

Substitute B 1171

Chapter 1171: Husband~

Mort Thorne stiffened for a moment, then pressed his firm chin against her head and nuzzled it, pulling her tightly into his arms. His deep, magnetic voice carried a hint of helplessness and indulgence, "Still not weaned and already crying?"

"I'm just a little girl... Mmm."

The man lowered his head and directly blocked her small mouth.

How long had it been since they last kissed?

Dianna's mind turned to mush; his kiss was dominating and strong, leaving her dizzy.

Her legs went soft, and her body slid to the ground.

Mort Thorne grabbed her slender waist and pinned her against the wall. His tall, robust frame pressed against her, holding her tight as he kissed her unabashedly in the corner.

The sounds of wet kisses echoed in her ears, making her blush with embarrassment.

After kissing for a while, Dianna found it hard to breathe, and Mort Thorne released her, allowing her two breaths of fresh air.

Her lips were already swollen. Mort Thorne furrowed his handsome brows slightly and asked in a hoarse voice, "Didn't you think about coming of age?"

Coming of age?

Dianna's delicate face turned a deep shade of red, her icy eyes dark as they gazed at the man, without answering.

Mort Thorne kissed the tip of her lovely little nose, "I thought about it... Dianna, I missed you too..."

When he spoke to her in that uniquely raspy voice, murmuring words of love, Dianna felt completely healed, utterly healed.

Dianna reached out and hugged him tightly.

The next second, a feeling of weightlessness came over her as Mort Thorne lifted her in his arms.

Mort Thorne carried her upstairs with steady steps.

...

In the master bedroom.

Dianna was tossed into the soft bed. She didn't get up but turned over, hugging his pillow.

The bed sunk slightly as Mort Thorne knelt on one knee, his long fingers pulling back the collar of her knitted top to reveal a strappy cream slip dress beneath.

He lowered his eyes to look at her, a wicked curve forming on his alluring lips, "You've showered?"

When he asked, there was always an ambiguous meaning, and Dianna buried her head under the covers, "I just took a shower, not what you think."

"What do you think I'm thinking?"

"..."

Mort Thorne reached to pull the covers from her face, his voice even raspier, "Isn't it hard to breathe?"

Dianna's eyes, shimmering with light, gazed at him with a face full of springtime.

Mort Thorne was completely hooked by her, standing upright with his thumbs and forefingers resting apart on the belt at his waist. With a quick movement, he unfastened it, "Wait for me, I'll take a quick shower first."

"What are you doing?" Dianna protected herself.

Mort Thorne glanced up and down at her, his gaze seemingly stripping her naked, "I'm just taking a shower, nothing else."

"..."

He turned and entered the bathroom.

Dianna watched his tall, handsome figure disappear into the bathroom, her small face blushing red enough to drip blood.

...

Five minutes later, with a "click", the bathroom door opened, bringing with it a chill, but Mort Thorne did not emerge.

"Dianna." The man called from inside.

"Mm?"

"Come here."

"For what?"

"Shave me."

"Can't you shave yourself?"

Though Dianna said that, she still got off the bed and walked towards the bathroom.

A tall, robust figure stood by the sink. Mort Thorne had changed clothes, wearing a black silk pajama, with a towel in hand, casually rubbing his damp hair. The steam-covered man looked even younger and more handsome than usual.

He tossed the towel accurately into a bamboo basket beside him, then handed a razor to her soft little hand, "Shave me."

Dianna hesitated slightly, "I've never shaved a man before, I don't know how."

"You also hadn't slept with a man before."

"..."

Dianna puffed her pretty cheeks angrily and glared at him, then walked over.

Mort Thorne pulled her closer, trapping her between his chest and the sink. Dianna inhaled the refreshing male scent from him, feeling sweetness in her heart.

"First apply foam on my beard," he instructed her.

"Okay." Dianna nodded, placing a bit of foam directly on the man's prominent nose.

Mort Thorne's handsome features darkened, and his large hand came down hard on her pert little behind, "Little brat, acting up?"

Dianna giggled in his arms, "I didn't mean to."

Mort Thorne pulled down her pale yellow knitted top, tossing it onto the carpet. It revealed her cream-colored strappy dress underneath. The girl's petite frame was soft, and in his strong arms, she seemed like a fragile flower. He bent down, rubbing his face against hers, "Do you think I'm a three-year-old?"

Dianna felt her cheeks tingling under his touch and quickly pleaded for mercy, "Mort Thorne, I was wrong, I won't dare anymore."

Only then did Mort Thorne release her.

As soon as she was freed, Dianna quickly dabbed foam from her finger onto the man's forehead. She slipped away from under his arm and ran.

"Damn it, flipping the heavens, see how I handle you!" He cursed lowly, striding out after her.

Dianna ran to the bedside just as the man caught up, his strong arms encircling her slender waist. The two of them tumbled onto the soft bed together.

Mort Thorne pinned her down, and the girl's laughter was like the tinkling of bells, her lively, young girl manner made him tingle all over. Damn, living all these years, he finally knew what they meant by 'a tender embrace is a hero's grave.'

She almost took his soul away.

He bent down, blocking her small mouth with his.

Dianna's muffled sounds under his kisses, her small arms and legs kicking at him, acting coquettishly and squeamishly, "Mort Thorne, you're hurting me."

"Mort Thorne, Mort Thorne, just try calling my full name again?"

"Then what should I call you?"

"Think for yourself. Don't you call other people 'senior' with so much enthusiasm?"

"..."

That little jar of jealousy, bringing up old matters again. "Senior" denotes seriousness, taking no blame.

This man is too petty.

Dianna's gaze rested steadily on him, "How about calling you...husband?"

Mort Thorne froze entirely.

Husband~

The word buzzed in his eardrums and exploded, as the girl teasingly called him "husband," her voice sweet and soft, as if draining all the strength from him.

"What, you don't like that term?"

"Say it again."

"I'm not saying it again."

"Dianna, you've teased me several times today, see how I deal with you!" the man said, biting his cheek with a fierce expression.

He bent down and started kissing her.

"Wait a minute, Mort Thorne."

"What now?" Mort Thorne knit his sword-like brows, his face full of unsatisfied desire and impatience.

Dianna reached out, "This is for you."

Chapter 1172: Want a Hug?

"What?"

Mort Thorne lowered his handsome eyelids and took a look—there was a condom in her hand.

His dark eyes deepened, and he pinched her collagen-filled small face with his large hand, "Don't want to get pregnant?"

With a "snap," Dianna Hollis slapped his big hand away, "I'm only 21. I'm still a kid myself. How could I get pregnant?"

Mort Thorne showed no expression, his lips slowly curled up, "So when do you plan on getting pregnant?"

She might not have the chance to get pregnant anymore.

"I..." Dianna lifted her little head to look at the man on her, "Mort, do you want children?"

The last time he saw her taking medication in Miaojiang, his expression wasn't right.

Mort Thorne looked at her, his gaze was deep, "If I say I want children, will you give birth for me?"

Dianna's heart skipped a beat, what was he saying?

Did he want her to have his child?

But, it's no use, she knows her own body.

Dianna huffed and pretended to be playfully difficult, "I won't have a baby for you unless... you marry me first!"

That's how it should be; she's not his wife yet, and even if pregnant, it wouldn't be appropriate.

Actually, Mort Thorne also thought so in his heart, marriage first then pregnancy, but now he is on a mission and can't give her any promise.

At this moment, a melodious ringtone sounded, Serena Sterling was calling.

Serena was calling—maybe urging her to return to the hospital.

Dianna quickly snapped to her senses, she'd been out of the hospital for a long time, and Serena would not accept it; she needed to return to the hospital.

She lifted her little head to look at the man on her, her voice soft, "Mort, I have to go back now."

Mort Thorne pressed down on her, refusing to let her move, his deep dark eyes narrowed, carrying a sharp, heated glow, "Dianna, are you playing with me, huh? if you want to leave, give me the condom back, what — so I can blow bubbles myself?"

"I really have to go now. It's very late!"

"No leaving." Mort Thorne uttered four words, strong and overbearing, then lowered his head and kissed her.

Dianna's little hand still clutched the ringing phone. She pushed Mort Thorne away forcefully and crawled to the side of the bed.

She truly needed to go.

There was another treatment tonight and a lot of medication to take.

With her pale fingers, she pressed the answer button, Dianna answered the call, "Hello, Serena..."

"Dianna, when are you coming back? I'll send a car to pick you up, okay?" Serena Sterling's gentle voice transmitted over.

"Serena, I..."

Dianna's voice stopped abruptly because her delicate ankle was suddenly grabbed by the man's rough palm, effortlessly pulling her back, pressing her under him, and the phone in her hand was taken away. "Dianna, what happened? Hello, Dianna..." Serena's voice continued to transmit.

Mort Thorne braced himself on one hand beside her, not putting his full weight on her, with the other hand holding the phone, he lowered his head and kissed the girl's fragrant soft hair, speaking softly to the other end of the line, "Dianna is with me, she won't be coming back tonight."

After saying that, he directly hung up the phone and tossed it onto the bed.

...

Mort Thorne carried Dianna out from the bathroom. Dianna lay powerless in the soft blankets, her long, raven hair scattered down, accentuating her rosy red lips and white teeth.

Mort Thorne's black silk pajamas were loosely tied, clearly just put on, his sleepwear half-soaked from giving the girl a bath, the thin fabric clinging to his muscular body piece by piece.

He bent his tall body down to rub the girl's hair with a large hand, full of affection, loving her current tender and charming appearance, the woman blooming for him, seductive yet intertwined with a youthful purity so mesmerizing that it makes it hard to look away.

He was delighted in his heart, his handsome brows and eyes overflowing with pleasure, akin to a young boy experiencing his first indulgence, unable to get enough of his own woman.

"Does it hurt?" he asked hoarsely.

Dianna didn't have any strength left, feeling as though she was walking on clouds, plus her body was sore and aching, she was too lazy to move.

Her butterfly-like long eyelashes fluttered, she gazed at the man with watery eyes, "Yes, it hurts."

"It'll get better after a few more times." He spoke nonsensically with a straight face.

"..." Dianna raised her small pink fist to hit him.

Mort Thorne captured her tiny pink fist and placed it at his chest, watching her with a pampering smile.

The room was filled with pink bubbles, like sugar sprinkled around, sweet to the heart.

At this moment, a knock on the door resounded, and a servant's voice came from outside, "Sir, Miss Hollis, dinner is ready."

Mort Thorne finally let the girl go, "I will take a quick shower, wait for me and we will eat together."

"Mm."

Mort Thorne walked into the bathroom.

...

Just as the bathroom door closed, the room door opened, two maids brought in a sumptuous dinner.

Dianna glanced up, one of the maids was the big-chested girl.

The big-chested girl came in and immediately lifted her head, cautiously peeking around without seeing Mort Thorne, lowering her head again.

The other maid didn't dare lift her head, respectfully doing her job, but the big-chested girl had an unrestrained look on her face, a hint of coldness emanating from Dianna's icy gaze, she sneered.

This big-chested girl was annoying, Dianna contemplated—if she wanted this girl out, it would just take a word.

But she also felt there was no point; after she died, Mort Thorne would still have women, many women.

Dianna stared blankly at the crystal chandelier overhead.

At that moment, a "click" sounded, the bathroom door opened, Mort Thorne walked out wearing a white bathrobe, enveloped in steam.

"Sir, dinner is ready," the big-chested girl's eyes lit up upon seeing Mort Thorne, her voice coquettish and ingratiating.

Mort Thorne didn't pay any attention to the big-chested girl, nor did he glance in her direction, his focus was solely on the fragile figure on the bed, striding over while humming lightly, "You all can leave now."

"Yes." The two maids stepped back and left.

Mort Thorne came to the bedside, extended a big hand to lift the blankets, "Come here, let's eat dinner."

"Okay," Dianna sat up, her jade-like little feet stepping onto the soft carpet, "Put on my shoes for me."

She was asking him to put on her shoes.

This brat!

Mort Thorne knelt down on one knee and placed the pink slippers onto her small feet, "What else to wear, do you want pants on?"

His rough fingertip slid up her slender, fair leg.

Dianna quickly pressed down on his big hand, eyebrows arched in a charming plea, "No, spare me."

Mort Thorne then straightened up, lifting his strong arms toward the girl, "Want a hug?"

The dining table was just a couple of steps away.

Dianna looked up at him, "Don't want a hug, want a piggyback."

Chapter 1173: Sweet Moments

Mort Thorne turned around, squatted down, and offered his strong back to her, patting it, "Climb up."

Dianna Hollis quickly climbed onto his back, her little hands wrapping around his neck.

Mort supported her perky little bottom and carried her to the dining table.

Dianna buried her small face in his neck; his shoulders were solid, his back formidable, his steps steady, and being carried by him, she never feared falling.

His shoulders could shelter any woman from the wind and rain, full of strength and security.

Dianna lost her father, and deep inside she longed for the love of a towering tree; now Mort gave her everything, making up for her regrets.

Mort placed her on a dining chair, handed her a small bowl of rice, and stuffed chopsticks into her small hands, "You have to eat all this rice, no leftovers allowed."

This much?

Dianna furrowed her delicate brows; these days her treatment had ruined her appetite, whatever she ate she quickly threw up.

She didn't want to eat so much rice.

Not hungry at all.

She raised her little head to look at the man, blinking pitifully, "Mort..."

"No negotiations." The man responded with four words.

In the days they hadn't seen, she had lost a lot of weight, he couldn't feel any weight holding her in his arms, he wanted to fatten her up a bit.

He always felt she would blow away with the wind.

Dianna picked up the chopsticks, selected a few grains of rice, and put them in her mouth.

At this moment, a deep, magnetic voice sounded above her head, "If you keep eating like this, I'll feed you."

Dianna threw the chopsticks down, "Then you feed me."

Mort's breath deepened, he directly pulled her to sit on his sturdy thigh, ate a mouthful of rice, and then fed it to Dianna's mouth.

Dianna suddenly widened her eyes, how...how could he feed her like this?

Mort fed the rice into her mouth, then retreated, his gaze burning into her, "Do you still want me to feed you?"

Dianna chewed the rice in her mouth, suddenly finding the taste had changed, it became fragrant.

"No more." She picked up the chopsticks and small bowl to eat herself, also trying to move off his sturdy thigh.

"Don't move!" The man clasped her petite waist from moving.

Dianna's little face turned red, making people want to bite, sitting on his thigh eating, how shy for someone to see!

"Drink some soup." The man supervised her.

Dianna looked at tonight's stew, papaya pork rib soup, shook her head, "Don't want to drink."

The man's aura entwined around her, a rich masculine scent mixed with bathing fragrance, Mort whispered in her ear, "Be good, drink a little, papaya is good for breast enhancement."

Breast enhancement.

Dianna quickly turned her head to Mort Thorne, arrogantly raised an eyebrow at him, "Do you like big breasts?"

Big breasts?

Mort glanced at her chest.

Dianna quickly put down the chopsticks and bowl, used her slender arms to protect her chest, "Eyes, where are you looking, pervert, hooligan!"

"Did I see something?"

"..."

What is he saying?

Even though she was small, she was not completely flat.

Dianna thought of the big-chested maid, raised two little pink fists, and hit him forcefully twice, "Superficial! Do you like fair-skinned beauty with long legs and big breasts?"

Mort extended his large hand to catch her pink fists, "I didn't say anything, it was all you."

Dianna was still angry, wanting to hit him more.

Mort, "You got angry over what you said, now you're coming to hit me, Dianna, just got you settled, and now you're itchy again, try hitting me again?"

Dianna pushed him away forcefully, picked up the chopsticks again to eat, finished, and drank two bowls of papaya pork rib soup!

...

Mort went to the study; he just went out, he had some work to deal with.

Dianna lay in the bathroom over the toilet, vomiting all the food she ate tonight, after vomiting, her little face turned pale, bloodless.

Back in the bedroom's big bed, weakly, she crawled into the blanket to sleep.

An hour later, when Mort returned to the room, Dianna was already asleep.

He lifted the blanket and got into bed, supporting himself with strong arms, he kissed her, this little heartless thing, falling asleep like this.

The little thing woke up, Dianna opened her eyes.

Her icy eyes were a bit dazed, with softness due to illness, like a newborn baby, feeling the man's fiery gaze, she quickly spoke, "Mort, I'm so sleepy, want to sleep."

Mort looked at her, only seeing Dianna's little face all white, under those pretty eyelids lay a layer of dark circles.

His gaze shifted, at first thinking she was being coy, hanging him up without committing, now he realized she was truly exhausted.

Mort's heart softened, he placed his supple lips on her tender widow's peak, kissing it, "Sleep, I'm here."

He murmured his low, hoarse words, then got up to take a cold shower in the bathroom.

Dianna buried herself in the soft pillow, turned to face away from him, sleeping.

Mort emerged to find her back turned to him, reentering bed, powerful arms wrapped around her petite waist from behind, embracing her.

The little body in his arms soft and sweet, Mort furrowed his handsome brows kissing her hair, before cursing low, damn, that cold shower was for nothing.

Dianna hadn't slept, hugged by the man, his scorching body heat pressing against her delicate skin, an oppressive sensation of closeness, she was a bit resistant.

Thinking of him holding other women this way in the future, Dianna's heart ached like being carved by a knife.

...

The next morning.

Long eyelashes trembled slightly, Dianna opened her eyes, now in a warm, spacious embrace.

Not sure if she turned over herself or he did, now her entire delicate body curled within his sturdy chest, Dianna raised her little face, looking at the man's handsome face so close.

His features sharply masculine and cool, those deep brown eyes, concealing keen coldness, a high nose bridge, sexy thin lips, full of masculine allure.

She slowly extended a soft white fingertip to touch the man's lips...

But next moment, a rough big hand reached over, grasping her soft, boneless little hand, "Want to kiss me, huh?"

Mort opened his eyes, his dark gaze showed initial drowsiness, mostly soft, doting affection.

Caught, Dianna promptly denied, "You're egocentric; I wasn't thinking to kiss you!"

"Really? Well, now I want to kiss you." Mort rolled over.

"Mort!" Dianna evaded in his arms, his stubble scratched her delicate skin, the two playing around.

Amidst the frolic, Mort stopped, looming above her, eyes dark and heated, staring at her.

Chapter 1174: You Should Go!

"Does it still hurt?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Dianna thought for a moment and nodded, "It hurts."

Mort straightened up and knelt beside her, "Let me see if the ointment from last night didn't work?"

The anti-swelling and pain-relieving ointment was applied to her after bathing last night.

Dianna quickly curled up her legs, her cheeks flushed with two rosy hues, "Don't look, I'm fine."

"Dianna," he called her softly, "be good, let me see if you're hurt."

Dianna felt her whole body weaken at his call. He was always dominant and overbearing, and she didn't know how to refuse him.

Just then, a sudden gush of warmth surged below, and Dianna looked at the man, "Mort, I'm sorry, my period started."

"Lying to me?" Mort was skeptical. His slender fingers lifted her skirt for a look and was finally convinced.

He quickly moved away from her, his large palm wrapped around her waist, massaging gently, "Do you need me to do anything?"

"Can you get me some sanitary napkins..."

...

Dianna changed her clothes and put on a sanitary napkin. Her whole body felt limp, and she didn't want to move, so she lay on the rattan chair basking in the sun.

Mort also didn't go out today, and the wide rattan chair was spacious enough for two. Though his long legs were sticking out, his robust body lay flat, allowing Dianna to comfortably nestle in his arms.

Dianna was asleep, while Mort was holding a document, reading it.

Just then, there was a "knock knock" at the door, and an alluring voice came from outside, "Sir Thorne, I brought some fruit."

Mort's gaze didn't leave the document as he parted his thin lips, "Come in."

The busty girl walked in and brought a fruit platter.

Now the dazzling morning light was pouring through the large floor-to-ceiling windows, coating the rattan chair in a golden hue. Mort wore a clean black shirt and long black trousers, the high-quality fabric ironed without a single crease. His legs were so long that he turned the long pants into cropped ones, revealing his lean ankles. The man bathed in the light exuded an indescribable masculine charm.

The busty girl sneaked a few glances at the man and saw Dianna lying against his chest. The girl was asleep, her butterfly-wing-like eyelashes casting a charming silhouette under her lovely eyelids, looking like a lazy little kitten.

And the man protected this little kitten as if he were her owner.

The busty girl placed the fruit platter on the chair and then knelt beside Mort. She picked a grape, peeled it, and personally fed it to Mort's lips.

"Sir Thorne, have some grapes."

Mort, still reading the document, suddenly found a grape presented to him. His deep eyes fell on the busty girl's face.

The busty girl was wearing a low-cut maid outfit today, and from Mort's angle, he could easily see the cleavage she displayed.

Mort squinted his deep eyes, and his gaze instantly turned gloomy and stern.

Just then, the little kitten in his arms moved, and Dianna opened her eyes.

"Leave," he uttered with two cold words from his thin lips.

The busty girl sensed the man's displeasure and swiftly left the room, filled with fear and trepidation.

Throwing the document onto the chair beside, Mort reached out to stroke the girl's silky hair, "Awake?"

"Mm." Dianna hummed softly, in fact, she had been awake for a while, since the busty girl knocked on the door.

"Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere? I'll get you some water."

Dianna pushed him away, got up from the rattan chair.

"Dianna," Mort reached out his large palm to grasp her delicate wrist, "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," Dianna tried to withdraw her wrist, "I want to go back."

"Dianna," Mort pulled her smoothly into his embrace with a slight force, "I feel like you're acting strange, moody, quicker to turn than flipping a book. Are you hiding something from me? Speak up."

"No, let go of me..." Dianna pushed him away, refusing his embrace.

Mort refused to let go, his strong palm encircled her slender waist, trapping her in his arms. He gazed down at her handsome features as she fidgeted in his embrace.

He sensed her unusual behavior yesterday. He thought he might have done something wrong but upon careful reflection, couldn't figure out what.

He felt a bit uneasy, always thinking she was hiding something in her heart.

"Dianna, what's actually wrong with you? Just speak out, you weren't like this before!" he rebuked in a deep voice.

Dianna lifted her head to look at him, her eyes slightly reddened, "Mort, I'm just being difficult, now you see me clearly. Go find another woman."

What?

Mort's expression changed on the spot, his entire facial features darkened abruptly, but he controlled his temper, speaking in a low voice, "Don't ever say this again!"

"Mort, I'm not joking. Don't you like busty women? There are plenty outside, go find them!" Dianna forcefully shook off his large palm.

Mort's large palm, hanging at his side, quickly clenched into a fist, his eyes gaining a hint of red as he stared at her fiercely, then kicked over the rattan chair.

Bang.

The documents and the fruit platter all fell onto the carpet, in a mess. The rattan chair couldn't withstand his force and had already shattered.

Dianna stopped talking; it was the first time he had lost his temper with her in such a long time.

The room's atmosphere sank to an extreme point, oppressive enough to stifle. Mort stood with his hands on his hips, his muscular chest rising and falling. Soon, he gave her a fierce glance, his eyes bloodshot, "Do you really want me to find another woman?"

Dianna lowered her long lashes, not speaking.

"Damn it, deaf or mute, speak up to me!" Mort shouted.

Dianna bit her moist lower lip with her delicate white teeth, "Just go."

Just go.

She told him to go.

Mort said nothing more, striding out with his long legs.

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

He left.

He really left.

Dianna walked to the bed and lay helplessly on the soft large bed, curling her fragile body into a small ball. She burrowed into the blanket, which still held his masculine scent, smelling truly pleasant.

Her fair fingers clutched the corner of the blanket, burying her little face into it, into his scent. Her heart felt very sad, truly sad.

She didn't want to throw a tantrum, she knew she was annoying like this, but she couldn't control herself.

Although he was very close, so very close, she felt like she couldn't hold onto him.

She wanted desperately to hold onto him, to make him belong solely to her, but she knew how selfish she was.

Where did he go?

Her eyes gradually welled up, Dianna was about to cry out loud.

But just then, with a "boom," the door was kicked open.

Dianna lifted her eyes to see a tall, strong figure standing at the door. Mort was back.

He was holding a single red rose in his hand, thrusting it towards her with a bad attitude, "Here, it's for you!"

Chapter 1175: Do You Regret It?

Dianna was taken aback, not expecting him to return, even less so with red roses for her.

This was the first time he gave her red roses.

Seeing his awkward and stiff manner, Dianna broke into a smile through her tears, "Where did the roses come from? You were only out for a short while; it's impossible you went out to buy them."

"Picked from the backyard garden."

"... I don't want them!"

"Then what do you want? I'll go buy it for you, but you can't run away. I'm afraid if I go out, you'll leave." Mort Thorne said with a dark, handsome face. It's not that he wasn't sincere; he was just afraid that if he moved too slowly, she'd run away.

Dianna softened inside, reached out, and took the roses.

The bed sank a bit as Mort sat down, his strong back facing her, and he cursed in a low voice, "Dianna, you're really something. I even went out, and you didn't chase after me!"

Dianna was initially very sad, but upon hearing these words, a smile secretly crept up the corners of her lips. Mort, the man she loved.

She looked at his back as he angrily sat on the bed, unsure if he was still mad or just stubbornly holding on to his pride. His tall and muscular figure bent down, grabbed a pack of cigarettes, and took one out to light.

Dianna quickly stretched out her little foot to kick him, "No smoking!"

Not allowed to touch her, not allowed to smoke. Mort's cold, handsome face turned as dark as coal, his rough fingers crumpling the cigarette and the pack before tossing them into the trash, his brows furrowed in frustration.

Turning slightly, he caught a glimpse of her little foot, freshly kicked against him, now resting by his sturdy thigh. She wore a pair of pink socks, which had slipped off, revealing her tender toes, white like fresh bean sprouts.

Mort's throat moved up and down, and with his rough large hand, he grabbed her little foot, placing it on his thigh, and lowered his gaze to put that pink sock back on for her.

"Still mad?" he asked her in a steady voice.

Dianna wasn't mad at him anymore; she was mad at herself, but now all anger was gone. Watching him put her sock on, she felt completely at ease.

She remained silent, so Mort raised his sharp brow and dropped her foot. He stretched out his long legs to the bedside table and pulled open the drawer, taking out a small knife.

The sharp blade gleamed with a cold white light. Dianna was startled, "Mort, what are you doing?"

Mort gave her a look, "If you're still mad, then give me a cut."

Dianna's black and white pupils shrunk suddenly, her frail body lunged forward as she hugged him tightly, "Mort, you're crazy!"

Mort immediately discarded the knife and embraced her in his arms, looking down at her, his blood-red eyes showing a mix of aggression and softness, "Still mad?"

Dianna was overwhelmed by him, her small hand squeezing his firm abs with all her might, but couldn't make a dent as they were hard like iron, "You're doing this on purpose, purposely scaring me."

Mort snorted coldly, "Then how should I comfort you? Tell me."

Dianna saw him back down step by step, her heart aching, "Mort, I'm sorry!"

Mort stared at her small oval face, her fair eye rims were still red and misty inside, her eyelashes blinking pitifully; it melted his heart.

"Dianna, what's really wrong?"

Dianna didn't want to say anything, "Mort, I want to go to the bathroom."

Mort released her and got up.

But the soft little body adhered again, two small hands wrapped around his neck, "Hold me."

Hold me.

Those two soft, coy words from her made Mort's whole body tingle; at this moment, he'd give her his life if she asked for it.

Mort felt since meeting this girl named Dianna, he was entrapped by her.

With powerful arms encircling her narrow waist, he effortlessly lifted her. A man over six feet tall, carrying the girl to the bathroom, he supported her pert little bottom with a large hand, chuckling low, "I can't expect you to bear children for me."

Dianna's two small hands wrapped around his neck, her slender legs entwined around his strong waist and abdomen, burying her small face in his neck. She confusedly murmured, "Huh?"

"If you have a baby, I bet you'd compete with them for attention."

"..."

Dianna felt like she'd eaten a piece of candy, the sweet sensation spreading all the way to her heart. Wasn't he cuddling her now just like he would his daughter?

...

Dianna was placed on the toilet, "You go out first."

Mort held her sanitary pad in his hand and glanced at her, "Want me to change it for you?"

Dianna snatched the pad and threw it hard onto his mischievously handsome face.

Mort chuckled lowly, amused, stuffing his hand in his pants pocket. Bowing to pick up the pad from the carpet, he handed it back to her small hand, then turned and leaned against the wall to wait for her.

After she was done, Mort came over and lifted her again, helping her wash her hands with warm water before placing her back on the bed.

Dianna still clung to his neck, refusing to let go.

Now Mort knelt with one long leg on the bed, the other dropped to the carpet, the girl tangled around him, his large hands bracing on either side of her, careful not to press her, "Let go! If you don't let go, I'll..."

Dianna gazed at his handsome, cold face, "If you want to, go find another woman."

Mort retorted, "You're relentless, aren't you?"

He stretched out his rough hand, pulling down the two small hands clasped around his neck, then got up and walked away.

He didn't leave but bent down to tidy the messy room, scattered with documents, fruits, and the broken rattan chair.

He didn't call the servants in to clean up, choosing to do it himself.

Dianna watched him, as he bent over, the thin black shirt revealing the taut muscles of his arms and abs, his long legs looking exceptionally lengthy, the tight lines of his hips sensual beyond any woman's.

She climbed out of bed and rushed to embrace his strong waist.

Mort stiffened, standing up straight quickly, holding a crumpled document in his hand, "Dianna, are you starting to regret this?"

What?

Dianna froze.

"I know being with me is difficult, are you starting to regret it?"

If she wasn't regretting, why did she tell him to find another woman?

If she wasn't regretting, why did she suddenly lose her temper?

It's said if women show these behaviors, it means they want a new boyfriend.

Dianna's heart suddenly ached, knowing her bad mood had seriously affected him. She rubbed her small face against his robust back, "Mort, I don't regret it, really."

Mort's handsome eyebrows relaxed, he quickly turned around, his rough thumb stroking her delicate cheek, "Really? Then tell me, what's wrong?"

Chapter 1176: Buying a Diamond Ring

Dianna shook her head, "I... just don't feel safe when you're not by my side. I missed you."

Mort was skeptical, looking at her suspiciously, "Really?"

"Of course it's true, Mort, kiss me!" Dianna commanded.

Mort hugged her and lowered his head.

...

Dianna fell asleep buried in the blanket, while Mort leaned lazily against the headboard, half propped up, playing with her little face with his rough fingertips.

He didn't want to do anything now, just wanted to snuggle with her.

After a while, Mort got up. He changed out of his pajamas, switched into a clean white shirt and black trousers, then walked out of the room.

"Sir, are you going out?" the maid asked.

Mort took a car key and changed his shoes, letting out a soft "Mm" before leaving.

He drove a Maybach, gliding smoothly through the bustling city streets at night, and half an hour later, he stopped in front of a jewelry store.

The clerk opened the door, "Sir, what would you like to purchase?"

Mort, tall with long legs, stood by the counter, lowering his handsome eyes to look at the diamond rings displayed under the glass.

A variety of diamond rings dazzling the eyes.

In the past, he had also brought women to jewelry stores, but he never bought a ring.

A pair of white and tender little hands flashed in his mind, and he thought how beautiful it would be to put a wedding ring on her small hand.

"Sir, are you planning to buy a diamond ring to propose to your girlfriend?" the clerk asked.

"Yes."

"Then congratulations, sir. What type is your girlfriend? I can help you figure out what kind of diamond ring she might like."

"She's very small, very beautiful, still just a little girl."

The clerk sized up Mort. The man seemed to be over thirty, exuding a cold and hard masculinity, but when he mentioned "little girl," there was a sense of pampering. It was evident that this man cherished this "little girl" dearly.

"Sir, what does your little girlfriend usually like?"

Mort thought for a moment and uttered a word, "Me."

"..."

Mort didn't think he was speaking nonsense. Dianna, having grown up, didn't have any particular likes. While other girls liked fashionable clothes and bags, enjoyed watching movies and traveling, Dianna never made such requests. She only liked him.

He was her whole world.

It was as if a feather softly stroked his heart, causing ripples in his calm heart.

Mort took a liking to a diamond ring, a simple and elegant platinum ring with a small diamond inlaid.

He was immediately fond of it, thinking it would look beautiful on Dianna's small hand.

"That diamond ring."

"Sir, this diamond ring is not the most popular at the moment, but it is a classic. The diamond ring has a name, called 'Youaremysunshine.'

'Youaremysunshine.'

You are my sunshine.

Mort savored the name in his mind, then said, "Wrap this diamond ring for me."

...

The Maybach stopped on the lawn outside the villa. As Mort opened the car door, he saw another luxury car parked on the lawn. There was a guest.

Mort tucked the diamond ring into his pocket and went into the villa.

Inside the villa, the lights were bright, and there was someone in the living room. Serena Sterling had arrived.

"Mort, you're back? Leah went upstairs to see Dianna. Sit down, I have something to tell you."

Mort's heart skipped a beat; he had a bad feeling, "What is it?"

"Dianna's health..."

"Sister Serena!" At this moment, a soft and anxious voice sounded in his ear.

Mort looked up to see Dianna awake, standing on the carved railing upstairs, her eyes looking over here with nervousness and unease.

Mort put one hand in his pocket, furrowed his brows, and looked at Serena Sterling with sharp eyes, "What's wrong with Dianna's health?"

"Sister Serena, don't say it!" Dianna ran over here, but Leah stopped her.

Leah shook her head gently.

"Mort, Dianna probably hasn't told you yet. Last time in Miaojiang, Dianna got seriously poisoned while picking cordyceps for you. During the time you were gone, Dianna stayed in the hospital for treatment," Serena Sterling said softly.

"Sister Serena!"

Mort looked up to see Dianna standing by the stairs, her face pale, her eyes filled with horror and anxiety as she looked at him.

Soon, Mort's expression changed as two drops of bright red blood trickled from Dianna's nose.

Dianna's vision went black, and her slender body swayed twice. As she fell, she saw Mort rushing towards her, his eyes instantly bloodshot, his face dark and terrifying.

He rushed over and caught her swaying body.

As Dianna closed her eyes, she heard Mort's deep roar, "Dianna!"

...

Dianna was sent to the hospital and taken into the emergency surgery room, where they waited for a long two hours.

Mort sat on the long bench in the corridor, the dim light casting a shadow over him.

Leah sat by his side, "Bro, are you okay?"

Mort spoke, "When did Dianna start showing symptoms?"

"It started in Miaojiang, and she has been hospitalized, receiving chemotherapy ever since."

Mort's large hands in his pockets gently rubbed together. It had been a long time. She had been sick for a long time.

She had been in the hospital, suffering all along.

No wonder she missed him so much and seemed so wronged and pitiful when she saw him.

He was late.

He should have been there for her sooner.

She must have been so lonely and scared.

"Is there no way?"

"Serena has been trying to find a solution. Yesterday, she successfully forced the poison from Dianna's body to her bone marrow through acupuncture. This way, as long as we find someone with compatible bone marrow for Dianna, we can perform a bone marrow transplant."

Mort's eyes lit up, "Did you find one?"

Leah shook her head, "Not yet. We've been offering rewards for bone marrow donations through all channels, but none have been a match for Dianna. The poison is spreading too fast; we can't wait any longer."

Mort listened, but said nothing.

A minute later, he stood up and said in a deep voice, "Check me, see if I'm a match."

...

The test was done half an hour later. As Mort exited the examination room, he saw a familiar figure. Yuric Thatcher had arrived.

Yuric went to see Jodie Young.

Mort squinted his eyes abruptly. He had been so busy that he had forgotten about Yuric. Why hadn't he disappeared yet?

"Bro, that Yuric is indeed like a lingering ghost, constantly stirring trouble between Dianna and her mother. What infuriates me is that Dianna's mom still hasn't seen through Yuric's true colors and treats him like her ideal son-in-law!" Leah said angrily.

Chapter 1177: If He Can't Have Her, He'll Destroy Her

Mort Thorne furrowed his brows. He hadn't expected so much to have happened during his absence. No wonder she was so emotional and had lost so much weight. No wonder she clung to him so tightly, repeatedly saying how much she missed him.

Mort Thorne felt deeply guilty. She was such a sweet girl, never willing to tell him anything, always bearing things alone.

He should have known sooner and stayed by her side earlier.

"Leave Yuric Thatcher to me," Mort Thorne said in a low voice.

Leah Thorne's eyes brightened. Her brother was finally taking action.

In fact, dealing with Yuric Thatcher was easy, but this matter concerned Jodie Young and the relationship between the Yangs and the Thatchers. Everyone was wary, afraid to act rashly for fear of inciting Jodie's resentment.

Now that Mort Thorne was stepping in, Leah Thorne was confident. She believed her brother could handle this matter well.

...

Yuric Thatcher had been sitting in Jodie Young's hospital room for a long time, expressing concern. Even the nurse praised Yuric for being more filial than a real son.

This was exactly the effect Yuric wanted, allowing him to estrange Jodie Young from Dianna Hollis. It would be best if he could get Dianna; if not, no one else should have it easy!

Yuric Thatcher swaggered out. As he reached the corner, a large hand suddenly emerged from the darkness, pulling him in.

Yuric Thatcher couldn't stand properly and staggered. A push sent him sprawling against the cold wall, making him look wretched.

"Who?"

"Who do you think I am?"

Yuric Thatcher's pupils constricted as he realized who it was; it was Cain Shaw!

"Cain... Cain Shaw, how did you get out? Were you... bailed out?" Yuric never expected Cain Shaw to be free.

Cain Shaw grabbed Yuric Thatcher's collar, his expression cold and sinister. His thin lips pressed into a straight line, "You don't need to worry about how I got out. You should be thinking about how to escape from me."

As he spoke, a cold gleam flashed in Cain's hand, revealing a sharp knife. He pressed the blade against Yuric Thatcher's neck.

Being the Crown Prince of a noble family, Yuric Thatcher had never been treated so roughly, let alone had a knife pressed against his neck. His legs trembled, his voice quivered in fear, "Cain... Cain Shaw, what are you doing?"

"Taking your life!" Cain Shaw's features were obscured in the darkness, looking fierce and terrifying.

Cold sweat dripped from Yuric Thatcher's forehead. "Cain Shaw, you're insane. Killing is illegal. You're already a convict, and you dare to act so brazenly! Put down the knife!"

Cain Shaw snorted coldly, "If you know I'm a desperate man, what am I afraid of?"

"..." Yuric Thatcher was too scared to speak. That's right, someone with nothing to lose fears nothing. Now, Cain Shaw had no scruples and might really kill him.

"Cain... Cain Shaw, don't you dare! Don't you realize if you kill me, Jodie Young will despise you, and you and Dianna Hollis will never be together in this lifetime?"

"Yuric Thatcher, I heard you've caused quite a bit of trouble while I was away, always stirring things up. You not only spread rumors labeling Dianna Hollis as a homewrecker but also constantly instigated in front of Jodie Young. Ha, I used to think you were useless, but now I see I underestimated you."

Yuric Thatcher already felt Cain Shaw's naked contempt. Indeed, under Cain Shaw's powerful presence, he wasn't even qualified to be an opponent.

He used to admire this uncle by marriage, but now he realized he was just a fool.

The repressed anger in his heart burst out, and Yuric Thatcher said coldly, "Yes, it was all me. Cain Shaw, you and Dianna betrayed me first. I really don't understand what I lack. Why would she rather be the other woman than marry me? Since I can't have her, I'll destroy her!"

"Jodie Young is just foolish. She believes whatever I tell her. I have her wrapped around my finger like a puppet on strings. I won't let you and Dianna Hollis have it easy!"

In front of Cain Shaw, Yuric Thatcher always felt deeply inferior, leading him to take extreme measures. Now, releasing his inner thoughts gave him a sense of cathartic relief.

Cain Shaw's thin lips slowly curled up, "Yuric Thatcher, you've finally spoken your heart."

What did he mean?

Yuric Thatcher's heart skipped a beat, a bad feeling washing over him. It was as if... he had fallen into a trap.

Then someone came into view. Yuric Thatcher looked up and saw it was... Jodie Young.

Jodie Young was here!

She had arrived long ago, clearly hearing the conversation between the two.

Yuric Thatcher was dumbfounded, never expecting Jodie Young to appear.

"Aunt... Auntie, let me explain. What I just said wasn't true, was it... wasn't it Cain Shaw who made you come? You see, this is all his scheme. He deliberately provoked me to say those words!" Yuric explained immediately, shifting the blame to Cain Shaw.

Now he couldn't afford to lose Jodie Young's support. Otherwise, he would have nothing left.

Jodie Young looked at Yuric Thatcher with deep disappointment. "Yuric Thatcher, your disguise has been exposed, and you still refuse to admit it? Do you really think I'm that foolish?"

"Auntie, I..."

Jodie Young genuinely liked Yuric Thatcher but didn't expect people's hearts to change so quickly. She watched him grow up, and now he had grown psychologically twisted. Reflecting on it, she realized how he'd subtly manipulated her, driving her further away from her own daughter, especially with his comment about destroying Dianna Hollis if he couldn't have her. This infuriated her.

That was her daughter. No one could harm her daughter!

"Enough!" Jodie Young, her eyes red, interrupted Yuric Thatcher's words directly. "I see your true colors now. I was blind before. I don't want to see you ever again!"

Saying this, Jodie Young turned and left.

"Auntie, it's not like that. Please listen to my explanation!" Yuric Thatcher continued to plead desperately, but Jodie Young's decisive figure quickly disappeared from his sight.

Yuric Thatcher knew he had completely lost Jodie Young's support, and he turned his angry gaze to Mort Thorne. "Cain Shaw, you did it on purpose, didn't you?"

Mort Thorne shrugged, "Wasn't it obvious I did it on purpose?"

"..." Yuric Thatcher was furious.

At this moment, Mort Thorne waved his hand, and two black-clad bodyguards approached, grabbing hold of Yuric Thatcher.

"Cain Shaw, what are you doing? Let go of me, mmm!" Yuric Thatcher's mouth was gagged.

"So noisy, you'd better keep your mouth shut. I'll have someone send you abroad, and maybe you'll come back in a few years!"

What?

He was going to be sent away?

Yuric Thatcher wanted to refuse, but Mort Thorne had already walked away swiftly. It was clear this was a notification, not a negotiation.

...

After Mort Thorne left, his phone rang in his pocket.

He took out his phone; it was a call from Charles Bishop.

A sharp light flashed quickly through Mort Thorne's dark eyes. He and Charles Bishop couldn't be in contact, fearing exposure.

Charles Bishop was extremely meticulous and would never take risks unless... something had happened!

Chapter 1178: Dianna, I Love You

Mort Thorne scanned the corridor, then walked to the stairwell and pressed a button to connect the call.

He remained silent, and Charles Bishop's extremely lowered voice came through, "Mort, pack your things. Tomorrow morning's ferry ticket, you need to leave immediately!"

Mort furrowed his brows, "What's wrong?"

"Mort, we've been exposed, Wade is dead!" Charles Bishop's suppressed voice carried a hint of crying.

Wade was the youngest of the Crimson Eye Soldiers, only 19 this year. He admired Mort Thorne the most, always chattering non-stop whenever he saw Mort.

Mort's handsome eyebrows and eyes immediately darkened with a few streaks of terrifying bloodlust revealed in his stern, cold contours, the man brimming with killing intent instantly.

"Mort, Wade went back home, met a girl on the way. Wade's never been in love and was smitten, little did he know that girl took a knife and stabbed him to death. That scorpion has already risen to power, using extremely bloodthirsty and brutal tactics, and he's coming after you, that girl is his, the scorpion is seeking revenge, he's targeting Crimson Eye and you!"

"Mort, you can't stay here, Cain Shaw's identity can't be used either. The higher-ups will fabricate your death, you must immediately escape, hide somewhere else, tomorrow morning's ferry ticket..."

"I can't leave tomorrow morning."

Charles Bishop was taken aback for a few seconds before speaking, "Mort, is it because of Dianna again? Stop fooling around, you're really in danger now!"

Mort pressed his thin lips together, "I can't leave tomorrow morning; change it to tomorrow evening."

"Mort!"

"She is my life!"

Mort directly hung up the call.

The tall, robust figure lazily leaned against the wall, his other big hand was still in his trousers pocket, where he had hidden the diamond ring he bought,

He tightly clenched the diamond ring in his palm, his eyes reddened.

Wade's death exposed the Crimson Eye Soldiers; those international big shots are all waiting for Crimson Eye exposure to perform a mad counterattack, he wasn't alone, he really had to leave.

Mort tightly clutched this diamond ring, causing his palm to ache bitterly.

...

Mort returned to the villa and entered the bathroom to shower.

"Master Cain, are you there?" At this time, the busty woman walked in with a cup of coffee.

The room was empty, but the sounds of water "whooshing" came from the bathroom, the busty woman placed the coffee down, then sneakily pushed open the bathroom door.

The frosted glass door inside was half-open, the man's body wasn't visible, but his tall, muscular figure was faintly reflected against the frosted glass, he was bending down to wash his hair, tiny droplets splashed on his bronzed, alluring skin, creating water ripples.

The busty woman's eyes shifted and she reached to undress herself.

At that moment, a deep, sharp voice came from inside, "Who's there?"

The busty woman froze.

Inside, Mort Thorne turned his head, his ink-black eyes already seeing a graceful female figure through the frosted glass, he picked up a bottle of body wash and hurled it at the woman's face.

Ah.

The busty woman screamed because the bottle of body wash hit her smack on the face.

She staggered a few steps backwards, crashing directly against the wall, her face warm, unsure from where bleeding came.

"Master Cain, what happened?" Several servants rushed in.

Then the frosted glass door opened, Mort Thorne walked out wearing a white bathrobe, cold dampness clinging to him, those sinister ink-black eyes locked onto the busty woman, a savage, harsh glare in them.

"Master Cain, spare me, I was wrong..." The busty woman pleaded, lying on the floor.

Because she had undressed, her chest was exposed, Mort glanced at her, eyes cold and disdainful, the restless maid wanting to crawl into his bed.

This maid was already showing her intentions when she fed grapes to his mouth, but his mind was occupied with Dianna, no time to deal with her.

Mort parted his thin lips, spit out a few ruthless words, "So desperate for men? Send her to the bar to get laid."

"Yes, Master Cain." Several servants dragged the busty woman away.

The busty woman never imagined she would meet this fate, going to the bar to lay means going into prostitution, "No, no, Master Cain, I dare not anymore, I truly dare not."

...

With the busty woman dragged away, the room was quiet again, Mort opened the door and entered the study.

In the study, the private steward was already waiting.

He made a call, asking someone to deal with his assets, he was leaving, many matters needed settling.

"Master Cain, any instructions?"

Mort sat on the leather chair, then pulled out a cigarette, lit it, took a leisurely drag, and exhaled before speaking, "Help me handle all movable and immovable assets, establish a charitable institution with the movable ones for the children in mountainous areas, leave the immovable ones to...Dianna."

The private steward glanced at the account books in hand, Mort was not only a man of valor but also had a knack for business, he owned numerous estates, wealthy enough to rival nations.

All said the underworld was most lucrative, akin to money laundering, the private steward could only admire Mort had too many properties under his name.

"Understood, Master Cain, but disposing of movable and immovable assets means you keep no money?" the private steward asked.

Mort tapped the cigarette in the ashtray, then took another drag with it on his thin lips, "I don't need it."

"Got it, Master Cain."

Mort entrusted several more matters, the private steward accepted them one by one, which reassured him.

"Master Cain, is there anything else?"

Anything else?

The fires at Mort's fingertips flickered, smoke blurred his coldly handsome face.

After a long time, he shook his head, "Nothing else."

Late at night, the private steward left, Mort stood alone on the balcony, still smoking, leaving the ashtray filled with cigarette butts.

He opened his palm to look, that diamond ring shone brightly there.

Tucking the ring into his trouser pocket, he drove to the hospital.

...

In the hospital.

Leah Thorne kept vigil by Dianna's bedside, at that moment the ward door opened, Mort Thorne walked in.

"Brother." Leah stood up.

Mort walked to the bedside, "Leah, go rest, tonight I'll stay with Dianna."

"Okay." Leah left, giving space to these two people.

Mort sat by the bed, lowering his handsome eyes at the girl on the bed, still unconscious, a drip attached to the back of her hand.

He used his rough fingertips to caress the girl's tender little face, then leaned down to kiss her forehead, holding that kiss for a long time.

Dianna, I love you.

But this "I love you," you are destined not to hear.

If you ask me how much I love you, then I love you enough to exchange my life for yours.

...

The following morning.

Serena Sterling brought shocking good news, "Leah, great news, your test results came back, your bone marrow is a 100% match with Dianna's, Dianna is saved!"

Chapter 1179: He's Leaving

Mort Thorne was stunned, not expecting that after searching for so long, through a sea of people and over rugged mountains, it would still end up being him.

His bone marrow could save Dianna, as if it were arranged by fate.

Mort lowered his gaze to the hospital bed where Dianna Hollis lay, his lips curving into a gentle and soft smile. He knew it, he knew he could save her.

All the entanglements eventually lead back to you.

"Arrange the surgery immediately," Mort said calmly.

...

In the operating room.

Both Mort and Dianna were wheeled in, but Dianna didn't open her eyes. She was still unconscious.

"Brother Mort, we're administering anesthesia now," Serena Sterling said.

"Wait a moment," Mort said.

Serena stopped.

Mort slowly extended his rough hand to grasp Dianna's small, soft, and cold hand, holding it tightly in his palm.

He transferred his warmth and strength to her so that in her dreams she wouldn't be lonely or afraid.

If he were gone, she would be strong and brave. She would grow up slowly.

...

The surgery lasted until the afternoon. Two hours later, the anesthesia in Mort's leg wore off, and he wanted to get out of bed.

Serena quickly stopped him, "Brother Mort, the surgery was very successful, but since your bone marrow was extracted for matching, you'll need to stay in the hospital for observation the next few days to monitor for any adverse reactions. This matter is not trivial; it concerns your right leg."

Mort's face was slightly pale, but expressionless, "Has Dianna woken up?"

"Not yet."

Dianna had not yet awakened.

Mort glanced at the watch on his wrist. It was time for him to leave.

Just then, a melodic ringtone sounded as a phone in his pocket rang.

Mort took out the phone and saw it was a call from above.

Not from Charles Bishop, but from above.

Mort's handsome brows furrowed directly. He said to Serena, "I'm going to rest now. You go ahead and stay busy."

"Alright." Serena exited at ease.

Mort immediately pressed the button to accept the call.

An elder's stern and authoritative voice came through the line, "Mort Thorne, Charles Bishop was captured by the Scorpion."

Charles Bishop was captured; this Scorpion came so viciously and quickly.

Mort's slender fingers clenched the phone tightly, but the words he uttered were simple, "Where is he?"

"At the dock! Mort Thorne, you privately changed your departure date, endangering those around you. Do you not know this? The Mort Thorne I know should not be so reckless!" came strikes on the ground sounded from the other end.

Mort stepped down from the hospital bed directly and walked out.

The little nurse chased after him, "Where are you going? You cannot leave the hospital now, you..."

Mort held the phone, a sharp and chilling glance sweeping over the little nurse.

The little nurse shuddered in fear, stopping her pursuit, daring not to continue chasing.

Mort walked through the corridor, the voice on the other end continuing, "Mort Thorne, you don't need to worry about Charles Bishop's situation. The Scorpion captured him to lure you out. Now, countless eyes are watching you. I will send someone to rescue Charles Bishop; your ticket has been changed, leave overnight!"

"I will bring him back."

"What? Mort Thorne, don't be ridiculous... hey, Mort Thorne..."

Mort directly hung up the call.

He walked steadily through the corridor until he paused, arriving at the door to Dianna's hospital room.

Looking through the small glass window, he saw Dianna lying on the hospital bed, still in slumber.

His gaze fell deeply on her small face, hot and longing, wanting to engrave her visage deeply into his soul.

He thought that throughout his life, he was the only softness in her heart.

Goodbye, Dianna.

Sorry, he had to leave her again.

Perhaps, he might never see her again.

The happiness he tightly held in his hands had to be released.

The diamond ring in his pocket was ultimately unable to adorn her finger.

Mort's hands clenched into fists at his sides, his dark eyes turning from crimson to moist, bidding farewell to his beloved girl.

The fist suddenly relaxed, and Mort turned around to leave.

...

At the dock.

Charles Bishop was tied to a stone pillar, and the Scorpion picked up glowing red-hot pliers, his face twisted as he pressed them against Charles' chest.

The smell of charred flesh spread, Charles bit back a groan, his eyes crimson, a man of blood and courage.

"Tell me, who is Blood Eagle? Who is this legend revered by both the military, government, and the underworld, who inspires fear with mere mention?" Scorpion pressed.

Charles sneered, "You'll never... know. He is forever godlike!"

Scorpion's face darkened.

Suddenly, a smoke bomb was thrown in, and smoke quickly spread, blurring vision.

"Boss, someone's coming!"

Scorpion revealed an excited, twisted smile. Blood Eagle had finally arrived.

"Boom," the wooden door was kicked open, a tall and muscular figure appearing through the smoke.

The man wore a black T-shirt, camouflage pants, and black military boots, exuding a powerful aura like a wolf running across the prairie.

His face was indistinguishable, shrouded in a veil of mystery.

Scorpion tried to look again; then the man raised his gun, "Bang," the subordinate speaking earlier fell down.

Unparalleled marksmanship, fast and precise.

Damn.

Scorpion cursed under his breath, swiftly ducking to the side.

A series of seven or eight gunshots followed, taking down all his subordinates within moments.

Scorpion's heart sank; he did not expect all his men to be knocked down in less than a minute.

Good, indeed it was Blood Eagle.

Heavy footsteps sounded in his ears, Blood Eagle approached, boots creaking on wooden boards, carrying a murderous aura.

Scorpion fired a shot at the man.

Aiming for a second shot, the man had already reached him, a rough hand grabbing Scorpion's collar, pressing the red-hot pliers "sizzle" against Scorpion's right eye.

Ah.

Scorpion let out a scream, rolling on the ground in pain, his eye, his eye!

The man tossed him aside like trash, then approached Charles Bishop, untying his bonds.

Charles, eyes crimson, stared at the man, "You shouldn't have come!"

Just then, "bang bang bang" gunfire sounded, another batch of Scorpion's men arrived.

"Let's go," Mort said softly.

...

At another dock, a ship was already waiting. Mort supported Charles Bishop as they prepared to board.

Then Mort's tall frame suddenly weakened, "Boom," he knelt directly on the ground.

Charles Bishop was startled, "Mort, what's wrong with you?"

Only then did he see Mort's trembling right leg, blood gushing from it; earlier, Scorpion's shot had hit Mort's right leg.

Chapter 1180: He's Dead!

With a loud "boom," Mort Thorne's eyes went dark, and he fainted on the dock.

"Mort!"

...

In the hospital ward.

Dianna Hollis woke up, and this time the bone marrow transplant was very successful. She was recovering well.

However, Mort Thorne had disappeared again.

Dianna didn't know if he had gone back to prison. After all, he had important tasks and couldn't always be by her side.

Just then, Jodie Young came in, opened the insulated cup, and poured a large bowl of chicken soup. "Dianna, this is the soup mom made for you. Drink it while it's hot. You've lost a lot of weight recently; you must eat well to gain some weight."

The tension between mother and daughter no longer existed. Jodie Young quickly got better, and even her depression was improving. Now that Dianna was in the hospital, Jodie was personally taking care of everything, loving her daughter with all her heart.

Dianna felt that everything around her had improved, yet she also felt that the people around her had grown silent.

She couldn't quite explain this feeling.

The most urgent thing now was to recover her health so that when Mort Thorne came out, she could stand healthy in front of him.

"Mom, let me do it." Dianna drank the chicken soup and ate a full bowl of rice.

A few days later, Leah Thorne came.

Dianna couldn't resist and asked Leah, "Leah, where is your brother now?"

Leah's expression was somewhat dim. She reached out and gently stroked Dianna's hair, "My brother will come to see you today."

Dianna's eyes lit up, "Really?"

Leah nodded, yes.

Wonderful.

Mort Thorne was coming to see her.

Dianna changed out of her blue and white hospital gown and put on a beige long dress. The dress was form-fitting, outlining her slender waist.

Dianna spun around in front of the sink, her jet-black long hair, pretty oval face, a girl as fresh as a lotus blossom.

He would like it, right?

When would he arrive?

Soon, right?

She had not seen him for a long, long time.

She missed him terribly.

Dianna sat on the edge of the bed, her heart pounding like a drum.

Just then, there was a "knock, knock, knock" at the door. Someone was knocking.

Was it Mort Thorne?

It must be Mort Thorne!

Dianna quickly got up and ran to open the door.

The door of the ward opened, but it wasn't Mort Thorne outside, it was a private butler.

"Hello, Miss Hollis." The private butler greeted her politely.

"And you are?" Dianna didn't recognize the private butler, only felt he was unfamiliar. She looked over the butler's shoulder towards the corridor. There was no one there.

Mort Thorne hadn't come.

"Miss Hollis, are you looking for Mr. Shaw? Mr. Shaw has something to attend to, so he didn't come. He sent me instead," the private butler said politely.

"Oh, then please come in." Dianna made way for him.

In the ward, Dianna sat by the bed. The private butler handed her a document, "Miss Hollis, this is from Mr. Shaw for you."

What was it?

Dianna looked at it in her hands. It was a property transfer document. Mort Thorne had given her a substantial amount of money.

"Why did he give me this?" Dianna was puzzled.

"Miss Hollis, this is compensation from Mr. Shaw."

"Compensation? What kind of compensation?"

"Miss Hollis is so smart. How could you not know what this compensation is? Miss Hollis, Mr. Shaw has already left here. He plans to be away for a long time, perhaps three years, five years, ten years, or maybe a lifetime like your father did. Mr. Shaw said you don't need to wait for him, no need to waste your youth waiting for someone who isn't worth it."

What?

He left?

What did he mean by this?

"So, this is his way of unilaterally announcing a breakup, isn't it?" Dianna looked at the private butler.

The private butler nodded, "Yes."

Dianna's heart trembled. The hint of color she had recovered these days faded away at that moment, her face turning as pale as paper.

"Miss Hollis, since you were involved with Mr. Shaw, these are his compensations for you. He hopes you can forget the past and start anew."

Whatever the private butler was saying, Dianna couldn't hear a single word. Nor did she know how the private butler left. She had waited for so long, only to be met with his sudden departure and breakup.

Dianna sat on the bed, feeling as if she had been pushed into an abyss, her hands and feet icy cold.

She had never imagined this would be the end of her and him, that he would stab her heart with his own hands.

So painful.

She curled up in pain but not a single tear fell.

...

Dianna got discharged from the hospital. She was obedient, obediently eating, sleeping, going to school. The property transfer document was thrown into the trash can. She had banished Mort Thorne from her life.

However, she became very quiet.

Jodie Young often saw her sitting alone, hugging her knees on the carpet, with a large floor-to-ceiling window in front of her. She stared through the glass at the outside world. What was she looking at, thinking?

Dianna often zoned out, sometimes for the entire morning.

She still didn't like making friends and was always by herself.

That night, Dianna returned to the villa and flopped into Jodie Young's arms.

Jodie Young smelled the alcohol on her and quickly frowned, "Dianna, you went out drinking?"

Dianna half-closed her eyes, her soft girlish voice breaking intermittently, with a hint of coquettishness, "Mmm, I had... two drinks, Mom, don't be mad..."

Jodie Young felt heartbroken. She knew how passionately Dianna loved, like a moth drawn to a flame. Mort Thorne's repeated departures and abandonment had left her battered and bruised.

Jodie Young reached out and stroked Dianna's smooth hair, "Dianna, Mom's not mad. Don't drink anymore; alcohol is harmful."

Dianna buried her head deeply in Jodie's arms, "I know, Mom. I'll be good and listen. I'll stay at school and become a teacher, find a new boyfriend. I'll live the way you like..."

Jodie Young's eyes reddened. She hugged Dianna tightly, "Dianna, Mom doesn't need you to live the way I like. I just hope you can be happy and cheerful every day."

Dianna held her mother and remained silent for a long time.

At that moment, the TV in the living room was broadcasting a piece of news. The presenter spoke in fluent Mandarin,

"Breaking news: the recently bailed-out Cain Shaw, the overlord who dominated all docks in Aethelgard and stirred the winds and clouds, was involved in a shooting last night. Unfortunately, a bullet pierced his heart, and he died on the spot due to the failed medical rescue..."

What?

Cain Shaw is dead?

After this news aired, there was no more Cain Shaw in this world.

Jodie Young was stunned. She never expected Cain Shaw would die like this.

Cain Shaw was dead!

Too sudden.

The entire villa fell into a deathly silence. Jodie Young could hear her own breathing. She looked down at Dianna in her arms.

At that moment, Dianna slowly sat up straight, her eyes fixed on the TV.