uncle, so you can call him Uncle," Yuric Thatcher said excitedly.

Jodie Young knew about the past between Cain Shaw and Dianna, though it wasn't really the past, because it ended before it even began.

Encountering each other again at this birthday party caught Jodie Young off guard. Her daughter was now named Dianna, not Tanya Sullivan, and she didn't want any of her daughter's past to be known by anyone, especially not the Thatcher family.

Jodie Young watched Cain Shaw and Dianna nervously, quickly saying, "Dianna, greet him, call him uncle!"

Jodie Young emphasized the word "uncle," reminding Dianna of Cain Shaw's married status.

Dianna looked at Cain Shaw without any emotion, her delicate face as calm as if she were looking at a stranger. She spoke, "Hello, Uncle."

Cain Shaw also showed no emotion, his deep eyes like a cold pool, unreadable. "Hello, Miss Hollis."

Upon meeting again, they were now strangers.

"Yuric, the birthday party is officially starting. Hurry up and invite Dianna to dance the first dance," Mrs. Thatcher urged.

Yuric Thatcher quickly adjusted his clothes, then bowed politely in front of Dianna, extending his hand, "Dianna, may I have this dance?"

Dianna hesitated for a few seconds, then placed her small hand in Yuric's, "Okay."

Yuric led Dianna onto the dance floor.

Elegant and melodious music played in the background. Yuric held Dianna's soft, boneless hand, his other hand gently placed on her slender waist. Though she had a cold nature, her body was extremely soft, epitomizing "ice muscle jade bone."

Yuric carried out these moves cautiously, uncertain if Dianna would be offended. Dianna knew his feelings, yet she constantly kept him at a distance.

Initially, Yuric was unsure if Dianna would accept his dance invitation, but he was pleasantly surprised when she agreed.

Now, doing these intimate gestures, Dianna seemed neither to reject nor oppose them.

Tonight, Dianna stepped a little closer to him.

This made Yuric delighted, "Dianna, how about I drive you home tonight?"

Dianna did not respond.

"Dianna, do you have time tomorrow? I'd like to take you out for a meal."

Dianna still didn't respond.

Yuric felt a bit awkward, realizing that it seemed like he was performing a monologue. He glanced at Dianna; the girl had her lashes lowered, quiet and beautiful like butterfly wings resting, yet it was unclear what she was thinking.

She seemed... a little distracted.

Yuric changed the subject, "Dianna, are you afraid of my uncle? There's no need to be. My uncle is a remarkable person. He already has a son, his son is three years old..."

Before Yuric could finish, Dianna suddenly lifted her head. Her cool, bright eyes fixed on his face, "He... has a son?"

Yuric always thought Dianna seemed distracted, but when the topic turned to Cain Shaw, she appeared interested.

Yuric nodded, "Yes, my uncle and aunt are very much in love. They got pregnant in the first year of marriage and had a son."

Chapter 1106: Have You Been Well These Three Years?

Dianna hasn't looked into Cain Shaw's affairs over the past three years; she only knows that not long after she left Starfall City, he married Christina Shaw. That sensational wedding stayed on the entertainment headlines for three days, making it hard not to know about it.

However, Dianna didn't know that Cain already had a son. The son is three years old now; it seems he was conceived right after the marriage.

It appears that he truly is a winner in life, reaching the pinnacle of power, marrying a beautiful wife, and having a son—all the grand slams of life.

Dianna curved her red lips, a few sharp and mocking glimmers spilling from her clear, bright eyes.

She hates Cain Shaw.

Still hates him now.

Cain stood tall and leggy at his spot, watching as Dianna and Yuric Thatcher spoke in the dance floor. Whatever they talked about, Dianna smiled slightly, like they were truly a match made in heaven.

For three years, Jodie Young kept transforming Dianna in various aspects, especially in learning the various manners and etiquettes of a high-class lady. Now, Dianna, in a black strap dress, was dancing gracefully with Yuric Thatcher, and the refined elegance of her profile radiated an astonishing glow.

Mrs. Thatcher nodded with satisfaction, "Jodie, I really think more and more that Dianna is so suitable for our Yuric."

Mrs. Thatcher wished she could make them marry immediately.

Jodie Young was also very satisfied, her gaze fell on Cain Shaw, hinting, "Mr. Shaw, Dianna is still studying. We all mean for Dianna and Yuric to be engaged first, and let them marry after she graduates. Mr. Shaw, do you think Dianna and Yuric are a match?"

Cain knew the implication in Jodie's words; he didn't look at Jodie but simply let a faint word roll from his throat, "A match."

After speaking, Cain turned and went to the bathroom.

...

Cain didn't enter the bathroom; he stood in the dim corridor, silently lighting a cigarette.

Then he heard chatter from outside, it was a few rich young masters gossiping,

"Did you guys see the first ice beauty Dianna, wow, she is really beautiful."

"This ice beauty is not only pretty; she got a doctoral degree within just three years, and I heard the school strongly urged her to stay, and President Young also wanted her to become a university advisor."

"Compared to those heiresses who only like branded bags and luxury goods, this ice beauty is a genuine talented woman."

"Are you guys falling for this ice beauty?"

"Come on, the other day I saw you driving a sports car to pursue this ice beauty."

"Did you not chase this ice beauty? I saw you try to have a meal with her, but she ignored you."

"Alright, alright, this ice beauty is just a dream for you; didn't you see the ambiguous attitude of the Thatcher and Young families? This ice beauty is about to become Young Mrs. Thatcher."...

For these three years, Dianna has become famous throughout City of Crestfall, becoming the heart's desire of wealthy young men; whenever they gather, they can't help but talk about Dianna.

There's even a famous bet in the circle of second-generation rich kids, to see who can win Dianna's heart first and capture the ice beauty.

Those people outside gradually left, Cain smoked two cigarettes, extinguished the butts in the trash can, and came to the corridor. Soon, a graceful silhouette walked towards him.

The dance ended, Dianna arrived.

The two met in the corridor, their eyes locked.

Cain stopped in his tracks.

Dianna didn't expect to meet Cain here. Now, Cain stood against the light, his handsome face hidden in the sparse glow, but his gaze fixed on her, unblinkingly.

Dianna's expression didn't change; she didn't plan to greet Cain, so she walked directly past him.

At this moment, Cain moved slightly, his tall and straight figure immediately blocked her like a wall.

Dianna was forced to stop, raising her eyes to look at him.

Cain slightly curled his lips, his voice deep and magnetic, "How, pretending not to know me?"

Dianna sensed the faint tobacco odor from him, and this smell was enough to evoke that deeply buried memory in her heart. She frowned, "Do we know each other?"

Yes, they don't. She's not Tanya Sullivan; now she's Dianna.

Seeing her closely, Cain noticed her skin was like peeled egg whites, covered with soft, fine fuzz, her lips were still tiny, rosy and plump, the youthful purity of a 21-year-old girl.

Cain nonchalantly rolled his Adam's apple, lowering his voice, "Have the past three years been good?"

He had always been a calm and restrained person, knowing he shouldn't block her and pretend not to recognize each other was the best, but he still wanted to know if she had been well.

Dianna looked up at him with her small oval face, then spilled out a few cold words, "Whether I'm doing well or not is none of your damn business."

Cain immediately frowned, his deep voice displeased, "You've got some nerve, who taught you to swear?"

"You're so nosy."

"I don't want to meddle, but I have obligations to your father. If he were here, he wouldn't like you swearing either."

Dianna sneered, retorting, "If my father knew you taught me until we ended up in bed, I wonder if he would rise from the grave in anger."

She suddenly brought up the topic, mentioning the night at the hotel three years ago. Cain's thin lips pressed, his deep black eyes quickly darkened.

Both fell into silence.

Dianna didn't want to linger; she started to walk away.

But in the next second, Cain's big hand suddenly reached over, grasping her slender wrist tightly.

Dianna froze, she hadn't held hands with a boy, but she knew how broad his palm was, and his fingertips were covered with rough calluses. That night his hands roamed recklessly over her, causing excruciating pain.

Dianna reflexively shook off his hand, glared at him coldly, "Don't touch me!"

Cain didn't mean to take advantage, but seeing her react so intensely, clearly showing strong repulsion and hatred towards his touch, that night... she hadn't wanted it; he forced her.

Cain's handsome face darkened to gloom, "Do you still hate me?"

Three years ago, she left on a rainy night, her final words being Cain, I hate you!

Dianna looked at him coldly, "Shouldn't I hate you? You ruined my purity, you're nothing but a rapist, I'll never forgive you, I'll always hate you!"

Cain's throat was dry, plenty to say but in the end, not a word came out. After a long while, he slowly said, "Fine, what I said hasn't changed; three years ago you didn't kill me, my life is still yours, you can take it anytime!"

Chapter 1107: How Can He Let Go of You?

He said his life was still hers, and she could take it at any time.

Dianna didn't speak again. At that moment, someone walked over, "Dianna, why were you in the bathroom for so long? Hurry back with mom, Yuric is getting anxious waiting for you."

Dianna turned around; Jodie Young had arrived.

Jodie Young was very afraid of Cain Shaw and Dianna rekindling their past relationship, so when both of them disappeared, she quickly came to find them. As expected, the two were together, and Jodie Young looked a bit displeased.

"Mr. Shaw, we are all adults now. We must consider the consequences of our actions. Your current situation has you walking in and out of dangerous situations. If you get close to Dianna, it will definitely bring her danger."

"Moreover, Mr. Shaw, you're a married man now, a father. If others see you with Dianna, what will they say about her? Do you want Dianna to be labeled as a homewrecker, a mistress who ruins families?"

"Our lives are very peaceful now, as you can see. Dianna is doing well. If you still feel guilty towards her father, please stay away from us; the further, the better."

"Dianna, let's go." Jodie Young took Dianna's small hand and led her away from the place.

Cain Shaw stood where he was, watching the silhouettes of the mother and daughter disappear from his sight.

Cain Shaw always felt that Jodie Young was a sharp-tongued person. Three years ago, her words extinguished all his hopes and enthusiasm. Just now, her words once again rooted him to the spot, unable to move.

...

The birthday party ended, and Jodie Young and Dianna were about to head home.

The Thatcher family personally saw them off. Mrs. Thatcher smiled, "Dianna, you should ride with Yuric; let him take you home."

Yuric Thatcher had already taken out his car keys, "Dianna, I'll drive you home."

Jodie Young was pleased with this arrangement, "Great, Dianna, let Yuric drive you home. I'll take the car and return. You young people should chat and strengthen your bond; I won't be the third wheel."

Both families were trying to matchmake Yuric and Dianna. Yuric gazed at Dianna's cool and pure face, his handsome face slightly blushing.

At this moment, Dianna suddenly spoke, breaking the harmonious atmosphere, "Yuric, you don't need to take me home. I'm going back with mom."

What?

Jodie Young froze, and both President Thatcher and Mrs. Thatcher's expressions changed.

Everyone could see the intention for an alliance between the Young and Thatcher families. Now, Yuric just wanted to take Dianna home, and she had refused. Her message was very clear.

"Mr. Thatcher, Mrs. Thatcher, Yuric, thank you for tonight's invitation. I'm heading home now, goodbye." With that, Dianna turned and left.

The Young family's driver respectfully opened the rear car door, and Dianna got in, closing the door.

"Dianna..." Mrs. Thatcher started to speak but stopped.

"Josephine, Yuric, Dianna is a bit tired today. She's been buried in her studies all day at school; she's probably exhausted from studying. It's fine, I'll have a proper talk with her later. That's it for tonight." Jodie Young quickly said her goodbyes and got into the car.

...

In the luxury car, the atmosphere between mother and daughter was a bit tense. Jodie Young straightforwardly said, "Dianna, you're not a child anymore. I believe you understand the intention between our family and the Thatchers. I'll choose an auspicious date when we get back to arrange your engagement with Yuric. As soon as you graduate, you'll get married."

Dianna looked at the scenery flashing past outside the window and said softly, "Mom, I don't like Yuric and I won't marry him."

"Then who do you like? That Cain Shaw?" Jodie Young, known for her strong personality, was now furious.

Hearing the name "Cain Shaw," Dianna's eyelashes fluttered, and then she lowered her head, "I don't."

"Dianna, are you deceiving me or yourself? I heard your conversation with Cain Shaw in the corridor. Cain asked if you hate him; why did you say 'hate'? If you had just said you didn't hate and that you've forgotten the past, Cain Shaw wouldn't appear in your life anymore. But you said 'hate'; your hatred binds Cain Shaw, how can he let go of you?"

Jodie Young was genuinely angry. In the corridor, one said 'hate,' the other said 'my life is still yours.' They obviously hadn't let go of each other.

Jodie Young felt that these two were already dangerously close to rekindling old flames; any sign would reignite their past relationship.

Dianna's face looked gentle and serene, "He owes me. Why should I let him go?"

"Dianna, what do you want from him? Wake up, he is married, his son is already three years old!" Jodie Young exclaimed emotionally.

Dianna didn't want to argue with her mother about this. She spoke, "Stop the car."

The driver quickly pulled over the luxury car, and Jodie Young saw they had reached the school.

"Dianna, it's so late, you're still going back to school? Didn't you plan to sleep at home tonight?"

Dianna opened the car door and stepped out, "Mom, go home. I'm busy at school; I still have to work on my graduation thesis."

"Dianna, I've spoken with your mentors and professors. They really like you and want you to stay at the school. For a girl, becoming a university professor is enough for you to outshine those high-society debutantes. You must listen to me on this."

Dianna gave Jodie Young a look, "Mom, I've told you, I don't want to be a professor."

"Then what do you want to do? Do you want to follow in your father's footsteps?"

Hearing her mother's suddenly raised voice, filled with coldness and sarcasm, Dianna didn't want to say anything. They simply couldn't communicate with one another.

Dianna turned around and entered the school.

...

In the school dormitory, Dianna took a shower and then went to bed. She lay there but couldn't fall asleep, tossing and turning.

From the lower bunk, her roommate Julie poked her head up and whispered, "Dianna, can't sleep? A girl tossing and turning at night can only mean one thing, you're infatuated, thinking about your lover. Come on, tell us honestly, who's the lucky guy? Let us see who has captured the heart of our beautiful Dianna."

Dianna was known for being hard to woo. Not just the wealthy second-generation sons, even the female students were curious about what kind of man Dianna would like.

Hearing the gossip and excitement in her roommate's voice, Dianna closed her eyes, "I don't have anyone I like."

Ugh~

Dianna turned over, extending her small hand under the pillow. Soon, she touched something cold and hard. It was something Cain Shaw had given her three years ago, and she had kept it with her ever since.

Dianna's soft fingertips traced over the object's cold, textured surface. She had touched it so many times, she could draw its tiniest patterns from memory.

He's married and has a son.

Dianna felt that three years ago, she should have killed him!

Chapter 1108: She's Just a Slut

The next day, Yuric Thatcher drove his sports car to Dianna's school entrance and called her.

"Hello." Dianna's cool and elegant voice came through.

Yuric squeezed his phone, "Dianna, have you finished school? I'm at your school entrance. Can you honor me tonight? I'll treat you to dinner."

Dianna remained silent for two seconds then said, "Yuric, don't waste time on me, no matter how much my mom likes you, there's no possibility for us."

Yuric stiffened. As a wealthy Crown Prince, he was incredibly popular, with countless girls who liked him, but Dianna was the exception.

She ruthlessly rejected him, offering no hope or opportunities.

"Dianna..." Yuric wanted to speak more.

But the "beep beep" sound came, indicating the busy tone; Dianna had hung up.

Yuric could already picture the girl's indifferent and cold expression; he was sure that if it weren't for the friendship between the Thatchers and Youngs, she wouldn't even bother speaking to him.

Over the past three years, countless people pursued her but they all hit a wall.

...

Feeling down, Yuric drove straight to the bar to drink away his sorrows.

He picked up his phone and dialed a number.

The melodious ringtone rang once, then connected, and a deep, magnetic voice came through, "Hello, Yuric."

It was Cain Shaw.

Yuric admired his uncle-in-law greatly, almost idolizing him, so after being rejected by the girl he loved, he immediately called Cain for comfort.

"Hey, Uncle, are you free now? Come over to the bar; I'll treat you to a drink."

Cain heard the noise in the background and frowned, asking, "Yuric, are you drinking in a bar?"

"Yeah."

"Does Dianna know you're drinking in a bar? Why haven't you spent time with her if you have time?"

Yuric paused, surprised that his uncle mentioned Dianna. His uncle should not be familiar with Dianna, right?

"Uncle, did you... know Dianna before?" Yuric asked perplexedly.

Cain realized he said something he shouldn't; it was just... Dianna was surely going to marry Yuric, and he didn't want Yuric loitering in bars.

Cain owned many entertainment venues, bars, upscale clubs, and casinos where people squandered fortunes, surrounded by beautiful women—a temptation factory. He had seen many men lose themselves there, resulting in broken families, so he hoped Yuric would avoid such places.

Now Yuric was asking if he and Dianna knew each other before.

Cain thought of what Jodie Young had said, Dianna and his past was already a stain in her life, "No, I don't know her."

He said, he didn't know her.

Yuric nodded, finding his earlier thoughts ridiculous; how could Dianna know his uncle?

"Uncle, I'm not here for a fun night; I wanted to date Dianna. I even drove to pick her up from school, but Dianna didn't even show up. She told me over the phone that there's no possibility between us, Uncle, I've been rejected." Yuric said, heartbroken.

Cain's eyes subtly shifted — she... rejected Yuric?

Why?

Cain always thought she liked Yuric too, being already engaged, but she actually rejected him.

"Uncle, how do I pursue a girl like Dianna? Other girls like luxury bags, food, travel, or romance, but Dianna seems to like nothing. Whatever I do, I can't touch her heart."

On this point, Cain agreed; he had seen many girls, but Dianna was the most unique.

Her gaze was never attracted to external glamor; she was serene and resilient, born with a proud demeanor — coolly beautiful.

No matter what courting attacks Yuric or other wealthy heirs launched, she remained unmoved.

What did she like?

Cain also didn't know.

"Uncle, are you really busy now? I really want to talk to you, learn a bit about love experience. Can you come drink with me?"

Cain pressed his thin lips briefly, "Yuric, stop drinking; send me your location, I'm coming over now."

Ending the call, Yuric sent his location to Cain, he felt quite strange that his uncle was really coming.

Yuric ordered two cocktails; just then a group of self-indulgent heirs arrived at the neighboring table, all with some family background but personally not doing well. The leader was Jack Alden.

Yuric knew Jack, the Alden family held significant power in City of Crestfall; this self-indulgent heir Jack loved indulging in food, drink, and women, changing girlfriends as often as clothes, experienced with countless women.

Initially, Yuric didn't pay attention to these people but soon heard a familiar name from their mouths — Dianna.

These heirs sat down to smoke and drink, excitedly discussing Dianna.

"Brother Jake, you pursued our ice beauty Dianna recently, did you succeed?" one heir asked.

Jack lay half-reclined on the sofa, an arm around a woman. His hands were indecently roaming on her body, but at the mention of Dianna, he immediately lost interest in the woman, "Damn, who told you to bring up Dianna?"

"Brother Jake, looking at your fired-up reaction, you must not have won Dianna over?"

"Brother Jake, someone as experienced as you usually brings a target to a hotel room within two hours for a good time, didn't expect you'd slip up."

"Brother Jake, don't doubt your charm, Dianna is really damn hard to get, no rich kid circle has succeeded in winning her yet."

Jack's arm-around woman coquettishly asked, "Brother Jake, who is Dianna? Do you like her a lot, is she very beautiful?"

Jack took a drag on his cigarette and exhaled. Dianna's cool and exquisite little face flashed in his mind, and looking at the woman in his arms now — her nose was altered, her face coated with cosmetics — previously okay for fun, but compared to Dianna, she was just ordinary.

Jack let out a cold laugh, "How could you compare to her?"

The woman, "..."

"Brother Jake, could you really be smitten with Dianna?"

"Yesterday at Yuric's birthday party, Dianna attended. News of the Thatcher and Young family alliance spread; Dianna will surely be the future daughter-in-law of the Thatcher family."...

Jack's expression turned gloomy; he loved and hated Dianna, hence he sneered, "I can't believe the Thatcher family would want a lower-class girl!"

Lower-class girl?

"Brother Jake, what do you mean?"

Jack chuckled maliciously, "Damn, you don't know what a lower-class girl is? It means she's already been with men, she's not a virgin."

Chapter 1109: Fighting for Her

Dianna has long been slept with by a man.

This sentence exploded in Yuric Thatcher's ears, his pupils shrank fiercely.

The second-generation rich kids next door were also buzzing, "Oh my God, Jack, are you serious?"

Initially, Jack Alden had a conquering desire for Dianna. Everyone says a cold beauty has arrived in Hongkou, ethereal and stunningly beautiful, and no rich heir can win her over. Jack Alden is adept at dealing with women, so encouraged by everyone, he started pursuing Dianna, eager to conquer her.

However, he chased her for a whole six months and Dianna wasn't moved at all, she didn't even show her face, which made Jack feel rather embarrassed.

Jack has never had a break period from women, but for Dianna, he had a six-month pause, pursuing her with genuine feelings.

Failing to win Dianna made him lose face, yet he found that after Dianna, other women didn't attract him at all. Day and night, he couldn't forget about Dianna.

Holding a beautiful woman in his arms, Jack remembered Dianna's little oval face and her well-developed girlish figure, a wicked fire leaped in his heart, "You all know I've seen countless women, so I have a talent. When a woman stands in front of me, I can tell whether she's a virgin. This Dianna is a little floozy, she's long been with a man!"

Those second-generation rich heirs were utterly convinced of Jack's "talent", and they gasped,

"Damn, this Dianna looks all chaste and untouchable on the outside, yet nobody can win her over, turns out she's already been with someone."

"Dianna seems to be only 21, I wonder how young she was when she was with a man."

"Who do you think the man is, Dianna doesn't seem to have any guy around her."

"Who knows, but things aren't always what they seem, this Dianna is a floozy."

Listening to their conversation from the side, every word felt like needles stabbing Yuric Thatcher's heart. Shock, sudden pain, jealousy, then rage.

They actually called Dianna a "little floozy", a "loose woman". Yuric felt a blaze of anger ignite in his chest, he wouldn't allow anyone to insult Dianna, the girl he deeply loved.

Yuric stood up abruptly, leaping to the next booth in a few steps. His eyes were bloodshot as he glared at Jack Alden, "Jack Alden, who gave you permission to talk about Dianna like that? I warn you to shut your filthy mouth!"

When Yuric arrived, the heirs stiffened. Given the Thatcher family's immense wealth and power, they dared not offend the Crown Prince of the Thatcher family.

"Young Master Thatcher, how come you're here? We... we'd just had a bit to drink, chatting casually."

Unlike those heirs, Jack Alden wasn't scared at all, since the Alden and Thatcher families were equally matched. However, Crown Prince Yuric Thatcher was proud, whereas Jack Alden, the Eldest Young Master, was a layabout.

"Well, who do we have here, it's Young Master Thatcher! Perfect timing. I've heard the Thatcher and Young families are marrying, we're all friends, so let me seriously advise you, Dianna is a little floozy who's long been played by other men, don't get stuck and become the joke for others." Jack laughed arrogantly.

Jack Alden and Yuric Thatcher were arch-enemies, hearing Dianna would marry Yuric, Jack felt sour. The woman he couldn't get shouldn't end up with Yuric, so now he mocked Yuric for picking up leftovers.

No man can stand such humiliation, Yuric immediately clenched his fist, "Jack Alden, what were you saying? Have the guts to say it again!"

"I'll say it again, I said Dianna has long been with a man..."

Before Jack could finish, Yuric rushed at him, landing a solid punch straight on Jack's face.

Ah!

The beauty screamed in fear.

Jack had never been hit before, he wiped the blood from the corner of his lip viciously, then charged forward, delivering a hard punch back to Yuric.

The two men instantly started wrestling.

"Ah! There's a fight!"

The entire bar was thrown into chaos, shocked guests desperately ran out.

The Crown Prince of the Thatcher family and the Eldest Young Master of the Alden family were fighting. The heirs were terrified, rushing to break it up, "Stop fighting, calm down! Let's talk this out!"

Julie was at the bar with her boyfriend today, amidst the chaos she saw Yuric Thatcher and Jack Alden fighting, isn't that Dianna's fiancé?

Julie quickly took out her phone and dialed Dianna's number.

Quickly, the call connected, amidst the racket, Dianna's clear icy voice flowed over like a babbling brook, "Hello, Julie."

"Dianna, something bad has happened, Young Master Thatcher is fighting with someone at the bar, you should come and see!" Julie said in panic.

Dianna was silent for a few seconds, "Yuric is already an adult, I don't know the reason for his fight, but he must bear the consequences. Julie, if you want to help him, calling me won't change anything because I'm not a security guard, I suggest you call 110."

Julie was dumbfounded, she hadn't expected Dianna to speak calmly, logically, and indifferently, and now Dianna was about to hang up.

At this moment, the bar door banged open, a cold wind surged in immediately, Julie looked up, and noticed a tall, towering figure at the doorway.

Wow, what a handsome, masculine man!

Julie's eyes lit up.

Cain Shaw had arrived!

Cain Shaw was followed by a group of bodyguards in black, who guarded all the exits of the bar. Cain's deep, intent eyes scanned the chaotic crowd, then fixated on Yuric Thatcher and Jack Alden. He strode over, his steps brisk.

Suddenly the previously chaotic crowd fell quiet, they parted a path wherever Cain Shaw walked.

Yuric and Jack were still engrossed in fighting, soon Jack gained the upper hand, a punch landed on Yuric's handsome face, and Yuric staggered back, nearly falling.

But just then, a large hand reached over, grabbed his collar, and gently tugged him, standing him upright like a chick.

Yuric looked up, Cain Shaw's handsome face filled his vision.

"Uncle, you're here!"

Today Cain Shaw was wearing a gray shirt and black trousers, one hand casually tucked into a pocket, brows slightly furrowed as he glanced at Yuric and Jack, then spoke in a deep, displeased voice, "Why are you making a scene here?"

Cain Shaw had weathered countless storms, always occupying a high position, at 36 years old he possessed the weighty sense given by time, which Yuric and Jack at their age couldn't withstand.

From being picked up like a chick, to now being scolded, Yuric felt like a child caught misbehaving.

"Uncle, it's Jack Alden insulting Dianna, saying she is a floozy, saying she's long been with a man!"

Chapter 1110: Who Is That Man?

Cain Shaw didn't like seeing Yuric Thatcher and Jack Alden fighting. In the eyes of a man of his age and experience, such behavior was particularly childish.

Moreover, Yuric Thatcher couldn't even win the fight, which was really pathetic.

But now Yuric Thatcher told him that someone called Dianna a slut.

Cain Shaw's expression changed, a shadow instantly covered his handsome brow, and he shot a hawk-like glare at Jack Alden.

Ever since Cain Shaw had appeared, he was the center of attention, and Jack Alden couldn't ignore him. Now, with Cain Shaw's gaze bearing down like Mount Tai, Jack Alden felt a chill down his spine, but he was unyielding, quickly shouting, "Yuric Thatcher, am I wrong? Just accept it, Dianna is a slut!"

"You!"

Yuric Thatcher wanted to step forward, but a figure was even faster, moving like lightning, and kicked Jack Alden.

Jack Alden only felt an incredibly fierce and ruthless force hit his spine, as if it had broken, a metallic taste filling his throat as he spat out a mouthful of blood with a "pfft".

Yuric Thatcher was stunned; Cain Shaw had just made his move. He raised his strong, long leg and kicked Jack Alden.

That kick knocked Jack Alden to the ground, spitting blood, unable to get up again.

Heavens, my uncle is truly amazing.

Jack Alden laboriously lifted his head, looking at Cain Shaw with humiliation. Cain Shaw, standing imposingly at 1.9 meters, loomed over him. If not for the sinister aura on his face, it would've been hard to see he had just made a move.

Jack Alden spoke up, "Who... who are you?"

Cain Shaw adjusted his suit pants, and then knelt on one knee in front of Jack Alden. He reached out, slapped Jack Alden's face hard, and with a lazy and reckless curve on his lips, he warned in a low voice, "If I hear you call Dianna a slut from your mouth again, you won't see the sunrise tomorrow, understand?"

Jack Alden felt deeply humiliated. Although he and Yuric Thatcher were evenly matched, in front of this man, he seemed powerless.

Suddenly, Jack Alden realized, and he looked at Cain Shaw with terror, "You... you're Cain Shaw?"

Yuric Thatcher snorted coldly, "Jack, you finally know something, my uncle is Cain Shaw!"

Jack Alden had heard of Cain Shaw's reputation, but he hadn't expected that this man was Cain Shaw himself!

"Master Shaw, wipe your hands." At this time, a subordinate handed over a clean handkerchief.

Cain Shaw stood up, casually wiped his hands, and then tossed it onto Jack Alden in an unfeeling and arrogant manner.

In Starfall City, Jack Alden was considered quite influential, but this time he had suffered a big loss to Cain Shaw, despite all the humiliation he couldn't resist. Jack Alden hated it so much that he dug his nails into the floor, drawing blood.

At this moment, Cain Shaw lightly lifted his eyelids, his deep ink-black eyes calmly scanned over the faces of those second-generation heirs, without any movement, yet full of intimidation.

The second-generation heirs were already too frightened to move. Seeing Jack Alden like this, they didn't have enough lives to risk, "Master... Master Shaw, rest assured, our mouths are very tight, no, we didn't hear anything today!"

"Yes, we know nothing, we absolutely won't say anything bad about Dianna!"

Just as these second-generation heirs finished speaking, a clear and pleasant voice came from the door, "What bad things did you just say about me?"

Cain Shaw looked up and saw a cool and graceful figure at the door; Dianna had actually come.

This evening, Dianna wore a retro black cardigan with frilly edges, revealing a slim white strap inside, paired with khaki grandma pants and white sneakers, exuding a youthful and girlish vibe.

Julie immediately ran up and gently tugged on Dianna's sleeve, whispering, "Dianna, you're here."

Earlier, when they were on the phone, she mentioned that something happened to Yuric Thatcher, Dianna didn't really care, but later she saw Cain Shaw, and then exclaimed to Dianna on the other end, "OMG, Dianna, I saw a super handsome and manly uncle, seems to be called... Cain Shaw."

And then, Dianna appeared here.

Julie's gossiping eyes darted between Dianna and Cain Shaw, she couldn't help feeling that there was something fishy between the two.

No one expected Dianna to suddenly appear here; her pure black hair cascaded over her shoulders, she stood aloofly, her dark, clear eyes coldly and calmly surveyed the mess on the ground, coldly and calmly looking at their awkward and embarrassed faces.

The second-generation heirs finally understood why so many men liked Dianna, why Yuric Thatcher and Eldest Young Master Alden fought over her, and even why the Starfall City's Master Shaw was alerted; this Dianna was stunningly beautiful.

Epecially her aloof and stunning aura, it was... unparalleled.

Yuric Thatcher immediately stepped forward, coming to stand in front of Dianna, "Dianna, you misunderstood, they didn't say anything bad about you."

"Is that so?" Dianna's gaze bypassed Yuric Thatcher, landing on Cain Shaw ahead.

Cain Shaw was also looking at her, and for a moment, their eyes met.

However, Dianna quickly withdrew her gaze, she said mildly, "Yuric Thatcher, come with me, let's talk."

...

Cain Shaw's men were already handling the aftermath in the bar, Cain Shaw stood on the street, the cold wind outside inflated his gray shirt, he pulled out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one with a lighter, and began to exhale clouds of smoke.

He glanced up, looking at the two people across the street, Dianna and Yuric Thatcher stood there, he couldn't hear what they were saying.

Actually, Dianna wanted to say something straightforward to Yuric Thatcher. She said plainly, "Yuric Thatcher, what they said is true, I'm not a virgin, I've had men before."

Earlier, Julie had told her over the phone that someone noticed she wasn't a virgin, but it didn't matter, she never intended to hide it.

Her mother wanted her to marry Yuric Thatcher, so she might as well use this opportunity to tell him and be clear.

Yuric Thatcher stiffened, if Jack Alden had said this, he might not have believed him, but now Dianna was standing right in front of him telling him plainly, the girl he liked had actually belonged to another, any man would feel jealousy and madness.

Yuric Thatcher reached out and clasped Dianna's delicate shoulders, "Dianna, it's okay, you... you weren't willing, right? Otherwise, these three years you wouldn't have been alone, that man wasn't by your side."

Mentioning that night, Dianna trembled slightly. She looked at Yuric Thatcher, "Yuric Thatcher, we've known each other for so long, don't you understand my character? If... I wasn't willing, could he succeed?"