

Substitute B 1111

Chapter 1111: His Son!

Yuric Thatcher's fingers curled, gripping Dianna Hollis's shoulder tightly, "What... do you mean?"

"Yuric, I also want to tell myself that I wasn't willing that night, but we both know my character. No man I don't like can touch me. I have a hundred, a thousand ways to destroy him and go down with him!"

Yuric felt as if he'd been struck by a club. Yes, he understood Dianna Hollis's character. Given a girl like her, cold yet resilient, no man could touch her unless she was willing to be conquered.

"Dianna, do you... do you like that man?"

Like him?

Dianna Hollis didn't want to say she liked him, but she couldn't lie to herself anymore. She nodded, slowly and softly saying, "Yeah, I like him."

"Then why aren't you together?"

Dianna's clear and cold eyes immediately clouded over, "Because he doesn't want me."

Yuric took a deep breath; the blows he received tonight were too severe, he simply couldn't accept it.

Now, this society is already quite open-minded, and he isn't someone trapped by feudal and conservative thoughts. Since he likes Dianna Hollis, he can accept all her past.

However, he can disregard Dianna Hollis's physical history but not her feelings.

Turns out, someone already occupied her heart!

She likes another man!

"Who is that man? Dianna, tell me who that man is? I want to see what makes the man you love abandon you, and why I'm inferior to him!" Yuric shook Dianna Hollis's shoulder with eyes red from anger.

Dianna Hollis felt dizzy from the shaking and frowned, "Yuric, we've already made things clear. Don't like me. You'll meet a better girl in the future."

After speaking, Dianna wanted to break free from him.

Yuric sensed her coldness; she was like this towards every man, cutting ties swiftly and resolutely. But the colder she was, the more pain he felt in his heart, scratching painfully. Who exactly was that man, and why did he deserve her?

Yuric pulled Dianna Hollis into his embrace, "Dianna, since that man doesn't want you anymore, forget him. I'll pretend nothing happened; I'll pretend not to know anything. Let's get married, Dianna, I really like you!"

Yuric cupped Dianna Hollis's small face and bent down to kiss her.

"Yuric, what are you doing? You're drunk, let me go!" Dianna's expression quickly turned icy.

Across the street, Cain Shaw had been observing their movements. Now seeing Yuric's attempt to forcefully kiss Dianna Hollis, Cain Shaw furrowed his brows, extinguishing his cigarette and striding over.

Cain Shaw reached out, pulling Yuric away and using his tall, handsome frame to shield Dianna behind him, "Yuric, bullying a woman, what kind of skill is that?"

With a sharp force, Yuric stumbled back a few steps, looking at Cain Shaw and Dianna Hollis before turning and running away.

Dianna Hollis watched Yuric's figure, "Yuric doesn't seem to be in a good state. Will he be alright running off like that?"

Cain Shaw signaled to one of his men, who nodded and quickly followed Yuric.

Cain Shaw turned slightly, his deep dark eyes landing on Dianna's small face. Her hair was a bit disheveled now, tangled with her fair cheeks, and the black cardigan slipped from one fragrant shoulder, exposing the thin white strap and smooth shoulder, revealing a hint of forbidden allure in her purity.

Cain Shaw felt... her shoulder seemed so smooth, always slipping the strap off. His fingers in his pocket unconsciously rubbed a bit, his throat moved, "Seems like, I was interrupting you just now."

What?

Dianna Hollis pondered for a moment, then understood his meaning. She raised her small face to look at him, her red lips curving into a mocking smile, "You think you just interrupted us, didn't you cause this? Listening to people call me names for being played used by a man, I wonder how Mr. Shaw feels?"

Cain Shaw immediately pursed his thin lips, he felt guilty. If it weren't for him, she wouldn't be criticized by others.

But...

Cain Shaw recalled that night, the night she transformed from a girl to a woman beneath him. His body felt warm and his heart softened.

Cain Shaw lowered his voice, "I have taken care of it. None of them present will speak, so there won't be any leaks."

This could most effectively protect her reputation, at least it won't be widely known.

Dianna Hollis let out a cold laugh, "Thank you so much, Mr. Shaw. By the way, are you afraid?"

"Afraid of what?"

"Now everyone is curious about who the man that slept with me is. Aren't you afraid I'll tell them that the man is you?"

Cain Shaw's deep dark eyes suddenly flashed a dangerous and deep red flame. He stared at Dianna Hollis, "Do as you wish. You can tell Yuric right now, tell those rich Crown Princes who fancy you, tell the whole world, I'm your man!"

Dianna Hollis felt the conversation deviating, especially his attitude now becoming ambiguous and elusive. She tiptoed to bring her cold, small face close to Cain Shaw's ear, with malicious mockery and bold provocation, she softly asked him, "Mr. Shaw, I'm curious, do you enjoy sleeping with me more or with your Mrs. Shaw?"

Cain Shaw's expression suddenly changed, looking at the girl so close, knowing she hated him deeply. Otherwise, she wouldn't ask such a question.

Just then, Dianna quickly withdrew, creating distance between them, watching his embarrassed and unsightly face. She smiled triumphantly, "Mr. Shaw, I have something to do, I'm leaving."

She turned and walked away.

But Cain Shaw grabbed her slender and fair wrist, and with a gentle push, he pressed her against the wall.

Dianna hated him in her heart; her previous question was merely a provocation. She didn't want any intimate contact with him; this man was utterly vile.

"Mr. Shaw, what do you mean?"

Cain Shaw looked at her, his lips moving slightly, uttering one word, "You."

The question she asked earlier, he was answering it now—it was her!

Dianna's eyelashes quivered, frozen.

Cain Shaw slowly raised his hand to touch her face.

The atmosphere of tension between them quickly dissipated, and the feeling repressed within suddenly surged like vines growing wildly.

Dianna didn't move, watching Cain Shaw's hand slowly approaching her.

At that moment, a black luxury car slowly came to a stop, the back door opened, and a large and small figure emerged.

"Daddy~"

The tender child's voice rang out, especially like a splash of cold water pouring down Dianna's head, chilling her to the core.

Dianna quickly looked up, seeing Christina Shaw bringing her son.

Chapter 1112: You're the Vixen Seducing My Daddy

After three years, Dianna Hollis met Christina Shaw again. Christina hadn't changed much, dressed in a very form-fitting floral dress which accentuated her curves. She was stunningly beautiful, and over these three years, her aura of well-being had only grown, the kind nurtured by a man's affection and prosperity.

Of course, Christina's biggest change was the little boy she was holding by the hand—this was her and Cain Shaw's son, Yuri Shaw.

"Daddy~" Yuri ran over and hugged Cain's leg.

Cain had already let go of Dianna. He looked at Yuri, reached out to touch Yuri's little head, "Yuri, what are you doing here?"

"Mommy brought me here. Both Mommy and I miss Daddy." As he spoke, Yuri's gaze fell on Dianna's face, and with a frown of dissatisfaction, he said, "Daddy, who is this woman? She's another vixen trying to seduce Daddy, isn't she?"

Saying that, Yuri rushed forward and kicked Dianna directly, cursing coldly, "Hmph, vixen, shameless! Get out quickly! If you dare to seduce my daddy again, I'll have Mommy and Grandpa tear you into pieces and throw you into the river to feed the fish. I'm not joking!"

Yuri stood with hands on his hips, his vicious demeanor not at all like a three-year-old child.

Dianna truly got kicked and it hurt. Just then, Cain came over, extended his large hand, grabbed Yuri by the collar, and pulled him aside, scolding in a deep voice, "Yuri, what are you doing? Who taught you to be so wild and rude?"

Yuri was wary of Cain; reprimanded like this, he immediately pouted and looked at Christina.

At that moment, Christina came over, kissed Yuri, and gently comforted him, "Yuri, you misunderstood, this sister is not a vixen, she is not a bad woman seducing your daddy."

Christina then looked at Dianna, "Miss Hollis, please don't be angry, Yuri just loves his daddy too much, so he gets extreme. But now, our family of three is very blissful; surely Miss Hollis wouldn't want to be the home-wrecking other woman, right?"

Dianna coldly watched Christina and Yuri, the mother and son duo. Yuri resembled Christina very much, but not at all like Cain. A three-year-old child with eyes full of cold, extreme viciousness could only be attributed to Christina's upbringing.

Now, Christina's words carried an underlying meaning that Dianna certainly picked up on. Even though she disdained Christina, the appearance of this mother and son also turned her into the kind of person she despised.

She admitted that that brief encounter three years ago moved her deeply. She had feelings for Cain, and that affection hadn't faded a bit over the past three years.

Cain's appearance was the most captivating ripple on the blank canvas of her emotions. After her father passed away, Cain took her in. Sometimes she felt he was very much like her father, perhaps even more profound, towering, lonely, and dazzling. Before, she didn't know what kind of man she would like; after meeting him, she realized he embodied all her fantasies about men.

That night, from fear and resistance to obedience, she later wanted to tell him that she didn't want to go home with her mother; she wanted to stay by his side.

She didn't know what kind of life path she wanted to take; she only knew she wanted to walk the path he was on now.

She never feared loneliness and danger. Though female, she wouldn't become his burden or weakness. She could walk alongside him in the dark nights, and perhaps someday, she could become another him.

But, he didn't want her.

Dianna admitted that when he pinned her against the wall just now, when his hand reached out toward her, ripples stirred in her heart anew; she was moved.

Now Yuri had kicked her, and Cain was shielding her, reprimanding his son. This only intensified her sense of shame at being the other woman.

Cain was married. He had a wife and a son!

Dianna had never felt such disappointment and disgust with herself; she began to hate herself.

"Mrs. Shaw, rest assured, I have no relationship with Cain and won't pose a threat to you." With that said, Dianna turned and left.

Watching Dianna's figure disappear, Cain stood motionless for a long time because he couldn't move, nor could he pursue her.

The street lamps cast his shadow long across the path, and no one knew what he was thinking.

Christina didn't know what was on Cain's mind at the moment, but she immediately recognized Dianna as the Tanya Sullivan of three years ago, the little new love Cain had successfully hidden for a long time.

Earlier in the car, she had seen Cain and Dianna's intimate scene. Her heart was already ablaze with jealousy, and in the car, she had instructed her son Yuri to go out and curse and kick Dianna later, and Yuri did very well.

Christina glanced in the direction where Dianna had disappeared, then came forward and clasped Cain's firm arm, acting sweetly, "Cain, bringing our son over must have given you a big surprise, let's go home."

Cain's handsome face bore no expression, his eyes deep as spilled ink. He reached out to embrace Christina's shoulder, "Let's go home."

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The family of three returned to the villa. A maid greeted them, "Sir, Madam, Young Master, you're back. Dinner is ready; you can eat now."

"I've eaten already, you two go ahead." Cain left the mother-son pair behind, went upstairs, and directly entered the study.

"Mommy, does Daddy not like me?" Yuri asked Christina, feeling that Daddy was always lukewarm toward him.

Something flashed in Christina's eyes; Cain certainly didn't like Yuri because Yuri wasn't Cain's biological son.

Before meeting Cain, Christina was a heartbreaker, having dated many boyfriends for the thrill of conquering men. When she married Cain, she had already been pregnant; the father of this offspring was unknown, but definitely not Cain.

"Son, your daddy loves you very much. Tonight, go to bed early, and Mommy and Daddy will make you a little brother or sister, okay?" Christina had always wanted to have a child with Cain, but she hadn't gotten pregnant.

Yuri snorted, "Daddy not liking me doesn't matter, anyway, when Daddy dies, everything about the Shaw family will be mine."

Christina nodded in praise, "My son will achieve great things."

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After dinner, Christina went into the room, washed herself, making sure she smelled fragrant. Then she carried a cup of coffee and knocked on the study's door.

"Come in." Cain's deep, magnetic voice came from inside.

Christina opened the door and entered. Cain was now sitting in a black leather office chair, smoking a cigarette in one hand and flipping through documents with the other, showing the demeanor of a big boss.

Christina was very satisfied with Cain. Only Cain could turn her, a heartbreaker, into a devoted spouse. Over the past three years, Cain expanded the Shaw family's reach, claiming more territory, and his influence was unparalleled. Moreover, her life as Cain's wife was... fulfilling and harmonious.

Chapter 1113: Thrown Onto the King-Sized Bed

Sometimes Christina Shaw felt she was born to be conquered by Cain Shaw.

Christina swayed her slender waist forward, placing the coffee beside Cain, then said in a sweet voice, "Cain, it's already late. Stop working, let's go to bed early."

Cain took a drag from his cigarette and didn't look up at Christina, "You go to sleep first."

"Cain, won't you sleep with me?" Christina immediately hugged Cain's strong arm, as if she wanted to stick her whole body to him, "We've been apart for days, don't you miss me?"

Only then did Cain put down the files in his hand, reaching out with his large palm to casually ruffle Christina's hair. His deep, magnetic voice carried a hint of coaxing but on closer listen, seemed to promise nothing, perfunctory and indifferent, "Be good, go to sleep, I have work tonight."

"Cain, what's more important than our time together? Don't tell me you've let other women into your bed while we were apart?" Christina looked at Cain half-complaining, half-coquettishly.

Cain didn't refuse her clinginess, he brought the cigarette to his lips for a drag, then looked down at Christina, slowly exhaling smoke onto her beautiful face, his expression wicked, "What, haven't I been handling you for a few days and you missed it?"

As he spoke, he laughed, a few low laughs resonating from his strong chest. His crass words, unruly gaze, fully embodied the innate wickedness and mischievousness of a man.

Christina's entire body went weak, utterly seduced by this man. She lifted her head to kiss Cain on the lips.

Cain turned his head to avoid it, pressing his large hand with the cigarette against her forehead, easily pushing her away, "Can't you understand? Go sleep by yourself."

Christina was genuinely aggrieved, "Cain, if you don't keep me company tonight, I'll tell my Daddy, then he won't introduce that leader to you!"

Speaking of that leader, Cain nonchalantly took a drag from his cigarette, his dark eyes becoming deep and inscrutable under layers of smoke, obscuring them from view, "It was originally agreed that a few days ago the old man would introduce the leader to me, but why hasn't he come, standing me up?"

Christina hugged Cain's strong arm again, "My Daddy and that leader wouldn't stand you up, but right now international police are intensely investigating the leader. They've been tailing him for decades. If it weren't for the leader's elusive tracks, with no one ever seeing his true self, he would've been caught already. In the three years we've been married, Daddy has introduced the four founders to you. You've now taken over all the ports in Starfall City, with no competition. Daddy and the four founders already recognize you, but the leader thinks you need further assessment. If I weren't fond of you, coaxing my Daddy for so long, he wouldn't have incessantly persuaded the leader to meet you. Just be patient, Daddy said the leader would truly come in the next few days, then your good fortune will arrive."

Three years ago, when Cain married Christina, he met the four founders. They were influential figures in high society, famous philanthropists, hospital directors, bank presidents, political figures; allies of the Shaw elder. They trafficked drugs and laundered money, spreading across The Saros Archipelago, holding massive influence. International police had been monitoring them for decades without results.

Nobody knew of the existence of a leader, the real root of all evil.

This leader was immensely wealthy, with vast connections, able to traverse both the underworld and legitimate fronts — a formidable character.

Cain clamped the cigarette between his thin lips and took a puff, his rugged large hand pulling Christina into his embrace, squeezing her face, "If this deal goes through, you'll be my lucky star. I'll make sure to treat you well, okay?"

"Hate you." Christina gave Ian Crawford a coy glance, thoroughly enjoying his unruly roguishness, "Cain, did you marry me because I'm the Shaw family's daughter, not because you like me as a person?"

Cain squinted his deep dark eyes, taking a puff of his cigarette, "Why are you still asking this question? Aren't the other women out there attractive too? If you weren't the Shaw family's daughter, you'd probably have to take a number and wait outside, just to see if I'm in the mood to see you."

"..." This man is really... wicked.

Yet Christina felt she'd been utterly charmed by this man.

In these three years of marriage, Cain had treated her well. Initially, there were other women around him, all those seductive foxes from the entertainment venues. She had them disappear, and later Cain settled down, not touching any other woman. Whatever she wanted, he bought. Yet, subtly, he seemed to keep a certain distance from her. In short, no one could get a clear read on Cain, nor his true intentions.

Of course, no one knew if this man had a heart. In these years of skirting knife's edges, playing power games and women, he hadn't revealed any attachment to a woman.

Christina wasn't bothered if he married her for her status. In her view, a man should be restless and ambitious. Tapping into the leader's network, Cain's future would be set.

Christina hugged Cain, whispering alluringly in his ear, "Cain, then spend the night with me, or else... you can forget about meeting the leader."

Christina flirted and threatened.

Cain didn't change expression much, frowning his brows while drawing the last few puffs of his cigarette, smoking with a lack of concern, the study's light casting subtle darkness and cool indifference on his handsome face.

He pinched Christina's waist, "Go shower, I'll come to the room later."

He agreed!

"Cain, I've already showered~"

"Go wash again, you'll feel good later."

Christina felt weak and quickly nodded, "Okay, I'll go shower in the room, Cain, I'll be waiting for you."

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In the room.

Christina came out after showering, and she quickly saw Cain's tall, handsome silhouette by the floor-to-ceiling windows. He had returned to the room, standing there tall with one hand in his pocket, the other playing with a lighter. He seemed particularly indulgent in smoking today.

Christina walked over, reaching out to snatch the lighter from his hand.

Cain turned around, looking at her.

"Cain, do you want this? Come chase me for it." Christina gestured with her finger, turning to run.

But after just two steps, Cain's large hand reached over, grabbing her wrist and forcefully throwing her onto the soft big bed.

Then, her vision darkened as Cain covered her.

Chapter 1114: You're So Bad!

Cain Shaw propped himself up on the bed, looking down at her. There was no hint of a smile on his face as he spoke indifferently, "Give me the lighter."

Just five simple words, yet so domineering that they allowed no argument.

Christina Shaw's heart skipped a beat. She had seen many sides of Cain: handsome, ruthless, gloomy, charming... but she had never seen him like this before. At this moment, it felt as if a layer of disguise had been removed, and his aura of maturity and experience commanded respect.

Christina didn't dare to act out, instantly handing the lighter in her hand to Cain.

Cain put the lighter back in his pocket, then raised his hand and tugged at the buttons on his shirt.

Christina immediately lifted her arms to wrap around his neck, "Cain."

Cain looked at her, then slowly lowered his head. The distance between their faces shrank more and more.

Christina closed her eyes, full of anticipation, waiting for his kiss to fall on her face, her body...

The next second, with a "snap," the light in the room was turned off.

It turned out he leaned down not to kiss her, but to turn off the light. Christina opened her eyes and was met with a pitch-black view.

"Cain, why don't you keep the light on? We've been married for so long, and you always turn it off. I can't see you. I want to look at you."

For as long as they had been married, whenever they shared a bed, Cain would always turn off the light, leaving her unable to see anything. She didn't like it.

Cain chuckled lowly, his voice laced with a cold, seductive charm, "I like... it being off."

Christina thought Cain must not want to see her face. To a man, with the lights off, all women look the same.

Christina didn't dare protest because before their marriage, her personal life had been messy, even making Cain a father to a child that wasn't his. Although Cain never mentioned it, this man wasn't the same as before. He might soon hold a leadership position and control everyone's fate.

Christina moved closer to him, "Cain, let me give you a son."

Once she bore him a son, their relationship would become even more intimate.

"A son?" Cain sneered, "Like Yuri Shaw?"

Yuri had been spoiled by Old Master Shaw and Christina to the point of being useless, just a twisted little mess.

"No, our son would definitely be smarter and more handsome than Yuri. I will certainly love our son more," Christina said happily.

Cain wasn't interested in this topic and didn't want to get entangled with her. He got up and directly left the bed.

Where is he going?

He can't leave.

Christina also got off the bed and hugged Cain from behind, grasping his strong waist, "Cain, where are you going? Don't leave."

Cain pushed her hands away, "You can't even wait a little longer? Just hang on, I'm going to take a shower first."

...

Christina waited in the room, five minutes passed, and he hadn't come out yet.

Unable to resist, she ran to the bathroom door, knocked "knock knock," "Cain, are you done?"

With a "click," the bathroom door opened.

In the darkness, Christina couldn't see his face clearly, but his physique was still robust and upright. She threw herself into his embrace.

Standing on tiptoes, she kissed the man's lips.

His breath was scorching, and in the dark, he directly pinned her onto the bed.

...

An hour later.

Christina climbed out of bed, and the room was filled with the fragrance of indulgence, having just endured an intense session.

Suppressing the soreness in her body, Christina put on a long dress, then opened the door. Cain had already left after they finished.

Outside the door, Cain stood by the carved railing in a white shirt. Seeing her emerge blushing, he curled his lips meaningfully, his voice profound and enigmatic, "So, did you enjoy yourself?"

Christina flushed with embarrassment, wishing she could throw herself into his arms again, "Cain, you're so bad!"

Cain raised an eyebrow, "Alright, as long as you're pleased. Go to sleep early. I'm heading to the study."

Cain went straight to the study.

Christina paused. She looked at him, his white shirt and black trousers precisely pressed, adding a few touches of aloofness. His body carried no remnants of desire, calm and indifferent to the extreme.

It was strange; he seemed like a completely different person from the passionate man on the bed earlier.

"Cain, it's so late. Let's not work. Let's sleep together."

Despite being married for so long, he always left the bed, never sleeping in her arms, and tonight was no exception. He went off to the study again.

If it weren't for their passionate session earlier, Christina might have doubted she'd ever had this man.

Cain's steps didn't halt; he just glanced back at her lightly, "Christina, take what you get and stop. My patience has limits. Don't get on my nerves, okay?"

Christina, "..."

Cain's figure quickly vanished from sight.

...

Christina returned to her room, lying in bed alone, thinking of Cain's explosive eight-pack abs. She imagined how wonderful it would be to wake up in his arms.

Christina felt a bit discontented, and at that moment, her phone rang with a message.

She picked up her phone, having had someone look into Dianna Hollis. Now the reply came.

Unexpectedly, three years ago, Tanya Sullivan reinvented herself as Dianna Hollis, now Cain's new lover and the City of Crestfall's top beauty queen and a high society socialite. What's more interesting is that Dianna and her nephew Yuric Thatcher are actually a pair.

How interesting.

Truly interesting.

Christina was someone with a possessive streak. She had taken care of all the women around Cain. Just thinking of tonight's scene of Cain and Dianna entangled intimately on the street filled her with jealousy.

Christina thought for a moment and suddenly came up with an ingenious idea.

She opened her phone video. She had secretly recorded one earlier and immediately sent the video to Dianna's phone.

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Dianna returned to her dormitory, and her roommate Julie excitedly chatted away beside her, "Dianna, today Mr. Shaw was such a man. You didn't see it, but he kicked that scoundrel Jack Alden to the ground. Jack couldn't even get up again."

Julie then slyly moved closer to Dianna, whispering, "Dianna, who did you give your first time to? My woman's intuition tells me you're not simple with Mr. Shaw. Could he be... Mr. Shaw?"

Julie was a simple girl and the heiress of a wealthy family. If Dianna had a friend, it would be Julie.

Dianna's small, goose-egg-shaped face was cool and calm. She tapped Julie's forehead with her soft white finger, "If you have time, think about your thesis. I think it's due tomorrow."

Julie, "... Why bring that up? I'm doomed!

Dianna took her pajamas and went into the bathroom. Standing at the basin, she splashed her face with cold water. Then, with a "ding," a message came on her phone.

Chapter 1115: She's Going to Marry Someone Else

Dianna picked up her phone and opened the text message, inside was the video sent by Christina Shaw.

Because she hadn't opened it, the video was paused at a frame showing a large room, with no lights on, so the image was pitch dark. But faintly, two entwined figures could be seen. Below was Christina Shaw, and the tall, muscular man above her—just by his body, it was clear that it was... Cain Shaw!

Dianna's heart trembled slightly; she knew Christina Shaw had sent her a passionate video.

Her slender, pale fingers clenched the phone until her knuckles whitened. Dianna wanted to open the video, but her raised fingertip hung in midair, trembling slowly, unable to press play.

She, who had never backed down from any hardship before, was now afraid to face this video.

She dared not.

Dared not to open the video.

Rationality constantly told her to open it, to take a good look, so she could give up, even if Cain was the first man she ever liked, she could still forget him. After all, who doesn't fall for a few jerks when they're young?

But Dianna slowly withdrew her finger, and with a "smack," she placed the phone facedown on the cold washbasin. Her fan-like lashes fell gently as she let out a self-mocking chuckle.

This is better; she no longer harbors any expectations for Cain Shaw.

...

It was a long time before Dianna came out of the bathroom. Julie asked curiously, "Dianna, why did you take so long... Oh my god, Dianna, what's wrong, why are you so pale, are you sick?"

Julie reached up to touch Dianna's forehead, but didn't feel any heat, just coldness.

Dianna's face was deathly pale, her whole body ice-cold.

"Dianna, what's wrong, don't scare me."

Dianna shook her head, "I'm fine..."

She was just...heartbroken.

At that moment, the gentle ringtone of her phone chimed, a call was coming in.

It was Jodie Young calling.

So late at night, Jodie Young was calling. It seemed urgent.

Dianna furrowed her delicate brows slightly, then answered the call...

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Christina Shaw had sent the video to Dianna, but she felt it wasn't enough; she had to call her nephew, Yuric Thatcher.

Christina Shaw quickly dialed Yuric Thatcher's number.

At that moment, Yuric Thatcher was driving, thinking of what Dianna had said earlier. His heart felt as if it was being cut with a knife, hurting so much.

When Christina Shaw's call came in, he pulled himself together and pressed the answer key, "Hello, Auntie."

"Yuric, where are you now? I've brought Yuri Shaw to City of Crestfall; let's have a meal together sometime," Christina Shaw said with a smile.

"Okay, I'll host a dinner for Uncle and Auntie tomorrow night."

"Sure, no problem. By the way, Yuric, today I saw someone familiar."

"Someone familiar?"

"Yuric, you know, before he met me, your uncle led quite a wild life, had a lot of women around him. He once kept a young woman hidden away, and I met her once. It turns out I ran into her again today, she's even changed her name now, to...what was it...oh, Dianna it is."

The moment the name "Dianna" was mentioned, Yuric's hand shook on the steering wheel, and the car swerved off course.

Ding.

A piercing honk sounded behind him, along with curses, "Are you crazy, can't you drive properly?"

But Yuric couldn't hear these noises; his ears were buzzing with Christina Shaw's words, "Auntie, you...what are you saying, Di...anna? Dianna and...Uncle...?"

"Yuric, what's wrong? Yes, I'm talking about Dianna. She used to live in Starfall City, known as Tanya Sullivan. If you look it up, you'll know. Your uncle kept her for a long time; she was your uncle's former lover."

Yuric's eyes widened in shock, as if he forgot how to breathe. Dianna and Uncle...

How could these two be linked together?

Yuric never imagined a secret past between Dianna and Cain Shaw. One was the girl he deeply liked, the other his respected and admired uncle. They...they actually...

Yuric knew Dianna lived in Starfall City before moving to City of Crestfall. Turns out, the man was Uncle!

Dianna's first love was his uncle!

Yuric clenched his fist, veins popping on the back of his hand. He felt ridiculous. Dianna and Cain were pretending not to know each other right in front of him. What were they taking him for—a clown, a pathetic fool?

No wonder earlier at the bar, when Jack Alden hurled the insult "you slut," Cain was furious. He wasn't standing up for his nephew; he was protecting his former lover!

Thinking of his admiration and gratitude towards Cain made Yuric feel like a colossal joke!

He'd been played around by those two!

Yuric was driven by immense anger, stepping hard on the gas, the luxury car recklessly weaving through the crowded streets.

Ding.

Offensive horns blared all around, and people stared at Yuric as if he were crazy, "Has he lost his mind, is he trying to get into an accident?"

The luxury car sped to a red-light intersection. It was clearly red ahead, but Yuric couldn't see it. His conversation with Dianna replayed in his mind; she told him she liked that man.

Dianna likes Cain Shaw!

The man is already 36, and she's only 21. He really couldn't understand what she saw in him!

Yuric pressed the accelerator, the luxury car shot forward with a "whoosh."

At that moment, blinding headlights from an oncoming truck filled his view, the two vehicles about to collide.

Yuric was shocked with cold sweat, suddenly turning the steering wheel.

Bam.

The luxury car, while avoiding the truck, crashed into the barrier and wall, then violently flipped, sparks flying everywhere.

Yuric was eventually thrown out of the driver's seat, covered in blood.

"Di...Dianna..."

Yuric murmured Dianna's name, then closed his eyes.

...

At the hospital.

Dianna rushed over, having received a call from Jodie Young telling her Yuric Thatcher had been in a serious car accident. She hurried over with a coat over her pajamas.

"Dianna, you're finally here!" Mrs. Thatcher, tears streaming down her face, grabbed Dianna's hand, "Dianna, please, save Yuric!"

Dianna glanced at the red light illuminating the operating room and supported Mrs. Thatcher, "Auntie, the doctors will save Yuric."

"Dianna, the doctors said Yuric's leg is severely injured and he needs immediate surgery, but... but he refuses to have the operation. He said he would only agree if you marry him. If you refuse, he'd rather be crippled or even die."

With a "thud," Mrs. Thatcher knelt before Dianna, "Dianna, please agree to marry Yuric!"

Chapter 1116: A Kiss on Her Forehead

Looking at Mrs. Thatcher kneeling in front of her, Dianna quickly tried to help her up, "Mrs. Thatcher, what are you doing? Please get up!"

"Dianna, I beg you, Yuric is determined to marry you. He really likes you. He was constantly calling your name just now. He is the only son of the Thatcher family. If his leg becomes disabled or if any accident happens, I... I wouldn't want to live either. I might as well just end it all!" Mrs. Thatcher cried, tears streaming down her face.

Mr. Thatcher and Jodie Young came over, and Jodie grabbed Dianna's hand, "Dianna, what are you hesitating for? Yuric is still lying in the operating room. He's waiting for just one word from you. One word from you could save him. Do you really want to let him die without helping?"

Dianna stood silently, and the passersby in the corridor looked over, pointing at her,

"This girl looks so pretty, how can she be so cold-hearted?"

"You may not have killed Boren, but Boren died because of you. Your hands are stained with blood too."

Dianna looked at Mr. Thatcher with a heavy expression and Mrs. Thatcher crying uncontrollably, then at Jodie Young's reproachful face and the glaring red light of the operating room. She then said, "I'll go in and see Yuric."

Dianna walked into the operating room.

...

The operating room was filled with the pungent smell of disinfectant and blood. Yuric lay on the operating table, and the doctor next to him advised with difficulty, "Young Master Thatcher, we need to proceed with the surgery quickly. Otherwise, you'll really lose your leg."

Yuric's face was covered in blood, and his eyes showed a stubborn determination, "I won't have the surgery, unless..."

"Yuric." Dianna's clear and melodious voice came through.

Yuric froze, then turned his head and saw Dianna.

Dianna walked over. She hadn't expected such a severe car accident just after their parting at the bar. The Thatcher and Young families were long-time friends, and Mrs. Thatcher had always treated her well. Though Dianna had a cool nature, she never forgot those who were kind to her.

Dianna came to Yuric's side, "Yuric, you need surgery."

Yuric said, "Alright, but only if you agree to marry me, Dianna."

"Yuric, even if I marry you, my heart will never belong to you. Why do you insist?"

"Heh, Dianna, and what about you? Knowing that man doesn't want you, why do you still love him?"

Dianna furrowed her beautiful eyebrows.

"Dianna, even if I can't have your heart, I must have you with me. I want you by my side forever." Yuric stubbornly declared.

Dianna was silent for a moment, then nodded, "Alright, I promise you."

...

Cain Shaw was among the first to learn about Yuric's car accident, and he rushed to the accident scene.

"Master Cain," a subordinate ran up.

Cain Shaw looked at the smashed luxury car, speaking in a low voice, "What happened? Didn't I tell you to follow Yuric? How did he still end up in a car accident?"

The subordinate replied nervously, "Master Cain, I was indeed following Yuric the whole time, but he was too emotional. I followed him when he got into the car. At first, he was fine, but for some reason, he seemed agitated and suddenly lost control, recklessly running a red light."

Cain Shaw pressed his thin lips together, then got into the car and drove straight to the hospital.

Upon arriving at the hospital corridor, the doors of the operating room had just opened. Yuric was being pushed out, and the doctor took off his mask and said, "The surgery was very successful. Young Master Thatcher's leg is saved, but we still need to be mindful of the recovery process."

Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher were relieved, and the nurses pushed the still-anesthetized Yuric into the VIP ward.

Cain Shaw wanted to step forward, but just then, he heard Jodie Young say, "This is wonderful, Dianna. This time you and Yuric have definitely seen true feelings in adversity. Yuric has turned the corner, and your Aunt Thatcher and I will pick an auspicious date for your engagement to Yuric."

Engagement...

Cain Shaw's steps halted, he lifted his gaze, his eyes falling on Dianna.

Is she going to be engaged?

Dianna kept her head down, making it difficult to see what she was thinking.

Jodie continued, "Dianna, the quicker you and Yuric get engaged, the better. Although it feels rushed, I will tailor the most beautiful wedding dress for you and prepare the grandest engagement party. The union of the Thatcher and Young families will surely create a sensation in City of Crestfall."

Saying this, Jodie took Dianna's small hand, "This is the best, girlfriend. Mom hopes you have ordinary happiness."

Dianna looked at Jodie, and after a long while, said, "I understand."

Cain Shaw also understood; Dianna is really going to get engaged to Yuric. She has agreed to the marriage.

As night deepened, Dianna did not leave. She stayed in the VIP ward because everyone was afraid Yuric would want to see her first upon waking up.

When everyone else had left, Cain Shaw emerged from the shadows. He pushed open the door to the VIP ward and walked in.

Yuric was still asleep, and Dianna had fallen asleep at the side of his bed.

Cain Shaw approached Dianna; she was asleep with her head resting on her arm. Her pristine black hair tucked behind her snow-white ear, revealing half of her oval face. As she slept, she appeared softer, more tranquil.

Cain Shaw slowly raised his hand, his fingertip landing on her cheek.

In the dimly lit ward, Cain Shaw, tall and slender, stood there, his rough fingertip gently caressing her tender white cheek, unable to let go.

In her sleep, Dianna seemed to sense something. She didn't awaken but moved her face, snuggling against his fingers like a kitten enamored with its master.

Cain Shaw's hardened heart softened completely, becoming a muddled mess of emotions.

He had always been afraid to get close, fearing he might lose control.

Over the years, she was the only thing he ever wanted.

But he couldn't give her happiness.

For people like them, emotions were a luxury; they couldn't afford to indulge.

Now, was she really going to be engaged to Yuric?

Was she going to belong to someone else?

Cain Shaw slowly bent down and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

...

The next day, Dianna awoke.

She sat up in confusion, looking around the VIP ward, and saw there was no one else but her and Yuric.

Dianna raised her hand, touching her face. Had she been dreaming last night? She felt like a hand had touched her face in her sleep.

It seemed she must have been dreaming.

Dianna wanted to get up, but just then, the blanket on her shoulder slipped off. She paused; who had covered her with the blanket?

At this moment, Yuric on the bed slowly opened his eyes, awakening. He weakly called out, "Dianna."

...

Yuric had awakened, and with the meticulous care of doctors and nurses, his body was healing quickly. The news of the Thatcher and Young families' union had also been announced. Mrs. Thatcher and Jodie Young swiftly chose an auspicious date set for next week, to prepare a grand engagement party for Yuric and Dianna.

The wedding photoshoots for Yuric and Dianna were also scheduled. On this day, the two of them flew to the Isle of Flora for their wedding photoshoot, but unexpectedly, they ran into someone familiar.

Chapter 1117: She Turned Away

The stylist brought out an array of wedding dresses, "Young Master Thatcher, Miss Hollis, let's start with a set of seaside portraits. Miss Hollis, please select a dress first."

Dianna glanced at the dresses indifferently, clearly showing little interest.

At that moment, an excited voice suddenly came from behind, "Cain Shaw, Miss Hollis, what a coincidence to meet you here."

Dianna turned around and saw two familiar faces, Cain Shaw and Christina Shaw.

Cain was wearing a white shirt today, untucked from his black trousers, with a pair of stylish black sunglasses on his handsome face, tall and dashing like a super male model strutting down a runway.

Christina was in a fiery red long dress, adorned with a beautiful hat on her head, her hand linked through Cain's arm, looking blissfully at Dianna.

At this moment, Yuric Thatcher walked over, "Aunt, Uncle, what brings you here?"

Christina curled her red lips, "It's rare for us to leave Starfall City. We've left our son with someone else, so we've come here on vacation to enjoy some romantic time together."

Yuric looked at Cain, his eyes swirling with emotions, but outwardly he remained calm, "Uncle, you and Aunt are truly in love."

With those words, Yuric reached out, wrapping his arm around Dianna's slender waist, pulling her into his embrace. He looked at Cain and smiled, "Aunt, Uncle, you must have received the invitation by now, right? Dianna and I are getting engaged, we're here to take wedding photos."

Cain's face was hidden behind black sunglasses, his eyes unseen, yet Yuric could clearly feel his gaze had long landed on Dianna, even lingering on the arm wrapped around her.

"Wow, Yuric, Miss Hollis, congratulations on your engagement, wishing you both happiness," Christina looked up at Cain, "Cain, Yuric is our nephew, so Miss Hollis will be our niece-in-law in the future."

Dianna looked at Cain, who had remained silent, only pursing his thin lips when he heard the words "niece-in-law."

Yuric felt exhilarated, he harbored deep resentment towards Cain, driven mad with jealousy thinking Cain once possessed Dianna's body and heart.

Now, he wanted Cain to feel this piercing pain as well.

"Dianna, let's choose this outfit. Go on and change quickly, we're ready for the photoshoot." Yuric personally selected an outfit and handed it to Dianna.

...

Dianna changed into the outfit, first taking some solo shots. The photographer captured a couple of photos of Dianna, exclaiming, "Miss Hollis, you look stunning in the camera, your cool and aloof demeanor is perfection in every shot."

Cain watched Dianna through the lens; she wore a sequined strap dress, her pure black hair tied low in a ponytail. As the sun set, the evening breeze brushed her hair across her cheek, showcasing only her profile, but the sight was breathtakingly beautiful.

Cain's gaze stayed fixed on Dianna, unable to look away.

Earlier, it was Christina who insisted on staying to watch them take wedding photos. But seeing Cain's unwavering eyes on Dianna, she clenched her fists in jealousy.

The sixteen-year-old girl from three years ago had blossomed beautifully. Christina possessed a curvaceous, sultry figure; her sensual outfits fitting her well, but other attire made her upper body appear broad, requiring careful choice.

On the other hand, Dianna was different. Her skin, smooth as porcelain, her delicate figure exuding a youthful vibe, developed into a perfect S-curve, not more, not less—the kind men adored.

Christina was terribly envious; Dianna overshadowed her in looks and figure, wanting nothing more than for the alluring woman to disappear.

Christina quickly glanced at Yuric, sending him a signal.

Yuric was also enchanted by Dianna. Although he was highly mindful of her past with Cain, his desire to marry and possess her was genuine too.

Yuric understood the hint and stepped forward, "Alright, let's take a couple's photo now."

"Alright, Young Master Thatcher, place your hands on Miss Hollis's face, then lean down and kiss her gently," instructed the photographer.

This was what Christina wanted; she playfully covered her mouth, laughing, and nudged Cain, "Cain, look, Yuric's about to kiss Miss Hollis... how shy."

"Kiss."

"Kiss."

"Kiss."

The photography crew began to cheer, urging Yuric and Dianna to kiss.

Cain's handsome brows furrowed deeply, his eyes hidden beneath his sunglasses filled with cold darkness. He stared at Yuric and Dianna, a surge of anger rising in his chest, wanting to rush forward and push Yuric away.

He couldn't stand Yuric touching her!

Yuric had already reached out, cradling Dianna's petite, oval face, speaking gently, "Dianna, just a quick kiss, don't be afraid."

Yuric lowered his head, inching towards Dianna's red lips.

Their faces drew closer, almost touching, while Cain grew increasingly grim, his expression darkening.

He thought he could bear it.

But at that moment, he realized he'd overestimated himself; he couldn't endure it at all.

He wanted to step forward and seize Dianna back.

He wanted to possess Dianna.

He couldn't stay there any longer, uncertain if he'd lose control in the next second.

"Cain, look how sweet Yuric and Miss Hollis are, they make me want to fall in love too." Christina leaned closer, trying to nestle against Cain.

But in the next second, Cain coldly withdrew his powerful arm and turned to leave.

Christina didn't expect him to leave, losing her balance and nearly falling.

"Mrs. Shaw, are you alright—pfft," seeing her embarrassed state, the staff couldn't help but laugh.

Christina's face twisted with anger; she knew Cain couldn't take it anymore.

All over just a single kiss?

Christina maliciously thought that tonight would become even more interesting.

A bigger drama was about to unfold next!

...

Cain and Christina left, while Yuric was about to kiss Dianna.

Dianna remained still, watching Yuric's handsome face inch closer, thinking maybe it was fine, as long as it wasn't him, anyone would be the same. Many in this world compromise and live their lives.

Dianna slowly closed her eyes, allowing his approach.

Yuric leaned in.

But in the next moment, Dianna suddenly turned away, avoiding the kiss.

Chapter 1118: Soaking in the Hot Spring Together

She actually dodged.

Yuric stiffened.

What's going on?

The crew members watching were all looking around, not knowing what had happened. Weren't these two about to get engaged? Why did she avoid a simple kiss?

The previously harmonious atmosphere quickly shifted to tension.

Dianna pushed Yuric away, "I'm sorry, Yuric. I'm not in the right state of mind. I want to take a break. Let's continue tomorrow."

Dianna turned around and walked away.

...

Dianna returned to the resort hotel. As she was heading to her room, she was grabbed by Yuric, who had rushed after her, "Dianna, are you still unable to accept me?"

Dianna wanted to accept Yuric. Just a second ago, she thought about compromising and spending her life with him. But when Yuric's kiss was about to land, Cain's face suddenly flashed in her mind, his indistinct yet handsome face from that night, kissing her until she couldn't breathe...

Dianna looked at Yuric, "Yuric, I'm sorry. I told you when I agreed to the engagement that I can't give you my heart."

Yuric almost blurted out, "Then who does your heart belong to? Still to Cain?"

But Yuric held back. He knew he couldn't ask, because he had used emotional manipulation to force her into agreeing to the engagement, a form of moral coercion. Besides, she'd made it clear she didn't like him; she liked someone else.

Yuric's eyes reddened, using all his strength to suppress the anger surging within him, "Alright, Dianna, I won't force you. I can wait for you. Let's rest today and continue the photo shoot tomorrow. You go change clothes, and let's go to the hot springs together."

Perhaps other girls liked traveling and hot springs, but Dianna didn't. She preferred quiet research and study, so she refused, "Yuric, you go to the hot springs yourself. I don't want to go."

"Dianna, I can wait for you, but you have to try opening your heart and letting me in. We're getting engaged soon, and likely married soon after. You'll be my Mrs. Thatcher, and we'll live together for life. If you let me go to the hot springs alone, people might gossip that our relationship is breaking down, and those rumors wouldn't be good for our families. So try accompanying me to the hot springs, okay?" Yuric looked at Dianna sincerely.

Dianna found she couldn't refuse and nodded after a few seconds, "Alright."

After speaking, she entered her room.

Yuric lingered outside for a while and then turned away. Just then, Christina Shaw approached from the front.

The two exchanged glances, and Yuric walked into a dim staircase entryway, where Christina Shaw followed him, even closing the door behind her.

Here, it was just the two of them. Yuric got straight to the point, "Aunt, you're aware of my relationship with Dianna. Why did you purposely tell me about Dianna and Cain's past?"

Christina liked intelligent people because they'd be collaborating in the future, "Yuric, of course I want to join forces with you. I want Cain, and you want Dianna. To prevent their rekindling, we should collaborate for mutual gain."

Yuric considered for a moment and agreed, "Aunt, what do you want me to do?"

Christina quickly took out a packet of powder, "Take this."

"What's this?"

"Yuric, this can help you win the beauty tonight."

Previously, Christina had used this substance against Cain but failed. Now, she wanted to use it against Dianna.

Christina was a woman with few tactics, rather brutish ones.

But such brute-force methods were compelling. In the past, the proud Crown Prince Yuric wouldn't stoop to such methods, but things were different now. Thinking of Dianna's rejection on the beach, he felt it was necessary; his eyes even lit up.

Yuric still didn't understand why he had lost to Cain, an older married man. What did Dianna see in him?

Did she fancy his age, bad temperament, or his status as a mafia boss?

If Dianna became his woman, she'd forget Cain and be steadfastly loyal to him.

Moreover, that way he could ruthlessly retaliate against Cain.

Before today, he hadn't noticed how Cain's gaze kept lingering on Dianna, lecherously.

Pah, that pervert!

Yuric took the packet, "Thanks, Aunt."

He turned to leave.

Christina curled her red lips in satisfaction, the show had begun; tonight, she awaited the spectacle!

...

Cain returned to his room and started smoking, one cigarette after another, quickly filling the ashtray with stubs.

He depended on the taste of tobacco and nicotine to numb himself; otherwise, he'd lose control.

But thinking of Yuric kissing Dianna's face, his mood worsened, and he kicked a chair over.

With a crack, the chair couldn't handle the force and shattered.

At that moment, his phone rang; it was Christina calling.

Cain plopped down on the sofa, clutching his phone in one hand and pulling at his shirt's buttons with the other, answering the call, "Hello."

"Cain, come out. Let's go to the hot springs together."

Hot springs?

Cain furrowed his brow, his voice dark and bitter, "You said Big Brother wanted to meet me here. He won't stand me up this time, right?"

"Of course not. My dad's already on the way. He'll fly here with Big Brother to meet you. This is a vacation villa; who would think we'd meet here? Cain, don't worry, this meeting is real."

Cain wasn't here for a romantic vacation with Christina. He had a crucial task.

For years, he'd operated deeply undercover, probing Starfall City's entire criminal network. Soon, he'd uproot it entirely.

Cain, "Then I look forward to their arrival."

"Cain, before they arrive, join us for some fun. Come to the hot springs quickly; Yuric and Miss Hollis are there too."

Dianna and Yuric went to the hot springs too?

Cain pressed his lips, logically knowing he should refuse, not endure further torture, but he found himself agreeing, "Alright."

...

Cain and Christina arrived at the hot spring pool and went to the changing rooms.

In the men's changing room, Cain lazily removed his trousers. He wore a white shirt and dark black bullet shorts, his long legs powerful, his thigh muscles solid, exuding formidable strength.

Inside the changing room was a familiar face—Yuric.

Cain leaned against the wall slowly and casually lit a cigarette.

Through the smoke, his deep eyes met Yuric's, asking, "Do you really like Dianna?"

Chapter 1119: I Told You to Let Go!

Yuric Thatcher looked at Cain Shaw and nodded, "Yeah, Uncle, I really like Dianna, so you'll give us your blessings, right?"

Cain Shaw had a cigarette hanging from his thin lips, then opened his long legs and approached Yuric Thatcher. The man was extremely tall, at 1.9 meters, standing next to Yuric Thatcher exuded a sense of pressure. He raised his hand and patted Yuric's shoulder, "Be good to her."

After saying that, he turned and left.

Yuric Thatcher stood in place, tearing off all his pretenses and revealing a sinister look. Dianna was his fiancée, what right did this Cain Shaw have to speak?

Yuric looked at Cain Shaw's tall and muscular figure. Actually, he was sunny and handsome, with a good physique, but compared to the martial artist Cain Shaw, he was far inferior.

Just now when Cain Shaw patted his shoulder again, Yuric even felt his shoulder hurt from the pat.

Yuric felt like an enraged little lion, while Cain Shaw was like a lurking tiger deep in the forest; no matter what he did, Cain would overshadow him.

Yuric hated this feeling.

...

Cain Shaw and Christina Shaw entered the hot spring pool. Christina Shaw clung to Cain Shaw like sticky glue, "Cain, does my swimsuit look pretty?"

Cain Shaw leaned against the pool's wall, his expression lazy and indifferent. He didn't even look at Christina, only perfunctorily said, "Mm, it's pretty."

Christina noticed his perfunctory and distracted demeanor, but didn't get angry, because her peripheral vision caught a graceful silhouette, Dianna Hollis was coming up ahead.

"Cain, you're so annoying. Look at how rough you were last night, my neck and body are covered in marks. Now, when I wear a swimsuit, people look at me oddly!" Christina acted coquettishly.

Cain Shaw squinted his deep, dark eyes, casually saying, "Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Oh Cain, you're so naughty~" Christina burrowed into Cain's embrace.

At this moment, Yuric Thatcher's voice was heard, "Dianna, you're out."

Cain turned at the sound, he saw Dianna.

Dianna had arrived at some point, probably having heard all his flirting and bantering with Christina.

Cain pursed his thin lips, his gaze landed on Dianna, scanning up and down.

Dianna had already changed into a swimsuit. It was his first time seeing her in swimwear.

Usually, Dianna wore black and white, cool-toned outfits, but now she was in a nude pink lace swimsuit, her pure black hair was tied up in a casual bun, adding a rosy hue to her clear appearance.

"Dianna, you look really good in pink," Yuric praised.

Cain Shaw couldn't help but look at Dianna a couple more times. Previously, he understood men's baseness, how they would often glance twice at beautiful women on the streets, but he had never been swayed by physical beauty. His friends joked that he's made of steel.

Now Cain realized, he just hadn't met "the one" yet.

Dianna was indeed very beautiful.

Then Christina joked, "Yes Miss Hollis, you look pretty in pink. It seems like when girls fall in love, their tastes change. This pink must be for Yuric, right?"

Dianna ignored Christina. When she went to the changing room, only the pink swimsuit was left, so she put it on casually, not for Yuric.

Dianna glanced at the marks on Christina's body; those were ambiguous, evident of a man's rough handling.

The passionate video still lay on her phone, and Dianna suddenly felt disgusted.

Yuric stepped into the hot spring pool, extending his hand to Dianna, "Dianna, the water's a bit deep here, hold my hand, I'll guide you over."

Dianna placed her small hand in Yuric's.

But the front was truly deep. Dianna took a step and landed in emptiness, her slender body sinking down, she let out a surprised cry, "Ah!"

Christina only felt an emptiness beside her; Cain had already moved over.

Cain had been watching Dianna all along, seeing her misstep, he instantly moved over, reaching out his large hand to directly clasp her delicate wrist.

Dianna was pulled by Cain, but her other hand was still in Yuric's.

In this way, she was held by both men.

Yuric quickly displayed displeasure, "Uncle, thank you for catching Dianna, now you can let go."

Cain looked at Dianna, "Are you okay?"

Dianna was now very repulsed by physical contact with Cain, because when he got close, she thought of him getting tangled up with other women, "Let go."

She coldly said two words.

Cain's eyelids moved slightly.

Dianna lifted her head, her clear, icy eyes landing on his handsome face, repeating, "I told you to let go."

She forcefully threw off his large hand.

She already thought he was filthy.

Cain was left frozen in place.

Yuric was happy, holding Dianna's small hand, "Dianna, let's soak over there."

Dianna followed Yuric, they went behind a large rock, reaching a spot out of Cain's sight.

Cain's expression was gloomy, his mind full of the scene just now, her forcefully shaking off his hand, looking at him with rejection and disgust.

He knew she currently hated him.

Christina delightedly witnessed the scene, she walked over to hug Cain, "Cain, let's continue soaking in the hot spring."

In the next moment, Cain coldly extended his hand to push Christina away, "You soak by yourself."

He stepped out and left directly.

Cain actually left her here alone, it was too outrageous!

But Christina soon smiled, as she thought of another fun idea.

Christina looked toward the large rock, where Yuric and Dianna were. If she made any sound, Dianna would certainly hear it clearly.

Christina hatched a plan, she immediately coquettishly whined into the air, "Oh Cain, you're so naughty, there are so many people here, mind your hands, otherwise you'll be seen~"

Thus, behind the large rock, Dianna clearly heard Christina's cries,

"Cain, don't be like this~"

"Cain, let's go back to the room, carry me back~"

"Cain~"

Christina's cries were sultry, probably enough to outshine many leading ladies in popular films.

Dianna heard it all clearly, although Christina had sent her the video, she didn't expect Cain and Christina would impatiently enact a passionate drama right in the hot spring.

Butterfly lashes slowly fell down, she wished she could cover her ears, to avoid hearing Christina's cries.

In that way, her heart wouldn't ache.

At this time, Yuric extended his hand, hugging Dianna's fragrant shoulder, "Dianna, you can lean on my shoulder."

Chapter 1120: Cain Shaw, Why Don't You Want Me?

In Yuric Thatcher's plan, he wanted to first sow discord, then take advantage, and finally win the beauty's heart.

Now was the perfect time, as Dianna Hollis needed comfort, and Yuric held her fragrant shoulders, letting her lean against him.

However, Dianna pushed him away, "Yuric, I've already accompanied you to the hot springs. Can I go back now?"

Yuric, "..."

Dianna walked away.

If she didn't leave now, she felt she might suffocate; she couldn't stand hearing Christina Shaw's voice anymore.

...

Dianna returned to her room, took a hot shower, and came out wearing a silk nightgown.

She dried her damp hair with a towel a couple of times. Soon, Dianna felt something odd—her body was heating up.

She touched her face and felt as if her entire body was burning.

Her body felt so hot that she wanted to take off her clothes.

Something was off with her body.

Had she been drugged?

Who?

Dianna couldn't think straight; she quickly took out her phone and found a familiar number, dialing it.

But the next second, her finger suddenly stopped.

She stared at the screen and saw the name Cain Shaw; she actually wanted to call Cain Shaw.

Why call him?

He was already married with a son, and currently entangled with Christina Shaw, yet she still wanted to call him.

In a crisis, he was the first person she thought of.

No.

She couldn't call him.

She needed to go to the hospital immediately.

Dianna quickly put on a coat and opened the room door to leave.

But as soon as she opened the door, there stood Yuric Thatcher.

Yuric had arrived.

Yuric looked at Dianna's flushed face, pretending to know nothing, and asked, "Dianna, where are you going this late? What's wrong with your face? Why is it so red? Are you feeling unwell?"

As he spoke, Yuric reached out to touch Dianna's burning forehead.

Dianna felt waves of heat surging through her body. Now that Yuric's hand touched her, she realized this masculine presence was what she needed, but she still had some sense and pushed Yuric away, "Yuric, I'm not feeling well. I need to go to the hospital."

She was about to leave.

"Dianna," Yuric immediately squeezed into the room and even closed the door behind him. He held Dianna tightly, "Dianna, don't be so cold to me. I truly like you."

"Yuric, don't do this, let go of me!" Dianna coldly refused, but because of the drug's effect, her voice sounded somewhat like she was half-heartedly refusing.

Yuric pulled Dianna forward two steps, and they both fell onto the soft bed, "Dianna, you're already my fiancée, you're mine. I will treat you well for the rest of our lives."

Yuric's kiss immediately descended.

Dianna turned her head to avoid it.

But Yuric's kiss landed on Dianna's neck, and he reached to pull at her nightgown.

Dianna felt weak all over; she wanted to push Yuric away, but her fingers lacked strength. The concoction Tina had brought was too potent, quickly eroding her sanity.

Very soon, Dianna reached out to wrap her arms around Yuric's neck.

Yuric froze; Dianna had always rejected him before, never letting him get close. Now she was actively embracing him, which delighted him.

Even knowing it was because of the drug, he was still happy.

Yuric straightened up to look at Dianna. Her long black hair spread across the white pillow, her cheeks flushed, eyes unfocused and dazed, with a few added charms of allure.

Yuric couldn't help but become entranced, sincerely saying, "Dianna, I don't care about your past, but in the future, you must belong completely to me, and we'll be happy together."

Dianna, hugging Yuric's neck, nodded, "Mm, okay."

Yuric lowered his head, wanting to kiss her lips.

"Cain..." Dianna murmured softly then.

What?

Cain?

Yuric completely froze, shocked to see Dianna's unfocused gaze on his handsome face, seemingly looking through him at someone else, "Cain, I've always wanted to ask you, three years ago... why didn't you want me?"

"I waited for you those days, waiting for you... to take responsibility for me..."

"Cain, I don't want your life because I want you."

"I don't want to go back with my mother; I want to stay with you forever."

Yuric went from shock to anger; he already knew Dianna liked Cain, but hearing her confessions firsthand still filled him with rage.

She liked Cain that much!

Now she was mistaking him for Cain, no wonder she actively embraced his neck.

Why?

Why on earth?

Yuric pulled out his phone...

...

In the next room.

Cain finished showering, put on a black shirt, and came out with a cigarette in his mouth, slightly bending to light it, one hand in his pocket taking a puff.

Then a "ding" rang out; his phone sounded.

A large rough hand reached over, grabbed the phone. It was a short video; he opened it to see Yuric inside a hotel room pressing up against Dianna, kissing her face...

Cain's deep eyes suddenly narrowed; Dianna was actually in bed with Yuric!

The video was sent by Yuric.

Outraged, Yuric had lost his mind and sent such a video aiming to provoke Cain.

Cain gripped the phone tightly, his strong fingers turning pale, his broad chest beneath the black shirt heaving with every agitated breath like a beast with a lingering anger.

Suddenly, he turned around, striding towards the door.

He was going to find her!

"Cain, where are you going?" Christina Shaw appeared and blocked Cain's way, preventing him from leaving.

The dim light fell on the man's tall, robust shoulders. He stood against the light, his expression unclear, yet his handsome facial features appeared especially firm and resolute.

At this moment, he shed his usual carefree demeanor, revealing a glimpse of his true self.

Christina looked closely at Cain, suddenly having an illusion that this man was quite dignified and impressive.

Standing at six foot three, with the rugged maturity of masculinity, he looked strikingly impressive, upright and imposing.

Christina frowned, a foreboding feeling arising from a woman's intuition, a very accurate one. She felt she'd never truly seen through Cain, and now this Cain seemed to show his true self!

"Cain, where are you going, it's so late, don't go out."

Ha.

Cain let out a low and dangerous chuckle from his throat, pushing his phone towards Christina, "Yuric sent this to me. Why would Yuric send me this video unless he knows Dianna's past identity?"