

Substitute B 1131

Chapter 1131: No One Can Use Me to Threaten Him

Cain Shaw lifted his head slowly, exhaling a plume of smoke. Through the haze, he looked at the gang leader and chuckled, "Whether I'm done, I don't know. What I do know is, you're finished."

Mr. Shaw and Christina Shaw were taken away in a state of complete confusion.

At this moment, the gang leader shouted, "Cain Shaw, don't move. Look what I have here!"

Cain Shaw raised his gaze and saw the gang leader holding an explosive device.

"Cain Shaw, I planted an explosive chip on that girl earlier. If I press lightly, she'll go boom and explode."

Cain Shaw's large hand holding the cigar paused, and his brown eyes hidden behind the smoke suddenly became sharp.

He stared at the gang leader and spoke in a low voice, "Speak, what do you want?"

"Release me, and immediately send a special plane to escort me out of here."

Cain Shaw curled his thin lips, "Say something useful; this is your last chance to speak."

He refused.

The gang leader's face instantly darkened, "Fine, Cain Shaw, kneel down before me now. I want you to kneel and beg me!"

The gang leader wanted Cain Shaw to kneel.

Deputy Charles Bishop immediately stepped forward and angrily rebuked, "Stop dreaming, who are you, and who is Cain Shaw? His knees hold gold and only kneel to Heaven, Earth, and parents. Want him to kneel to you? Get rid of that thought!"

The gang leader toyed with the explosive device in his hand, "That's not for you to say. To kneel or not, Cain Shaw must choose himself. I think Cain really cherishes that pretty girl. What if he can't bear to let her go?"

"Mort!" Charles Bishop called Cain Shaw's name softly.

"Cain, I'll count to three. If you haven't knelt by then, I can only make that pretty girl go boom. One, two..."

As the gang leader was about to shout "three," Cain Shaw moved his thin lips, "Fine, I'll kneel!"

"Haha," the gang leader laughed quickly, "Cain Shaw, just for a woman, you're actually willing to kneel to me. You're finished. Your life now has a weakness and a soft spot, destined for utter defeat."

"Mort!"

"Boss!"

The Blood Eagle unit watched Cain Shaw with red eyes, wishing they could rush forward and tear the gang leader apart.

Cain Shaw, a man steeped in blood on the battlefield, who doesn't even worship Guan Gong, and yet there was someone who could make him kneel.

He actually knelt for this girl.

Cain Shaw's body moved slightly, slowly kneeling down.

"Haha, look closely, your eternal hero, the Blood Eagle unit's supreme commander, is going to kneel to me. Haha," the gang leader laughed arrogantly.

Cain Shaw knelt slowly, his knee almost touching the ground.

He really seemed to be about to kneel.

Then suddenly, a clear voice came from the door, "Cain Shaw!"

Cain Shaw froze and quickly turned his head. He saw Dianna Hollis at the door.

Dianna had come!

She actually came!

Cain Shaw's handsome brow immediately furrowed, and he shot a sharp glance at the special forces soldier Bache next to Dianna. He had ordered Bache to take Dianna away from this dangerous place.

Bache, the youngest among the brothers, received the boss's sharp glare and scratched his head in confusion, "Boss, it's not my fault, it's... it's because the sister-in-law found something wrong, so she ran here..."

Dianna had planned to leave; this was his battlefield, and protecting herself was her best help to him. But as she was leaving, she saw Mr. Shaw and Christina being captured but didn't see the gang leader. She had a natural instinct for danger and immediately sensed something was wrong.

Indeed, when Dianna arrived, she saw Cain Shaw about to kneel before the female gang leader.

Cain Shaw looked at Dianna, already frowning, and said in a deep, displeased voice, "Why did you come? Quickly leave here!"

Dianna's bright, cool eyes shifted from Cain Shaw's face to the gang leader's face, and she soon noticed the explosive device in the gang leader's hand. Her eyes flashed, and with her wisdom, she already guessed most of it, "What's that?"

"That's none of your business!" Cain Shaw interrupted her.

The gang leader's eyes lit up upon seeing Dianna, "Pretty girl, you arrived just in time. You didn't know, did you? When you were captured, my people planted an explosive chip in you. Now your life is in my hands."

"Pretty girl, Cain Shaw truly likes you. I told him to kneel to me, and he really was going to kneel."

"If you want to live now, tell Cain Shaw to obey me. Not only do I want him to kneel, but also prepare a special plane to take me away."

With Dianna's life pinched in her hand, the gang leader was quite confident, thinking that Dianna's arrival only increased her bargaining power.

Dianna gave the gang leader a glance and then looked at Cain Shaw's handsome face. So... he was willing to kneel to someone for her.

Dianna curled her red lips and spoke with resolute words, "Cain Shaw, don't kneel!"

The gang leader's expression changed, "Don't you want to live?"

Dianna shook her head, her bright eyes flowing with an astonishing glow, "No one can use me to threaten him. If one day I become his soft spot and fatal weakness, then I will personally... destroy myself!"

As soon as the words fell, Dianna directly reached out, pulled the sharp dagger hanging at Bache's waist, and without hesitation, stabbed the blade into her own heart.

Puff~

A stream of fresh blood immediately splattered out.

The gang leader was stunned. Over the years, she had seen many fierce women, but it was the first time she had seen a girl like Dianna stab herself.

Suddenly, in her vision, Cain Shaw was already in front of her. The man's rough hand lightning-fast reached over and snatched the explosive device from her hand.

Cain Shaw moved like a shadow, his speed was too fast.

The gang leader hadn't reacted, when "bang," a bullet penetrated into her leg, causing her to collapse on the ground.

The gang leader was captured.

Cain Shaw strode towards Dianna, then crouched down, his long fingers trembling. He picked the girl up, cradling her in his arms.

The girl's fair little face was also stained with blood. He reached out to carefully wipe away all the bloodstains on her face, and the whole world seemed to fall silent, silent enough for him to hear her faint breathing.

"Don't be afraid, it's okay... you won't die, I'll take you to the hospital now..." Cain Shaw lifted Dianna up horizontally.

Everyone watched Cain Shaw, the veins on the man's body bulging fiercely, looking overwhelmingly ominous and terrifying, letting a few traces of fear stem from his bones. His red eyes watched the girl covered in blood, with only her in his eyes, in his heart.

Chapter 1132: You Pursue Your Faith, I Will Protect You

Cain Shaw came out holding Dianna Hollis in his arms, and a doctor in a white coat rushed over. "Put Miss Hollis down, let me take a look."

Cain Shaw placed the delicate girl onto the white stretcher, and the doctor examined the wound. "The cut is a bit away from the heart, Miss Hollis can still be saved. Quick, to the hospital, Miss Hollis needs immediate surgery."

Cain Shaw held tightly onto Dianna's cold little hand, her hand devoid of warmth. He rubbed it hard, trying to transfer his warmth to her. "Dianna, wake up... Dianna..."

As if hearing the man's call, Dianna struggled to open her eyes and immediately met his bloodshot eyes. She slowly curved her lips, "It's okay... I'm fine... I'm not stupid, when the knife came down... my hand shifted, it won't take my life... Cain Shaw, I still don't want to die... am I smart?"

She asked me if she's smart?

Cain Shaw nodded, his eyes were filled with terrifying blood streaks, seemingly on the brink of tearing. Over the years, his hands have been stained with many people's blood, but hers was so hot, he began to fear it.

Fear.

This word actually appeared in his life.

"In the future, don't do this again. I can protect you..."

Dianna struggled to lift her small hand, touching his handsome face. She curled her red lips, as she smiled, a couple of tears fell from her eyes. "Cain Shaw, it's okay, you pursue your beliefs, I'll guard you."

You pursue your beliefs, I'll guard you.

This sentence deeply struck Cain Shaw's soul, feeling as if years of dark nights were suddenly illuminated by a lamp. For years, no matter the pouring rain worldwide or the treacherous paths ahead, he always remembered a girl saying the most touching words, showing her fierce and brave love for him.

"Cain Shaw, I still want to ask you, do you like me?"

Even though Dianna had already guessed his feelings for her, she still wanted to hear his confession, she wanted to hear him say he likes her.

Cain Shaw lowered his head, his dry lips landed on her forehead. He closed his eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "I can't tell you now, you must go for surgery right away, but I promise, when you open your eyes, I'll tell you the answer."

Really?

Dianna felt the pain was really intense now, her vision slowly fading to black. Before she fainted, she whispered, "You can't lie to me, when I open my eyes again, you must be by my side, I want to see you first."

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In the hospital.

Jodie Young nervously waited outside the operating room. An hour later, Dianna was pushed out, the doctor said, "The surgery was very successful, the patient will wake up in 24 hours, hospitalized for recovery, waiting for the wound to heal."

Jodie Young's tightly wound nerves finally relaxed. If her daughter met with any mishap, she wouldn't want to live anymore.

Dianna was pushed into the VIP ward, Jodie tenderly covered her daughter with a blanket, at that moment she saw Cain Shaw's tall and upright figure by the door.

Cain Shaw had been guarding the hospital, not leaving a single step.

Jodie Young walked out and closed the ward door. "Cain Shaw, come over here, we need to talk."

Cain Shaw reluctantly looked at Dianna, then followed Jodie Young into the corridor.

In the corridor, Jodie Young raised her hand and fiercely slapped Cain Shaw across the face.

Slap.

Cain Shaw's handsome face was slapped to the side, he could have avoided it, but he didn't.

He accepted the slap.

Jodie Young was trembling with anger, she didn't feel at all that she had implicated Cain Shaw and Dianna, she hated looking at Cain Shaw. "Cain Shaw, I said long ago, stay away from Dianna, you will bring danger to her. My good daughter is now lying on a hospital bed, how can I, as a mother, not feel pain?"

Cain Shaw looked up at Jodie Young. "Auntie, I am very sorry, but I promise, this is the last time."

Jodie Young did not believe Cain Shaw's promise, "You leave my daughter, then I'll believe you."

"Auntie, I won't leave Dianna, I want to marry her." Cain Shaw said solemnly.

Jodie Young was shocked, "What did you say?"

"Auntie, you know my identity. Now that my mission is complete, I can return to normal life. Moreover, I've submitted the marriage application. You know Dianna's feelings for me. As long as she's willing to marry me, no one can stop us. Preventing or sabotaging a military marriage comes with penalties."

Jodie Young felt a cold pour over her head, she didn't know Cain Shaw was reverting his status. He's a military leader, a legend of the Blood Eagle, and many old men want to marry their daughters to him, his marriage application will be easily approved.

Not to mention, Dianna is a martyr's orphan, the two of them marrying wouldn't be stopped by anyone, including her mother.

Jodie Young's heart was quickly in chaos, she suddenly didn't know what to do.

At this moment, Cain Shaw suddenly creased his brows, his body in distress.

Jodie Young, "Cain Shaw, what's wrong?"

Cain Shaw knew something was wrong, his drug addiction was acting up.

Earlier all his thoughts were on Dianna, he forgot about this situation.

He had taken something, but didn't expect it to act up so quickly, it seems the gang leader was right, this drug is no ordinary toxin.

Cain Shaw felt his blood starting to boil and running rampant, out of control.

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The doctor injected Cain Shaw with a sedative, then said gravely, "This is your blood test report, it shows a very high toxin component, this is no ordinary drug."

"Doctor, what do we do now?" Charles Bishop asked nervously.

"Detoxification, posthaste."

Charles Bishop was silent, there's no shortcut, only detoxification, but the process is very painful, many have died because of it.

The doctor looked at Cain Shaw, "We've assembled an expert group to head to Saros's Miao Territory, hoping to find herbs to help detoxify you. You must come with us immediately, your addiction has flared up, there's no time to waste."

"Mort, let's leave quickly!" Charles Bishop urged.

Mort Thorne pursed his lips, then said firmly, "Wait a bit longer."

Charles Bishop immediately understood, Mort Thorne wanted to stay and wait for Dianna to wake up. He promised Dianna, as soon as she opens her eyes, she would see him.

Mort Thorne stood up, wanting to see Dianna, but as soon as he stood, his vision went black, and the next second his tall and upright body collapsed with a "boom."

"Mort!"

Chapter 1133: He Left

Mort Thorne felt like his head was splitting open, and in his dazed state, he heard the chatter around him,

A few Crimson Eye Soldiers were crowded together.

"Did you all see our sister-in-law?"

"Yes, I saw her. Sister-in-law looks so young, younger than all of us."

"But sister-in-law is really beautiful, the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

"Boss really loves our little sister-in-law, he would even kneel for her."

"Hey, Bache, you had close contact with our sister-in-law, how is she?"

"Sister-in-law is amazing, she once drew her knife next to me in a flash, and I couldn't even stop it in time. No wonder she's the girl our boss likes, she's different!" Bache said admiringly.

Mort Thorne opened his eyes; he was no longer in the hospital but inside a Jeep.

When he fainted earlier, he was taken out directly.

"Boss, you're awake?" Someone noticed Mort Thorne regaining consciousness.

Charles Bishop quickly approached, asking with concern, "Mort, how are you feeling now?"

Mort sat up; he looked very pale. What he had ingested was the latest concoction from the lead brother, pretty formidable stuff. He looked at Charles, "Who told you to bring me out?"

"It was... it was the doctor, Mort, let's quickly head to Miaojiang, we can't delay detoxification any longer. Besides, you wouldn't want Miss Hollis to see you like this, right?" Charles urged.

Mort pressed his thin lips into a cold arc, "Stop the car, turn around, go back to the hospital!"

"Mort!"

"Before I leave, I want to see her!"

Charles breathed a sigh of relief, okay, just a glance, then we'll head to Miaojiang, "Bache, turn around!"

"Boss, you haven't seen sister-in-law for just a moment, and you already miss her?"

"This time, because of your kneeling, sister-in-law has become famous, everyone knows we have a sister-in-law now."

"I heard many military belles are not convinced, they want to meet our sister-in-law!"

"Indeed, everyone wants to see what charm sister-in-law has to capture our boss's heart!"

These Crimson Eye Soldiers, who move effortlessly through battlefields, are the most endearing people when they put down their guns.

Mort stretched out his long leg and kicked one of the Crimson Eye Soldiers in the butt, producing an "ouch," and the soldiers fell down like a stack of dominoes.

"Behave yourselves, or you'll have no dinner tonight and will have to do two hours of heavy cross-country!"
Mort scolded.

"Yes, Boss!"

The Crimson Eye Soldiers quickly sat back up in a row, not daring to utter a word.

Charles laughed, "Mort, these boys have missed you; it's been a long while since they've seen you and they're thinking of you. You're hurt, let Kate Lee treat your wounds."

With that, Charles called out, "Kate Lee."

Kate came; she was wearing a white coat, a field doctor. She came to Mort's side and reached out to unbutton Mort's black shirt.

The shirt peeled away, revealing the man's strong chest, his bronzed skin emitting a healthy, sensual glow. A knife wound on his chest, some bloodstains, yet he didn't seem in pain, his brows remained unknitted.

Only his thin lips were slightly pale, and in the dim light of the car, his handsome face exuded a kind of distant cold aura, with features exceptionally defined.

Such a stoic man always makes a woman want to touch him.

"Mort, lift your arm, let me help you take the shirt off," Kate said.

Mort lazily raised his muscular arm, and the black shirt was completely removed, revealing the man's eight-pack abs and perfect, tight Adonis belt.

The eight-pack abs were paired with trousers and a black leather belt; no one dared to look below. This man was sturdy, unlike ordinary men, so they could only sneak glances.

But now, on those abs were several red scratch marks, seemingly made by a woman, exuding a peculiar ambiguity.

Charles and Kate both noticed, as Mort leaned his broad back against the seat and casually closed his eyes.

Kate promptly began to treat his wounds.

"Mort, do you really like that girl named Dianna Hollis?"

Kate was the daughter of a friend in the Thorne family and grew up with Mort, childhood sweethearts. Later, she followed Mort and became an outstanding field doctor, living life and death beside these people.

The police car was very quiet; no one spoke, not even the sound of a pin dropping could be heard. Everyone was listening, listening for this answer.

The man, tempered and polished by time, has been sung about by high-profile leaders, military, political, and judicial circles as the "Blood Eagle," has he developed feelings?

Mort shook his head, "It's not like."

Kate paused, her eyes reflecting light.

But soon, Mort added a few words, "It's love, I love her."

Mort said he loved Dianna Hollis.

The light in Kate's eyes instantly extinguished.

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In the hospital.

Cain Shaw returned; his steady footsteps walked along the corridors, soon pausing at the door of Dianna Hollis's hospital room.

Through the small glass window, Dianna lay in bed, still unconscious.

His gaze was fixed on her small oval face, wanting to etch her brows and features deep into his soul.

Dianna, goodbye.

He has to go.

Sorry, he couldn't fulfill the promise he made to her.

And the answer she anticipated, he couldn't tell her in person.

Mort's large hands, hanging at his side, clenched into fists tightly, his dark eyes slowly turning scarlet; she was the girl he loved the most.

Girl, can you... wait for me?

I need some time now; can you wait for me to come back?

If I don't die, I will definitely come back to marry you!

The clenched fist slowly loosened as Mort turned to leave.

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The next day.

The delicate butterfly-like wings fluttered weakly, and Dianna slowly opened her eyes.

Her vision filled with white, along with a pungent smell of disinfectant; she was now in the hospital.

"Dianna, you're awake?" A voice of delight reached her ears.

Dianna turned her head; she saw her mother, Jodie Young, along with the chief physician, nurse, senior caregiver, in short, many people.

Dianna's bright eyes scanned each face, but none were the ones she was looking for.

The tall, familiar figure she expected was not there.

Cain Shaw was not there.

Dianna looked again, still nothing.

Her delicate white hand moved weakly; she spoke in a frail voice, "Mom."

Jodie quickly stepped forward, holding Dianna's small hand, "Dianna, you just woke up, you're out of the danger zone, don't move too much, quickly lie down and rest."

"Mom, where's Cain?"

She was looking for Cain.

Where is Cain?

Why isn't he here?

He promised her she would see him first when she opened her eyes.

So in the first glance, she was searching for him, but he wasn't there, she couldn't find him.

Chapter 1134: Marriage

Where did he go?

As soon as Dianna woke up, she was looking for Cain Shaw, which made Jodie very displeased. Jodie didn't know where Cain Shaw went either, but this was exactly what she wanted. It'd be best if Cain Shaw just disappeared and never showed up again.

However, Jodie didn't express her thoughts. She had grown wiser now, and knew that saying such things would only further estrange their mother-daughter relationship.

"Dianna, Cain Shaw seems to have some matters to attend to. He said he would come to see you in a couple of days."

The hope in Dianna's eyes slowly extinguished. She replied quietly with eyes like fluttering butterfly wings, "Oh."

"Dianna," Jodie held Dianna's small hand, "You need to recover quickly. Cain Shaw will come to see you."

"Will he really come?" Dianna sounded unsure.

Jodie knew that the best approach was to let Dianna become disappointed in Cain Shaw on her own. She tugged at her lips slightly, "He will come."

Dianna looked at the ceiling, but why couldn't she feel him anymore?

She seemed to not sense his presence; he seemed to have left.

He had said he would let her see him at first sight.

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In the blink of an eye, a week passed. Dianna obediently stayed in the hospital to recover, and her health was improving well.

However, during this week, Cain Shaw still hadn't come.

Dianna didn't know when he would come. She hadn't seen him for a long time.

She missed him so much.

Dianna took out her phone and dialed that familiar number to call Cain Shaw.

But soon, a mechanical and cold voice responded from the other end, "Sorry, the phone you dialed is turned off."

His phone was unreachable.

At this moment, footsteps were heard from outside, and Jodie came in. Dianna put away her phone.

The next second, the door to the VIP hospital room was pushed open and Jodie brought someone along—Yuric Thatcher.

"Dianna, your health is recovering well. The doctor said you can be discharged now. I've already arranged the discharge procedures, and Yuric is here too. He was really worried about you. We're here to take you home together," Jodie said with a smile.

Yuric warmly and naturally took the large and small bags, then reached out to hold Dianna's hand, "Dianna, let's go home."

Dianna avoided Yuric's hand, speaking coldly and distantly, "Thank you, I'll walk by myself."

Dianna led the way out.

Being refused, Yuric was left standing there awkwardly. Then, Jodie approached him softly, "Yuric, Dianna has been spoiled by me. Please don't be mad at her. Now that Cain Shaw is gone and we don't know when he'll be back, you must take this opportunity to hold Dianna's heart tightly in your hands."

Yuric knew it was impossible; Dianna's heart had long been lost to Cain Shaw, no matter how hard he tried, Dianna wouldn't like him.

"Aunt, I will definitely try, but once Cain Shaw returns, he will surely take Dianna back again. We need to come up with a good plan to completely end Cain Shaw's delusions!" Yuric urged.

"What good plan?" Jodie asked.

"Aunt, I want to marry Dianna!"

Jodie was stunned, "Get married directly? But Dianna..."

"Aunt, don't hesitate anymore. I want to marry Dianna directly, so that when Cain Shaw returns, Dianna will already be Mrs. Thatcher, and he won't be able to take her away. His absence this time is an incredibly good opportunity, we must seize it!"

"But Dianna's character is stubborn, she definitely won't want to get married..."

"Aunt, then we'll keep it from Dianna at first. We'll publicly announce the marriage news and use her recovery as an excuse to keep her confined at home. On the day of the grand wedding, we'll let Dianna appear at the ceremony. Once the wedding is done, she will be a member of the Thatcher family!" Yuric said excitedly.

Jodie was a bit tempted because Cain Shaw remained a ticking time bomb. It would be better to block the news during Cain Shaw's absence and let Dianna marry Yuric.

In this way, even if Cain Shaw came back, Dianna would already be Mrs. Thatcher.

Cain Shaw was a soldier, he couldn't possibly snatch away a married woman, ruining another family, right? That would be a lifelong stain.

Jodie became increasingly tempted as she thought about it, she looked at Yuric and asked solemnly, "Yuric, will you cherish Dianna, love her, and protect her for a lifetime?"

Yuric devised this perfect plan entirely to retaliate against Cain Shaw and Dianna, wanting to destroy them and make them never be able to be together.

However, Yuric surely wouldn't tell Jodie this; he confidently met Jodie's gaze and vowed, "Aunt, rest assured, I will definitely be good to Dianna for a lifetime!"

Jodie believed the Yuric in front of her, she nodded and said, "Alright, Yuric, then Aunt entrusts Dianna's lifelong happiness to you."

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Jodie took Dianna home. She appeared calm on the surface, but soon she reached an alliance with the Thatcher family, and both families immediately announced the happy news.

The wedding date was set, worried about delays, the wedding was hastily scheduled for three days later on a lucky auspicious day.

This wedding news quickly spread throughout City of Crestfall, appearing on the front pages of all entertainment headlines, with the Thatcher and Young families releasing many photos: pictures from past family gatherings and captured moments where Yuric and Dianna stood together, appearing intimate and creating a successful illusion.

Dianna was at home recovering and hadn't returned to school, still waiting for Cain Shaw.

She waited for Cain Shaw to come back.

That night, Dianna picked up her phone again and dialed Cain Shaw's number, but quickly noticed something unusual because her phone had no signal, the call couldn't go through.

What's going on?

Dianna instantly became alert; the sensitive nerve in her brain was touched instantly, as if she sensed an unusual smell.

At this time, the room door opened, Jodie came in, "Dianna, it's time for dinner."

Dianna looked at Jodie. Jodie had been in a good mood these past few days, especially today, she was positively glowing. Dianna felt that Jodie must have done something big during these days.

This big thing seemed quite significant.

Dianna didn't expose it; the name "Cain Shaw" was a stumbling block between them that they couldn't communicate over.

"Mom, why is there no signal on my phone?" Dianna asked.

Tomorrow would be the grand wedding; Dianna was to become a beautiful bride. To prevent any accidents, Jodie had ordered the signal to be cut off, "Oh, really? Could be a signal problem. Let's have dinner first, and I'll have someone check it early tomorrow morning."

"Okay." Dianna nodded and followed Jodie downstairs.

Once in the living room, Dianna glanced outside carelessly, and saw the place surrounded by black-clad bodyguards.

Chapter 1135: Loving You for the Rest of My Life

Looking at such a grand setup, not even a mosquito could fly out.

Dianna's bright eyes flickered with something, what matter could be so significant that her mother would go to such lengths?

However, Dianna didn't ask anything, nor did she say anything, she quietly accompanied Jodie Young for dinner.

After dinner, the mother and daughter sat on the sofa. Jodie Young felt comforted by her obedient daughter. If it weren't for Cain Shaw, their lives would always be harmonious and happy like this.

Jodie Young knew her daughter well; intelligent and perceptive, she had grown up around Jason Hollis, developing a keen sense of intuition. Any little clue would make her suspicious, so Jodie Young had been very careful these past few days. She was also gratified to see her daughter in a wedding dress tomorrow, believing her daughter would have a simple and happy life.

"Dianna, shall I go fetch some fruit for you?" Jodie Young got up.

At that moment, Dianna put her hand over her heart and hissed in pain.

"Dianna, what's wrong? Is the wound hurting again?" Jodie Young asked nervously.

Dianna nodded, "Mom, I forgot to change the dressing today. Could you bring the medical kit?"

"Alright, I'll get it now." Jodie Young quickly went upstairs.

Dianna glanced in the direction where Jodie Young disappeared and quickly sat up straight. She reached out and took the phone Jodie Young had left on the coffee table.

Opening the phone, she sent out a text message.

The message was sent successfully. She deleted it and put the phone back.

When Jodie Young returned with the medical kit, she noticed nothing unusual about Dianna.

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The next day.

Today is the wedding day. Yuric Thatcher, dressed in a black suit, arrived at the Young family home, driving a flower-decked car to marry Dianna.

Today Dianna was to become his bride.

"Congratulations, Young Master Thatcher! The first Ice Beauty of Crestfall City is finally yours; I'm so envious!"

"Young Master Thatcher, young and promising, Miss Hollis, beautiful as the moon; a match made in heaven. We wish you a happy marriage and hope for many children!"

"Young Master Thatcher, is the bride upstairs? Let's quickly go up and meet the beautiful new bride!"...

Everyone was teasing, and today's man of the hour, Yuric Thatcher, basked in the excitement. If Dianna was wholeheartedly with him after marriage, he would treat her well.

This way, he could both take revenge on Cain Shaw and achieve happiness — the best of both worlds.

At this moment, Jodie Young came out, and Yuric warmly called out, "Mom!"

"Aye!" Jodie Young responded loudly, handing Yuric a big red envelope.

"Mom, where's Dianna?"

"Dianna is upstairs, no problem, go ahead with peace of mind." Both Jodie Young and Yuric weren't afraid. Now that the arrow was on the string, there was no escaping for Dianna. The two had privately agreed that if Dianna refused to wear the wedding dress, Jodie Young would cry, make a fuss, and threaten to hang herself, using any means necessary to make Dianna comply.

"Alright, Mom, I'll go upstairs and get Dianna." Yuric led his groomsmen upstairs.

"Dianna! Dianna, open the door, I'm here!" Yuric knocked on the door outside.

But there was no sound inside.

Not a single sound.

Yuric immediately sensed something was wrong, "Dianna! Dianna, I'm coming in!"

Yuric pushed the door open to find the room empty; Dianna was gone.

The bad premonition he had earlier instantly plunged Yuric into an abyss — Dianna was missing!

"Eh, where is the bride?"

"Oh no, the bride is missing!"

"Goodness, what's going on? This wedding stirred up the whole of Crestfall City, and now the bride... ran away, leaving Young Master Thatcher to handle this mess. Young Master will become Crestfall City's laughingstock!"

Jodie Young pushed through the crowd and ran over. Searching around the vast room, she couldn't find Dianna.

Only then did she realize Dianna had run away!

"Dianna!" Jodie Young collapsed onto the carpet.

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Meanwhile, a black luxury car had already left Crestfall, heading towards the distance.

Dianna took off the hat on her head and looked gratefully at Leah Thorne beside her, "Sister Leah, President Xavier, thank you both this time."

It was Justin Xavier and Leah Thorne who had come.

Justin was driving, his cool black eyes glanced at Dianna through the rearview mirror, nodding politely and indifferently.

Leah affectionately held Dianna's small hand, "Dianna, no need to thank us; we heard about your wedding with Yuric. Even if you hadn't messaged me last night, I would have come for you today. I absolutely couldn't believe you'd marry another man while my brother was away!"

Dianna looked up at the fleeting scenery outside the window, "Your brother promised me that when I opened my eyes, I could see him, but he broke his promise. And I've waited so long, yet he hasn't come..."

Leah understood. A girl is most in need of her lover's company when hurt and vulnerable, but her brother couldn't be there for Dianna.

"Dianna, my brother he..."

Dianna curled her lips slightly, speaking softly, "I know, no need to explain. I know it all. He didn't come because he couldn't. Last time, during his mission, he took those things. I know his situation must be terrible now."

She knew.

She knew everything.

She called him every day, not because she wanted him by her side, but just... just to hear his voice, just to know if he's doing okay.

Surely, his addiction had taken hold, and she knew he was fighting a difficult battle in a place she didn't know.

Leah's pale eyes quickly reddened. She finally understood why her brother had fallen for this girl, who understood everything about him, loved him wholly — promising to love you the rest of her life.

"Dianna, shall we go to Saros Miao Territory?" Leah suggested.

"Miao Territory?"

Justin nodded up front, "Yes, the world's most potent poisons originate from Miao Territory. Cain's detoxification will surely take him there. Over the past few days, I've had people investigate Miao Territory and got some information. They say a group of strangers visited a village there recently, and the village chief is a friend of mine. We can go directly there."

"Yes, Dianna, I've already contacted Serena, and she's also on her way to Miao Territory. We'll head there together. We can definitely help my brother through this difficult time," Leah said firmly.

Dianna felt a surge of strength within her. With so many people who love Cain, united together, what challenge can't be overcome?

"Dianna, by leaving like this, what about your mom and Young Master Thatcher..." Leah hesitated.

Dianna shook her head, "That's a play they orchestrated themselves. Let them face the consequences. I won't marry anyone, I only marry... Cain!"

Chapter 1136: She's Already Married!

The three of them reached the Miao region as quickly as possible and settled in the village.

The village chief warmly brought Dianna Hollis, Justin Xavier, and Leah Thorne to the west wing area.

"President Xavier, the guests staying here arrived from out of town a few days ago. I'm not sure if they are the people you're looking for. I'll introduce you to them now, and you'll have your answer."

This village chief had once been helped by Justin Xavier, so he was hospitable and welcoming.

Dianna Hollis's heart raced suddenly. Could the guest staying here be Cain Shaw?

Was she about to see Cain Shaw?

Just thinking about his current condition, she couldn't wait to see him immediately.

"Alright, thank you for your trouble," Justin Xavier nodded.

The village chief stretched out his hand and knocked on the door, "knock, knock."

Soon, the door opened.

Dianna Hollis saw the guest inside; it was an unfamiliar face—it wasn't Cain Shaw.

The hope in Dianna's bright eyes instantly dimmed. It wasn't Cain Shaw, not him.

Was he not here?

Then where was he now?

The Miao region was so vast; where should she search for him?

The three of them came with high hopes and couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed. Leah Thorne looked at Justin Xavier, "Honey, it seems we've found the wrong person, and perhaps the wrong place. Time is tight. Should we leave this village immediately and search elsewhere for my brother?"

Justin Xavier glanced at Dianna Hollis, "Miss Hollis, what do you think? Should we stay or leave? You decide."

Justin Xavier gave the decision power to Dianna Hollis. After all, finding someone required a bit of intuition, and Dianna's intuition was always the sharpest.

Dianna Hollis thought for a moment, "It's very late today. Let's stay here for the night."

"Alright."

The village chief immediately arranged for a superior room, and the three of them stayed there.

Dianna Hollis had a room to herself. Although it was very late, she didn't want to sleep, so she went out for a walk.

Soon, she walked from the west wing to the east wing. A servant said, "Miss, the west wing here is the guest area for VIPs, like you, people of high status. However, the east wing is like a slum. Our kind-hearted village chief has taken in some poor, homeless people there. These people's qualities vary, and small accidents have happened before. To avoid any unpleasant incidents, it's better for you not to go into the east wing and leave quickly."

This village was large, and Dianna had observed it when she arrived. Especially the east wing, where all sorts of people were. Although it wasn't safe, it was an excellent place to hide.

Dianna nodded, "Thank you for the reminder, I understand."

The servant left.

Dianna didn't leave; instead, she walked directly into the east wing. At this time, in front came a woman holding a basin of water. Without watching the road, she bumped into Dianna.

"Miss, I'm sorry, I didn't do it on purpose. Are you okay?" The woman quickly apologized.

Dianna shook her head; her clothes weren't wet at all, "I'm fine."

Dianna left.

The woman gazed blankly at Dianna's retreating silhouette.

"Kiki, what are you looking at?" At this time, Charles Bishop, the deputy officer, walked over.

This woman was none other than Dr. Kate Lee. Charles, Kate, and Cain Shaw had all come here.

Dianna and the others hadn't found the wrong place.

Kate Lee watched the direction Dianna disappeared, realizing it was the girl Mort Thorne liked.

Kate had once seen Dianna from afar, so she recognized her.

She never expected fate to be so miraculous, that girl had come to the Miao region too.

"Charles, I just bumped into a girl who looked very familiar. She seemed like Mort's crush, Dianna Hollis. Dianna is here," Kate said.

What?

Charles Bishop quickly looked in the direction where Dianna had disappeared but saw nothing.

"Kiki, are you seeing things? How could Dianna possibly come here? You forget, Dianna has already married Yuric Thatcher!"

"I probably didn't see wrong. It was..."

"Enough, Kiki, don't mention Dianna's name in front of Mort again. You know Mort can't get over Dianna. Just the other day, when Mort's mental state had slightly improved, he heard about the grand wedding of the Tang and Yang families from those people next door. Mort was so shocked that he had a drug relapse; even ropes couldn't hold him down. If it weren't for promptly administering him with a shot, Mort might have flown back to snatch the bride by now!"

Kate Lee's face also turned serious. The drug addiction Mort had was too severe. Despite trying to quit forcefully during this time, he couldn't.

With Mort's perseverance and strong physique, even he couldn't withstand it, imagining how much he had suffered during this period.

The medical expert team had also gathered in the Miao region. Although they had found some precious herbs that could alleviate Mort's pain somewhat, everyone was powerless when it came to quitting drugs.

At this time, no one wanted to see any unexpected incidents happen.

Kate thought of the scene a few days ago when Mort found out about Dianna marrying Yuric Thatcher, and she still felt terrified.

She had known Mort for so many years, and even during detoxification, she had never seen him so out of control. But for that girl named Dianna, he seemed to have become a wild beast out of control.

"Kiki, we have a special status and must absolutely not expose ourselves here. Over the years, the influence of those drug traffickers has already expanded into the Miao region. Coming here to find herbs was already risky, so do not let anyone know we're here, understood?"

"Moreover, regarding Dianna, I never agreed with Mort being with her. When the big boss made Mort kneel, and Mort was really about to kneel, I knew Mort was truly in love with Dianna. People like us, playing with feelings is a very dangerous thing."

"So, Kiki, I think highly of you. Now that Dianna is married, I know you've liked Mort for many years. You should seize this opportunity to be with Mort."

Charles Bishop was sincere; he didn't like Dianna. He always felt that a girl like Dianna was too dazzling, too captivating. Not only was she incredibly beautiful, but she was ice, she was fire. A girl like her was bound to be dangerous.

But Kate Lee was different. Kate had a gentle disposition and was an ideal choice for a wife. She could offer Mort a stable and secure married life, allowing Mort not to worry.

Therefore, Charles Bishop unwaveringly took Kate Lee's side.

Kate Lee's pretty face quickly turned red. She didn't expect her feelings to be seen through. Yes, she had liked Mort for many years.

Kate was sure that the girl just now was definitely Dianna. Women don't misjudge such things.

But so what, Dianna was already married. If Mort got involved with a married woman, that would really ruin him.

Chapter 1137: She Found Him!

"Hmm," Kate Lee nodded forcefully, "Charles, I will seize this opportunity."

...

Dianna Hollis wandered around the East Wing, and when she passed a room, she suddenly stopped.

Because there was a dull thud from inside, like a chair falling to the floor.

What happened inside?

Dianna was aloof by nature, not the kind who was deeply curious, but as she stared at the tightly closed door in front of her, she found herself strangely moving forward, pushing open a crack in the door.

The room was very dark, not a single ray of light penetrated. She saw a chair that had fallen to the floor.

A person was tied to the chair, a man.

Because the man was facing away from her and it was very dark, she couldn't make out his features at all.

However, his build was tall and strong, his hands and feet were bound to the chair. In the darkness, the room was so quiet, she could hear the man's heavy breathing.

His breathing was heavy, like a sturdy chest rising and falling, painfully enduring something.

Exhale, inhale...

In the heaviness, there was the cold, hard strength of a man.

Dianna stepped forward on slender legs, she moved her foot.

But at this moment, a hoarse voice that was indistinguishable sounded in her ear, "Who?"

The chair moved slightly, and in the darkness, a pair of scarlet eyes projected over to her, sinister and fierce.

The gaze was quite savage, making her feel... strange yet familiar.

Dianna was stunned.

Although the man was bound, he nimbly broke free from the ropes and then stood up from the floor, striding towards her.

Dianna hadn't reacted yet when the man's rough hand quickly reached out, grabbed her delicate wrist, and pulled her inside.

With a "boom," the door slammed shut...

Dianna's sight shifted from brightness to darkness in just a few seconds, she felt herself being dragged into the abyss by the man before her.

Her slender, beautiful back pressed against the door panel, the man pinned her between the panel and his sturdy chest.

"Who are you?" He asked fiercely in the darkness.

Face to face, Dianna slowly raised her small hand, the soft pad of her finger reached towards his face.

But before she could touch him, the man's big hand suddenly squeezed her neck, "Seeking death!"

Dianna immediately felt difficulty breathing, her delicate and lovely pink neck was simply no match for his coarse palm, as if a gentle twist would break her neck, her life placed in his hands.

Dianna could sense his abnormality, now he was irrational, filled with bloodthirsty and violent energy, presumably the reason he was bound.

Dianna recalled witnessing scenes in a rehab center during her youth, the man before her undoubtedly had a relapse.

Dianna felt breathless, her little face gradually reddening, she knew better than anyone how dangerous he was now, a relapse caused blindness to all relationships, he would hurt everyone, including her.

However, she wasn't afraid at all.

Dianna struggled to lift her fingers, slowly reaching forward, quickly her fingertips touched his face.

In the darkness, her small hand climbed over his face, bit by bit, gently caressing his brows before landing on his lips.

He hadn't shaved for an unknown period, those whiskers pricked her hand painfully.

Dianna's fair eyes slowly reddened, she was certain, this man before her was Cain Shaw!

It was him!

She had found him!

Cain Shaw's body stiffened in the darkness, because he felt her soft little hand crawling over his face, bringing endless heartache and compassion, a feeling so familiar it stirred him deeply inside.

The big hand slowly loosened, he released her neck.

Dianna inhaled deeply, fresh air filling her lungs, she didn't want to die, not at all.

She rose on tiptoe, boldly kissed Cain Shaw's thin lips.

He wasn't wearing a shirt, only a pair of trousers below, inadvertently she touched the muscles on his body, his muscles were rugged like bulwarks, incredibly strong.

Yet, his muscles were scarred, some were healed, leaving scabs, others were fresh wounds, when she touched them, the soft pad of her finger throbbed painfully.

Why was he covered in wounds?

What had he been through these days?

Dianna's heart was gripped tightly by a large hand, squeezing until it hurt, she didn't know how to comfort him, she could only let him feel her passion.

She embraced his neck with both hands, taking initiative to kiss him.

Cain Shaw, his mind scattered, froze; he didn't know who the girl in his arms was, he only knew her kiss fell on his heart, filling it completely.

Cain Shaw bent down, pressing her forcefully against the door panel, taking charge.

Even though she initiated, he easily reclaimed command, kissing her fiercely, unsure if it was lack of experience or discomfort inside, he ravaged her red lips harshly.

Then he reached out to grab her palm-sized face, squeezing hard, Dianna winced in pain, naturally opened her mouth.

He invaded, conquering and capturing.

His mouth was very bitter, she wondered what he had consumed, it tasted like bitter herbs, causing her entire little face to grimace.

Her mouth was sweet, like her body fragrance, a faint milky scent, characteristic of a clean and sweet 21-year-old girl.

This sweet scent was in the man's grasp, uncontrollable.

Dianna felt pain, her whole body aching.

His thin lips were surrounded by stubble, it hurt her so much.

His strong arms encircled her, her slender waist was barely a third of his arm, he almost broke her frail waist.

In his embrace, she was like a defenseless little bunny.

But Dianna refused to surrender, she mirrored his actions kissing him back, two of them kissed too intensely, soon a faint taste of blood spread in their mouths.

When Dianna could no longer breathe, Cain Shaw suddenly scooped her up.

With a few powerful steps forward, he tossed her onto the cold, hard wooden bed.

Dianna's breath quivered, wanting to rise, but he pressed down.

Cain Shaw's high nose pressed against her elegant little nose, he panted, naked upper body, the robust chest muscles tensed rhythmically, accompanied by an overwhelming masculine scent.

Some women, especially mature young ladies and housewives, seeing him like this, might just drool over him.

In darkness, Cain Shaw reached to pull her clothes.

Dianna's heart pounded like drums, she was already his woman, naturally she knew what would follow, but she was unprepared.

She reached out to push him.

But soon he pressed her hands above her head, as Dianna felt uneasy, he suddenly buried his face in her neck, murmuring unconsciously, "Dianna."

Chapter 1138: Crying Her Soul Out?

Dianna~

Dianna Hollis knew he was in an unconscious state right now, acting purely on instinct. But he had called her name, he was calling for Dianna~

Dianna's body quickly softened, her small hands wrapped around his neck and she flipped him over with effort, pinning him down beneath her.

Now, the man was below, the woman on top.

Dianna lowered her head, her gentle kiss fell on his wounds...

She was kissing his wounds. In the darkness, Cain Shaw's obsidian eyes were filled with terrifying bloodshot veins, his throat rolled several times. He was very confused now, his brain unable to think, and the stronger the sensation became. He felt his wounds being kissed one by one, the girl's kiss was light and gentle, like a small feather sweeping across his heart lake, making his body and mind boil with passion. The feeling was almost unbearable.

At this moment, Dianna's small hands landed on his belt, slowly opening it...

...

No one knew how long had passed. It wasn't very long, perhaps only a few minutes, when Dianna heard footsteps from outside; someone was approaching.

Dianna's pupils shrank, her small hands quickly pressed against Cain Shaw's sweaty chest. The conditions of this East Wing area were not very good; the bed was a cold and hard wooden plank bed, making creaking sounds with every movement.

At first, Dianna could endure it, but now that someone was coming, she was frightened and called for a stop.

Cain Shaw directly declared it invalid and pinned her small hands to the bed panel again.

Dianna's face flushed bright red, all her attention was focused outside. If someone really pushed the door open and walked in, she'd be too embarrassed to show her face.

At this moment, voices suddenly came from outside, "Miss Lee, are you going out this late?"

The footsteps stopped, and then Dianna heard a very gentle female voice, "Yes, I'm going out to fetch some water for my husband."

Husband?

The word was accurately transmitted into Dianna's ears. Judging by the footsteps, she was sure the woman outside was here to find Cain Shaw. But what did that woman just call Cain Shaw — Husband?

"Miss Lee, you're too good to your husband. Even though your husband doesn't show up much, we can all tell you two are very much in love!"

Dianna heard the woman continue, "Yes, my husband and I have known each other since we were children, childhood sweethearts. His parents identified me as their daughter-in-law to the Thorne family while they were still alive. In this life, I only recognize my husband, and now we are very happy."

Dianna's eyelashes trembled, shocked.

The woman outside spoke with a faint smile of happiness, not like she was lying. Did he really have a childhood sweetheart?

Is his surname Thorne?

Dianna knew Cain Shaw was not his real name. Leah Thorne was his sister, so he must be a Thorne, but he hadn't told her his real name.

The woman's words revealed too much important information, and Dianna realized she knew nothing about him. These days, she'd been worried about him, missing him to the point of insomnia, to the point of losing her appetite. Seeing him wounded just now, she felt heartbroken for him. Who knew he silently had a little childhood sweetheart approved by his parents at his side!

A wave of jealousy flooded Dianna's heart. She admitted she was jealous and aggrieved.

She feared nothing, but her possessiveness was extremely strong, her eyes couldn't even tolerate a speck of dust. She didn't like other women around him.

He could only be hers!

Dianna started to struggle, freeing herself from his big hand and began to push him away.

In the darkness, Cain Shaw frowned, refusing to let go, dominantly confining her.

Dianna clenched her fists, began to punch him, implying — Who is that childhood sweetheart? What explanation do you have? Go to your childhood sweetheart, why are you looking for me?

Cain Shaw furrowed his brow deeply, bending down to kiss her.

Dianna dodged, unwilling.

Cain Shaw grew somewhat anxious, extending his large hand to capture her small face, planting haphazard kisses over her small oval face.

Dianna could feel his infatuation and fondness for her, but she couldn't help minding the woman outside. Angrily, she lifted her body and bit into Cain Shaw's shoulder.

When she was gentle, she could turn his iron will to softness around her fingers. But when she was fierce and wild, she provoked a strong desire for conquest in him. Cain Shaw only felt as if embers were rolling in his throat, everything spiraling out of control.

Outside was Kate Lee. Kate had returned, and this time they had come to Miaojiang anonymously, so they claimed she and Cain Shaw were husband and wife. Naturally, she addressed Cain Shaw as "husband."

Just now, a neighbor stopped her to chat. Now that the neighbor had left, Kate brought the water to Cain Shaw's door.

She was very worried about Cain Shaw. Lately, Cain Shaw's addiction had flared up multiple times, and slowly Cain had become violent. He started hurting others and himself. They had no choice but to restrain Cain Shaw.

The help they could offer was very limited. Overcoming addiction relied solely on Cain Shaw's strong willpower, requiring him to conquer it by himself.

This time, his addiction had lasted several days, compounded by the news of Yuric Thatcher and Dianna's marriage, leaving Cain Shaw in very poor spirits. Doctors said Cain Shaw's determination and mental fortitude were extremely depressed.

The situation was dire. If Cain Shaw himself gave up, there would only be one path left — death.

Kate knew it was all because of that girl named Dianna.

When they first arrived in Miaojiang, Cain Shaw was very resilient because he wanted to go back, that girl was waiting for him.

Later, learning that girl had married, Cain Shaw almost collapsed overnight.

Kate couldn't understand why that girl named Dianna had such a huge impact on Cain Shaw?

She was clearly not here, yet she could make Cain Shaw live or die.

Kate's expression was solemn. She was very worried if Cain Shaw could get through this episode of addiction.

Standing at the door, Kate raised her hand, intending to knock.

But soon her hand froze mid-air because she heard the noises inside the room.

The creaks of the wooden bed attacked her senses, accompanied by the sound of a girl's sobbing.

Soon, she heard Cain Shaw's muffled groan, seductive and enticing, accompanied by a low curse, "You crying for your soul? Cried your soul right out of you!"

Kate was instantly paralyzed on the spot, her pretty face alternating between red and white.

She forgot how to react.

Anyone could guess what was happening inside.

Two minutes later, the door opened from the inside, and Dianna appeared in Kate's line of sight.

It's her.

It really was her.

Kate knew she hadn't mistaken the person, but she hadn't expected Dianna to find Cain Shaw so quickly.

They all didn't want Dianna and Cain Shaw to meet, but mysteriously, everything seemed predestined. No matter where Cain Shaw was, Dianna could always find him first.

Chapter 1139: He's My Man!

Dianna had just finished getting dressed. Her small, oval face was flushed a captivating pink, like it was brushed with rouge. Her collar revealed delicate skin marked with love bites.

Dianna looked at Kate Lee, and Kate Lee looked back at Dianna. Their eyes met.

"Mort...", Kate Lee began to ask.

Mort?

His real name is Mort Thorne?

Calling him "Mort" seemed so intimate.

Dianna said, "He's inside, already asleep."

Kate Lee was taken aback; she was a doctor and knew how hard it was for Cain Shaw to fall asleep while dealing with his drug addiction, yet he was asleep now.

Could it be that this time he's overcome his addiction?

Dianna looked at Kate Lee, "I haven't been apart from him for long, so I don't believe you two are married."

Kate Lee suddenly found herself lost in the clear, bright eyes of Dianna, momentarily stunned.

"Has he mentioned me?" Dianna asked.

Before Kate Lee could answer, Dianna continued, "It doesn't matter if he hasn't mentioned me; I can introduce myself. I'm Dianna, and he's my man!"

"I can accept that you two grew up together, but I don't want anyone else touching my man. The relationship between us, I'm sure you heard it loud and clear outside the door. He said his life was mine, and if he ever dares to betray me in this life, I will never let him go!"

With that said, Dianna left directly.

Kate Lee stood there, watching Dianna's retreating figure. She was deeply shaken. This was her first encounter with Dianna, and the girl had expressed her fierce love for Mort and her possessive desire with blatant clarity. She was so open and fearless; Kate Lee began to understand why Cain Shaw fell in love with her.

Kate Lee's face turned slightly pale. Suddenly, she felt that Dianna was an incredibly strong opponent. She wasn't confident about competing with Dianna for Mort.

After standing by the door for a while, Kate Lee entered the room.

The room was dark, the lights were off, and Mort Thorne was still asleep.

The bed was a mess, a clear sign of what had transpired earlier.

However, counting the time from when Dianna entered the room and then left, it hadn't been very long. Could it be... that Mort had a bit of a problem physically?

No matter what, she liked Mort Thorne.

Kate Lee gazed at Mort's sleeping face with fascination, and suddenly an idea popped into her head.

What if she let Mort misunderstand, making him think that the person he was with earlier was her?

Kate Lee's heart raced; Mort was in a state of withdrawal just now, his mind unclear. He didn't even know that the person earlier was Dianna.

This golden opportunity had struck Kate Lee senseless, and she had to seize it.

Immediately, Kate Lee removed her clothes and lay down beside Mort.

...

Next day.

Mort Thorne turned in his sleep, stretching out an arm to pull the person next to him into his embrace.

He placed his handsome face against her long hair, whispering, "Dianna."

He had a dream.

A dream about Dianna.

But in the next second, his entire body tensed up. He opened his eyes suddenly, waking up.

He sensed something was wrong. The person in his arms didn't feel like Dianna.

Mort opened his eyes to see Kate Lee's pretty face magnified within his sight.

It was Kate Lee!

Kate Lee looked back at Mort shyly and affectionately, calling out, "Mort..."

"Why is it you?" Mort instantly pushed Kate Lee away and sat up abruptly. His forehead was covered in a cold, dark gloom, and his expression was so ominous it seemed about to drip water.

Kate Lee covered herself with the blanket, feeling a bit aggrieved, "Mort, it's me. If not me, who else could it be?"

"Mort, last night... you were in so much pain; you grabbed onto me and I couldn't pull away..."

"And if doing this alleviates your pain, I was naturally willing to..."

Kate Lee bit her lip, perfectly portraying an innocent girl who had been taken advantage of.

Mort's eyes were bloodshot and terrifying, his fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white, making a "creaking" sound that sent shivers down one's spine.

For Kate Lee, every second was torture and torment now, because she didn't know what Mort was thinking.

The air was suffocatingly tense.

After a long time, Mort slammed a fist heavily against the wall.

Kate Lee shrank back in shock, and Mort's powerful fist had already punched a hole in the wall.

Blood flowed down from his hand in several lines.

"Mort, you're hurt! Let me treat and bandage it for you!" Kate Lee immediately went to grab Mort's hand.

But she couldn't catch it; Mort suddenly got up and went into the bathroom.

Kate Lee was left behind.

She sat rigidly on the bed. She could see that Mort was shocked and regretful; he didn't want last night's woman to be her at all!

Even though he had no awareness last night, he subconsciously knew it was Dianna.

Just now, he held her and whispered Dianna's name in her ear.

But since she had grown up with Mort, she knew his character very well. He was the pride of heaven, carrying a heavy sense of responsibility and duty. Now that he thought she had given herself to him, he couldn't possibly ignore her.

Kate Lee thought that what she had to do now was to make Mort take responsibility for her.

Kate Lee took out a small knife and quickly cut her finger, blood immediately oozing out.

Kate Lee dripped the blood onto the messy sheets, creating a facade.

...

In the bathroom.

Mort supported himself on the sink, looking at his own reflection in the mirror.

This time period had been dark and wasted for him. Now his face was full of stubble, his addiction continuously consuming his health and willpower. His eyes were sunken; he could hardly recognize himself.

Mort turned on the tap, splashing cold water on his face.

Last night, he had a dream...

He dreamed of Dianna.

He dreamed Dianna came.

The feeling in that dream was so real, he could still recall it now. But when he opened his eyes, the person had turned into Kate Lee.

It was true he grew up with Kate Lee, but he only ever saw her as a sister. If he liked Kate Lee, he wouldn't be single now.

Now, everything was a mess.

He couldn't accept having slept with Kate Lee, his mind filled with the image of Dianna's small, oval face, her cold yet fiery appearance.

That night, she sat astride his lap, wrapping her arms around his neck, telling him Cain Shaw, I have a cleanliness obsession. I can't tolerate any sand in my eyes. Now you're my man, and if I ever find out about you having any illicit affairs with another woman, I certainly won't let you two off. I will personally deal with you and the woman seducing you!

Chapter 1140: Dying By Her Side Is Fine Too

He laughed, gave her a peck, and scolded, "You little shrew!"

Past sweetness resurfaced as the greatest irony, and Mort Thorne felt a stabbing pain in his heart—he knew he had sullied himself. If Dianna Hollis found out about all this, she would surely despise him and leave him.

Mort also thought about his addiction; now he lived like neither man nor ghost, what could he give her for happiness?

Where is she now?

What is she doing?

I heard she's married to Yuric Thatcher, right?

Is she now someone else's Mrs. Thatcher?

...

Mort walked out, and Kate Lee was still there, tidying the sheets. "Mort, you came out? Are you okay?"

Mort said nothing, his deep ink-black eyes fell on the sheets, he saw a snow plum blossom on them.

He knew very well what it was; three years ago, he took Dianna Hollis's first time and saw this snow plum blossom.

Kate knew Mort had seen it; she immediately gathered the dirty sheets and spread new ones. "Mort, it's very late today, you should rest first. I'll take these dirty sheets to wash."

Kate walked out.

"Kate." Mort suddenly called out to Kate.

Kate paused her steps; she knew Mort would call her. To deal with a proud man like Mort, one must advance through retreat.

Kate turned back to look at Mort, speaking gently, "Mort, is there something?"

"Last night... was it really you?" Mort pinched his lips and asked.

Kate's heart tightened, feeling inevitably a bit tense. Mort's deep and blood-red eyes fell on her, sharp as a hawk's gaze carrying review and scrutiny. He seemed not yet convinced that the person last night was her.

In front of such a strong-man aura, anyone would feel pressured, and Kate did too.

But Kate had prepared long ago. She knew Mort was not easily deceived; she had her answer ready.

"Mort, last night... last night..." Kate hesitated, acting shy. "Last night, you seemed not in a good state; we... ended quickly. But please don't misunderstand; I don't mean to despise you. How about... I prepare some herbs to help you recuperate?"

Mort directly pursed his thin lips into a cold arc. His body was fine, but indeed he didn't perform well last night, lasting only a few minutes...

All along, he had thought it was Dianna Hollis beneath him; at the critical moment, she refused and even bit him. He lost control, nearly losing himself to her.

This matter was known to no one except the one who shared the bed with him last night.

Now Kate brought it up, crushing Mort's last straw of hope.

Kate continued her gentle offensive, "Mort, is there something you need to tell me? If what you want to talk about is last night's matter, it's unnecessary; it was just an accident. I'm not asking you to be responsible."

"Mort, I know you like that girl, Dianna Hollis, don't worry. This will always remain our secret, I will never mention it to Dianna Hollis, she will never know about it."

"Mort, I've never told you all these years; actually... actually, I like you. I've always buried my affection for you deep in my heart. It's okay, you like Dianna Hollis, I like you. I ask for nothing; with last night... having last night, I'm content even in death, I only hope you find a little place for me in your heart."

After speaking, Kate turned and left.

Mort stood in place, he didn't pursue her—there was nothing to chase after because he couldn't be responsible for Kate.

He did not like Kate; marrying her out of responsibility would only harm her for life.

...

Charles Bishop came to find Mort; he pushed the door open and entered, "Mort, Kiki says you overcame this bout of addiction, that's great!"

Mort, tall and leggy, stood by the bed. He had changed clothes, in simple black attire, wearing a cap, looking prepared for a long journey.

"Mort, are you going out? Where are you going?" Charles asked with curiosity.

Mort pursed his lips, "Good timing; tell them I'm leaving for a few days."

Mort started to leave.

"Mort!" Charles quickly blocked Mort's path, "Mort, you're not going to find Dianna Hollis, are you?"

Mort didn't speak but tacitly admitted.

He was indeed going to find Dianna Hollis.

Upon learning she was about to marry Yuric Thatcher, he decided to go find her. But he had relapsed into addiction; now, feeling better, he must go find Dianna Hollis.

"Mort, you're crazy! Do you not realize your physical state? You could relapse any time; are you planning to die out there by finding Dianna Hollis?"

"Don't go looking for Dianna Hollis. It's too late; everything is too late. Dianna Hollis is already Mrs. Thatcher, wake up! If she truly loved you, she wouldn't so quickly marry another man during your absence!"

Mort's handsome face turned stern, his aura silent and hard. He glanced at Charles, thin lips releasing two words, "Move aside!"

"I won't move! Mort, Dianna Hollis is now a married woman; entangling with her further is self-destruction. She isn't worth it!"

Charles had barely finished speaking when Mort's large hand suddenly reached out, gripping Charles's collar and tossing him aside.

Charles couldn't keep his balance, being hurled by an imposing force into the wall.

Mort's coldly displeased gaze came over sharply, "If you're a brother, don't let me hear such talk from your mouth again. Dianna Hollis is my woman; whether or not she loves me, whether or not she's worth—for you, what right do you have to say? I won't permit anyone to speak ill of her, won't allow anyone to slander her!"

Charles was infuriated, feeling Mort was under Dianna Hollis's spell, "Mort, you can't go, you absolutely cannot go!"

At that moment, Kate walked in. She initially meant to use retreat as an advance, drawing Mort back to her. Smart as she was, she knew how to play on a man's guilt and remorse. But she waited and waited, yet didn't wait for Mort to reach out to her.

Now upon entering, she found Mort and Charles arguing. These two were life-and-death brothers who had never quarreled before. She exclaimed, "Mort, Charles, what are you arguing about?"

Charles instantly replied, "Kiki, quickly persuade Mort! He's just recovered and wants to go find Dianna Hollis!"

What?

Kate stiffened; she hadn't anticipated Mort wouldn't come after her but instead planned to seek Dianna Hollis!

The moment he's better, he's off to find Dianna Hollis!

"Mort, Charles is just looking out for you; if you go find Dianna Hollis now, you'll die out there," Kate said.

Mort did not look at Kate; he gazed into the distance and slowly spoke, "If dying by her side is possible, it's alright."