

Substitute B 1141

Chapter 1141: Cain Shaw, I Miss You So Much

Kate Lee's pupils contracted sharply as she looked at Mort Thorne, utterly shocked. What was he saying?

At this moment, Mort spoke again, "I regret it."

"What?" Kate asked.

"I regret it. I shouldn't have sneaked away that day. I shouldn't have left her there alone. She wouldn't marry Yuric Thatcher, even if she did, it wasn't willingly. It must be her mother and Yuric forcing her. I know, I know it all."

Kate was stunned, unsure of what to say.

Charles Bishop jumped up, "Mort, I think you've really gone crazy. You're losing your mind over Dianna Hollis."

So what?

Mort lifted his foot and walked away directly.

"Mort!"

"Mort Bro!"

Kate and Charles exclaimed simultaneously. They wanted to keep Mort, but he was determined, and they didn't know how to stop his steps.

At this moment, Mort suddenly paused; his addiction had flared up again.

The poison came too violently, and the intervals between its attacks were getting shorter. Mort couldn't leave this place, let alone find Dianna.

He had been detoxing every day, enduring endless suffering.

Mort suddenly kneeled on one knee, kneeling on the mottled floor, his heavy lashes drooping down like brushes, his chest heaving violently.

When his addiction flared up, it was as if countless little bugs were crawling in his blood. He reached out a rough large palm to grab his skin, trying to claw something out.

"Mort Bro!" Kate exclaimed in shock; she knew it was serious, "Mort Bro, you can't keep scratching your body. Your old wounds haven't healed, and you've added new ones; they've already become infected. If you keep scratching, there won't be a single patch of healthy skin left, and without treating your addiction, you'll die from festering wounds!"

Kate pressed down on Mort's large hand.

Mort's dark eyes turned blood-red, and he shook Kate off, wanting to grab himself.

But at this moment, Charles quickly tied Mort's hands with a rope, stopping his actions.

"Kiki, Mort's addiction is hitting again. I checked; Mort hasn't added any new wounds, which means yesterday he didn't self-harm and managed through on his own. You should think, did you give Mort any herbs yesterday!" Charles said.

Yesterday, Mort was about to self-harm, so Charles tied him to a chair and rushed out to get herbs, but when he came back, Mort was already better.

Did something happen in between?

Charles looked at Kate full of hope; he thought Kate must have found some miraculous cure to save Mort.

But Kate understood; nothing was different from before except... Dianna, Dianna had come.

Dianna had entered that room and had a physical intimacy with Mort, and Mort made it through because of it.

Dianna was like Mort's medicine, helping him overcome the pain brought by addiction.

But Kate couldn't tell Mort and Charles about this; once she did, she knew she'd be irrelevant here.

She absolutely couldn't let herself lose her value.

"Kiki, why aren't you speaking? Speak up!" Charles urged.

"I..."

At this moment, light footsteps suddenly sounded outside the door; someone was coming.

Charles quickly became alert and looked up. The door was one of those old kinds, with windows covered in white paper, where you couldn't see inside from outside, but those inside could see silhouettes outside.

Now a slender body appeared on that window, looking very familiar.

Charles froze; he recognized it. It was... Dianna!

Yesterday, Kate said she saw Dianna, and he didn't believe it. Now, he saw Dianna with his own eyes.

It's Dianna.

Dianna has come.

Charles turned immediately to look at Mort beside him, only to see Mort's blood-red eyes already fixed on the window, staring at that delicate silhouette.

Staring intensely.

Inside the room, there was a dead silence; even Kate looked up at that delicate silhouette. The moment the girl arrived, Mort's tall body suddenly stiffened.

They all recognized her; Mort must have recognized her instantly as well.

He knew, Dianna had come!

Dianna had come to his side!

...

Outside the door, Dianna stood quietly, then raised her hand, her soft fingertip touching the window paper.

She didn't knock immediately, but her five soft fingers lightly stroked the door window, like a loving girl stroking her lover's handsome face.

Mort moved a bit.

Charles quickly pressed Mort's arm, shaking his head.

This trip to Miaojiang was extremely dangerous; Mort hadn't restored his true identity yet. Once revealed, he'd be hunted endlessly, leading to a road of blood.

Blood Eyes solved too many top figures internationally. He's like a nail causing unease, everyone wanting to uncover his mystery and uproot him.

In Charles's mind, Dianna was always an outsider.

Mort remained expressionless, but he stood up, walked to the door with long strides.

He easily reversed his hand to unbind the ropes tied around him, then slowly raised his hand, his coarse fingertip through the door window reaching for the girl's small hand.

Clearly not touching, but it felt like he did.

A door separating two worlds.

But her heart was right at his fingertips, within reach.

She's here!

She's really here!

Mort never thought she'd come to Miaojiang, would find him so quickly. Wasn't she married? Jodie, though forceful, was definitely a good mom. Did she abandon her mother?

Mort had so many questions, he wished he could open the door and pull her fiercely into his arms.

He missed her very much.

He wanted to hold her.

Outside the door, Dianna withdrew her fingers and knocked "knock knock" on the door, "Cain, it's me."

Inside, Mort's throat bobbed up and down; he slightly closed his deep eyes, then spoke, "Dianna, why are you here?"

Dianna heard his voice, hoarse, magnetic, yet unusually cold.

He didn't seem happy about her arrival.

Dianna was a keen person, immediately furrowing her brows, "Did I come to Miaojiang for tourism? Of course, I'm here to find you. That day when I went into surgery, you promised me I'd see you when I opened my eyes, but I didn't. So, I had to come find you myself."

"Cain," Dianna gently called his name, "I've been looking for you; I miss you very much."

She said Cain, I miss you very much.

During these painful detoxing days, Mort often thought of those times belonging to Cain Shaw and Tanya Sullivan. Those weren't their real names and would be gradually forgotten by others, but they were the most splendid times they committed to love, exclusive memories for just the two.

Mort just wanted to hear her voice, but he couldn't control himself anymore, reaching out and "swish" pulled the door open.

Chapter 1142: You Annoy Me

The door opened, and their eyes met.

Mort Thorne hadn't seen Dianna Hollis for a long time, only in his dreams. Today, Dianna was wearing a simple white long T-shirt. Her pure, jet-black hair fell over her shoulders, her small oval face unadorned yet coldly beautiful, her bright eyes sparkling like a vivid beauty right from a painting.

Mort felt that she had become even more beautiful these days. At only 21, she was still blooming day by day, unlike him, 35, gloomy and weathered.

Mort struggled to suppress his longing, forcing himself to stay indifferent. He looked at Dianna, "Did you come here to just say these things?"

When Dianna saw him, she wanted to rush into his arms and pour out her heart, but his aloof and cold demeanor dumped a bucket of cold water over her. She also saw Charles Bishop and Kate Lee in the room, one his brother-in-arms through life and death, the other his childhood sweetheart. Dianna could sensitively feel their rejection towards her; she felt like an intruder in their realm.

Dianna furrowed her brow and said, "Cain Shaw, what's wrong? I have something I want to say to you; can you ask the others to leave first?"

Mort's addiction had already kicked in, his hands hanging by his side tightly clenched into fists. He endured the physical pain, not allowing himself to show any abnormality. He didn't want her to see his helplessness and misery, "They aren't outsiders. If you have something to say, just say it."

He coldly rejected her.

Dianna was a bit disappointed. She wanted to talk to him in private, but with others around, how could she?

"Cain, what's wrong? I haven't seen you these days, and I feel your attitude toward me has changed. Did something happen?"

"I think the most basic aspects between a couple are honesty and trust. If you encounter any problems, I hope you could be open and tell me."

Kate nervously looked at Mort, fearing he would mention last night's events, which would expose everything.

However, the Mort she knew was well-mannered. Even if he didn't plan on taking responsibility, he would never let Dianna know about what happened between him and her in front of Dianna, because it's a man's integrity.

Sure enough, Mort said nothing, merely pressing his thin lips together, "Nothing happened."

"Really?" Dianna was suspicious.

The girl's translucent, wise gaze fell on him, and Mort felt he couldn't stand it. She might discover something at any time. However, he didn't want her to know; he was ashamed.

If possible, he hoped to leave a beautiful memory in her heart.

"Enough, Dianna, what exactly do you want to say? I used to think you were very charismatic and attractive, but now I've found you've changed. You've become ordinary, clingy, paranoid, and so dull!" Mort contradicted himself.

What?

Dianna froze in place. Is this how he saw her?

"Dianna, are you blaming me for not being with you in the hospital? I had tasks; you knew that from the beginning. In the future, not only when you're sick but even if you're having a baby, I might not be able to accompany you. You initially claimed you would understand and not be a burden to me, but now you're starting to tie me down. You're making me feel annoyed!"

Dianna's face turned pale. She shook her head, "I didn't... I'm just worried about you..."

"Worried? Again worried? You know my identity is special. Who told you to come to Miaojiang to find me? Do you know your kind of worry will expose my identity and bring me fatal danger? Dianna, I don't need your worry. Don't become an additional burden to me. If you really care about me, go home now. I have a lot of things to do and no time to waste on you!"

His extremely cold words hit Dianna like hailstones. Before this, she had never felt aggrieved, but now she felt utterly overwhelmed with grievance.

These days, he left without a word, leaving her to face everything alone.

Last night, he had injured her, and anyone who saw it would have thought he abused her. She secretly applied ointment after going back, and some private wounds pained her throughout the night.

The next day, she earnestly came to find him, only to receive his heartless, cruel words?

He found her annoying?

He thought she was a burden?

He didn't want to waste his time on her anymore?

There weren't just the two of them here, but also Charles Bishop and Kate Lee, his closest comrades. He forced her into such an embarrassing situation?

Dianna's pale eyes suddenly turned red.

Mort's heart suddenly ached; he felt he couldn't breathe. The stronger and braver the girl, the faster she would collapse. He knew he had completely broken her heart.

Maybe soon she wouldn't like him anymore.

That would be for the best; he didn't deserve it.

Things between him and Kate Lee... couldn't be undone; he wouldn't forgive himself.

He was also entangled with addiction, and the hope of survival was slim.

She was still young, blooming like a bud, and didn't need to waste her youthful times on him.

Mort hardened his heart, "Dianna, I don't want to see you. If you don't want to cause me trouble, leave here and go home immediately."

After speaking, Mort turned his back to her, refusing to look at her anymore.

He couldn't look at her because he feared his own softness, feared he would uncontrollably embrace her in the next second.

Soon, his tall figure stiffened suddenly because two small hands reached over from behind and wrapped around his firm waist. Dianna hugged him tightly from behind.

"This is the second time," she said softly.

What?

"This is the second time you said you didn't want me. The first time was three years ago, and you also ruthlessly pushed me away like this."

"Cain, I can forgive you this time too. I know you bear so much; you must have your reasons and considerations for saying these things. However, if there's a next time, if you say you don't want me again, then I'll truly leave."

Mort's heart ached and softened immediately. After everything he said, he still couldn't drive her away.

He knew what she said was true; if there was a third time, she wouldn't want him again.

No matter how deeply she loves, by then, she would personally take a knife and carve him out of her heart.

Mort slowly raised his hand, and his rough finger pads rested on her small hand. Her skin was smooth, and he clasped her hand into his palm.

He closed his eyes briefly, then opened them again, ruthlessly removing her hand, "Dianna, didn't you want my answer? I can answer you now."

She asked if he liked her?

Now, he could give her an answer.

Chapter 1143: What She Fears Is Your Heart

"Don't say it!" Dianna immediately refused, "I don't want to hear it right now!"

"Dianna, I like you." Mort suddenly said.

Dianna shivered, immediately curled her red lips, "Really?"

"However, ever since you liked me, I realized I'm not that into you anymore. Your boring and clingy nature doesn't interest me anymore." Mort added.

Dianna's heart sank to the bottom, and at that moment, Mort pried her hand open and pushed her away mercilessly.

Dianna's small, oval face turned pale, devoid of any color. She looked at Mort, her eyes red, and said, "Why are you saying this now? Why didn't you say it when we were in bed before?"

"Cain, I hate you!"

With that, Dianna left.

Dianna left.

Kate Lee let out a big sigh of relief, stepped forward, and reached out to support Mort, "Mort, you..."

Mort immediately avoided her touch, and three words slipped out from his thin lips, "Don't touch me!"

Kate's hand froze in mid-air.

"Mort." Charles stepped forward.

"All of you go out, I want to be alone for a while." Mort drove both Charles and Kate out.

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Dianna returned to her room just as Justin Xavier and Leah Thorne arrived.

"Dianna, what's wrong with you? Why do you look so pale? Did you not sleep well last night?" Leah asked with concern.

Dianna shook her head, "It's nothing, Leah, I've found your brother."

"Really? Dianna, where is my brother now?" Leah was overjoyed, she didn't expect Dianna to find her brother so quickly.

"Your brother is now in the East Wing District, you can go see him now."

"Great, Dianna, let's go see my brother together." Leah held onto Dianna's small hand.

But Dianna didn't move.

"Dianna, what's wrong? Did you have a fight with my brother?"

Dianna didn't answer that question, "Leah, when is Sister Summer arriving?"

"She'll be here tomorrow."

"Then I'll leave here tomorrow when she arrives." With that, Dianna went into her room.

Leah was even more puzzled. She looked at Justin Xavier, "Honey, what's wrong with Dianna?"

Justin Xavier shrugged with his hands in his pockets, "Go ask your brother and find out."

"Ridiculous, it must be my brother who upset Dianna! Dianna is such a good girl, my brother doesn't know how lucky he is, I'm going to find him and make him explain!" Leah stormed off to confront Mort.

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Leah knocked on Mort's door with a "bang, bang, bang," "Brother, it's me, open the door!"

Mort was in the room the whole time, his poison acted up, his head felt dizzy, and his body temperature was rising as if he were about to have a fever.

Hearing his sister's voice, he didn't open the door, just frowned and said, "Leah, why are you here, stop messing around, go back immediately!"

"Brother, we're worried about you, that's why we're here. Let me ask you, did you upset Dianna?" Leah asked angrily.

Upon hearing Dianna's name, Mort felt like his heart was gripped tightly, "Is she alright?"

"No, she's not! Brother, do you know what Dianna has been through during your absence? Her mother forced her to marry Yuric Thatcher, and the Tang families secretly prepared the wedding without telling her, but on the wedding day, Dianna ran away, she came here to find you!"

What?

Mort froze, did she really run away from the wedding?

Earlier, he wanted so much to ask her about Yuric Thatcher, but he didn't dare. He could only pretend to be heartless and pretend to be annoyed by her, pushing her away. He didn't know she ran away from the wedding.

Which means, she didn't marry Yuric Thatcher!

"Brother, I'm your sister, I know you're not a jerk, you must like Dianna, but you have too many concerns, and with your identity and current health, you have every reason to unjustifiably push Dianna away. But

brother, do you know what we women hate the most, it's when men presumptuously think they are doing things for our good!"

"Haven't you figured out Dianna's personality? This runaway wedding has caused a huge scandal, she gave up everything and came all the way to the Miao region for you, she's so courageous, loving someone without reservations, more than any of us."

"Dianna has never been afraid to face hardships with you, no matter how difficult or dangerous it may be, she's not afraid. What she's afraid of is your heart."

"Your heart is always so indecisive, three years ago you pushed her away, now you're pushing her away again. When she's finally disappointed enough, she'll really leave."

"Brother, I won't bother with you anymore, do whatever you like, Serena will arrive here tomorrow, Dianna said she'll leave when she arrives."

With that, Leah also left.

The room was quiet again, but Leah's words kept echoing in Mort's mind, he didn't know how much courage it took for Dianna to run away from the wedding, she always gave him her everything.

In comparison, he had too many concerns, always stopping and starting, loving him must be exhausting.

Mort mocked himself with a slight curve of his thin lips, the next second his vision went black, and the tall man of one meter ninety collapsed with a "boom."

He fainted.

Infection from the wound on Mort's body led to a persistent high fever, Kate measured the temperature, it was already 42 degrees.

If this continues, he's at risk of serious brain damage from the fever.

Charles was also by the bedside, he reached out to touch the man in the bed, his forehead was as hot as a fireball.

"Kiki, quickly get some fever reducers, I'll make a wooden tub, fill it with cold water, and use it to physically cool Mort down," Charles said.

"Alright."

Charles and Kate left together.

...

No one was in the room, Mort lay on the bed alone. His lips were dry, to the point of peeling, in his feverish state, he kept dreaming.

Thirsty.

So thirsty.

At this moment, a soft and clear voice sounded near his ear, "Cain, are you thirsty? Want some water?"

His brush-like eyelashes trembled, he opened his eyes, and Dianna's cold and stunning little face appeared in his vision.

Dianna had arrived.

He looked at her, without saying anything.

Dianna's petite body pressed down, inch by inch approaching him, the light milky fragrance from the girl invaded his senses.

Thirsty.

Getting thirstier.

He swallowed hard.

At this moment, a softness landed on his dry lips, the girl's small hands rested on his strong chest, she kissed him.

Her clear black and white eyes stared at him, dewy, "Cain, does it quench your thirst?"

He immediately reached out his large hand, weaving through her hair, held the back of her head, opened his mouth, and kissed her.

Flipping over, pinning her beneath him, he kissed her deeply, leaving her breathless.

He was like a small fish about to dry up, suddenly encountering a sweet spring, he was drinking eagerly from this sweet spring.

Chapter 1144: May I Invite You for a Dance?

Suddenly, the girl pushed him away and said coldly, "Cain, weren't you disinterested in me? What are you doing now, slapping yourself in the face?"

He stiffened.

At this moment, the scene shifted, his surroundings felt empty, and there were two people standing by the bed, a boy and a girl, incredibly pleasing to the eye.

Yuric held Dianna, looking down at him from above, "Cain, don't be so rough with girls. The more delicate the girl, the gentler you should be. A man who doesn't understand romantic nuances like you doesn't deserve Dianna. Dianna really liked you, but unfortunately, you pushed her away yourself. Now, I won't be polite, Dianna is mine."

With that, Yuric slowly lowered his head and kissed Dianna in his arms.

No.

Don't!

Mort suddenly opened his eyes on the bed.

Staring at the ceiling, Mort gasped heavily, his muscular chest rising and falling. His ink-black eyes were full of red, and the big hand hanging by his side was tightly clenched, sweating profusely.

Slowly releasing the grip, he licked his dry thin lips with his tongue, then slowly sat up.

Thirsty, wanting to drink water.

He got up from the bed, stood by the table, and poured himself a glass of water.

Holding the cup in his palm, he suddenly thought of that kiss in the dream...

That taste.

He dreamed of her again, another sensual dream.

Yeah, he misses her.

Mort brought the cup to his lips, intending to drink water, when the cheerful footsteps of the servants came from outside the door, "Let's go, let's hurry and take a look, there's a masquerade ball tonight. Anyone who picks the same mask can dance together."

Masquerade ball?

Mort put down the cup. Would she be going too?

His fever hadn't subsided, he didn't feel well, but he still stretched his long legs and opened the room door.

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On the other side, Leah forcibly pulled Dianna out of the room, "Dianna, let's hurry up, I heard this masquerade ball is very lively. You can't just stay cooped up in the room, let's go out and have fun."

Dianna refused, "I don't want to go."

Leah had her own little plans, she was very angry with her brother, but she couldn't just leave him alone; she had to play the role of a divine assist. Earlier, she bribed the servants to intentionally discuss the masquerade ball outside Mort's room, and now she personally came to drag Dianna; she wanted to create opportunities.

"Come on Dianna, just accompany me for fun, let's go quickly." Leah, without further ado, dragged Dianna away.

Mort arrived at the masquerade ball, but he didn't go in, instead, standing in a remote, uninhabited corner.

He couldn't show himself, couldn't participate in the masquerade ball, maybe he shouldn't have come at all.

When did he become so uncontrollable? If he'd been so unclear-headed over the years, he might have died several hundred times.

However, the injury inside his shirt was infected, coupled with the addiction in his body; he was just flesh and blood, might not survive past tomorrow.

He just wanted to take a look.

The banquet hall was filled with men and women wearing masks, and soon he saw Dianna among them.

He slipped one hand into his pocket, locking his blood-red ink-black eyes tightly onto that slender figure.

The 21-year-old girl stood in the center of the brightly lit hall, her beauty dazzling to behold.

She stood sideways, her eyes lowered as she picked out a mask.

Mort gazed at her half-profile, her creamy skin exuded an alluring luster like Aurora, her eyelids hanging down, butterfly-like slender lashes falling quietly and beautifully, attracting the men in the hall to frequently steal glances at her.

Mort looked at her, when alone, his gaze examined her body thoroughly from head to toe. At 35, he didn't hide what he was thinking—he hadn't touched her for days.

Last night, he clearly dreamt of her, yet he couldn't control himself, was subtly mocked by Kate as "ineffective."

Mort quickly shook off those sensual images; she was choosing a mask, and soon she selected an eagle mask.

Eagle.

Mort watched her softly stroke the eagle mask with her fingertips; was she thinking of him?

He was the legendary Blood Eagle, but she seemed unaware that it was him. Her fondness for the eagle mask maybe a kind of shared connection; he and she were so perfectly suited in both body and mind.

Mort's heart melted into a mess; his silly girl, Leah said she'd leave tomorrow when Serena Sterling arrived. Why wasn't she leaving right away but waiting for Serena?

She still worried about him, huh.

"Mrs. Xavier, Miss Hollis, hello." At this moment, the chief walked over.

Leah turned with Dianna, only to see the chief brought his son Rhys along, Rhys's eyes now bright on Dianna.

"Chief, Young Master Rhys, hello." Leah greeted them.

"Miss Hollis, did you choose the eagle mask? How coincidental, I chose the eagle mask too." Rhys said, smiling at Dianna.

Dianna glanced at the eagle mask in Rhys's hand, it really was identical to the one she chose.

When she first walked in, she was immediately drawn to the eagle mask as it seemed a lot like Cain, so she chose it.

Rhys looked at Dianna; honestly, the rain-soaked Riverlands of Central Plains nurtured women best. He'd seen many beauties but never anyone as beautiful as Dianna.

Dianna's demeanor attracted even more, gracefully serene, even holding a faint sadness while holding the eagle mask, making one want to hold her close.

"Miss Hollis, may I invite you to dance?" Rhys approached Dianna, bending down gentlemanly, extending his hand.

All eyes were on them now, everyone cheering.

"Say yes! Say yes! Quickly say yes!"

"Dance! Dance! Quickly dance!"

Mort watched this scene from his corner, Rhys handsome and charismatic, Dianna gracefully poised, the two surrounded by everyone, a romantic vibe very much in the air.

He knew she was popular; even without Yuric, a Yuric 1.0, Yuric 2.0 would emerge, men would become enamored with her.

Then, the servants beside him were talking.

"Wow, our Young Master Rhys and that Celestial Beauty Miss Hollis really are a match."

"Today's masquerade ball was arranged by the chief for Young Master Rhys, hoping to choose a young wife for him. Looks like Miss Hollis might become our young mistress."

"Look at Young Master Rhys gazing at Miss Hollis—that's the gaze of a man falling in love."

Mort's eyes turned scarlet, veins faintly popped on his forehead; he wanted to rush out right then, pull her to his side, announce his claim to her to the world.

Chapter 1145: Damn Little Brat!

He wanted to turn her into his private possession, not allowing any man to covet her.

He even wanted to hide her away, preventing those men from seeing her beauty.

She can only be his!

But...

Mort Thorne slowly curled his cold, dry lips, letting out a self-deprecating laugh, suddenly unsure of what he truly wanted.

Clearly, he had rejected her, yet he still couldn't stand the idea of her belonging to someone else, desperately wanting her, madly wanting her.

Mort Thorne closed his handsome eyes briefly, then turned to leave.

...

Inside the banquet hall.

Leah Thorne felt uneasy, she brought Dianna Hollis not for this Lord Luth to pursue her, but to create a chance for her brother. Now, clearly, Lord Luth had taken a liking to Dianna Hollis.

Leah Thorne had already spotted Mort Thorne standing in a dark corner, Mort Thorne was here!

Leah Thorne was anxious, brother please come over quickly, someone is trying to take your bride!

The next moment, Leah Thorne saw Mort Thorne turn and walk away.

Her brother had actually left.

Leah Thorne, "..."

Dianna Hollis looked at Lord Luth in front of her, regardless of how those around her teased, her small oval face showed no change in emotion. She said calmly, "Sorry, I'm not here to dance."

Luth was momentarily stunned, his handsome face showing disappointment as Dianna Hollis mercilessly rejected him.

"Miss Hollis..." Luth wanted to plead.

"I'm a bit tired, you all have fun, I'm heading back." Without waiting for Luth to speak, Dianna Hollis simply turned on her heel and left.

Leah Thorne watched Dianna Hollis's striking figure depart, thinking her future sister-in-law was both cool and stylish!

"Sorry, Lord Luth, we'll be going now." Leah Thorne also followed in leaving.

Luth was left standing, frozen, with all eyes on him, whispers and surprising remarks about their Lord Luth being rejected.

"Good heavens, Lord Luth actually got rejected, why?"

"Could it be that Lord Luth's charm is declining?"

"I heard that the Celestial Beauty, Miss Hollis, comes from a big city and has surely met better men than Lord Luth. In comparison, our perfect Lord Luth seems a bit lacking."

Luth's face turned grim immediately, being rejected by Dianna Hollis was a major blow to his pride, he had never been turned down by a girl before, now everyone was doubting his charm.

At this point, his attendant whispered, "Lord, this Miss Hollis is truly ungrateful, for you to take an interest in her is a tremendous fortune for her. Were it another girl, she'd have been overjoyed."

Watching Dianna Hollis's distant silhouette, Luth felt unwilling and angry; even in his own territory, she dared to be so aloof, she was destined to be at his mercy sooner or later.

"Come here."

The attendant swiftly leaned closer, "Yes, Lord, what's your command?"

Luth murmured a few words in the attendant's ear...

...

Mort Thorne hadn't gone far; needing a smoke, he found a secluded corner and pulled out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

Where he stood was very dark, with only a hint of moonlight shining through. Taking out a cigarette, he lit it with the lighter held between his long fingers and exhaled a trace of smoke.

Furrowing his brows, he took a deep drag, finding the nicotine flavor too mild to suppress the agitation within him.

After two puffs, a sweet voice suddenly sounded by his ear, "Sir, would you like to make a friend?"

Mort Thorne raised his eyes, seeing a beautiful woman from Miaojiang, who was a singer here, not only playing music but also serving the palace officials.

Just like the top courtesans in City of Aethelgard's upscale hotels, who commanded higher rates.

Mort Thorne's strong body lazily leaned against the wall, one hand in his pocket, the other holding a cigarette between two long fingers. Thin lips exhaled smoke slowly, his blood-red brown eyes quickly assessing the woman.

The woman immediately sensed an opportunity, she reached out to remove the outer layer of her clothing, revealing a fitted short skirt beneath.

The woman's figure was impeccable, the curves sleek, S-shaped.

The woman confidently approached, standing before Mort Thorne, reaching out to touch his strong chest.

Mort Thorne didn't move, allowing her hands to roam, raising the cigarette to his lips for a drag, exhaling smoke onto the woman, then smiling, "I have no money."

No money?

The woman froze, but her hand lingered on his well-built chest, reluctant to withdraw. In this cold weather, he wore only a black T-shirt, its collar slightly open, revealing a large swath of bronzed sexy skin.

The bottom was a pair of black pants, but the shirt wasn't tucked in, making his attire look rumpled, unpressed, giving off an impression of being penniless yet emanating a wild, untamed aura.

This woman had seen many men but had truly never encountered someone so manly, full of raw sensuality and male hormones.

"Sir, normally making friends with me involves spending money, but for you, I could make an exception."

The woman offered for free.

Mort Thorne furrowed his brow, wanting to push her away.

...

Dianna Hollis walked out, intending to return to her room.

At that moment, she saw two people in a secluded corner, a tall, strong man leaned lazily against the wall, smoke curling from his long fingers, a woman's hand resting on his chest, and the scene looked quite provocative.

Dianna Hollis's pupils contracted; it was...Mort Thorne!

What was he doing here?

Who was that woman?

Dianna Hollis's hands, hanging by her sides, suddenly clenched into fists, the bastard!

Mort Thorne's senses were keen; he quickly noticed someone approaching, someone was here!

His blood-red brown eyes swiftly glanced sideways, a sharp, menacing look casting over in that direction.

But he froze instantly, it was...Dianna Hollis.

Dianna Hollis stood alone, coldly watching him.

Mort Thorne knew she'd misunderstood.

He hadn't done anything!

Mort Thorne quickly pushed the woman aside, ready to flee.

"Sir, why are you leaving?" the Miaojiang beauty pouted discontentedly.

Mort Thorne said nothing, nor did he glance at Dianna Hollis, he turned and walked away, seeking to leave this place of trouble.

Dianna Hollis stared at him, infuriated, raising her hand to throw the eagle mask in her grasp at him.

Thud.

Mort Thorne felt a sudden pain in the back of his head; the eagle mask struck him before dropping to the ground, splitting into two.

The sharp pain momentarily halted Mort Thorne's steps, as he touched the back of his head, finding some blood.

She had hit him hard enough to draw blood.

Without needing to turn around, he knew who threw the mask at him, it was Dianna Hollis!

Damn it, the little rascal, after all this time, she's still so wild, now actually daring to hit him.

She'd used all her strength in hitting him, enough to make him bleed.

Chapter 1146: She's Been Waiting for You All These Years

She was truly asking for it; I really wanted to grab her and give her a good talking to.

Of course, this was only a thought. Mort Thorne didn't look back but stretched his long legs and left.

...

Mort returned to his room and lay down on the cold, hard wooden bed. He wanted to close his eyes and sleep, but his high fever and drug addiction were burning him, making it impossible to sleep. He closed his eyes, and his mind was filled with Dianna Hollis standing under the dazzling lights holding an eagle mask.

The back of his head was still in pain; she had thrown something to hit him.

That little brat!

Mort leaned his handsome back lazily against the headboard, closed his handsome eyelids, and then untied his sturdy waist belt himself...

Outside, Charles Bishop came over, intending to push open the door, but soon he heard an unusual sound from inside.

Charles paused.

At this moment, Kate Lee came over, "Charles, why aren't you going in? I just got some anesthetic. How's Mort doing? Let's hurry and check?"

But Charles stopped her, "Kiki, wait a moment."

Kate stood outside, puzzled, with a tone of urgency, "Charles, what are we waiting for? Let's quickly go in and check on Mort. He's been struggling so much with withdrawal recently, and now he's got a high fever. Although we physically cooled him down earlier, I'm still really worried."

At this moment, Charles was definitely not going to let Kate go in. He comforted her, "Kiki, no need to worry, Mort will definitely pull through this time."

Kate wanted to speak, but then she heard a muffled groan.

This muffled groan came from inside the room.

Kate froze; the man inside was tough as nails. When the pain was unbearable, he would bite on something without making a sound. She had never heard him groan.

This particular muffled groan...

She had heard it before.

Last night, Dianna was in his room, at the final moment, he also...

Kate's face quickly turned red.

After waiting for a while, Charles knocked on the door, "Mort."

A few seconds later, a hoarse and rasping voice came from inside, "Come in."

Charles pushed open the door and went inside.

The room was very dark, filled with a decadent smell. Charles went in to turn on the lights and opened the window to let in some fresh air.

"Mort, are you alright now?" Charles looked at the man on the bed.

Kate also walked in, raising her eyes to look at Mort Thorne on the bed.

Mort's tall and muscular body leaned with a bit of lazy decadence against the headboard. His damp bangs covered his handsome eyelids, one long leg bent, his handsome eyes drooping slightly, hands clutched around a lit cigarette.

Between his slender fingers was a scarlet flame, and he began to puff clouds of smoke.

Kate blushed and glanced downward, Mort's upper body was naked, with scars crisscrossing over it; although they were shocking to look at, they also conveyed an indescribable wildness and sexiness.

Below, a pair of black pants were held together with a black belt, which was now undone, with the zipper also open, revealing the black bullet pouch inside...

A pile of white paper on the floor, freshly wiped clean.

Kate crouched down and gathered up all the white papers.

Charles tested Mort's forehead temperature, "Mort, your fever has subsided."

Mort took a drag from the cigarette and then slowly exhaled. Having just released, his handsome brow and eyes were touched with a hint of indulgent wickedness, but he said nothing.

Kate went into the bathroom, Charles lowered his voice, "Mort, living like this isn't right, you're already 35, how can you manage without a woman by your side? Find a good woman and settle down."

"Get married and have a child soon, so your parents can rest in peace knowing from above. They always liked Kiki before..."

Charles took this opportunity to strongly recommend Kate.

But before he could finish speaking, Mort suddenly interrupted him, "That's because my parents haven't met Dianna."

Charles was left speechless, "..."

The damp bangs covered Mort's ink-colored eyes, obscuring his expression. Charles didn't know what he was thinking of, so he just said, "Mort, if you truly like Dianna, I'll go find her right now, ask her to help you through this tough time..."

Charles' words came to a halt because Mort gave him a faint sweeping glance.

The man raised his eyes, those ink-colored eyes tinged with a fierce bloodlust, his handsome, prominent features held steady. A gentle eye expression conveyed a sense of oppressive threat and displeasure, "Don't have any designs on her."

He spat out several cold words from his thin lips.

"Mort, since you know you and that young girl won't work out, just make an honest living instead. Kiki has been waiting for you all these years."

Kate was just about to come out of the bathroom, but when she heard this sentence, she stopped.

"Mort, Kiki grew up with you, and shares your beliefs. We've all invested our passion into the revolution, Kiki has always been waiting for you. She rejected everyone pursuing her over the years, and is practically becoming an old maid."

"You and Kiki are a perfect match, get married, while you're still young. Have Kiki give you two children. While you're here, you'll have a family, and when you're not, Kiki will keep that family together with your children."

"Dianna's a young girl, dazzling and radiant, she has so many uncertainties about her. Continuing to entangle with her will only hurt both of you!"

The room was very quiet, so quiet that even the sound of dripping water from the faucet could be heard clearly. Both Charles and Kate were waiting for his answer.

The man remained indifferent, smoking without any emotional disclosure, not uttering a single word.

Charles knew these things couldn't be rushed; there's no point in forcing anyone to marry or have children, both parties have to be willing.

"Mort, tonight get a good night's rest; withdrawal symptoms recur daily. Today was a good start, let's see how tomorrow goes. I'll leave you now."

Having said that, Charles walked out.

...

Charles left, Mort sat on the bed, slowly finishing off the last puff of his cigarette, extinguished it, and got up to shower.

There were separate VIP and public areas here; Dianna's place was the VIP area, equipped with everything, while Mort's was in the public area with the bathroom being small, consisting only of a sink and a toilet; there wasn't even a spot for bathing.

He fetched a basin of cold water, stood in a small space at the back of the room, removed his clothes, and poured the cold water over his head.

He was taking a cold shower.

He didn't feel cold; the icy water flowed down his robust and solid muscles, across his waistline, with eight-pack abs, then followed the perfect V-line down to less appropriate strong areas.

He applied soap to his body, then casually scrubbed with a damp towel. The shower ended within minutes.

He put on a pair of black bullet shorts and went back into the room.

There was still another person in the room, Kate; Kate hadn't left.

Chapter 1147: Birth Control Pills

Mort Thorne walked in, his deep and dark eyes glanced at her, then he strode forward with those long legs, using his slender fingers to pick out a pair of black trousers, turned his back to her, and put them on. "Do you need something?"

He asked in a low voice.

Kate Lee watched the man's muscular back, as he put on his pants, his shoulder blades and the two pieces of bone behind him arched up and then fully spread out, like the wings of an eagle soaring in the night sky, wild and strong.

Over the years, many had pursued her, and many had tried to matchmake her, but she wasn't interested in any of them.

She couldn't explain why, but she thought, if any woman is lucky enough to meet a man like Mort Thorne in her lifetime, then those other men would be of no interest.

This man, with ironclad integrity, spirited and experienced, is the kind of man women probably love, wanting to be gently caressed by his rough palms, wanting to hold him in their arms, letting him rest there for a while.

"Mort Bro, give me your dirty clothes, and I will wash them for you and bring them back clean," Kate said softly.

Mort fastened the black belt around his well-built waist with a quick motion, then stretched his long legs and picked up the dirty, damp clothes outside and went into the bathroom, "No need, just go out."

The man stood tall and long-legged at the vanity, bending his tall body to begin washing the dirty clothes.

He refused her.

Even when offering to do his laundry, he refused her.

Disappointment filled Kate's eyes, and now the whole room was quiet, the only sound the washing of clothes coming from the bathroom.

Mort's rough hands diligently washed his underwear, rinsing them with clean water, and finally hung them on a clothes hanger to dry.

Men often pay little attention to details, the damp shirt and dress pants hanging on the rack are wrinkled and look quite comical.

"Mort Bro, how did you get hurt on the back of your head?" Kate suddenly noticed a wound on Mort's head, and she said nervously, "Sit down quickly, let me bandage it for you..."

This head wound had happened sometime, yet he didn't utter a sound.

"Get out!" Mort's dry thin lips spat out the two cold words.

Kate stiffened instantly.

Mort raised his eyes, giving Kate a faint glance, "It's late now, I'm fine, go out."

Kate understood, the words Charles Bishop said earlier, he ultimately did not take them to heart, so he wouldn't give her any hope.

If he hadn't met that girl named Dianna, perhaps he could still settle.

But he had met her.

Kate did not leave, she quickly stepped forward, rushing over, hugged Mort tightly, and said aggrievedly, "Mort Bro, why are you so cold to me, it makes me very sad, what do I have to do for you to like me even a little?"

Kate was very jealous of Dianna because he was completely different when he was with Dianna, giving all his lifelong tenderness to her.

Mort had already furrowed his brows, his voice sinking, "Kate, let go!"

"No, I won't, Mort Bro, let me hold you for a bit, just for a little while," Kate pleaded.

Mort would not agree with this plea, he reached out to push Kate away.

But the next second, the door was pushed open, someone had arrived.

Mort immediately looked up to see the clear and beautiful silhouette of Dianna at the doorway. Dianna was here!

"Cain, I've written..." Dianna came with a small notebook in her hand. She was speaking but fell silent upon seeing the scene in the room.

The two exchanged glances, and Mort instantly pushed Kate out of his arms.

Dianna looked at him, her bright eyes already cold as ice, "Cain, you really showed me a good show!"

After speaking, Dianna turned around to leave.

"Dianna!" Mort immediately chased after her because he knew if he didn't, he might not catch up with her again.

He quickly strode forward, reached out a strong hand to grab Dianna's slender wrist, "Dianna, listen to me, things aren't what they seem like!"

Dianna stopped, looking up at him, "Fine, I'm giving you a chance now, you better explain to me what exactly is going on!"

Before Mort could speak, Kate had already run over, blocking Mort's way, "Miss Hollis, please don't blame Mort Bro, Mort Bro didn't do anything, it's all just my one-sided wish. If you want to hit or scold, come for me, don't make it hard for Mort Bro."

Dianna laughed in anger, this Kate was truly a piece of work.

"Kate, right now I'm talking to Cain, does this concern you? Interrupting others' conversations is your upbringing, or are you intentionally trying to disgust me to fit in?" Dianna sneered.

Kate never expected Dianna, though young, would have such a sharp tongue, directly exposing her little tricks and slapping her in the face. She was immediately pale, then sadly looked at Mort, "Mort Bro, I... I didn't do anything, but Miss Hollis seems to be targeting me on purpose, she seems to not like me, and I don't know what I did wrong..."

Kate never felt she did anything wrong; if time was considered, she and Mort were childhood sweethearts, and Dianna was the third party.

Moreover, Mort wasn't married yet, everyone had a chance; she was just fighting for love.

Mort glanced at the pitiful Kate, then pressed his thin lips together, "Since you know she doesn't like you, why do you still insist on irritating her by staying around?"

"..." Kate was stunned, was Mort actually blaming her?

So Dianna's dislike for her was also her own fault?

It seemed like Mort was saying, why does she hate you, you should reflect on that yourself!

"Get out." Mort spat out two unfeeling words, issuing an order to leave.

Kate's complexion turned ashen from being chased away, she felt her dignity had been trampled, awkward and embarrassed.

However, she couldn't leave.

If she left now, Mort might confess what happened that night, and everything would be exposed.

No.

She absolutely couldn't let that happen.

She should take the initiative.

Kate moved her hand, and a small bottle quickly fell from her sleeve.

Mort and Dianna's eyes instantly fell on the bottle.

"Oh, my medicine!" Kate feigned a nervous shout, stooping to pick up the bottle.

Just then, Dianna's cold voice rang out, "What medicine is this?"

"N-nothing..." Kate hid the bottle behind her back.

Dianna reached out and snatched the bottle from Kate's hand, only to see a small label stuck on it with the words "Contraceptive Pills" written on it.

Chapter 1148: I'm Sorry

Birth control pills!

These three words fiercely broke into Dianna Hollis's vision.

Mort Thorne had good eyesight; he naturally also saw these three words. His dark eyes instantly sank, plunging into a thousand-foot deep icy abyss.

"Cain Shaw, what's this?" Dianna Hollis looked up, her gaze directly meeting Mort Thorne's.

Mort Thorne didn't want her to know about this, but he couldn't hide it now. He clenched his fist, the veins on the back of his hand bulging.

"Mort, I... I didn't mean to, this little medicine bottle somehow just fell out on its own..."

"Miss Hollis, don't press Mort anymore. Yes, I have been... physically intimate with Mort. I'm afraid of getting pregnant, so I secretly took birth control pills."

"But Miss Hollis, don't misunderstand, Mort doesn't feel the way you think; Mort likes you. I don't ask for anything, just to stay by Mort's side and take care of him. Please don't drive me away..."

Kate Lee babbled away, appearing to be meek and accommodating, but actually adding fuel to the fire.

Dianna Hollis's bright eyes already glistened with tiny fragments of ice. She had said long ago she couldn't tolerate betrayal—neither spiritual nor physical—it all disgusted her.

"Cain Shaw, I don't want to listen to her now. Whatever she says, I don't believe. Now, I just want to hear you say it—what's the deal with these birth control pills? Did you really sleep with Kate Lee or not?"

Dianna Hollis couldn't accept this; this was an absolute thunderbolt out of the blue to her. She wouldn't believe anyone's words, only Cain Shaw's.

She needed Cain Shaw to say one word!

Mort Thorne pressed his thin lips into a chilly, cold curve, even his eyes were filled with terrifying bloodshot veins. He remained silent.

Dianna Hollis rushed forward, reaching out to grab his sleeve, "Why won't you speak, Cain Shaw? Just tell me you didn't, and I'll believe it. Why don't you talk? Does your silence mean you're admitting it?"

Seeing Dianna Hollis's red eyes, Mort Thorne's voice was low and hoarse, "Dianna Hollis, I'm sorry, I failed you."

Dianna Hollis felt like a pair of hands reached out in the darkness and directly pushed her into the abyss. He said sorry, he said he failed her—so he really did sleep with Kate Lee.

Dianna Hollis shook her head, continuously shaking her head, "No, I don't believe it. You shouldn't be that kind of person!"

"We've only been apart for such a short time, and you're with Kate Lee already. Then what am I? Where do I stand?"

"Cain Shaw, I ask you, when did you sleep with Kate Lee? Was it before us or after?"

That night she had just been with him, how could he have been with Kate Lee? She had to clarify this; she still didn't believe it; it couldn't be like this!

Mort Thorne didn't say anything; he was at a loss for words about that night.

Dianna Hollis waited and waited, but didn't get a single word from him.

He was unwilling to say anything.

About his intimate matters with Kate Lee, he wouldn't say a word to her.

Dianna Hollis was disappointed. Great disappointment enveloped and consumed her. Since arriving at Miaojiang, his attitude had been like this: distant, rejecting, pushing away. Now he and Kate Lee had happened, and he didn't offer a single word of explanation.

Compared to the matter itself, his current attitude truly chilled her heart.

"Cain Shaw, I hate you, I will never forgive you!" Dianna Hollis threw the small notebook in her hand forcibly at Mort Thorne, then turned and ran out.

Dianna Hollis left.

Kate Lee's eyes revealed triumph; she fought this mental battle. Although that night was Dianna Hollis, she knew Mort Thorne well. He would absolutely not mention that night—it's his dignity as a man.

But this is precisely what a girl cares about the most. He had thoroughly hurt Dianna Hollis's feelings.

Kate Lee quickly hid the triumph in her eyes, pitifully looking at Mort Thorne, "Mort, Miss Hollis ran away; what should we do? I think Miss Hollis certainly misunderstood. Let me go and explain to her— that night, because of your addiction..."

Before Kate Lee finished speaking, Mort Thorne already interrupted her, "Get out!"

Kate Lee froze, "..."

Mort Thorne lifted his gaze to look at her, his eyes were cold without a trace of warmth, "Wasn't the little medicine bottle just now deliberately dropped by you?"

What?

Kate Lee turned pale.

Mort Thorne faintly curled his thin lips, "Don't play minor tricks in front of me; I saw it clearly before. Perhaps I didn't understand your plotting and calculations, but you've exposed yourself just now. Your considerate appearance now seems so hypocritical it's nauseating."

Kate Lee was stupefied, her hands and feet cold; she planned everything, thinking she'd won. She never imagined she'd expose herself.

Indeed, she overlooked a fatal issue: she underestimated Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne was inherently domineering and strong, very masculine. Growing up together, maybe he couldn't see through her as a flourishing white lotus green tea flower.

But his eyes were keen. Just now, under his nose, she deliberately dropped the little medicine bottle while moving her hand. She defeated Dianna Hollis but also successfully ruined herself.

This minor action made Mort Thorne see her clearly.

Kate Lee was panicked, wanting to explain immediately, "Mort, I... I just like you; I really like you..."

"Pack up; I'll have Charles Bishop send you away. I can't bear your kind of affection; you're not suited to be around me. Moreover, you're still under assessment; someone like you can't pass and officially join the army. You better take care of yourself." With that, Mort Thorne directly pushed Kate Lee out and closed the door.

Shut out, Kate Lee, "..."

Finished.

She's finished.

Not only has Mort Thorne seen through her true colors, but he implied he would report to the superiors, preventing her from formally enlisting.

She couldn't even officially be called a military doctor since she was still under assessment.

It's all over.

...

Dianna Hollis returned to her room; she started packing. No need to wait for tomorrow; she's leaving now.

He clearly did wrong, but not a word was spoken.

He should explain, but he remained silent, with a bland and dismissive attitude.

They say the one who falls in love first will inevitably lose; she's always been the one chasing after him. He hasn't even said he liked her once, so he finds her bothersome, seeking novelty with Kate Lee.

Dianna Hollis's pale eyes were covered with a layer of shining light; she quickly lifted her gaze, forcing back the tears in her eyes.

She wouldn't shed tears for that damned man again, just take it as a misjudgment.

But...

Why does her heart still ache so much?

The long eyelashes fluttered a few times, but inside, the glistening tears still couldn't be controlled from falling.

No.

She wouldn't leave so dejectedly; even if she goes, she'll fiercely teach those two damned people a lesson!

Dianna Hollis rose and directly headed out.

But then, she suddenly smelled an unusual fragrance, and her vision went dark as she immediately fainted.

Chapter 1149: Relationship Contract

Dianna Hollis slowly opened her eyes and looked around. She was no longer in her room; she was now lying in a tent.

Where is this?

Dianna sat up.

Just then, the tent was suddenly lifted open, and a figure walked in, "Miss Hollis, you're awake?"

Dianna looked up, "Is that you, Master Lou?"

It was Lou.

Lou's gaze lingered on Dianna, filled with deep affection, "Yes, Miss Hollis, it's me."

Dianna already knew what had happened. This audacious Lou had used a sedative to abduct her.

Her small, palm-sized face had turned cold as she curled her red lips into a cold sneer, "Master Lou, why did you abduct me here in the middle of the night? Don't tell me you covet my beauty and want one passionate night with me."

Lou stiffened because Dianna had revealed his plans. He hadn't misjudged; this girl was different; she was very interesting, "Miss Hollis, since you already know my intention, don't resist. This way, you can suffer less. Come, let me have a taste first."

Lou lunged forward quickly.

Dianna agilely dodged, and Lou came up empty.

Failing to kiss her, Lou's face turned cold, and he threatened, "Miss Hollis, I invited you to dance at the masquerade ball, and your refusal annoyed me. If you don't cooperate now, I'll be forced to tie you up."

Dianna looked at Lou, "Master Lou, we're guests in Miaojiang, and you dare try to assault me. You better not touch me, or I'll cut off your thing and feed it to the dogs!"

Despite being kidnapped, Dianna remained composed and calm. If it were another woman, she would be crying and begging for mercy. Lou was even more interested; he wouldn't let Dianna go.

Although hearing Dianna's threat made his waist tense, the thought of having fun with this rare beauty made the whole journey worthwhile!

Lou laughed, "This is my territory in Miaojiang. I'm the young master here. Anyone who dares touch me won't have a chance to return alive!"

"Beautiful Hollis, don't resist. A woman's dignity is paramount. Once you become mine, you'll fall in love. I promise, if you serve me well, I'll consider marrying you, making you my lady!"

Dianna smiled, with a touch of mockery, "Well... alright then, you want to play, I'll start undressing now."

With that, Dianna extended her slender white hand and slowly began to remove her coat.

Lou was caught off guard, surprised that the previously rejecting girl was now so fiery and passionate. It seemed women's words couldn't be trusted, "Ha, haha, beautiful girl, you're truly smart, I like it!"

Then Dianna took off her coat and threw it directly over Lou's face, the scent was captivating. He hurriedly tore down the coat and sniffed it at the tip of his nose.

At that moment, Dianna seized the opportunity, grabbed a stick, and smashed it over Lou's head.

Lou swayed twice and then passed out.

Dianna picked up her coat and kicked Lou twice. He lay there unconscious like a dead pig.

With such poor combat skills, yet daring to attempt a kidnapping; such dangerous actions shouldn't be imitated!

Dianna left the tent.

...

Outside the tent, Lou's subordinates were guarding. Dianna took advantage of their distraction and stealthily ran away.

"Stop!" One of the subordinates spotted her and chased after her.

Dianna showed no fear, but the next second, "Ah," a scream came from behind her.

"Wolves, it's wolves, wolves are coming!" the other subordinates screamed one after another.

Dianna stopped and looked back. Countless eerie green eyes shone in the darkness, and a pack of wolves appeared.

Not just one wolf, but six or seven wolves.

The wolves charged over, and within seconds, all the subordinates at the front were down, with the strong scent of blood filling the air.

Dianna's eyes narrowed; she hadn't expected to encounter such fierce wolves tonight.

Just then, a wolf lunged towards her.

Dianna swiftly drew the knife from her waist, and as the wolf leaped at her, she swung her knife, quickly cutting down one wolf.

Warm blood splashed onto her delicate oval face, her bright eyes shining with determination and courage. Having grown up by her father's side, she was capable of handling sudden dangers. Six or seven wolves were present, and she was calculating how to deal with them.

Awooo~

More and more wolf howls echoed as Dianna looked up, seeing more wolves emerge from the shadows.

These wolves emitted a ghastly green glow, all wanting to tear her apart for a meal.

Dianna's heart sank; if there were only six or seven wolves, she could fight them head-on.

But now, a whole pack had arrived.

The pack slowly surrounded her.

Awooo~

Suddenly, a huge, ferocious wolf lunged at Dianna, its mouth wide open.

...

Kate Lee was hustled out and soon came across Charles Bishop, "Charles, what happened?"

"Kiki, just now there was commotion from the west wing. They say Dianna vanished; everyone is searching for her. Tracks were found in the back mountain, known to be dangerous with frequent wolf activity," Charles said.

What?

Kate quickly picked up the keywords, Dianna was missing, and she'd gone to the back mountain where wolves gathered.

"Kiki, we must inform Mort, I'll go in and find Mort now."

"Charles!" Kate grabbed Charles.

Inside the room, Mort Thorne bent down and picked up the small notebook Dianna had thrown at him.

She had arrived with this little notebook; what did she write inside?

Mort opened the notebook, and Dianna's beautiful handwriting leapt into view, detailing the love contract.

First clause of the love contract: During the relationship, both parties remain free and equal; the woman cannot interfere in the man's work.

Second clause of the love contract: During the relationship, the woman cannot casually call the man, cannot make the relationship public, and cannot be clingy, unless with the man's consent...

Mort's heart was deeply pierced. He had said she clung to him, making him feel annoyed, so she wrote this love contract to restrain herself.

For him, she had retreated to such an extent.

Mort tightly clutched the notebook, suddenly having a thought; he needed to find her!

He had always thought he could let her go, but now he realized he couldn't lose her!

Mort opened the room door, and immediately saw the arguing Charles and Kate outside.

"What are you arguing about?" Mort frowned.

Charles immediately stepped forward, "Mort, it's bad, Dianna has gone missing, news says she went to the wolf-infested back mountain!"

What?

Mort's expression changed, and the next moment, he sprinted towards the back mountain.

Chapter 1150: Dianna, Don't Be Afraid

Mort Thorne left, he went to find Dianna Hollis.

"Mort!" Kate Lee called out, but Mort didn't even turn his head back. His tall and upright figure quickly disappeared from sight.

Kate looked at Charles Bishop discontentedly, "Charles, why did you have to tell Mort? Now, look, Mort has gone to find Dianna!"

Moments ago, the two had a disagreement. Charles wanted to tell Mort, but Kate stopped him. Kate felt it was a golden opportunity as if heaven was helping her. Dianna accidentally wandered into the back mountain where wolves roamed, and possibly her life was in peril. If so, no one would compete with her for Mort's affection. But Charles ruined this good chance.

Charles frowned at Kate and said sternly, "Kiki, although I don't agree with Mort and Dianna being together, a life is at stake. How could you treat it so lightly? Kiki, I think you've changed. You've become selfish. How do you expect to enlist like this?"

Kate's face turned pale. Charles had always been on her side, but she forgot that Charles was a soldier.

"Charles, I... I didn't mean it that way. Mort's health isn't good right now, he can barely take care of himself. If he goes to the back mountain to save Dianna, he'll just risk another life. I'm just worried..." Kate innocently explained.

Charles looked gravely towards the direction where Mort disappeared, wondering if Mort would successfully rescue Dianna.

...

Back Mountain.

Dianna was surrounded by a pack of wolves. One lunged at her, and with a swift motion, she stabbed the wolf in the head.

Then another wolf leaped at her. Dianna tried to pull out the knife, but it was stuck, she couldn't get it out.

With their keen sense of smell, the wolves sensed Dianna was unarmed. Two wolves lunged at her from both front and back simultaneously.

Dianna's pupils shrank, the two wolves in her vision kept zooming in and out.

Would she die at the hands of these wolves, leaving no remains?

A suffocating sense of doom instantly enveloped Dianna, and she was a beat too slow.

At that moment, the two wolves bared their jaws wide, about to bite her.

In a hair's breadth moment, Dianna felt herself being embraced, a strong arm wrapped around her slender waist, pressing her tightly against a hot male body.

They fell to the ground.

The man's rough hand cupped the back of her head, protecting it in his embrace. Despite the strong impact making them roll several times, Dianna felt no pain because she was securely protected.

She smelled a rich manly scent mixed with a faint soap fragrance.

Not the smell of body wash, but of soap.

They stopped rolling. Dianna lay beneath, the man on top. Dianna, quivering with her butterfly-wing like eyelashes, looked up at Mort Thorne on top of her.

Mort had come!

Why did he come?

Why would he risk coming?

"Are you hurt?" Mort asked, his voice hoarse as he looked at her.

Dianna averted her gaze, not answering.

Seeing her ignore him, Mort's eyes darkened a bit, "You can still get angry, seems like you're not hurt."

Just then, a wolf leaped at Mort from behind, and Dianna immediately grabbed his sleeve in panic, "Wolf!"

Mort's large hand, tucked behind her head, slightly pressed her small face against his chest. He spoke in a low raspy voice, "Dianna, don't be afraid."

The sound of a sharp knife slashing a throat was heard. In Mort's left hand appeared a sharp knife, and he slit the wolf's throat.

Thud.

Fresh blood splattered out, soaking into Mort's black shirt.

His tousled bangs covered his bloodshot eyes. He didn't even blink when he drew his knife, like a detached, cold-blooded yet mighty warrior.

Dianna lifted her head from his robust chest, not a single drop of blood had touched her.

"Cain, why are you so hot?" Her hand fell on his sturdy muscles, realizing his abnormal body temperature.

He was like a fireball, and her soft fingertips were scalded.

Mort grabbed her boneless soft hand, moving it away from his body. This time the withdrawal from addiction caused his fever to recur endlessly. He huskily said, "I'm fine."

How could he be fine when he's burning like this!

Mort stood up; his blood-red eyes watching the wolves glaring at him. Perhaps realizing how fearsome this man was, those wolves didn't dare pounce.

Mort rolled up his blood-stained black shirt sleeves, then wiped the blood off his handsome face with his hand. He stared at the wolves, his eyes exuding a cold-blooded and bloodthirsty light.

Slowly extending a long index finger, he disdainfully gestured at the wolves to come at him.

Awwoooo.

The wolves were successfully provoked.

One man against several wolves, the tension was enough to make anyone's heart race.

"Cain." Dianna uneasily tugged at his shirt. He had a high fever, wasn't feeling well, facing off against these wolves alone was risky.

Mort extended his rough hand, grasping her soft little hand, "Stay here obediently, don't distract me, okay?"

In this critical moment, Dianna had no choice but to comply; she nodded, "Okay."

Then, several wolves leaped at once, and Mort quickly stood to face them.

The wolves were fast, but Mort was faster. Knife raised and lowered, he immediately killed two. Then, a wolf leaped at him, its sharp fangs sinking into his abdomen.

"Cain!" Dianna's pupils contracted.

The wolf's fangs had pierced Mort's abdomen, but Mort used his large hand to grip a fang and forcefully snapped it off.

Awroooo, a miserable howl from the wolf, Mort yanked the fang out of the wolf's mouth.

He lifted the knife in his hand, stabbing it into the wolf's head.

Blood.

Blood everywhere.

Only one wolf was left from the pack, eyeing Mort. Mort's bloodshot eyes also stared back at it.

The man, full of ferocity, looked brutish and bloodthirsty covered in hostility.

That last wolf turned and fled.

Soon, the other observing wolves followed, swiftly vanishing into the dark mountains.

He killed several wolves, his bloodthirsty aura scaring the rest away.

He was fiercer than the wolves.

The wolves left, the danger was lifted, and with a thud, Mort knelt on one knee.

His bangs were soaked, small droplets falling drip by drip from the ends. One large hand supported on his thigh, the other holding the knife on the ground, his sturdy chest heaving breaths, one after another.

Dianna had seen him in action before. This time, he was faster, deadlier, relentless—this was the real him, hiding deep, fatally dangerous.

Not just the wolves; even she was no match for him. Her heart had long been lost to him, never to return.