

## **Substitute B 1151**

Chapter 1151: She Is Lying on His Bed

"Cain!" Dianna swiftly ran forward, crouching beside Mort. Mort's black shirt and pants were torn in several places, revealing scratches and bites on his solid muscles.

Dianna reached out, wanting to soothe his wounds, but she stopped, afraid to touch him and cause him more pain.

"Cain, you're hurt." Dianna's voice began to tremble.

Mort furrowed his handsome brows; his Adam's apple moved up and down with intensity, his clothes soaked through, and his strength heavily depleted.

He reached out a large hand and pressed his abdomen, causing a lot of fresh blood to flow from his fingertips.

Since she was crouching, she couldn't see his abdominal wound.

But the most severe injury was on his abdomen.

"It's nothing..." he rasped two hoarse words from his dry lips.

"Cain, let me take a look at your abdominal wound?" Dianna reached out her small hand and flipped Mort's shirt open.

There were bloodstains there, with a wolf's fang embedded in his abdomen.

The fang was deeply embedded in his flesh, making one feel a chill looking at it.

He had forcibly broken it off from the wolf's mouth.

Dianna's fingertips curled with heartache, her pale eyes slowly turning red, and she trembled saying, "Cain, I must pull out this fang now, but there's no anesthetic here, you'll have to endure some pain."

Mort's entire handsome face began to pale, his blood-red eyes scattering with immense pain.

"Go ahead," he hoarsely said.

Dianna took a deep breath, then grasped the fang and began to pull...

Large droplets of cold sweat trickled down Mort's forehead, his tall body swayed slightly.

This was becoming very dangerous.

Suddenly, Dianna said, "Have you kissed Kate Lee?"

What?

Mort froze.

Dianna reached out her small hand to cup his blood-sweat covered handsome face and firmly kissed his dry lips.

The man's breath was heavy, heavily breathing upon her skin; his lips were peeling, making the kiss painful and unpleasant, yet Dianna's heart repeatedly rippled.

Why did he come?

She had already planned to give up on him, but now that he'd come, risking his life for her like this, she couldn't bear to part.

Dianna opened her mouth and forcefully bit down on the corner of his lip.

Mort groaned with pain, dropping the knife in his hand; his rough large hand came to Dianna's nape and firmly pressed, seizing the initiative in a deep kiss.

He had been wanting to kiss her for a long time.

Dianna responded with equal fervor, passionately entwining his tongue.

Mort swore in his mind; damn, she was almost drawing out his soul.

At this moment, Dianna's small hand stealthily reached for the fang and vigorously pulled it out.

"Plop," the fang was extracted, Dianna quickly broke the kiss and pressed against Mort's bleeding wound.

The enormous pain caused Mort to let out a low moan, his other leg also kneeling down, and he knelt completely on the ground.

The next moment, Mort collapsed into Dianna's embrace.

He had fallen.

At this moment, Dianna's heart seemed to stop beating, filled with shock, fear, aching, and unease; she had never seen him fall before.

It turned out he could also fall.

Dianna held his head tightly, cradling him in her arms, "Cain, don't... die! Cain..."

She burst into sobs.

Has he died?

Has he possibly died?

If he dies, what would she do?

"Cain, please wake up quickly... I understand, you're using the bitter meat strategy; you think this way you can tightly clutch me in your palm."

"Let me tell you, you wish! I will never forgive you and Kate Lee!"

"Cain, wake up quickly... If you open your eyes now, I'll forgive you..."

Dianna didn't even know what she was babbling about; loyalty was her bottom line, the principle and bottom line of all lovers. She had decided against Cain, but now she only wanted him to wake up.

Footsteps echoed by her ears; someone was approaching, "Dianna!"

Dianna raised her head, tears blurring her vision as she saw many people, Justin Xavier and Leah Thorne had come, along with the hurried arrival of Serena Sterling.

Serena had finally arrived!

...

Mort was taken to a room, where Serena stopped the bleeding and stitched him up over a dozen times in the abdomen.

But his condition was still not optimistic; the wound was infected, the addiction untreated, still feverish — overall, covered in wounds.

Dianna stood at the door, looking at the man lying on the bed; he lay unconscious with his eyes closed, his handsome face pale, lashes like a brush casting shadows over his dark circles, his entire face both cold and hard.

Seeing him like this, her heart ached.

Desperate to share his pain but powerless to do so.

She could only watch as he suffered.

This moment, Serena removed her white mask; Dianna and Leah quickly approached, "Serena, how is my brother?"

"Leah, Dianna, don't worry, Mort's life is tough; he won't die by a wolf's hand. I've dealt with the wound; Mort should wake up soon. The pressing issue now is the addiction Mort has," Serena said gravely.

"Serena, do you have a way to handle the addiction?" Dianna asked.

Serena contemplated briefly, "I've been studying this new form of addiction along the way; I'll need to think carefully."

Dianna and Leah realized Serena was on the brink of a breakthrough.

Though Mort's current state was dire, Serena's presence was like a ray of hope illuminating everyone, bringing hope.

"Serena, quickly rest in your room and think it over; we're all counting on you!" Leah affectionately held Serena's arm; Serena's presence always brought peace.

"Dianna, I've just used needles on Mort, at least tonight suppressing his drug addiction; tonight is safe. You stay and accompany Mort, Leah and I will head out." Serena instructed, leaving Mort and Dianna alone.

Dianna nodded, "Alright."

...

Mort dreamed again, dreaming of Dianna once more.

In the dream, Dianna tightly hugged his neck, passionately kissing him and telling him to wake up, saying she'd forgive him if he did.

Mort suddenly opened his eyes; his face felt itchy, as if a finger was tracing upon it, he reached out and grabbed the small hand.

The next second, Dianna's palm-sized small face loomed large in his view.

Now, she lay on his bed, just like in the dream that night.

#### Chapter 1152: He Belongs to Her Alone

Mort was momentarily unable to distinguish between dreams and reality; he had been dreaming of her every night lately.

That night's dream felt so real, with her lying on his bed just like now. Her soft, jade-like body contrasted sharply with the cold, hard wooden bed, driving him mad. But when he opened his eyes, that person turned into Kate.

Dianna lay beside him; while he was dozing, she touched his handsome face. They had been apart for so long, and she hadn't properly looked at him.

Yu Jie shivered slightly and softly said, "You're awake?"

Her familiar voice reached Mort's eardrum, and he dared to believe it was really her. He grasped her small hand and placed it at his lips, closing his eyes as he kissed it, "Mm."

He didn't leave; his dry lips kept brushing against her soft little hand, kissing it tenderly and lovingly.

Dianna felt a warmth in her heart, yet she couldn't help minding about him and Kate. She slowly withdrew her little hand.

Mort opened his eyes, pursed his thin lips, and said, "I know you can't get past it. The mistake has been made, and all I can say is, I'm sorry."

"But I don't want to hear sorry. I want to know when you and Kate got together, where did it happen, how many times have you been together? I want you to confess every detail to me. That's what I want to hear!"

Mort furrowed his brow; he couldn't bring himself to speak about that night's events.

Mort threw off the covers and got up.

Dianna also sat up, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to wash my face." He went into the bathroom.

Dianna was furious; she knew he was avoiding the issue and still wasn't willing to say anything.

Soon Mort came out, taking off his shirt to reveal his injuries and muscular body. His damp bangs covered his red-stained eyes as he bent his tall frame to grab clean clothes.

But Dianna's small hand reached out and took away his clothes.

Mort lifted his handsome gaze to look at her, his thin lips moving, "Give me the clothes!"

"No." Dianna glanced up and down his strong body, "Do you even need clothes? I don't think you need clothes anymore. A man like you, who can't guarantee body loyalty and is ruled by a few ounces of flesh, should have his clothes stripped and be paraded through the streets. Let you taste the ancient punishments women suffered!"

In ancient times, women caught in affairs would be stripped and paraded through the streets.

Mort stared at her, his gaze deep.

Dianna wasn't afraid of him and looked back at him provocatively.

Mort said nothing and simply sat on the chair with his long legs, starting to change his bandage.

She wouldn't let him wear clothes, so he didn't wear them.

She was full of anger and hatred and wanted to lash out at him, but he indulged her.

He knew she was a wild cat who wouldn't let him off easily.

Perhaps other girls would choose to escape and deceive themselves about such things, but not her. She faced the problem sharply.

She wanted to know all the details.

Yet, he just couldn't speak.

He wanted to preserve a final slice of beauty in her heart.

Dianna felt like she was punching cotton. No matter how she provoked him, he ignored her.

Dianna watched him apply medication to himself, placing the herbs on his wounds.

Even though there were wounds on his back too, he treated what he could reach with his long arms, and what he couldn't, he simply left alone.

Dianna looked at his body; these unsightly scars didn't ruin his physical beauty but added a sense of wildness and recklessness.

No wonder so many women were drawn to him; his physique was enough to make them drool.

Have you ever seen those foreign movies where the men have muscles stacked in blocks? That's him, with two prominent chest muscles, eight-pack abs built in layers, all shining with a bronze-like, powerful sheen. His chest had hair, his strong long legs also covered in hair—truly stirring the blood.

Dianna, though young, with a well-proportioned development and a striking S-curve, truly stood in contrast next to him—a hardened man paired with a little beauty.

Dianna's five pale fingers slowly curled, hating her own helplessness. Even now, he still had a fatal attraction for her.

She just liked him.

She liked his type.

Mort finished tending his wounds, then turned back to the bed, lying on his side at the edge.

His long, curling lashes like a brush fell as he closed his eyes to sleep.

He slept.

Was he really just going to fall asleep like that?

Dianna stretched out her jade-like little foot and kicked his solid calf, "Did I say you could sleep? No sleeping, get up!"

Mort lay with his back to her, his tall, strong body pressed against the edge of the bed, not coming closer to her. Being kicked, he lazily spoke, "Stop it, I'm a bit tired, want to sleep."

"Tired? So how come you didn't feel tired when messing around with Kate?"

Mort did not reply.

Dianna kicked him again.

At that moment, his rough palm reached over and grabbed her slender wrist.

Mort pulled hard, and Dianna fell flat against his strong chest.

She immediately wanted to get up, but Mort let out a low grunt.

Dianna then realized she'd hit his wound, "Cain, are you okay?"

She collided with Mort's dark, unhappy eyes. He hoarsely said, "If you settle down for a bit, I'll be fine."

Dianna still wanted to get up when suddenly there was a "knock-knock" at the door; someone was outside.

Who?

Dianna paused her actions, and outside, Kate's gentle voice came through, "Mort, it's me, I'm here to change your bandage. Can I come in?"

Kate was here!

That haunting woman again!

Dianna initially thought about getting up, but then changed her mind; even if she didn't want Cain, she wouldn't let him fall into Kate's hands.

She immediately wrapped her two little arms tightly around Mort's waist, clinging to him like an octopus.

Mort just felt the fragrant softness in his embrace. The girl who had been struggling moments ago to avoid being held suddenly melted like water against him, and his prominent Adam's apple bobbed, "What's the matter?"

Dianna buried her face in his neck, climbing further up, murmuring, "I don't like her; make her go away."

Her voice was soft and sweet, carrying an unrecognized hint of grievance and pettiness. Mort's heart ached, and he quickly responded, "Who's blind enough not to see we're already asleep?"

Outside, Kate froze, "..."

Dianna didn't let go, still holding Mort tightly; she didn't want any other woman to take him away. He could only belong to her.

Chapter 1153: Don't Go, Please?

Mort thoroughly enjoyed her initiative, involuntarily clutching her delicate shoulder and holding her tightly in his arms.

Just then, there was a "knock knock" at the door again. Kate Lee wasn't giving up, "Mort, you're seriously injured, you can't... act recklessly. Let me in to check your wound..."

Mort frowned, immediately intending to get up and drive Kate away.

But Dianna was quicker, she got up first and furrowed her brows, "You lie here and don't move, I'll go check. Under my watch, you two better behave yourselves, okay?"

"..." Mort looked at her, the stern dignity and warning flashing in the girl's bright eyes made her seem like an empress who completely dominated the scene, as if she was going to deal with the mistress first and then come back to hold him accountable.

Mort curled his thin lips, genuinely amused by her. He wasn't aware she had this capability, daring to use the word "okay" with him.

He raised an eyebrow, complying softly, "Alright, I'll do as you say."

Dianna was satisfied with that, she got off the bed and went to the door to open it.

Kate Lee thought it was Mort who opened the door and was immediately delighted, "Mort..."

The next second, the smile froze on Kate's lips because it wasn't Mort, it was Dianna.

Dianna's cold gaze observed the change in Kate's expression, then she subtly curled her red lips, "Your Mort is very tired now, he's already lying in bed asleep. If you have something to say, you can tell me, and I'll pass it on to him."

Dianna's words carried strong ambiguity, especially the phrase "Mort is very tired," which sparked endless imagination. Kate's face turned pale; she knew Dianna was openly waging war against her, declaring her territory.

Kate was very disappointed. She thought that with the contraceptive incident, Dianna would give up on Mort. But no, no matter how they tried to separate them, it didn't work.

"Miss Hollis, how can you do this? Mort is seriously injured, how can you still..."

Dianna claimed she hadn't said anything, that "tired" was Mort's own words, "Miss Lee, aren't you overstepping your bounds, meddling in other people's private affairs?"

"I..."

"Also, I've already said it before, he is my man, and I won't allow anyone to lay hands on him. If you know what's good for you, you better disappear from my sight. If you keep pretending to be innocent to disgust me, don't blame me for being rude to you!"

Kate was shocked. She hadn't expected such an aggressive side from this seemingly cold and delicate girl, "You... you're threatening me?"

"What else?" Dianna took a step forward, poking Kate's chest with her finger, "Do you believe I not only dare to threaten you, but also dare to hit you? If you dare to pester my man again, every time I see you, I'll hit you!"

"..." Kate was truly stunned. This Dianna was too outrageous; she actually threatened to hit her every time she saw her!

A female hooligan!

Kate wanted to fight back, but her chest hurt so much from the poking, she couldn't help but step back under Dianna's strong and arrogant offensive, powerless to resist as her ground slipped away.

"Di... Dianna, don't go too far in bullying!" Kate gritted her teeth.

"I am bullying you, so what? Why don't you go tell your Mort? I'm telling you, your Mort is the type who would risk everything for me, compared to me, what are you?" With that, Dianna turned gracefully, slamming the door shut with a "bang."

"..." Standing outside the door, Kate was so angry she trembled all over.

...

Dianna returned to the bed, where she found Mort smiling.

"What are you laughing at? Stop laughing!" Dianna kicked him.

Mort was in such a good mood, having witnessed her fierce display in driving Kate away. She was like a wildcat with claws completely unleashed, very formidable.

The more time he spent with her, the more he found her to be a treasure, having many facets.

Mort quickly restrained his smile, "Alright, I'll stop laughing."

"You're called... Mort?"

"Yes."

"Mort!" Dianna pronounced his name with precision.

This was the first time she called him by his real name, "Mort" sounded wonderful the way she said it; Mort's lips curled, "Yes?"

"Mort, don't think driving Kate away settles everything. I want to settle things with you now! I'm giving you one final chance to confess your dealings with Kate. If you still refuse, I'll leave now and not like you anymore!" With that, Dianna turned and started getting off the bed.

Mort quickly got up, hugging Dianna tightly from behind, pulling her into his embrace, pressing his lips firmly onto her long hair, he rasped, "Don't go, please?"

Dianna bit her red lip, "That depends on your performance. Leniency for confessions, severity for resistance."

Mort paused for a few seconds, then nodded, "Yes."

"Now, I ask, you answer. How many times did you sleep with Kate?"

"Just once."

"How was it?"

"..." Mort was stumped by the second question; he didn't understand why Dianna would ask that, women seem to love overthinking things.

He stopped talking again. Just hearing him admit it happened once made her uncomfortable, like being stung by a bee, and now his silence made her wonder if he was reminiscing about that night with Kate. Angry, Dianna struggled free, intending to get off the bed.

Mort immediately tightened his strong arms, domineeringly trapping her in his embrace, his chaotic breathing and kisses landed on her earlobe, his hoarse voice carried strands of impatience, "I just knew... I just knew that once I said it, you wouldn't want me anymore. Earlier you lured me by promising leniency for confession, and I really shouldn't have believed you. You are such a little liar!"

"Dianna, it was your words, I've told you, but I won't let you go."

"Just one night, that night... I mistook her for you... My addiction acted up, I was tied down, and she entered, I thought it was you, and we ended up in bed."

"I honestly thought it was you, everything seemed like a dream, you lay on my bed, just like earlier... You even cried, making my blood surge, you finally bit down on my shoulder, I couldn't hold back and..."

"I always thought it was you, but when I woke up the next day, Kate was beside me. She said it was her."

What?

Dianna's struggling actions froze completely. Why was everything he described exactly like that night with him?

That night, he called her a crying spirit, angering her into biting him, he cursed and couldn't help himself...

Dianna suddenly realized something was off, deeply off!

She understood now, Kate pretended to be her that night!

Chapter 1154: Dianna Hollis, I Like You!

"Mort Thorne, let go first, I have a question to ask you." Dianna Hollis pushed him away.

But Mort refused to release her, "I won't let go, I'm afraid you'll run away as soon as I do. I don't want to say it, but you keep asking me, and when I do, you get angry and don't want me anymore. What am I supposed to do, Dianna, what am I supposed to do, huh?"

"There's no remedy for regret in this world. I can't make this thing never happened, really sorry, I can only say I'm sorry, but believe me, I truly only saw her as you. I always thought it was you."

Dianna felt his confusion and apology, but she couldn't help but laugh. This idiot, doesn't he have a clue who he slept with?

That was not a dream at all, it was reality, alright?

That night he hurt her a lot, and then Kate Lee pretended to be her!

"Mort Thorne," Dianna turned and looked at him with her bright eyes, "What happened that night, when was it?"

Mort pressed his thin lips and said deeply, "Three nights ago."

Three nights ago, indeed!

The night she spent with him was three nights ago. Now when she thinks about it, Kate must have taken advantage of her absence to lie beside Mort and create an illusion, leading to this whole chain of events. Dianna really wanted to tear apart that shameless green tea girl, Kate!

Dianna reached out a small hand and put it around his neck, "Mort Thorne, do you like Kate Lee?"

Speaking, Dianna tilted her little head, "I know that your buddy Charles Bishop never liked me. Has he always been telling you that I'm only suitable for dating and not for marriage, and that Kate is the one suited for you?"

Mort's large hand fell on her soft waist, holding it; her slender waist only about sixteen inches, delicate and easily grasped, his adam's apple rolling up and down, he doesn't like Kate.

Charles advised him to marry Kate, but he doesn't want to.

He's just a shallow man.

He has eyes to see, no matter how good or gentle Kate is, she's not as good as her. She can make men go crazy.

"Don't like."

He said he doesn't like.

He doesn't like Kate Lee.

Dianna curled her red lips and kissed him.

Mort seemed touched, and Dianna looked at him, leaned in again and kissed.

He didn't close his eyes, he watched her openly; her eyes are so beautiful, pure and clean like a newborn baby's.

He seemed bewitched, quickly turning from passive to dominant and kissed her twice.

His mind was filled with a voice — she had delivered herself.

The man's breath was heavy, his deep dark eyes immediately filled with a surge of passion. As he was indulging, Dianna suddenly dodged, refused to let him kiss her.

Mort kissed empty air, his slender fingers immediately pinched her small face, "Teasing me, huh?"

"Mort Thorne, say you like me!"

Mort Thorne, say you like me.

Mort paused, staring tightly at her.

Dianna moved a bit, adjusted her position, boldly straddling his firm thighs, "Mort Thorne, say you like me. You promised an answer at the hospital, I know you like me, and now I want to hear you say it."

Mort felt his throat burning like a passing ember, every word she said carried endless temptation, guiding him slowly like a spell, compelling him to admit he likes her.

She said, she knew he liked her.

Her bright eyes were filled with proud arrogance, dazzling bright, and Mort felt his eyes scorched, having always traveled in darkness, she was the most beautiful sight he ever saw in light.

Charles was right; she is dangerous.

But, he's already addicted.

"Dianna, I like you." In her gaze, he heard his own voice.

He said, he likes her.

Dianna raised an eyebrow, her eyes bending into a smile, "How much do you like?"

This...

"Could give you my life kinda like." Mort thought for a moment.

Dianna just felt he's really a straightforward guy, no sweet talk, always opening and closing with "my life is yours," but no help, she's head over heels for him.

Dianna looked at him, her eyes rippling with tender spring water, "Mort Thorne, I like you too, really like like. If you ask how much, I don't know either, but I think... if one day you're gone, I'd definitely follow you, wherever, earth or heaven, I'll find you, won't ever let you be lonely, alone."

Mort's deepest heart was instantly struck, rippling waves arising within, his muscles tensed, as hard as iron, "Dianna, you don't mind about Kate Lee anymore?"

Dianna sneered in her heart, of course, she cares. Tomorrow, she'll tear apart that shameless green tea girl, exposing her hypocritical true colors to all.

Poor Mort hasn't learned the truth, he humbly murmured, "Dianna, I know I have no right to ask for your forgiveness, but if you forgive me this once, I'll spend a lifetime repaying, I'll treat you well."

Dianna said nothing, but she expressed through action, holding Mort's handsome face with her small hands, kissing his thin lips passionately, letting him feel her affection.

Two big hands clasped her soft waist, pulling her tightly into his arms, Mort began to retaliate.

But soon his tall and fit frame suddenly trembled, oh no, his addiction started.

Swiftly opening his eyes, he pushed the girl in his arms away.

Dianna was forced to leave his lips, his lips moist and bright, kissed by her, "Mort..."

She called him, confused.

Mort never wanted her to see him so messed up, "Dianna, it's late, you should go back to your room now."

Just now everything was fine, suddenly he pushed her away. Dianna looked at him suspiciously, "Mort, is your addiction acting up again?"

When the addiction strikes, life feels worse than death, Mort's dark eyes already turning deep red, fearing he might lose control and hurt her, he coldly said, "Dianna, did you forget the love agreement you wrote, you said you wouldn't cling to me, hurry up, I'm going to sleep."

Mort reached to lift the girl from his lap.

He saw that love agreement?

Dianna knew his addiction was acting up, more so, she knew he didn't want her to see him like this, but, three nights ago she already saw it, she wasn't afraid at all.

That night he didn't send her away, did he?

Ugh.

Dianna frowned, moaned in pain, still pouting her red lips and acted spoiled, "Mort, you hurt me."

Mort originally wanted to remove her, hearing her complain of pain halted his actions, tensely asking, "Where does it hurt?"

Chapter 1155: I Want to Give You a Son!

Dianna rolled up her sleeve, pointing at her slender arm to show him. "Look, you've made me red."

She was full of accusation.

Mort glanced at her; her skin was delicate, and just a press left a red mark. He thought he hadn't used much force.

Now looking at her slender arm, her pristine and stunning brows, evoking a sense of forbidden temptation, Mort felt those violent urges inside him constantly rising. He longed to cover her body with his marks.

"Dianna, you should leave quickly. I feel uncomfortable and I don't want to hurt you. Be good."

Dianna had seen him during his episodes before; that night he almost strangled her. She thought for a moment, "When you're in withdrawal, they tie you up with ropes. Maybe I should tie you up now, so you can't hurt me."

Mort was inclined to agree to anything from her at that moment. He nodded, "Alright."

Dianna found some rope and tied his hands to the headboard, keeping him from moving.

"Done." Dianna clapped her small hands.

"Dianna, I'm tied up now, so leave quickly." Mort urged again, asking her to leave and not mind him. He could endure it; it wasn't the first time.

Dianna playfully blinked her long lashes at him, looking at him innocently, "I only said I'd tie you up, not that I'd leave."

"You!"

Dianna then climbed onto his sturdy thigh and sat down, wrapping her small hands around his neck. "Are you really willing to drive me away?"

She bit his lip forcefully.

She bit hard, and Mort immediately felt his lip being broken, the sweet and metallic taste of blood spreading into his mouth.

It all felt incredibly familiar; that night, she had also bitten his lip like this. Mort felt like he was dreaming again, the girl sitting on his lap overlapping perfectly with the girl he had pinned beneath him that night.

"What are you doing?" Mort swallowed, his eyes filled with intense desire.

"What do you think?" Dianna's kisses descended, landing on his protruding throat.

Mort moved slightly, but his hands were bound, and now he was leaning against the headboard, with her on his lap doing as she pleased. She had full control.

Mort knew he had been deceived; she had deliberately tied him up, the little rascal!

"Dianna." His voice hoarse, calling her name.

"I'm right here." Dianna responded, her little hands sliding down to his waistline.

Mort felt every moment was torture; his withdrawal made him uncomfortable, but now all his senses focused on her. He wished to break free and hold her down fiercely.

Dianna's face was flushed, her eyes glistening as she looked at him. "Will your injuries get in the way?"

"Why ask now? Earlier, when you were teasing me, you didn't seem to remember I'm a severely injured patient." Mort smiled wryly.

Dianna suddenly felt a bit embarrassed but thought to herself that she was helping him!

"Dianna," Mort suddenly realized a serious issue, "There's no protection here, and you don't seem to be in the safe period..."

Dianna nodded, "Yes, I'm in the risky period now, maybe... I'll get pregnant..."

"That's not okay."

Dianna reached out to cover his mouth. "Why not? If I get pregnant, I'll give birth to it. Mort, I want to give you a son!"

Faced with her passionate assault, Mort retreated step by step, especially when she said she wanted to give him a son; Mort's body pulsed with bulging veins, his hot blood boiling inside. This feeling was unprecedented; only Dianna could make him feel this way.

She said, if one day he was gone, she would definitely seek him out.

She also said, Mort, I want to give you a son.

Mort blinked his reddened eyes several times, then spoke in a hoarse voice barely audible, "No."

No.

If one day he was no longer around, he didn't want her to find him.

She's still young, they aren't married yet, he doesn't want her to have a child.

...

Much later, Dianna lay powerlessly on the bed, Mort had broken free from the ropes, tightly holding her in his arms.

Dianna lay obediently on his chest, allowing his large hands to stroke her waterfall-like smooth hair over and over, his lips pressing on her forehead, cherishing her as his invaluable treasure with loving kisses and caresses.

Neither spoke, quietly enjoying the embrace after the storm.

He said no, that he didn't want her to give him a son; at the last moment, he indeed...

While Dianna had set her heart on him, wanting to give him a son, she knew his choice not to have a child now was the result of considering many factors, as a mature and rational man would. Dianna felt his overwhelming care and love for her.

"Do you want to take a bath? Although the conditions here are simple, I can prepare hot water for you, you could soak in a hot bath." Mort asked huskily.

Dianna buried herself further into his embrace, her small hands wrapping around his waist, clinging to him like a little water snake, preventing him from getting up. "No, don't go."

Mort smiled, realizing that underneath her cool exterior, she was quite clingy.

At that moment, a sudden "knock knock" sounded at the door, followed by Charles's voice from outside, "Mort, it's me, can I come in?"

Charles was here.

Mort moved, but Dianna quickly restrained him, whispering, "Tonight, don't deal with him."

Mort lay back down, looking at her with affection, "Charles has been with me for many years, I know him well. He is slightly biased against you, but it's all out of concern for me. When it comes to matters of principle and boundaries, he absolutely won't cross the line."

No need for his explanation, Dianna understood. Just from Charles telling Mort about her actions at the back mountain, she knew Charles was trustworthy.

Dianna raised her exquisite oval face to look at Mort, "Why are you in such a rush? The fun is just beginning."

What fun?

Mort listened, bewildered, but when he saw Dianna's blinking eyelashes, her bright eyes were full of cleverness like a little fox, with a scheme in mind. He quietly observed, curious about what kind of plan this little fox had in mind!

Another familiar voice from outside appeared; Kate Lee had arrived.

Kate Lee sounded aggrieved, "Charles, see, I wasn't wrong. Mort is with Dianna right now, heavily injured and struggling with addiction. Yet despite Mort's condition, Dianna thoughtlessly clings to him, doing... doing those things, so irresponsible!"

Chapter 1156: In This Life, I Only Lost to You

Kate Lee was not ready to give up; earlier, Dianna's attitude was so arrogant and harsh that she couldn't resign herself, so she incited Charles Bishop to come here.

Mort Thorne and Charles Bishop had been brothers for years, having gone through life and death together. Charles carried significant weight, and now she came to sow discord, using Dianna to drive a wedge between the brothers' friendship.

Kate Lee knew Charles always had a prejudice against Dianna, so she deliberately exaggerated, blaming Dianna for being inconsiderate, and sure enough, Charles' face immediately turned sour.

"Mort, you're still injured; some things need to be restrained," Charles said.

Inside the room, Mort Thorne looked at Dianna in his arms, as if to ask whether he should go and explain.

Mort Thorne didn't want anyone to misunderstand his girl, especially his good brother.

Dianna shook her head, meaning no need, you don't have to say anything!

Looking at her calm and clever demeanor, Mort was increasingly curious, what exactly was she planning to do?

The room was silent, and Charles' face grew even more unsightly. People in their line of work must always maintain clarity, rationality, and restraint. However, ever since he met Dianna, Mort no longer seemed like himself, having nearly lost his life for her several times.

Kate Lee also dug her nails into her palm out of jealousy. Just thinking of Mort and Dianna being intimate inside made her uncontrollably jealous.

"Charles, I think we shouldn't disturb Mort and Dianna anymore; Mort now doesn't listen to anyone but Dianna."

"It seems Dianna doesn't quite like us, and if she whispers things to Mort, maybe he'll drift away from us."

"Charles, I truly miss the past; we used to be through thick and thin, inseparable. But ever since there was Dianna, Mort has changed, and so have we."

Kate's every word targeted Dianna sharply and fatally, so one could imagine how interesting Charles' expression was now.

Charles looked at the tightly closed room door, snorted coldly, and left in a huff.

Kate, seeing she had achieved her goal, smiled with satisfaction, her lips curling; if she couldn't be happy, she wouldn't let anyone else be!

Dianna heard the receding footsteps outside, Charles and Kate leaving one after the other; Kate thought she had successfully sown discord, and Charles, filled with rage, would surely explode in silence soon, the drama was about to unfold.

Mort Thorne reached out, lovingly pinching her small nose, "Dianna, who are you plotting against?"

Dianna raised her bright eyes to him, "Plotting...you!"

All her schemes were for him.

To have him.

To have him forever.

Mort turned over, pressing her beneath him, "Then I surrender now, willingly becoming your captive, Dianna."

Dianna turned over, pressing him back, rolling from the head of the bed to the foot, she laughed softly, "Officer Thorne, you give up so easily?"

Mort kissed her, "This lifetime, I'll only lose to you."

...

The next morning.

Dianna woke up in Mort's embrace; the two of them slept with each other and woke up naturally.

Mort hadn't opened his eyes yet, and Dianna reached out her finger to trace his handsome face from his forehead down to his thin lips; the more she looked, the more she liked her man.

At this moment, Mort suddenly reached out a broad hand, grabbing her slender wrist, "Stirring the pot so early; were you not satisfied last night?"

He was awake.

Dianna blushed, still feeling sore all over, whereas he had recovered from his fever, his injury no longer pained him, and he was in high spirits, as if reborn. The fact that despite last night's late antics, his stamina was incredible.

"Stop messing around, I need to get up," Dianna withdrew her small hand, "Last night I stayed over here with you, your brother and Cicely probably think I'm a shameless vixen; if we don't get up now, I'm afraid they'll worry you'll be drained by me."

Mort whispered in her ear, "You really can drain a man? Then don't hide it, don't harm others and come directly at me, I'm up for it!"

"... Go away!"

The two playfully messed around, got washed and dressed, and then Dianna opened the room door and walked out.

Walking in the corridor, Dianna soon spotted a familiar figure ahead, Charles Bishop.

Charles looked at her with a sullen face, clearly having waited there for a long time.

Last night, Dianna intentionally didn't have Mort respond to Charles; now Charles waiting there to block her was all within her expectations. Dianna walked up openly, "Deputy Bishop, waiting for me?"

Charles looked at Dianna coldly, "You and Mort aren't suitable, leave him soon."

Dianna raised her eyebrows slightly, "Then Deputy Bishop thinks Mort is suitable with whom, Kate?"

"Yes, Kiki and Mort are childhood sweethearts; if it weren't for you, they would've been married long ago."

Dianna wasn't angry, just smiled silently, at this moment spotting someone from the corner of her eye, it was Kate.

Kate had just arrived, walking towards them.

Dianna's bright eyes flickered, she said with difficulty, "But Mort likes me; you see, Kate and Mort have already been together, I heard it was Kate's first time, a girl's reputation is very important, yet Mort doesn't plan to take responsibility."

What?

Charles froze; he hadn't known of an affair between Mort and Kate.

His anger had reached its peak over the long night, and now hearing Dianna tell him this with an innocent yet arrogant, provocative victors' gaze, he almost exploded instantly.

Just then, Kate arrived, "Charles, what are you talking about with Dianna here?"

Charles immediately turned to Kate, "Kiki, did you sleep with Mort?"

Kate was taken aback; she had never mentioned this to Charles, how did he know?

Kate's heart sank, and she panicked, not wanting this publicized, after all, it was a sham, easily exposed.

"Kiki, you really are too naive; you know how important a girl's honor is. Don't worry, I won't let you suffer; I'll make Mort marry you."

"I'll immediately report to the higher-ups, explain this matter, then the army will know you're Mort's woman, the higher-ups will back you, Mort will marry you even if he doesn't want to!" Charles said seriously.

Kate hadn't reacted yet, then she heard Dianna's soft laugh, "Kate, congratulations, Deputy Bishop wants to stand up for you, report to the higher-ups; if you really were with Mort, then surely Mort must marry you. On the other hand, if this is fake, damaging one's reputation to falsely accuse a soldier is... illegal, have you considered... the consequences?"

Chapter 1157: It Was Me That Night!

Kate's hands and feet turned cold, Dianna's words were like a bucket of cold water poured over her head, chilling her to the bone.

When she lied back then, she never thought much about it, nor did she want to blow things out of proportion. She never imagined Dianna would tell Charles, and once Charles reports to their superiors, she would be finished, immediately expelled from the team, marked as a disgrace. The key here was that fabricating false accusations against a soldier would also make her legally accountable!

No.

It can't be like this.

"Charles, I..." Kate wanted to speak.

But Dianna immediately interrupted Kate, looking arrogantly at Charles, deliberately provoking him, "Deputy Charles, go ahead and report. I'll bet you, even if pressured from above, Mort won't marry Kate. The one Mort wants to marry is me. Can you guys replace Mort and marry Kate off?"

Hearing this, Charles was infuriated, completely burning with a fire that obliterated all sense of reason, truly outrageous!

"I'm going to find Mort now!" Charles stormed into the room to find Mort.

"Charles, don't be impulsive, wait for me!" Fearing trouble, Kate hurried after him.

Inside the room, Mort had just changed his clothes when he saw an enraged Charles storm in. Mort pursed his lips and asked, "What happened?"

"Mort, let me ask you, did you and Kiki have a relationship, did you take Kiki's innocence?"

Mort furrowed his brow, "Yes."

"Are you planning to marry Kiki then?"

Mort shook his head decisively, "No."

With those two words, Charles immediately stepped forward and grabbed Mort by the collar, angrily saying, "Mort, Kiki's innocence was destroyed by you, don't you plan to take responsibility? I think you've been charmed by Dianna, forgetting the basic principles of humanity. One day, Dianna will lead to your end, wake up!"

After saying that, Charles landed a solid punch on Mort's handsome face, intending to snap him out of it.

Mort didn't dodge, taking the punch, blood seeping from the corner of his mouth. He wiped it with the back of his hand.

"Charles, stop hitting!" Kate quickly ran up, stopping Charles.

It was chaos on the scene, and just then, Serena Sterling and Leah Thorne entered from outside.

Leah frowned, "Brother, what are you all doing here?"

"Leah, this Miss Kate claims she had a relationship with your brother, trying to force her way into being your sister-in-law," Dianna's sweet and clear voice chimed in.

Kate looked up and saw Dianna by the door. Amid the earlier chaos, Dianna had not participated, standing there aloof and composed, those bright eyes exuding a wise sharpness, as if controlling everything there.

Kate suddenly felt something was wrong, it felt like she had fallen into a trap.

Leah was shocked, "What? Brother, you had a relationship with Kate, this can't be true, I don't believe it!"

Leah really trusted her brother's character, so she absolutely did not believe that her brother had a relationship with Kate.

Kate wanted to speak, but Charles had already excitedly stepped forward, "It's true, this is what Kiki said herself, how could something like this be false?"

"Yeah Leah, it all started with that bottle of contraceptives that fell from Kate," Dianna added coldly.

Kate already knew it wasn't good, now the matter had been exposed, everything was out of her control, everyone had arrived, like the opening ceremony of a grand drama.

Serena looked at Dianna, immediately seeing the girl's intelligent and wise eyes, both were smart, Serena instantly understood.

Serena took two steps forward, gripping Kate's wrist and feeling her pulse.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Kate knew Serena was a renowned healer, so she anxiously pulled back her wrist.

But it was too late, Serena smiled slightly, "Kate, you're still a virgin!"

Kate, you're still a virgin!

The sentence was like a bomb dropped into a well, causing the entire room to explode. Mort and Charles both looked at Kate in utter shock.

Mort couldn't even believe it himself, he had always thought he made a huge mistake with Kate, but now hearing she was still a virgin, it meant he never had contact with Kate at all!

No, then who was the woman that night?

In a flash of realization, Mort thought of someone, Dianna!

He looked at Dianna.

Dianna stood there calmly at the door in a chic silhouette, meeting his eyes with her bright ones and playfully winking at him, as if to say yes, it was me.

Ha.

Haha.

Hahaha.

Mort laughed in his heart three times, realizing how confused he had been, how utterly confused, that it hadn't been a dream that night, it was Dianna, his Dianna!

This Kate was an impostor!

Mort's fists clenched tightly at his sides, those deep dark eyes sharp with murderous intent towards Kate, who pretended to be Dianna to deceive him; he wanted her gone from this world!

Kate had been his childhood friend, someone he treated as a sister, but she had become selfish, deceitful, and a vile, lying woman!

"Kiki, what is going on? How are you still... a virgin, didn't you say you had a relationship with Mort? What's going on, speak up quickly!" Charles, shocked, looked at Kate.

"I..." Kate opened her mouth, her face pale as she realized she was done for, the lie had been exposed.

At this point, Dianna walked over, approaching Kate step by step with a strong voice, "Yeah, Kate, you better explain well how a virgin could have a relationship with Mort, and what was with that bottle of contraceptives you dropped?"

Kate backed away, her gaze evasive and guilty, "I... I..."

"That night, were you really the one with Mort?"

"Um..."

"No! Kate, you know very well, that night with Mort wasn't you, it was me!" Dianna declared dominantly.

Charles gasped, looking at Dianna and Kate in disbelief.

Dianna smiled sarcastically, "Kate, after I left that night, you lay beside Mort and misled him into thinking it was you. To break Mort and me apart, you deliberately dropped that bottle of contraceptives in front of me, even using Deputy Charles to pressure us, trying to drive a wedge between the brothers, playing men in your grasp, weren't you so proud?"

"I know you like Mort, but your feelings have twisted into something dysfunctional. As a field doctor, you lack character, wanting to join the force without basic integrity. To win Mort over, you'll stop at nothing, and in the future when you can't have the love you desire, you'll probably ruin Mort yourself too. Kate, you're wicked beyond words!"

Chapter 1158: This Is My Final Act of Mercy Toward You

Dianna Hollis spoke each word like a pearl, striking the scene powerfully, and Kate Lee felt a chill on her back. She realized she was cornered with no way to retreat, directly pressed against the cold wall.

Charles Bishop had already awakened from his shock. He looked at Kate Lee with utmost disappointment, "Kate, I never expected you to be this sort of person; I treated you sincerely, saw you as a sister, just as if I blinded myself!"

"Charles, listen to my explanation." Kate tried to defend herself.

But Charles didn't want to give Kate a chance, "Now the evidence is solid; you neither cry remorsefully nor do anything to make up for your mistakes. Instead, you're focused on defending yourself. Kate, there's nothing more to say; I will truthfully report the situation to the higher-ups. From now on, you are removed from the team, awaiting disciplinary action!"

Kate's face turned pale, her eyes shifted from Charles's face to Mort Thorne's face, as if grasping the last straw of salvation. She pleaded, "Mort, save me, please don't report to the higher-ups; otherwise, my life will be ruined."

Mort looked at Kate coldly, "Knowing this would happen today, why did you do it then?"

"Mort, I admit I deceived you; it's all my fault, but I truly like you. I've liked you for so many years..." Kate stretched out her hand to grab Mort's sleeve.

In the next second, Mort pushed her away coldly, "Your liking me has nothing to do with me. I didn't act and am letting you wait for the disciplinary action from the higher-ups; this is already my greatest mercy towards you!"

Kate, pushed away, fell directly to the ground, utterly embarrassed. Only then did she see Mort's indifferent cruelty; she realized he was this kind of person, only he gave all his gentleness to Dianna Hollis, and she was not Dianna Hollis.

It's over.

This time it really is over for her.

She initially wanted to use this lie to marry Mort Thorne, but who would have thought Dianna Hollis would turn the tables on her, letting her perish in this lie. All that awaited her was disgrace and severe punishment.

She was reaping the consequences of her actions.

Kate Lee cried out in despair.

...

Kate's mistakes would not be forgiven. Charles reported the situation to the higher-ups as soon as possible, and Kate was sent away. Finally, this storm settled down.

When Dianna Hollis came out, she saw Charles Bishop ahead, who had been waiting for her for a long time.

Dianna walked forward openly, smiling, "Deputy Charles, blocking my path again, are you?"

Charles snorted coldly, "Dianna, you fought an exceedingly well-done battle just now, I must congratulate you here. Miss Hollis is truly impressive!"

Dianna placed her small hands behind her back, tilting her head slightly, "But, why do I feel Deputy Charles isn't congratulating me but rather scolding me?"

"Dianna, you finally have some self-awareness. Although Kate Lee is unbearable, you aren't much better either. I ask you, did you deliberately say those words to provoke me? You knew Kate was lying, yet you told the lie to me. You used me, watching indifferently as I committed a series of foolish acts. Dianna, you simply played me like a monkey!" Charles said angrily.

Only then did Charles realize Dianna's intentions. She had cast him as the lead actor in this grand drama; without him, the play wouldn't have gone on.

Dianna truly had good tactics, fully exploiting his value and maximizing it!

"Deputy Charles, I really don't understand what you are angry about now. I ask you, if I hadn't used this method but told you frankly, would you have believed me that Kate Lee was unscrupulous?" Dianna retorted.

"This..."

"Deputy Charles, you had a preconceived bias against me; I only used a special way to help you regain your intelligence."

"..." Charles understood Dianna was ridiculing him, saying he was brainless, being used by Kate.

"Deputy Charles, actually if you didn't come to me, I would've come to you."

Charles sneered, "Oh, I wonder what Miss Hollis wants from me?"

Dianna's bright eyes fell on Charles's face, "What do you think? I came here to...scold you!"

Scold him?

Charles was taken aback, suspecting he was hearing things; he thought Dianna would say something soft, but she adamantly came to scold him.

"Deputy Charles, I truly have to scold you well, scolding you for being disloyal and unrighteous with a pig-headed mind!"

"You are Mort's subordinate; what is a subordinate supposed to be? Obedient, compliant, following—that is fitting for a subordinate, yet you didn't obey or comply, instead meddling in your superior's marriage matters. Not knowing how to maintain distance, with decorum, is being disloyal!"

"You've followed Mort for many years, through life and death, yet you easily believe a woman's lies and attack your own brother. If today I hadn't exposed Kate's lies, would there have been a rift between you brothers, causing bloodshed for everyone? This is unrighteousness."

"I love Mort Thorne; for him, I can destroy my weakness myself; for him, I can renounce everything, traveling far to find him. For him, just now you spoke in a high-handed tone expecting me to say something soft, thinking I'd beg you, but deep down you know, I love Mort, so I tolerate much from you, unwilling to openly break with you. My love encouraged your courage, yet you bit back, claiming I'm not suitable for Mort. I see you're really biting the hand that feeds you, pig-headed!"

"I've long wanted to scold someone like you who is disloyal and unrighteous, consumed by pig-headedness. If I don't scold you awake now, sooner or later, you'll harm others and yourself too. Charles, rather than jumping around like a grasshopper in front of me, go back and reflect deeply on yourself!"

Dianna's words fell but continuously echoed in Charles's ears, his whole body stiffening, pupils shrinking fiercely; no one had ever scolded him so harshly, as sharp as a blade. Dianna was the first.

Was Dianna wrong?

No.

Her words were reasonable, each jewel-like.

Charles's face turned red; these words were like a divine revelation, making him instantly understand, realizing he was on the wrong path, almost causing a huge disaster.

He was now awake.

Charles looked at the girl before him; she had exceptionally bright eyes, penetrating the heart. He finally understood why she captivated Mort Thorne so.

Charles raised his hands, putting them together, bowing respectfully, giving Dianna a grand gesture. He said shamefully yet convincingly, "I've learned my lesson. All past matters were due to my prejudices; I'm very sorry, forgive me."

Dianna looked at Charles with satisfaction; a true man can bend and stretch, knows to return from a lost path, and corrects mistakes promptly. Such a person is fit to remain by Mort Thorne's side.

#### Chapter 1159: Reaching Out Her Little Hands to Hold Him Tight

On the other side, Mort, Leah, and Serena stood under the shade of a tree, taking in everything that happened between Dianna and Charles.

Leah couldn't help but give a thumbs-up, expressing her admiration, "Wow, my sister-in-law is really amazing!"

Serena looked at Mort beside her. Although Mort didn't speak, the tightly clenched fists and unwavering gaze on Dianna had already said it all—Dianna was once again awe-inspiring to him.

"Brother Mort, even though Dianna is young, she's incredibly smart. She can accompany you in solving cases and fighting battles, and even charm your lieutenants with her sweetness or her stern, efficient manner. Three years ago I already said, the one destined for you has come to your side. She complements you, understands you, knows you, and loves you." Serena smiled.

At first, Mort was concerned, suspecting that Charles would secretly approach Dianna, so he followed along.

But Dianna didn't need his intervention at all; she had completely taken control of Charles.

Mort admitted that he was shocked. As Serena said, she complements him—she is his soulmate.

Mort took long strides and walked over to Dianna's side.

Charles had already left to reflect on himself, and Mort looked tenderly at Dianna, "Dianna~"

Dianna turned her head, her bright eyes landing on his handsome face, and without saying anything, she playfully huffed and walked away.

Ignoring him.

Mort quickly chased after her, "Dianna, are you mad at me?"

"I wouldn't dare," Dianna replied with two words.

"Dianna, I know you're upset with me for not recognizing you, mistakenly thinking you were Kate Lee. I never dared imagine that the dream that night was real. Please forgive me this time."

Dianna halted her steps, frowning at Mort with a deeply accusatory tone, "And you just believed her when Kate claimed it? Who strangled my neck that night?"

Saying this, Dianna punched him forcefully, "Who was it that cared for you, kissed your wounds that night?"

She punched him again, "Who scolded me and called me a crying ghost that night?"

Punch after punch landed as Dianna voiced all the grievances and dissatisfaction in her heart, "I did all this for you, and how did you treat me? You said I was annoying and even drove me away. I've grown wise now. Next time, if you dare wrong me like this, I'll go to your superiors and ask if this is your way—just toying with a good girl's heart?"

Mort still felt as if he were dreaming. It was her that night, truly her!

In the dream, she tenderly and lovingly kissed his wounds over and over. In the dream, he called her a crying ghost, and she angrily bit him, causing Kate to mock his physique. It was her—all her!

There was never anyone else, only her!

Mort reached out, grabbed Dianna's small fists, and pulled her into his embrace, his kiss falling on her soft hair, "I'm sorry, Dianna. This is the last time; from now on, no matter what happens, I will recognize you at first glance. I will never mistake you again."

Dianna whimpered and struggled a bit, wanting to break free, but he held her tightly, causing her bones to ache.

"Alright then, seeing that you have a good attitude about admitting your fault, I'll forgive you this time, but it won't happen again." Dianna softened her body and wrapped her small hands around his strong waist.

...

The two reconciled, but Mort's addiction soon acted up again.

Mort sat on the ground, his broad back leaning against the door, gasping heavily and feeling awful.

This time, the cravings were fiercer and more severe than ever.

At this moment, Leah came over, holding Mort's shoulder, "Brother, hang in there."

"Brother Mort, Leah, I've thought of a way to treat the addiction," Serena said.

"Really?" Leah's eyes lit up.

"Yes, but I need a specific type of fungus, which grows in a remote area and is extremely rare. I've already sent people looking for it, hoping they find it soon. Until then, Brother Mort, you need to persist," Serena said.

"That's great, brother, you're saved!" Leah said happily.

Mort's strong chest heaved, the pronounced adam's apple rolling up and down. Is he saved?

"Mort!" Came Dianna's voice from outside the door—Dianna had arrived.

Mort quickly stood up, soon feeling a heat in his nose, and two streams of warm blood began to flow.

He was nose bleeding.

Two thick streams of blood flowed from Mort's nose, striking to behold.

Mort reached out, intending to wipe away the blood; he didn't want Dianna to see this. Seeing him like this would make her deeply saddened.

He didn't want her to feel that way.

But the blood wouldn't stop; wiping only produced more blood.

Just then, Serena handed over a handkerchief, "Brother Mort, use this to cover it."

Mort quickly covered his nose with the handkerchief.

"Mort~" Dianna entered, noticing Mort covering his nose with puzzlement, "Mort, what's wrong with your nose?"

Mort concealed his emotions skillfully, shaking his head, "It's nothing, just a bit of a cold."

Really?

Dianna had already sensed the odd atmosphere in the room, but she curved her lips into a smile, "Mort, I just wanted to ask what you want for dinner?"

"Millet porridge, I suppose," Mort replied.

"Alright, I'll go to the kitchen and prepare millet porridge for you. You're in for a treat tonight. I'll be off now," Dianna said sweetly as she left.

Having rushed out of the room, Dianna's steps slowly halted, and her smile faded; she had already noticed Mort's nosebleed on his shirt collar—she had seen everything.

She chose not to reveal it, wanting to honor his love.

Right now, she didn't want to add any psychological burden to him.

Even though she longed to be with him, she would step back if he didn't want it.

Dianna didn't leave; she stood outside the room, time ticking away as she realized he was enduring agony within.

She couldn't do anything, not even stay with him.

At this moment, a string of footsteps approached, and a medical woman arrived.

The medical woman looked toward Dianna by the door, "Are you someone from this room?"

Dianna hesitated for a moment, then nodded, "Is something wrong?"

"Yes." The medical woman handed over a booklet about the fungus, "Someone from the room sent people to find this particular herb, the fungus. Unfortunately, we don't have it here. The fungus is very scarce, only found deep in the mountains, and historical texts state that obtaining it requires a life for a life."

Chapter 1160: We Will All Be Okay

Cordyceps?

Could cordyceps cure Mort Thorne's poison addiction?

Dianna glanced at the book she held, was Serena planning to use this cordyceps to detoxify Mort?

"If I go to Mount Argent now, can I find it?" Dianna's eyes, like snow and ice, sparkled with hopeful light, as she pondered.

"This cordyceps is elusive. Even if you venture into the mountain now, you might not find it."

"But what if I do? Even if there's a glimmer of hope, I won't give up."

"But this season, the mountains are overgrown with thorns. It's already dark now, better wait until tomorrow to search," suggested the healer.

"I'll go now." Dianna turned to leave.

But the healer stopped Dianna, her expression grave, cautioning, "None of us have seen this cordyceps. According to the medical canonical, it's extremely toxic. If you want to pick it, you must pay with a life. So, please consider carefully about this journey to Mount Argent."

Dianna hesitated not a moment, firmly stating, "I understand your concern, but this journey to Mount Argent, I must undertake. I will certainly bring back the cordyceps!"

...

Dianna set off immediately. Guided by the map, she ventured into the dense depths of Mount Argent. It was now very dark, and she held a flashlight to aid her search for the cordyceps.

Soon, her delicate skin was slashed by the thorns along the way, leaving bloody marks, causing her pain.

The thorns reached her abdomen, growing half-human high, making them unavoidable.

The physical pain was almost negligible; Dianna kept her head down, intent on finding the cordyceps.

She was determined to bring back the cordyceps and save him.

Time passed slowly, the darkness deepened, and Dianna had ventured far, increasingly distant from the exit.

Yet she felt no fear, only urgency, for she had yet to find the cordyceps.

This cordyceps was scarce; where did it grow?

Dianna lifted her head. She suddenly spotted something green in the crevice of a rock — cordyceps!

Cordyceps appeared!

She had thought it'd grow in the soil, but no, it grew in the rock's crevice.

Dianna quickly ran to the large rock; the cordyceps was high, requiring her to climb to reach it.

Her hands hugged the rock; Dianna climbed slowly and agilely, with past experience in rock climbing, quickly reaching the middle.

But the rock's middle twisted in a bizarre shape, and Dianna slipped, falling down.

Her slender body crashed onto the ground, sudden pain blanketed her eyes in darkness; she nearly fainted from agony.

With a pause, she quickly stood, starting to climb again.

This time, she climbed slow but steady; sweat soaking through her clothes, finally reaching the top. She reached out to grasp the cordyceps.

But she quickly sensed danger, instinctive caution towards peril; she noticed a strange black mist surrounding the cordyceps.

Dianna recalled the healer's words: cordyceps is extremely poisonous; to pick it, a life risk is required.

Dianna sensed the chill of death.

But she remembered Mort; she was willing to do anything to save him.

Dianna reached out, touching the black mist.

The next moment, she felt something sharp cutting her finger, creating a small wound from which blood dripped onto the cordyceps.

Sss.

Dianna gasped painfully, retracting her bleeding finger swiftly.

Then she saw the cordyceps transform, the black mist fading. The cordyceps, revived by the fresh blood, stretched vibrantly green, coming alive almost.

Dianna had no time to ponder, directly reaching out, plucking the cordyceps.

She had obtained the cordyceps!

Wonderful, Mort could now be saved.

She would return with the cordyceps immediately!

...

Dianna returned by dawn, reaching her room's door, a black veil over her eyes, fainting directly.

Time passed unknowingly, her long lashes fluttered twice, Dianna slowly opened her eyes.

Her clear and pure black and white eyes glanced at the arched ceiling above, taking a few seconds to realize she was back in her room, lying on the soft large bed.

"Dianna, you're awake?" A familiar melodious voice sounded beside her ear.

Dianna tilted her gaze, finding Serena.

"Serena, how long did I sleep?"

"It's afternoon now."

What?

She had slept from dawn till afternoon?

Mort!

Where was her cordyceps?

Dianna reached for her waist, her bag was missing, her clothes had been changed.

Where's the bag?

Where was her bag?

Dianna sprang upright from bed, "Serena, my bag, did you see my bag?"

"Dianna, the bag's here." Serena handed the bag to Dianna.

Dianna opened the cloth bag to find her cordyceps inside. A blessing indeed, she hadn't lost it.

"Serena, I've picked the cordyceps; hurry, take it to save Mort!"

"Dianna, you returned with injuries just to pick this cordyceps?" Serena asked softly.

Dianna had fainted at the room door, discovered by Serena, her body marked by numerous small injuries from thorns; Serena had applied medicine but had seen the rare cordyceps from the medical manual.

Dianna nodded, lifting the covers with her hand, "Yes, Serena, this cordyceps can save Mort; let's go to him now."

"Dianna." Serena held Dianna's soft, cold hand.

Dianna halted her steps, glanced at Serena, seeing Serena frowning with worried, serious eyes upon her.

Dianna's heart skipped, her unexplained fainting spoke of issues.

"Serena, am I..."

"Dianna, the cordyceps is poisonous. I can save Mort, but we must depart immediately; the cordyceps' toxin has rapidly begun deteriorating your bones and blood."

Dianna paused, but soon curled her lips, "Serena, I sensed it wasn't right when picking the cordyceps. But it's fine, we'll save Mort first, then leave; I don't want to die, and I won't."

Serena stepped forward, gently embracing Dianna's fragile form, "Dianna, I'm here; together, we'll be safe and well."

...

Yesterday, when Dianna left, Mort's poison addiction surfaced. Today, when Dianna arrived, Mort's poison addiction struck again.

Mort's condition worsened, his handsome face paled then turned dark blue, cold sweat beading down his forehead, his features hard, making them painful even to sight.