

Substitute B 1121

Chapter 1121: Don't You Want To?

Christina Shaw watched the video sent by Yuric Thatcher, her face changed; she had no idea what Yuric was doing, the foolhardy, foolish ally!

Cain Shaw knew the moment he received the video, he instantly saw through Yuric Thatcher.

"Cain, why... why did Yuric send you this? I really don't know why," Christina blinked innocently.

"Do you really not know why?" Cain curled his thin lips, half-smiling, "Wasn't it you who revealed Dianna's past to Yuric? Thinking about it, you and Yuric have been conspiring for days now, Christina, have you forgotten my warning to you before?"

Christina turned pale; Cain had warned her three years ago not to ever mention the name "Tanya Sullivan."

However, Christina wasn't afraid. As the matter was exposed, she decided to be upfront.

"Cain, yes, it was me who told Yuric. Now I forbid you to leave! Don't think I don't know, you haven't forgotten Dianna, but you are my husband now, and Dianna is also betrothed to Yuric. Why bother with their burning passion while they're entangled together?" Christina's face was full of jealousy. She truly liked Cain Shaw, had been with many men, yet had never acted this submissively towards anyone.

Cain took a step forward, swiftly reached out and grabbed Christina's pretty face, squeezing it in front of him. He spoke nonchalantly, "Christina, have I treated you too kindly? You dare meddle with my people behind my back? Are you not the most aware of who owns Dianna?"

Christina felt her face being distorted by his powerful grip. She was in pain.

Right now, with his dark eyes so dangerously close, she could see a bloodthirsty indifference lurking within them, making her shiver.

Christina softened, "Cain, I was wrong, please, spare me. I was just too enamored with you, hence my jealousy. My daddy is coming with the big boss tomorrow, do you really want to harm me?"

"If I'm injured, you'll never see the big boss again, and you'll lose everything you have now."

Cain remained expressionless. After two seconds, he released her face and strode out.

Christina hit the wall, her whole body trembling in pain. For the first time, she felt that this man was a devil.

All this time she had been unable to see through him.

Now she knew he was a man of deep secrets, not as simple as he seemed on the surface. He was too dangerous.

With her heart pounding wildly, Christina hurriedly grabbed her phone and bag and left the room.

She took the elevator down, dialing a number as she descended...

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In the adjacent room.

Cain arrived at the door, raised his hand, and pressed the doorbell, "Ding dong."

No one answered.

He lowered his thick eyelashes, took out his phone, and put it in his pocket. Suddenly, he lifted his leg and with a "Boom," kicked the door.

The fine rosewood door shook at once, with dust falling down.

Cain lifted his strong leg and kicked the door again.

This man, who had been fighting since his teens, exuded an aura of dark ferocity, and with that kick, the door opened.

He kicked open the door and walked in.

On the soft bed, Yuric Thatcher was still pressing down on Dianna Hollis, but their clothes were still intact.

Cain strode over, grabbed Yuric with a large hand, and easily lifted him up.

Yuric's eyes were red as he looked at Cain, "Cain Shaw, you still came! Let me go, let me go now!"

Cain looked at Dianna on the bed; her consciousness was already fading. She was tugging at her own clothes, "Hot... so hot..."

Cain, having mixed in the underworld for so long, immediately saw Dianna's abnormal state, "Yuric, what did you do to Dianna?"

"I didn't do anything; I just drugged her! Cain, I hate you. Why must you ruin my plans every time? If you hadn't come, Dianna would already be my woman!" Yuric gritted his teeth.

Drugging?

Cain's eyes darkened, giving off a cold and dangerous vibe, "Yuric, how dare you use such despicable tactics on Dianna! Originally, I wanted to give you a chance, but you've shown me such a filthy scene, boy, you've had enough!"

Cain threw Yuric to the ground and kicked him in the stomach.

Spat...

Yuric spat out blood.

Cain's blow was too heavy, kicking Yuric nearly to death.

The loud noise awoke Dianna; she regained some clarity and quickly got out of bed, holding Cain back, "Cain, what are you doing, are you crazy?"

Cain, with his handsome eyes down, looked at Dianna. The girl wore only a spaghetti-strap nightgown, the thin straps hanging on her creamy shoulders, her long black hair in disarray around her pink neck, her breathtaking face tinged with crimson, emitting a bit of youthful allure.

All this was because of Yuric!

"Hah," Cain forced a cold laugh out from his throat, "Dianna, Yuric drugged you, did you know?"

What?

Dianna looked at Yuric in shock. The Thatcher and Hollis families were old friends; the Yuric she knew shouldn't have been capable of this.

"Dianna, Yuric already knows you're Tanya Sullivan. He found out about our past. He was pretending all along."

Dianna's lashes trembled. So Yuric already knew, which explained his recent changes.

"Yuric, is this true? Do you know everything?"

Yuric lay helplessly on the carpet, staring at Dianna with deranged obsession, "Yes, I know everything. So Cain is that man! Dianna, it was you who betrayed me first, you both betrayed me first!"

Dianna knew Yuric's changes were largely due to her. Now, severing ties was the best solution, she said coldly, "Yuric, let's call off the engagement. I won't marry you."

"No! Dianna, I won't call off the engagement; you're mine!" Yuric shook his head in refusal.

At this, Cain grabbed Dianna's slender wrist and pulled her into the bathroom.

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In the bathroom.

Cain brought Dianna under the shower and turned on the cold water. Immediately, cold water poured down on Dianna's head.

"Rinse off for a bit. I've sent my men to get the antidote," Cain said in a deep voice.

Dianna didn't resist, letting him do as he wished. She lifted her clear, dark eyes to look at him, suddenly saying, "Cain, you act so proper... don't you... desire me?"

Cain's throat quickly bobbed up and down.

Chapter 1122: He Walked Toward Her

However, Cain Shaw's face showed no emotion as he asked calmly, "What?"

Dianna Hollis curled her red lips, "Cain, it's been three years since we last met... have you become so spineless? Don't you understand what I'm saying?"

"What goes on between Yuric Thatcher and me is our own business. What are you rushing over here for? Cain, do you still think about me? After all, last time outside the bar you said you'd rather sleep with me than with your wife, Christina Shaw."

"Now that I've been drugged, isn't this the perfect opportunity for you? What are you pretending for?"

Cold water kept on flowing, soaking Cain's clothes as he looked at the drenched girl. His eyes darkened completely. Between him and her, it had always been a matter of breaking through the thin barrier of pretense. Once it's pierced, some things can no longer be controlled.

Cain reached out to grab the back of her head, wanting to kiss her.

But Dianna turned her head fiercely, avoiding him.

Cain paused, "Playing me, huh?"

"No, I just want to see how much of a jerk you can be. It seems you have no sense of guilt towards me at all. You want to turn me into your secret mistress, Cain... you can forget about it!"

"Your wife should be next door, right? Your son's already so big. I'm quite curious... you're not a youngster anymore, at thirty-six, you go from your wife's bed and want to climb onto your mistress's bed. Where do you get the energy?"

"Just some friendly advice—don't overdo it in the bedroom. Otherwise, you'll go bald and might catch something, Uncle!"

Dianna emphasized the word "Uncle" with a cold and mocking tone.

Cain laughed angrily; he knew she was tough, wild, and fiery, but when did she get so good with words, becoming sharp and eloquent?

At this moment, there was knocking at the door, and Yuric Thatcher's voice could be heard outside, "Dianna, are you okay? Cain, what are you doing? What have you done to Dianna?"

Yuric held his belly; Cain's kick had seriously injured him, but his concern for Dianna drove him to keep knocking.

Dianna was drugged, but Cain locked her inside, leaving even a fool able to guess Cain's motives.

Yuric now felt some regret. He shouldn't have impulsively sent Cain the video, exposing himself. This way, not only was he and Dianna at a dead end, but he also handed Cain the chance to take advantage.

He had planned all this; he couldn't let it benefit Cain.

"Cain, do you have no shame? At your age, you could be Dianna's uncle or even her father, and yet you're interested in her? You can mess around with other women as you please, but not Dianna. She's my fiancée; you can't touch her!" Yuric scolded.

In the shower, Dianna heard Yuric's voice and began to push Cain, "Go out."

"Are you going to let Yuric in?" Cain frowned, "Yuric is definitely no good. He's no longer the simple-minded, sunny boy he once was. He's been pretending all along, just to get revenge on us. If you marry him, he'll certainly hurt you."

Dianna never intended to let Yuric in. Whether it was Yuric or Cain, she had no intention of touching either.

"Oh, so you're so concerned about my marriage now, looks like you not only want to be my uncle, but also my father!" Dianna sneered.

"..." Cain's handsome face sank, and in his deep, ink-like eyes danced a few sinister flames. He grabbed her slim waist and pinched it hard, "Call me Dad if you dare now!"

In terms of intimate matters, Dianna was still very naive, so Cain's sudden bold remark startled her for a moment. But she quickly recognized his improper intention from his mischievous gaze. She'd heard about some mentally twisted men being particularly keen on having young girls as adopted daughters. Her face flushed bright red.

"Let go of me! Get away!" She struggled fiercely.

Cain realized he had gone too far. He never thought he would become this bad.

He couldn't stay any longer; another moment and there would surely be trouble. Besides, Christina Shaw was waiting for him to handle matters.

"I'll go out now. You stay here and take a cold shower. I'll bring you the antidote later, and I'll take Yuric away!" Cain turned and left.

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Christina Shaw exited the resort hotel, clutching her phone as she dialed Mr. Shaw's number. Soon, the line was connected.

"Hello, Dad, don't come over. I feel Cain has an issue. Although I don't know exactly what it is yet, I sense... we've all been deceived by him over the years. I'm having a very bad premonition. Quickly notify the boss. I'm coming to find you..."

These years Christina felt she'd never truly gotten Cain. Although she had no evidence, a woman's innate sharp sixth sense kept adding up, and finally, with Dianna's appearance, it reached a tipping point—Christina felt there must be something wrong with Cain.

She must return to Starfall City immediately.

But Christina suddenly discovered there was no sound on the other end of the line. Her heart sank; her phone was bugged, and she hadn't even dialed Mr. Shaw's number.

Something was wrong!

Something was definitely wrong!

Christina quickly got into her car, pressed the accelerator, and prepared to speed away.

But just seconds later, the screech of brakes sounded, as a vehicle ahead blocked her path.

Through the windshield, she saw it was a military jeep; she was surrounded. The night was deep, and from the darkness ahead emerged a group of figures, clad in camouflage and armed with the latest mechanical weapons. The key was, they had three black stripes painted on their faces.

Three black stripes...

Christina trembled all over—they were... they were Blood Eagle!

Blood Eagle was a special ops unit; their three black facial stripes made them ghostly figures. Over the years, they repeatedly dismantled human trafficking syndicates, organ trafficking networks, drug rings, sweeping through all crime lords, terrifying anyone who heard of them.

No one had seen this Blood Eagle unit; those who had seen them were said to no longer be alive.

And the senior commander of the Blood Eagle unit, Blood Eagle, was a figure whose true appearance was unknown, with legends about him permeating both legal and criminal circles, military and judicial.

Christina realized she fell into a trap; she truly fell into a trap.

At this moment, a tall and muscular figure slowly walked over from the darkness. His steps were sonorous, firm, and composed, each one seeming to tread on the heart. Gradually coming into view was a handsome, well-defined face.

It was... Cain.

With Cain's appearance, the Blood Eagle unit collectively stood at attention and saluted him.

Cain's deep, ink-black eyes turned to look at Christina, then he strode towards her.

Chapter 1123: No, It's Not Him!

Watching Cain Shaw walk closer step by step, Christina Shaw trembled all over; he is...

He is actually...

No wonder.

No wonder.

Cain Shaw reached the car door by the driver's seat. He reached into his pocket with one hand and took out a pack of cigarettes. Then he slightly bent his tall body, cupping his hands against the wind as he lit the lighter.

With a flick, a dark red flame leapt out, and he furrowed his sword-like brows as he lit a cigarette.

The way he lit the cigarette was as unruly and wild as ever, but at this moment, he was stripped of all the superficial glamour, and with a demeanor of chill and frost, he walked slowly into people's view.

Christina Shaw's pupils contracted as she watched this man outside the car window in shock and horror. Even though she had already guessed his unfathomable nature, she never expected him to be hiding so deep.

Is he not doing well now? In Starfall City, he stands alone at the top, having everything—power, status, money, beautiful women—as much as he wants. Yet, he still has such an identity, such a... dangerous identity that ties his head to his pant waist.

Cain Shaw stood tall and long-legged outside the car; with a furrowed brow, he took a drag from his cigarette. Then he braced one hand on the car roof, the other hand holding the smoldering flame as he bent down, a faint smile playing in his dark eyes as he looked at Christina Shaw, stripping away all the pretense, thin and cold, "Miss Shaw, the game hasn't even started, and you're already running? Too scared to play, huh?"

As he spoke, he chuckled lowly, his broad chest rising and falling, producing a magnetic resonance.

Christina Shaw trembled all over, retreating step by step, trying to get as far from this man as possible, "You are... you are..."

"Who I am is none of your concern; just have a good sleep. When you wake up, we'll continue to play." Cain Shaw said with a faint smile.

At that moment, Christina Shaw felt a pain in the back of her neck, and a needle pierced her skin, her vision went black, and she fainted immediately.

"Boss, Christina Shaw wanted to call Old Man Shaw just now, but the signal was jammed, and the call didn't connect."

"This Christina Shaw is hiding something from us; actually, Old Man Shaw and the Big Brother have already arrived."

Cain Shaw smoked while glancing at the tracking screen, seeing that Old Man Shaw and the Big Brother had entered their ambush circle and revealed themselves.

After lurking in Starfall City for so long, the mastermind behind the scenes had finally appeared.

No excessive expression showed on Cain Shaw's handsome face; he instructed softly, "Take Christina Shaw down, erase all the memories from her mind that shouldn't be there; I'll wait here for them."

"Yes, Boss!"

"Also..." Cain Shaw didn't continue, just took a drag of his cigarette.

His deputy, Charles Bishop, asked in surprise, "Boss, what's wrong with you today, speaking so hesitantly, that's not like you."

Cain Shaw had always been decisive, a natural leader, never hesitant.

Cain Shaw exhaled a puff of smoke, "After meeting the Big Brother and pulling out Starfall City's entire line, this place will end, so file an application to the higher-ups for me."

"What application?"

"A marriage application; I want to get married."

What?

Everyone in the team was stirred up, "Boss, you want to get married? Who is our sister-in-law?"

"Yeah, Boss, we've never heard about a sister-in-law; who is she?"

Cain Shaw kicked them lightly, "Mind your own business."

With that, even Cain Shaw himself laughed.

Charles Bishop, who had been with Cain Shaw for many years, a comrade through life and death, was also surprised to hear Cain Shaw express a desire to marry. But since this place was filled with brothers who trusted him, Cain Shaw saying this here meant he had decided on this girl for life.

Every decision of Cain Shaw's was well thought out; Charles Bishop observed the slight arc of Cain Shaw's lips, with a trace of gentle fondness, a look never seen on Cain Shaw's face before.

Charles Bishop nodded, "Alright, I'll help submit your marriage application. Hopefully, this order ends smoothly, and we can all celebrate your wedding together."

The Blood Eye Squad disappeared in a flash, moving as if they were never there.

Cain Shaw stood lazily leaning against the car, casually finishing a whole cigarette. The marriage thing wasn't even close to a solid plan yet, not knowing if she'd agree or not.

But, whether she'd agree was her business; wanting to marry her was his business.

In the past three years, he had tried countless times to forget her, to let her go, but he couldn't.

The existence of Yuric Thatcher also made him understand deeply that he couldn't bear to see her belong to another man unless he closed his eyes and died.

He wanted her!

This thought grew wildly in his heart like a vine, becoming harder and harder to restrain. Even though his identity was dangerous, when it came to happiness, he was willing to give everything, devote his entire life to her.

Cain Shaw flicked the cigarette butt onto the ground and crushed it with his shoe, striding into the hotel.

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In the hotel room.

Dianna Hollis had been under the cold shower for a long time. At this moment, a melodious ringtone sounded; a call was coming in.

She turned off the shower and went out; it was a call from her mother, Jodie Young.

Dianna Hollis was very tired now, not in the mood to deal with her mother, so she directly hung up the call.

However, despite her mother's strong personality, she truly loved her; hence, Dianna opened her message box intending to send a text to Jodie.

At that moment, her finger suddenly paused because she saw that passionate video lying quietly in her inbox again.

Christina Shaw had sent it to her days ago, but she hadn't opened it.

Why hadn't she opened it?

Probably because she still had fantasies about Cain Shaw.

However, after hearing Christina's screams at the hot spring earlier, she completely lost her illusions about Cain Shaw.

Dianna opened the video; she was going to utterly erase Cain Shaw from her life.

The video played, showing two figures entangled hotly on the large bed.

Soon, Dianna felt a shiver as if she discovered something suddenly.

She seriously watched the entire video, then watched it again.

No.

This person is not Cain Shaw!

Though the man had a similar physique to Cain Shaw, coupled with the dark environment making it hard to see clearly, Dianna was certain, one hundred percent certain, this person was not Cain Shaw!

What was going on?

Holding her phone, Dianna felt her rationality suddenly return, a thousand guesses flashing through her mind.

Then came the sound of steady footsteps outside, and the bathroom door was pushed open; someone came in.

Dianna turned around and saw Cain Shaw standing at the doorway.

Cain Shaw had returned!

Cain Shaw handed her the antidote in his hand, "Here's the antidote; take it quickly."

Dianna didn't reach out to take it. Instead, she slowly pushed the passionate video on her phone in front of Cain Shaw, "Cain Shaw, explain to me, what is this all about?"

Chapter 1124: Cain Shaw, I Like You

Cain Shaw raised his eyes to look at Dianna Hollis's phone, and soon he saw that so-called passion video.

He didn't know Christina Shaw had secretly pulled such a stunt behind his back. His thin lips pressed together as he reached out to grab Dianna Hollis's phone, speaking in a deep voice, "Delete the video."

Dianna Hollis hid the phone behind her, refusing to let him take it.

Cain Shaw's tall figure immediately moved closer, "What are you hiding? Hand it over!"

He really is domineering!

"Cain Shaw, is the man in the video you?" Dianna Hollis asked.

Cain Shaw's handsome brows furrowed a bit, but he didn't speak.

"Why aren't you answering me? Actually, I have the answer myself; the man in the video isn't you at all!" Dianna Hollis affirmed.

Cain Shaw's eyes flickered slightly, and his gaze landed on Dianna Hollis's small goose-egg face. In the past three years, he never once touched Christina Shaw; it was always his stand-in who went to share a room with her. This stand-in looked so much like him, nearly indiscernible from the real thing. Christina Shaw never noticed anything amiss; how did she discover it?

Dianna Hollis seemed to have seen through what Cain Shaw was thinking, "Have you forgotten, three years ago, I slept with you? Every man's preferences and performances in bed are different, so I can tell at a glance that that man isn't you."

Cain Shaw knew she was clever, having grown up with Jason Hollis, she naturally had a detection and reverse reasoning ability. Plus, the two of them shared a night of passion, so this stand-in couldn't fool her at all.

"Cain Shaw, is this man your stand-in? Since you're already married to Christina Shaw, why do you need a stand-in? Yuri Shaw isn't your son either, right?"

"Cain Shaw, what is your purpose in doing all this, or rather, who are you really?"

Dianna Hollis looked at Cain Shaw inquisitively. Actually, she suspected his identity three years ago, but he hid it too well, making it impossible for her to decipher.

Cain Shaw couldn't say anything now; it's classified. Besides, the less she knows, the safer she is. "Dianna Hollis, these aren't things you should be asking."

Dianna Hollis slightly lowered her lashes, then gently curled her red lips, "What you said makes me a bit flustered because I remember... my dad once told me the exact same thing."

As she spoke, Dianna Hollis's cold, bright eyes fell on his. "My dad was an undercover cop; he was a public officer!"

This statement was powerful and resounding, and when it landed, it seemed as if the whole world suddenly fell silent.

Cain Shaw's heart softened. He knew no matter how many times Jodie Young spoke ill of Jason Hollis, it couldn't shake Jason Hollis's standing in Dianna Hollis's heart. Dianna Hollis loved her father deeply and was proud of him.

When Dianna Hollis said this, her cold beautiful eyes seemed to suddenly be covered in a layer of crystalline mist, the shifting glances sparkling brilliantly.

At this moment, Cain Shaw didn't know what she had guessed, or how much she knew. Did she already know his true identity?

Cain Shaw broke the silence first; he handed over the pill again, "Delete the video from your phone, then take this pill."

Dianna Hollis reached out to take the pill from his hand, then directly threw it into the toilet.

Cain Shaw's pupils shrank; Dianna Hollis's speed in discarding the pill was too fast. He watched as the pill rapidly dissolved in the water and disappeared.

"Dianna Hollis, what are you doing?" Cain Shaw was angry.

Dianna Hollis stepped forward, directly closing the gap between them. She tilted her small face up, looking at him seriously, "Cain Shaw, I know there are things you can't say, it's okay, I won't ask. I only want to ask you one question, do you like me?"

Cain Shaw's tall body suddenly stiffened; now she was already leaning in, the two of them nearly touching, he could smell the sweet youthful scent on her body.

Now she was looking at him, asking, Cain Shaw, do you like me?

Do I like her?

Cain Shaw didn't expect things to have escalated to this point, his mind buzzed. Although he was a 36-year-old man, he was pure, never having been in love, a newbie.

Now approached by the girl he liked, and questioned if he liked her, he was dumbfounded.

Dianna Hollis was waiting for his answer, but she waited and waited and didn't hear him say anything.

Sigh.

Could it be that he couldn't say this either?

Dianna Hollis slowly stood on tiptoe, touched his thin lips softly with hers.

The touch of his lips felt particularly good; the medicine effect in Dianna Hollis's body hadn't subsided yet. Earlier, she could suppress it; now, with a kiss, she felt all the heat suddenly flaring up.

Dianna Hollis reached out with her small hands, wrapping around his neck, and kissed again.

She wasn't experienced, her only experience was that night three years ago. Now she mimicked his movements, nibbling on him like a little puppy.

Cain Shaw's blood surged instantly; he forced himself to push her away, admonishing her in a hoarse voice, "Dianna Hollis, what are you doing?"

Dianna Hollis saw his black eyes were tinted with traces of passionate crimson; clearly, he couldn't resist but still pretended to be upright. She innocently blinked, "Is this not allowed either? Isn't this your job? I'm in trouble now, help me, uncle!"

Calling him "uncle," Cain Shaw knew she really had figured it all out.

His big hand supported her pert bottom, lifting her to sit on the sink.

Dianna Hollis hadn't settled in yet when he lowered his head and kissed her. The kiss was like a tempest, instantly taking away her breath.

He kissed her with such force it felt as if he was going to swallow her whole.

Dianna Hollis's body instantly softened like water under his kiss.

She knew it wasn't the medicine, it was because this person was him.

These past few days, Yuric Thatcher had always tried to get close to her, but she instinctively refused.

Now with Cain Shaw, she was completely lost in his kiss.

Dianna Hollis quickly bit down his tongue.

Hiss.

Cain Shaw felt the pain, and slowly let her go, staring at her with crimson eyes and a hoarse voice, "What's wrong, are you... regretting?"

Dianna Hollis once again wrapped him around her neck, her damp hair clinging to her fair face, red lips swollen with bright colors that fiercely stimulated a man's senses, she shook her head, "No, I just want to ask, you didn't actually marry Christina Shaw, did you?"

Cain Shaw looked at her, didn't speak.

"Forget it; you probably can't say that either, so I won't ask." Dianna Hollis knew he couldn't say anything, but she wanted to confirm because she didn't want to be the other woman, not even falsely.

Just then, Cain Shaw pinched her slim waist, his thin lips spilling out two hoarse words, "No."

He said, no!

Dianna Hollis's eyes lit up; so he really hadn't married Christina Shaw!

She eagerly leaned closer to him, laughing softly, "Cain Shaw, I like you."

Chapter 1125: Did You Steal a Kiss from Me?

What?

Just now, what did she say?

Cain Shaw's heart suddenly skipped a beat. His large hand clasped onto her fragrant shoulder, "What did you say? Say it again!"

Dianna looked at him and repeated once more, "Cain, I like you."

She said Cain, I like you.

Cain never dared to think that she might like him too. After all, three years ago, she was unwilling, and later she was going to be engaged to Yuric Thatcher, yet she actually liked him.

"Dianna, this is not something to joke about. If you dare to lie to me, you're done for, you know?" he glared at her fiercely.

Dianna wasn't afraid of him. She just liked him and had kept it in her heart for three years.

She had a cold personality, indifferent to everyone, like ice. But once she confirmed her feelings and met someone she liked, she could be as passionate as fire.

Dianna didn't speak, but she answered his question with her actions. She closed her eyes and kissed his lips...

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It was unclear how much time had passed. Everything quieted down,

On the soft, large bed lay two people. Cain stretched out his hand and pulled Dianna into his embrace.

He was covered in sweat, but Dianna didn't find it unpleasant at all. His body was all bones and muscles, as hard as iron, strong and sturdy.

Dianna kept her eyes closed, not daring to open them.

Cain raised his large hand and rubbed her pure black hair, chuckling hoarsely, "Why so shy now? Where did your courage go from just now?"

Dianna's small, oval face looked like a freshly bloomed rose, tender and lively. Knowing he was teasing her, she clenched her fist and softly punched him.

Although she didn't mean to act coy, in such an intimate atmosphere, it was a bit annoying, like a playful punch on the chest.

Cain grabbed her small fist and pulled her tightly into his arms, then leaned down to plant a kiss on her forehead.

Dianna could feel his affection for her and simultaneously felt this kiss was familiar. Her butterfly-shaped eyelashes fluttered, she opened her eyes, gazing at him with watery black eyes, "Cain, that day when Yuric had a car accident, did you visit me at the hospital that night?"

Cain paused.

"You not only visited me but also stole a kiss, didn't you?" Dianna pursued.

Cain knew he couldn't hide it anymore, but he was too embarrassed to admit it. He turned around, reaching for a cigarette on the nightstand, intending to smoke.

But just as he moved, Dianna's hand reached around from behind, wrapping around his muscular waist. She brought her small face close to his ear, whispering softly, "Cain, you like me too, don't you?"

Cain felt his solid frame tightly entwined with her, the girl so soft and delicate like jade. At that moment, he could only think that a gentle embrace truly brings even heroes to their knees.

The cigarette was right there, within reach, but Cain suddenly pulled back his hand, then flipped over, pinning Dianna beneath him.

Three thousand strands of black hair spread out over the white pillowcase. Dianna didn't shy away, her clear, cold eyes staring straight at him.

She knew he liked her too!

Cain lowered his head, saying nothing, and just started kissing her. A man of his status and age had reached a mature, deep stage, not the type to express love and affection verbally, but he showed it all through actions.

He liked her.

He used to admire her wisdom, courage, and resilience, and now he even more loved the passionate, fiery side that she revealed to him, shedding her icy exterior. She was both ice and fire.

Dianna raised her small hand, wrapping it around his neck, whispering, "Cain, it's already late. Aren't you going back?"

If he stayed, it meant spending the night with her.

Cain looked at her, "Do you want me to stay?"

"Yes." Dianna answered him without a hint of coquetry.

Cain curled his lips, placing another kiss on her face.

Dianna shyly pulled the covers over them, still hugging him, flipping over, "You get to kiss me. Can't I kiss you too? I want to kiss you too."

After a while, Cain pressed her back, and they rolled from one side of the bed to the other.

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It was unclear how much time had passed when a lingering ringtone sounded. Cain's phone on the nightstand was ringing.

There was an incoming call.

Cain reached out from under the covers, pressing a button to answer the call. Old man Shaw's voice immediately came through, "Hello, Cain."

Hearing Old Man Shaw's voice, Dianna's heart tightened. She quickly raised her hand, pressing it against Cain's chest.

Feeling her alertness and tension, Cain placed the phone beside the pillow, then leaned down to kiss her eyes, speaking casually, "Father."

"Cain, I and the leader are about to board the plane. We'll be flying to you by tomorrow. I don't know why, but I've been feeling uneasy, so you must ensure there's no problem on your end at all." Old Man Shaw instructed.

"Understood, don't worry." Cain responded.

"By the way, where's Tina? Let me have a word with Tina."

Old Man Shaw suddenly brought up Christina Shaw, and Dianna immediately opened her eyes to look at Cain, as if to say, what now?

Cain was not flustered at all. He held Dianna's small hand, threading his fingers through her slender white ones, tightly interlocking them, then unexpectedly caused her some pain.

Dianna frowned, her small face turning so red it was about to drip with blood. The bed squeaked with ambiguous sounds, and she parted her lips, letting out a low cry.

"Hahaha," Old Man Shaw laughed heartily, "Seems I called at a bad time, interrupting your couple time. Very well, Cain, make sure Tina gives you a son soon."

Old Man Shaw, satisfied, hung up the phone.

Cain looked at the girl. There was an unspeakable understanding between them. With just a look or gesture, she could follow his lead, knowing exactly what he intended to do, and perfectly cooperating with him.

Cain's kiss landed on her forehead, laughing in a hoarse whisper that only the two of them could hear, "So you can make such a sound, sounds so good."

Dianna's fist landed on his shoulder, not satisfied with just one hit, she punched him several more times.

...

Cain got out of bed first, his shirt hanging loosely on his body, black trousers casually fastened around his waist. He went into the bathroom, fetched a basin of hot water, and used a towel to gently wipe Dianna's body.

Dianna lay on the bed, not even having the energy to lift her eyes.

Once done, Cain got out one of his white shirts and put it on her, fingers deftly fastening the buttons, then gently brushing away the strands of hair clinging to her cheek, speaking softly, "Dianna, I just realized I didn't use protection."

Chapter 1126: Someone Broke the Vinegar Jar

Dianna buried her flushed, oval-shaped face in the pillow and murmured softly, "Why didn't you say it earlier?"

Cain Shaw, "..."

"Three years ago... you didn't say this either..."

Cain Shaw again, "..."

Dianna felt he was doing it deliberately because his issue had been recurring from three years ago to now.

Seeing that he wasn't speaking, Dianna opened her eyes to look at him, "Don't worry, I'm in the safe period now, I won't get pregnant."

"You even calculated your own safe period?"

"Of course, three years ago... I calculated it, we're not married yet, there's no way I'd have a child out of wedlock for you!" Dianna said, a little proudly.

Cain Shaw is not young anymore, already 36, and now that he's met a girl he likes, of course, he wants to marry and have children. But looking at Dianna's small face, she's still just like a child, a little girl who still needs love and affection.

Cain Shaw dotingly kissed her and then said, "I can't stay here with you tonight."

Dianna nodded, knowing that the plan for him to stay tonight was thwarted by Mr. Shaw's phone call, "I know, you go ahead, I'll go home later, after all... my engagement date with Yuric Thatcher is approaching..."

Before she finished speaking, Cain Shaw pinched her waist gently, "What's this, getting off my bed and going to get engaged to Yuric Thatcher?"

Dianna curled her lips, "Hmm, such a strong jealous scent."

Cain Shaw frowned, "Where's the jealous scent coming from?"

Dianna snuggled into his arms, sniffing him all over like a puppy, "It's you, someone broke the vinegar jar, and its sourness is massive. Your words are so sarcastic now!"

Cain Shaw realized she was mocking him; he pulled her into his arms tyrannically, "You can't get engaged to Yuric Thatcher!"

Dianna wrapped her arms around his waist, "I know, I hadn't finished my sentence earlier. Mr. Shaw is bringing someone important to you, so I better leave early. Focus on your things, and I'll head home. Our Young family and the Thatcher family have long-standing ties. I will tell my mom that I want to cancel the marriage, and I won't get engaged to anyone."

Cain Shaw felt a warmth in his heart. She meant he had his battle to fight, and she had hers too. But, her battle shouldn't be faced alone; he should stand with her.

Cain Shaw had interacted with Jodie Young twice, he knew Jodie Young very well, her dominant personality and her dislike and prejudice against his profession are imbued deeply in her bones, making her change her mind would be as difficult as climbing the sky.

At this moment, he should take Dianna back; it should be him facing her mother directly.

"Dianna, I'm tied up these days, but once I finish here, I'll find you immediately. I will find a way to make your mom accept me." Cain Shaw promised earnestly.

Dianna nodded, "Okay."

...

Dianna went back; she didn't return to school but went straight home.

The maid opened the villa door, and Dianna already felt the tense and oppressive atmosphere inside. The maid softly reminded her, "Miss, Young Master Thatcher is here, be careful. I think madam is in a bad mood, as she just broke a bowl."

So Yuric Thatcher came.

That Yuric Thatcher is fast indeed; he must have spiced up things about the resort and told her mother. Dianna frowned as she walked inside.

In the living room, Jodie Young and Yuric Thatcher sat on the sofa, Dianna approached and called out, "Mom."

Jodie Young's face was grim as she coldly looked at Dianna, "Dianna, I asked you to go to the island with Yuric Thatcher to shoot the engagement photos. What did you go there for?"

Dianna didn't plan to beat around the bush, she directly said, "Mom, call off the engagement. I will not marry Yuric Thatcher."

"If you don't marry Yuric Thatcher, then who do you want to marry?"

Dianna mentioned a name, "Cain Shaw! Mom, I like him."

Jodie Young suddenly stood up; she raised her hand and slapped Dianna hard.

Smack.

The crisp sound of the slap echoed, causing Dianna to turn her whole face aside.

"Madam, please calm down, why did you hit Miss?" the maid quickly intervened.

Yuric Thatcher also stood up, grabbing Jodie Young, and pleaded earnestly, "Auntie, don't hit Dianna, it pains me to see that; if you want to hit someone, hit me. It's my incompetence, my lack of excellence. Otherwise, Dianna wouldn't be swayed by Cain Shaw's sweet talk."

Yuric Thatcher's attempt to mediate added fuel to the fire, making Jodie Young tremble with anger. She looked desperately at Dianna, "Dianna, look how sincerely Yuric Thatcher treats you; even now, he speaks for you. How can you bear to disappoint him? What kind of spell has Cain Shaw cast on you, he's a married man, with a child already grown. You, a pure and respectable young lady, mingling with him, isn't that degrading? If rumors spread, your reputation will be ruined!"

Cain Shaw's identity cannot be revealed; neither can the false marriage. Hence, Dianna couldn't say anything; she just steadfastly looked at Jodie Young, "Mom, apart from Cain Shaw, I won't marry anyone."

"You!" Jodie Young stepped forward, wanting to slap Dianna again.

Dianna didn't dodge; her bright eyes looked at Jodie Young honestly and resolutely.

Jodie Young's hand froze; she recalled years ago when she wanted to marry Jason Hollis, her family disagreed, and her mother once slapped her. At that time, her gaze was just like Dianna's now – blinded by love, unwavering.

But what did she get in return?

This daughter's character is identical to hers, hitting her is useless.

Jodie Young forced herself to withdraw her hand, commanding coldly, "Someone, lock Miss in her room; without my permission, no one can let her out!"

"Yes." The maid approached Dianna, "Miss, madam is angry now, you're mother and daughter, don't become estranged. Over the years, Madam has been doing business alone, never remarried, never had more children. You are her only kin; you should understand Madam too. Let's go upstairs now."

These words touched Dianna's soft spot in her heart; she turned around and went upstairs.

...

Yuric Thatcher watched Dianna's figure disappear into the bedroom, a sinister look flashed in his eyes, he whispered to Jodie Young, "Auntie, keeping Dianna locked won't confine her heart. Even if you can confine Dianna physically, you can't confine her heart."

Yuric Thatcher vented angrily, "It's all Cain Shaw's fault; I always respected him as my uncle, didn't expect him to be like this. Now Dianna is wholeheartedly following him, her whole life being ruined by him. It's a shame that I lack the strength to challenge him; otherwise, I would definitely make him disappear!"

Indeed, make him disappear.

Make Cain Shaw disappear!

Jodie Young's eyes suddenly lit up.

Chapter 1127: Let Him Meet Someone

Jodie looked at Yuric, "Yuric, you already know about Dianna and Cain Shaw's past, do you really not mind at all?"

How could he not mind?

At the resort hotel, Dianna was clearly drugged, yet she returned perfectly unharmed. What does that imply? It can only mean that Dianna and Cain Shaw slept together again!

He had been busy for nothing, and in the end, Cain Shaw got the better of him. When he recalls Cain Shaw grabbing him by the collar like a small chicken and hauling him out of the resort hotel, Yuric seethes with rage.

However, he didn't reveal these feelings and instead looked sadly at Jodie, "Auntie, that's all in the past. All I want is Dianna's present and future, and of course, I won't mind those past events. On the contrary, I'll be even better to Dianna in the future. I believe one day she'll see my sincerity, forget Cain Shaw, and fall in love with me!"

Jodie was almost moved to tears upon hearing this, and she held Yuric's hand, "Good boy, now I can rest assured, I'm really comfortable leaving Dianna in your care."

...

Yuric left, and Jodie returned to her room. She felt she must take action, she couldn't let her daughter's life be ruined by Cain Shaw.

She had already paid the price for her youthful love, enduring loneliness, grievances, tears, despair, and pain during that marriage. Her parents disapproved of her marriage with Jason Hollis, so she eloped with him. When she returned to her hometown after the divorce, her parents had long passed away.

Now she couldn't watch her daughter follow in her footsteps with her eyes open. The mastermind behind it all was Cain Shaw!

Others don't know Cain Shaw's identity, but she does, so she's not afraid of Cain Shaw.

She's already warned Cain Shaw not to provoke her daughter, otherwise, she doesn't know what she might do. Never underestimate a mother's love for her daughter!

Jodie was determined. She planned to fly to find Cain Shaw now!

...

Dianna had been staying in her room; at this moment, there was a "knock-knock" at the door, and a maid entered, bringing ice cubes, "Miss, let me apply some ice to your face. This time, Madam was really hard on you, your right face is swollen, and the ice can help reduce the swelling."

"Thank you, Auntie," Dianna expressed her gratitude.

The maid sighed, "Miss, I've been with Madam for so many years, it's really not easy for her as a woman, so please don't blame her."

Dianna shook her head, "I won't."

"Miss, actually Madam is just afraid you'll walk her same old path..."

Dianna curled her red lips, brilliant light shimmering in her bright eyes, "I'm not her, and she's not me, so how would she know if I'm willingly following this path? Besides, my dad is my dad, and Cain Shaw is Cain Shaw. How does she know what path Cain Shaw will lead me down?"

The maid realized Dianna was determined and quickly said, "Miss, don't say these words in front of Madam. She'll be furious hearing them again. Fortunately, Madam is out now, otherwise..."

Dianna immediately caught the crucial words, "My mom is out? So late, where did she go?"

The maid froze; oh no, she let it slip!

Dianna was already alert. She quickly stood up and pressed the maid, "Where did my mom actually go? Did she go to find Cain Shaw?"

...

Jodie went to find Cain Shaw and promptly arrived at the resort hotel.

This time, she had to have a good talk with Cain Shaw. If he didn't let go, she would expose his undercover identity.

At this moment, a low-profile black luxury car sped over, the rear door opened, and Old Man Shaw got out. There was also an old woman beside him, and this old woman was the boss.

Who would have thought that the boss in the underground world would be a woman!

Jodie was preoccupied and didn't notice these two people. She walked by and accidentally bumped into Old Man Shaw.

"Sorry." Jodie quickly apologized, but she didn't linger and walked straight ahead.

Old Man Shaw glanced at Jodie's back, and his confidant suddenly said in confusion, "Boss, why do I feel this woman looks familiar, like I've seen her somewhere before?"

"Where?" Old Man Shaw asked.

The confidant thought for a moment; it was three years ago, he had seen Jodie near Cain Shaw...

His confidant quickly leaned to Old Man Shaw's ear and whispered, "Boss, this woman..."

...

In a remote west hall of the resort hotel, the door was pushed open, and Cain Shaw walked in wearing heavy black boots, with Christina Shaw's slender arms wrapped around his strong arm.

"Master Cain, Miss, you're here," Tiger stood up.

This Tiger was the right-hand man of the boss; today, Old Man Shaw brought the boss to officially meet Cain Shaw.

Cain Shaw was dressed in a black shirt and black pants, tall and muscular, with neat short hair combed up, styled a three-seven split, revealing his chiseled forehead and handsome, hard features.

The black shirt had two buttons undone, not too formal, exuding some charming casualness. His deep dark eyes gazed at Tiger, half-smiling, half-not, "Your boss is really summoned a thousand times to come; he's stood me up several times now."

Cain Shaw sat on the sofa, his upright back lazily leaning against the sofa back, his long legs extended onto the coffee table in front. This man who had been in the underworld for so many years exuded a boss's aura amidst his unrestrained wildness.

Tiger knew Cain Shaw was highly regarded now, possibly the boss's successor, so he stepped forward to light a cigarette for Cain Shaw, "Master Cain, there's nothing we can do. The police have been tight these years, and even those close can't be trusted. What if there's an undercover..."

Tiger hesitated, secretly watching Cain Shaw's expression.

Cain Shaw held the cigarette between two right-hand fingers. Hearing this, he raised his fine eyebrows and exhaled smoke from those thin lips, "Why, your boss suspects me of being an undercover?"

Speaking, he pinched Christina's pretty cheek with his smoke-filled hand, playfully smiling, "He said your husband is an undercover, are you scared?"

Christina had been hypnotized, forgetting the memories she shouldn't have, she loved Cain Shaw's roguish, rebellious type with a passion, unable to detach from him.

"Tiger, for three years I've been sleeping beside Cain every day; do I not know if he's an undercover? Fine, don't mention those pointless things, where's the boss, isn't he showing up?" Christina impatiently glanced at Tiger.

Tiger sat on the opposite sofa, "Haha, Master Cain, how could you be an undercover, I was just saying. But today, I've invited a familiar face to meet Master Cain."

Tiger clapped his hands, and his men brought in a person.

Chapter 1128: Embraced on Both Sides

It's... Dianna!

Dianna has been captured!

Upon learning that Jodie had come looking for Cain, Dianna quickly rushed over and happened to see Jodie running into the muzzle of Old Master Shaw.

Three years ago, Jodie flew to Starfall City to pick her up and had contact with Cain. If Jodie was investigated, her father Jason and Cain's identity would be exposed, which would be disastrous for Cain. Jodie's reckless actions not only threatened to disrupt all of Cain's plans but also endangered Cain lethally.

In that critical moment, Dianna made a swift decision and appeared in Old Master Shaw's sight.

Sure enough, Old Master Shaw's attention immediately shifted back to her, and he ordered for her capture.

Her head of jet-black hair cascaded down messily, revealing her flawless, petite face. Her icy, bright eyes were dark and showed signs of distress but remained calm and composed.

In the room, aside from Tiger, there were also some underlings. As she entered, she instantly drew the eyes of those men.

A 21-year-old girl, at the tender age of a flower bud, her skin was so delicate that a mere touch would leave a red mark, breeding countless men's wicked thoughts, stirring a desire to ravage.

As soon as Dianna entered, those underlings exclaimed aloud, "Tiger, where did you find this young chick? So fresh!"

The underlings' eyes roamed all over Dianna, their lecherous looks threatening to strip her clothes off.

Dianna gave them a brief glance, her beautiful small face was icy and aloof, honest without fear, then she lifted her solitary dark eyes towards Cain, who was lazily reclining on the sofa.

She did not speak, as speaking was impossible at this moment.

Cain's handsome face showed no expression, but as Dianna entered, his brow furrowed ominously.

His indifferent yet sharp gaze slowly swept across the room, slicing through the faces of those restless underlings.

Upon meeting his gaze, those underlings quickly withdrew their malicious smiles and lowered their heads in fear.

Cain finally turned towards Tiger, pressing the crimson cigarette butt to his thin lips, and took a deep drag, before exhaling a puff of smoke, "What's the meaning of this, huh?"

"Master Cain, don't be angry, we mean no harm, just seeking safety. We heard this little Mimi used to be your new flame, cherished by you. Now that she's here, once Master Cain safely meets with our patron, we will release her." Tiger grinned.

Blue smoke blurred the man's handsome features, yet his narrowed ebony eyes and sharp jawline could still be vaguely seen, "Where is your patron? If he doesn't come, how do we negotiate?"

"Master Cain, our patron and Old Master Shaw have arrived, but before you meet him, one thing must be done."

Cain lifted his handsome eyelids, a teasing laugh echoed within his muscular chest, "Oh, what's that?"

Tiger bent down and placed an item on the coffee table.

Dianna looked over, it was... white powder.

It was drugs!

No!

Dianna's pupils shrank, and both her small hands clenching at her sides curled rapidly, they actually wanted Cain to take drugs.

Don't take drugs, once addicted, Cain's life would be ruined!

Dianna had been with Jason for years, she had visited rehab centers before, witnessing the horrors there. Those addicted would disown their families, once given a taste they'd do anything, even cut their own flesh.

Dianna desperately wanted to speak, to stop Cain, but she dug her nails deep into her palms to stop herself, because she clearly understood Cain wasn't hers alone, he had his own mission.

Tiger watched Cain, "Master Cain, if you want to meet our patron, you must first smoke this."

Cain's tall frame continued to lounge lazily against the sofa, his eyes lowered looking at the items on the coffee table, expressionless, not even a furrow of the brow.

Christina truly liked Cain, upon seeing the item quickly frowned, "Tiger, how can my dad let Cain smoke such things, he is my beloved man, my husband, don't let him touch this, where is my dad, I want to see him!"

"Miss, his call..." Tiger handed a phone to Christina.

Christina took it, listening to something from Old Master Shaw before hanging up, "Cain, dad says, as long as you smoke this, we'll be family, the leader is awaiting you."

The leader is awaiting you...

Cain raised a handsome sword-like brow.

"Cain, my dad has asked me to go over now." Christina said.

Cain reached and pinched Christina's pretty face, "Go ahead."

Christina got up and left.

"Master Cain, my patron truly values you, once you smoke this, not only can you see him, but he'll also hand over control of The Saros Archipelago to you, moreover, you're already set to marry into the Shaw family, your prospects could not be brighter."

Cain curled his thin, cold lips in a consistently nonchalant manner, then retracted his long legs from the coffee table, bent down his tall frame and brought the cigarette between his fingers to the powder, "I haven't tried this stuff before, wonder what it tastes like?"

He took a puff.

Cain!

Dianna's palm-sized face turned pale, her limbs cold, her whole being seemed thrown into an abyss, yet she could do nothing, only watch as he touched such things.

Cain didn't stop, he smoked all the items on the coffee table.

The tall, muscular back slammed heavily into the sofa, at 1.9 meters, as he fell back came a slight "creak" like the sofa couldn't bear his robust physique.

A solid arm lazily draped over the sofa's armrest, his dark eyes showing a hint of daze, lifted his eyelids to glance at Tiger, he cursed mischievously, "Damn, this thing does make one feel heavenly."

Tiger clapped, "Master Cain is decisively cool."

As he spoke, Tiger took out another pack of the stuff and also smoked it up.

Tiger's expression began to get hazy and indulgent as well, "Master Cain, with this stuff, after one last thing we can live like gods, and that is... women."

Tiger clapped again, and the underlings brought in two beautiful, alluring women.

These two beauties rushed to Cain's side, hooking him from left and right, chirping sweetly, "Master Cain, we've long admired your reputation, you're even more handsome and robust than the legend."

The beauty extended her finger, poking at Cain's muscular chest, beneath the thin shirt, the man's muscles were like strongholds, at the place where the heart beats, like a dormant lion, oozing hormone-rich allure.

Chapter 1129: You Dare Touch My Woman Too?

A man like Cain Shaw is always the most popular among women.

Cain Shaw extended his strong arm, pulling one of the beauties closer. He squinted those dark eyes, took a drag of his cigarette, and then rudely blew the smoke into her face. "I'm even more handsome and robust than the legends say. Anything else?"

These words were the teasing words of a rogue, quite insolent.

With her face flushed, the beauty snuggled into Cain Shaw's embrace. "And... you'll have to try to find out."

The beauty's small hand reached out to touch Cain Shaw's body.

Opposite him, Tiger laughed, "Lord Shaw, we had agreed that each of us would take one of these beauties, but once they saw you, they all rushed into your arms. Lord Shaw, your allure and charm with women truly are irresistible."

Cain Shaw smoked his cigarette, his handsome and rugged face hard to discern. The hands of the two beauties roamed over him, and he did not stop them. His shirt and trousers bore a slight crease, yet it only accentuated his captivating wildness.

The dark eyes were slightly narrowed, and the force of it made him swallow several times, somewhat entranced.

Tiger, too, felt the urge rising within him, especially since he had no woman by his side. Then, he turned his head and looked at Dianna Hollis.

Dianna Hollis's palm-sized face exuded a chill, her skin delicate as silk, her lips pink like lotus blossoms. Her natural beauty was not something those two women could compare to.

Tiger grinned lecherously, then got up and walked towards Dianna Hollis.

Dianna Hollis had been watching Cain Shaw, seeing him mesh himself with others, playing around with both arms around different women, which turned the rims of her fair eyes red with anger.

At this moment, a greasy hand reached over, brushing against her delicate face, "Wow, little Mimi's skin is really smooth, smoother than any silk I've touched, haha."

Tiger laughed lecherously, and his subordinates followed suit with laughter.

These men had been eyeing Dianna Hollis for quite a while, and now, seeing Tiger tease her, they were all excitedly howling.

Dianna Hollis gave Tiger a cold look and spat out a word, "Scram!"

"Scram? It seems little Mimi is quite fierce, but I like it!" Tiger clenched his fists in front of Dianna Hollis, his palm still tingling with that earlier touch, something incomparably smooth.

Actually, Tiger greatly feared Cain Shaw, but having taken that stuff, his nerves were in a state of excitement. Looking at Dianna Hollis, he felt like floating.

He reached out and seized Dianna Hollis's waist, pulling her directly into his embrace, "Little Mimi, are you still thinking of Lord Shaw? Lord Shaw is already married and is currently surrounded by women; he has no time for you. Maybe he's even tired of you. Why not come with Brother Tiger? I'll make sure you live well."

As he spoke, Tiger pinched Dianna Hollis's slender waist twice, finding it so pliant as to seem boneless, as if it could break with a gentle snap. Dianna Hollis regarded Tiger coldly and sneered, "Plenty of men can make sure I live well. Why should I choose you? You think you're worthy?"

"Oh, little Mimi sure has a strong flavor, hahaha." Tiger laughed arrogantly.

The scene was chaotic, but Cain Shaw remained unmoved, still leaning leisurely against the sofa, exuding the aura of a big shot.

The swirling smoke obscured his handsome face. He squinted his dark eyes casually at Tiger and curled his thin lips, "Tiger, knowing she's an old flame of mine, you're not afraid to make me angry by doing this?"

"Lord Shaw, she's just an old flame, after all. Can she compare to my master?"

Tiger's words carried a hint of threat, after all, Cain Shaw was just one step away from success. Now seeing the leader at hand, and being a close confidant, Cain Shaw wouldn't fall out with him over an old flame at such a critical moment.

Men, ever since the ancient times, weren't bothered by trifles, women were just clothing.

Tiger was quite confident, he embraced Dianna Hollis and directly pushed her onto a table. He swept everything on the table to the ground, then reached to tear off Dianna Hollis's clothes.

"Little Mimi, be obedient, and Brother Tiger will take good care of you."

His men howled in excitement.

Cain Shaw observed the scene on the table from the couch. Tiger, like a wild beast in heat, pressed down on Dianna Hollis, his strength so great that several reddening imprints appeared on Dianna Hollis's wrists and thighs.

Now, he shouldn't do anything at all.

Just one more step to success.

But...

That was his woman!

Cain Shaw's eyes became bloodshot with anger. He pushed away one of the beauties clinging to him and stood up, his tall frame rising, and he strode over, one hand tucked in his pants pocket, the other holding a freshly lit cigarette between two fingers, all the while exuding an unrestrained aura.

In a few strides, he reached Tiger. Without a word, he lifted his foot and kicked Tiger's waist.

Tiger was caught off guard, his whole body sent flying and slammed heavily against the wall.

"Lord Shaw, what do you mean by this?" Tiger's face changed instantly, standing up in disarray, clutching at his injured waist, glaring at Cain Shaw gloomily, "Seems like Lord Shaw doesn't want to see my master anymore!"

Cain Shaw stood there, tall and long-legged, his handsome and expressionless face covered with a menacing air, drawing on his cigarette with ash falling away, he glanced coldly at Tiger, "Who let this dog out to bark so loudly?"

Cain Shaw called him a dog.

Tiger's face twisted with rage; he drew a gun from his waist and aimed it at Cain Shaw.

When Cain Shaw came in, he had been searched, had no weapons, and hadn't brought any subordinates.

Tiger intended to shoot Cain Shaw directly.

At that moment, in a blur, no one saw how Cain Shaw moved, but he suddenly appeared in front of Tiger, his rough hand reaching out to grasp Tiger's wrist and effortlessly twisting it.

"Ah," Tiger cried out in agony, his wrist fractured, the gun in his hand snatched away, and then a kick landed on his knee, bringing him crashing down with a "thud," kneeling.

Cain Shaw stood beside him, the cigarette dangling from his thin lips, the gun in his hand aimed at Tiger's head.

He let out a low, cold laugh from his throat, "Out of respect for your master, I spared you some face, but it seems you have taken it too seriously. You dare lay hands on my woman? Even if she's just what I've played with and left, you're not worthy."

Tiger's men had initially intended to draw their guns too, but Cain Shaw's swift and powerful handling of Tiger had been far too intimidating, shocking everyone present into silence.

The subordinates all watched Cain Shaw in fear, not daring to move.

Even though Cain Shaw hadn't brought subordinates with him, there were plenty of his men outside.

Tiger sobered up a bit, with the cold barrel against his head, he quickly raised his hands in surrender, "Lord Shaw, Master Shaw, I... I apologize, I dare not do it again. Please don't hurt me, or you'll have a hard time explaining to my master."

At that, Cain Shaw released Tiger, then reached out and pulled Dianna Hollis into the shower room.

Chapter 1130: Don't Be Afraid

In the shower room.

Here, all the dangers and chaos outside were isolated, leaving just the two of them. Cain Shaw released Dianna Hollis, and their eyes met.

"I'm sorry..."

"I'm sorry..."

The two spoke at the same time, saying the same three words of apology.

Dianna stepped forward and hugged Cain, resting her small face against his chest, listening to the strong, rhythmic heartbeat that gave her a sense of security, "I'm sorry, my mother flew over to find you and was almost discovered by Mr. Shaw, so I had no choice but to appear and got captured."

Cain raised a hand to stroke her long hair, narrowing his handsome eyes as his thin lips landed on her hair, "The one who should apologize is me. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be in danger."

Dianna shook her head; she understood his heart, and he understood hers, this tacit understanding required no words, "How are you now, do you feel uncomfortable?"

Dianna looked at him with concern.

Cain saw her bright eyes, dark and watery, filled with all her restrained affection and love for him. Earlier, she hadn't stopped him, nor did she blame him now. She understood his mission and faith, but she just felt deep sympathy for him.

Cain held the back of her head and lowered his head to kiss her red lips.

His Adam's apple moved up and down; he had good self-control and wouldn't lose himself like Tiger after taking something, but now his blood was boiling, and he was thoroughly tormented.

Her lips were lightly sweet, soft, sweet, making him enamored.

Dianna's hands fell onto his chest, already feeling his discomfort. If this could make him feel a bit better, she was willing to fully cooperate.

Dianna wrapped her arms around his neck, boldly responding by standing on tiptoe.

Soon, a "knock-knock" sounded at the door, and Tiger's voice rang from outside, "Mr. Shaw, my boss called earlier and wants me to bring you over to see him."

Cain was about to meet this big brother.

Cain slowly released Dianna, wiped the water from the corner of her mouth, and instructed hoarsely, "Stay here, don't go anywhere, someone will bring you out."

Dianna raised her flushed little face, "Cain, go ahead, don't worry about me."

Cain stroked her hair, and finally said two words, "Don't be afraid."

He said, don't be afraid.

Cain turned around, taking long strides out.

He left.

Dianna watched his departing figure, actually wanting to tell him she wasn't afraid at all, she'd never been scared.

Earlier when Tiger pinned her down, she could have crippled him, but she did nothing because she didn't want to jeopardize his mission.

It was a mission where he'd take a whole package without blinking because he loved it, so she tried to love everything about him.

She thought, one day she'd love his belief too.

...

Cain arrived at the chapel outside the resort hotel, guarded inside and out. Inside the chapel were the big brother, Mr. Shaw, and Christina Shaw.

The big brother revealed himself.

Cain stepped inside with heavy black boots, and then noticed the surveillance screen displaying everything that had happened in that room.

Christina gazed resentfully at Cain, jealously snorting, "Cain, you're actually protecting that little vixen like that!"

Cain approached, roughly squeezing Christina's face twice with his big hand, raising his brows mischievously, coaxing her, "What, jealous? I have women outside, hiding it from you?"

Christina, "..."

He was protecting Dianna, but in front of her dad, he didn't admit his fault; his attitude was so rebellious and arrogant. Christina was really angry, but deep down she loved this man's rebellious charm.

Then the big brother laughed, "Alright, Tina, stop fussing. A man having women outside is perfectly normal; if he doesn't have any, that's abnormal. You're the big brother's woman, don't be so petty in the future!"

With the big brother's words, Christina dared not be jealous anymore.

However, she thought to herself, when they got back, she'd find a way to get rid of that little vixen Dianna.

Cain calmly withdrew his hand and looked at the big brother, unexpectedly realizing this big boss was an old lady, "I've heard much about you, finally we meet today."

The big brother looked at Cain with satisfaction, "Cain, your father-in-law and the four elders all like you, always urging us to meet, sit down, we can discuss business now."

Cain sat down, Tiger took out a black box, full of treasures, "Mr. Shaw, these are the best goods I have, now they're yours."

Cain flipped through those treasures, squinting his dark eyes with a smile, "Thank you very much."

"Cain, do well, I have high regard for you. Maybe someday I'll pass my position to you." The big brother bit a cigar.

Cain raised a handsome eyebrow slightly, said nothing.

Then came a "bang", with a bullet shooting through.

People outside shouted, "It's bad, the police are here, we're surrounded!"

The big brother and Mr. Shaw's faces changed dramatically, "What's going on? How could our whereabouts be exposed?"

The big brother was the first to think of something, she grabbed a gun from her bag, aiming it at Cain's head, "Cain, you're an undercover cop!"

Cain sat in the chair, unmoved, taking a cigar from the big brother, lighting it himself.

The smoke rapidly blurred his handsome face, his calm and composed aura exuding a resolute air.

In his life, he looked up at the sky, down at the ground, never afraid, even with a gun to his head, because his conscience was clear.

He was a man of iron rigor.

Then the chapel doors were broken open, a squad of camouflaged special forces appeared, with three black stripes on their faces.

Blood Vision.

This legendary special forces squad appeared.

The big brother's eyes widened, utterly shocked at this indifferent smoking man, she'd figured it all out, "You're... the Blood Eagle!"

Compared to the big brother's alertness and realization, Mr. Shaw and Christina were completely baffled, their minds seemingly short-circuited. That was supposed to be her son-in-law, how could he be an undercover cop, that was supposed to be her three-year-husband, how could he be the Blood Eagle?

There must be some massive misunderstanding, right?

"Ha, hahaha," the big brother laughed grimly twice, "Cain, I fell into your hands, I admit it, I respect you. Not settling down for a good life, becoming an undercover, you're really ruthless, the things you took earlier weren't ordinary stuff on the market, it's unquittable. Your life is finished!"