

Substitute B 1191

Chapter 1191: She Reached Out and Caressed His Weathered, Handsome Face

He died.

Died three years ago.

So whether the man before her now is him or not doesn't matter anymore.

Dianna turned around and left.

But Mort Thorne reached out and grabbed her delicate wrist, not letting her go.

Dianna glanced at his tightly gripping large hand with her downcast eyelashes and coldly said two words, "Let go."

He had already let go of her a long time ago, so why hold on now?

Mort Thorne's throat was dry, a thousand words choked in his heart, unsure of what to say. Slowly, he released his hand.

Dianna did not get into the luxury car; she just left.

The cold night wind blew against her cheeks, and as she walked, her pale eyes turned red.

At this moment, a sharp brake sound suddenly rang in her ears. Dianna quickly glanced to the side, and two bright white lights shone over. A turning truck was heading straight for her.

Dianna froze.

"Watch out!"

In the nick of time, Mort Thorne ran over and directly pushed her away.

Dianna fell to the ground, didn't feel the pain, but with a "bang," the truck hit someone.

"There's been an accident! Go take a look!"

Passersby crowded over.

Dianna looked back; Mort Thorne had been hit by the truck, his right leg prosthetic had come out, the pant leg empty.

Her clear black-and-white pupils suddenly contracted, her mind went blank, but her body was already running over.

She squatted down, her small face pale and bloodless, she looked at the man in shock, why did he save her?

Mort Thorne was sitting on the ground. He had good reflexes; when he pushed Dianna, he also ran forward, but the truck was too fast and hit his right leg.

He couldn't dodge, and the prosthetic came out.

The baseball cap on his head was also knocked off, revealing his handsome, deep features. His former typical Starfall City boss's three-seven parted slick hair now soft and clean, covering his dark eyelids. He pressed with one hand on his hit right leg, looking up at her, and the girl was already frightened out of her wits.

His heart softened, and in a hoarse voice, he said, "Don't be afraid, I'm fine."

Don't be afraid, I'm fine...

These words carried faint coaxing and doting.

Dianna looked at him; he was pressing against the amputated thigh area, where blood had seeped through, staining the ground. His arm also had abrasions, his thin lips pale, but he showed no sign of pain. He just looked at her, warm and soft, smiling.

A crystal mist instantly covered Dianna's already red eyes.

She seemed about to cry.

Mort Thorne immediately became flustered; she rarely cried, and he couldn't bear to see her cry, "What's wrong?"

Dianna tightly bit down on her red lip with her pearly teeth, then said, "You go, don't come back. I never want to see you again."

Mort Thorne froze.

"I don't like people who come and go in my life repeatedly. Whether you are him or not, I will gradually forget him. Three years ago, not only he but also Dianna Hollis died; the Dianna who was willing to go down in flames for love, she already died."

The old Dianna was already dead.

When she slit her wrist three years ago.

When she stood before that tombstone, she suddenly felt her life had come to an end.

Living, was meaningless.

She deeply cut open her wrist with a sharp blade; she killed herself.

From now on, she would no longer let him rely on her love.

Dianna did not look at him again. She got up and left.

She left.

Mort Thorne raised his handsome eyelids and looked at her as many onlookers swarmed, her beautiful silhouette gradually faded from his view.

He knew this time she had really left.

She wouldn't come back.

Mort Thorne felt his heart had been hollowed out; this feeling of loss almost drove him crazy, made him go mad.

Supporting himself with one hand on the ground, he slowly stood up.

"Sir, you're injured, let me take you to the hospital!" At this moment, the truck driver hurriedly ran over, reaching out to support Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne pushed the driver away with one hand; without the prosthetic or crutches, he moved, hopping forward.

The empty pant leg still oozed blood downward, but he didn't feel the pain. The man hopped slowly forward, steady and strong, not at all defeated or embarrassed.

This man had a kind of worldly yet compassionate power granted by time, which slowly seeped out, commanding awe.

Even though he had only one leg left, his left leg was strong and filled with power.

This man, even missing a leg, was full of spirit.

Mort Thorne's facial contours were rigid, his jaw tight and cold, those handsome thin lips tightly pressed to pale, he looked so frightening, the crowd automatically parted to make way.

He went through the crowd and saw her; Dianna bent over, ready to get in the car.

A strong arm suddenly encircled her slender waist; the man hugged her from behind. She heard his slight panting, heard the "thump thump" beating from his heart, and his husky murmur, "Dianna~"

Dianna~

He was calling her name.

He was indeed Mort Thorne.

This was the real Mort Thorne.

Dianna froze, and after a few seconds, she quickly struggled, trying to push him away.

"Dianna, I'm sorry."

What did he say?

He said, "Dianna, I'm sorry."

"Sorry, you've said it too many times. I don't want to hear it."

At this time, the man's heavy body pressed down from behind, his head resting on her smooth shoulder.

"Mort Thorne, let go!"

"Dianna, you should know, I don't want to let go. I never thought of letting go of your hand. Even with just one leg, I'm desperately heading towards you, coming to you, but..." He didn't continue.

But what?

But he had his responsibilities and beliefs, he had his country; all choices were in a single thought, but it might cause him pain for half a lifetime.

These three years, she hadn't had a good time.

How could he have had a good time?

Dianna was silent for a moment, then turned her head, and only then did she notice the man had closed his eyes, losing consciousness.

But he did not fall.

Dianna had never encountered a man like him. Now he stood on the ground with just one leg; even after being hit by a car, his iron-like body couldn't hold on and fainted, but he still stood tall, and the strong arm around her waist remained as powerful.

He seemed just tired, closed his eyes for a nap.

Maybe that's why she loves him.

He had a power in him that attracted her deeply, making her nearly devoutly admire and look up to him.

After Mort Thorne, there would be no other Mort Thorne; she could never love anyone else in her entire life.

Dianna, trembling, reached out her fingers and touched his cold and weathered handsome face.

Chapter 1192: Dotty Is Mort Thorne's Daughter

In the apartment.

The room was filled with the pungent smell of disinfectant. The masked doctor stepped out, "The patient has been bandaged up, needs rest, no major issues."

Mort Thorne was hit by a car and turned out fine. This man is tough, with a strong will to live.

Dianna Hollis looked at the man lying on the bed, "Can you find out why he had the amputation?"

Why is his leg suddenly gone?

Three years ago, he was perfectly fine.

After some thought, the doctor replied, "The amputated right leg of the patient seems to have sustained a gunshot wound, but... the gunshot alone is not enough for an amputation, there must be other significant reasons. You can ask the patient himself."

Dianna was silent.

"The patient is allergic to prosthetics; wearing one causes redness and inflammation. I've heard that abroad they've developed prosthetic limbs similar to robots, which are very modern. Once worn, they allow free movement like a normal person. I think you should contact doctors abroad."

Saying this, the doctor glanced at the prosthetic picked up from the street, "This prosthetic is of poor material. It's better not to use it often."

Dianna nodded, "Alright, I understand. Thank you, doctor."

The doctor left.

Dianna approached the bed; Mort was still unconscious. She reached out her finger to touch the stubble on his face. At just over forty years old, the man was no longer young, but he seemed to have deliberately kept the stubble. His deep, silent, and hard look gave off an inexplicable allure. Men at his level in their forties are truly rare finds.

This is his real face.

Dianna stared at him intently. She liked both Cain Shaw's face and his current one.

No matter how many faces he changed, she could recognize him.

Just then, there was a "knock-knock" at the door. The maid spoke from outside, "Miss, President Alden is here."

Raymond Alden had arrived.

Dianna withdrew her hand, "Understood, I'm going down now."

Dianna walked out.

...

In the room.

Mort Thorne slowly opened his eyes; the ceiling above wasn't the mottled roof of the mountains, but a champagne-colored canopy embroidered with gold threading. A dazzling crystal chandelier penetrated through the canopy, with a warm bed and soft pillows.

Mort moved slightly, and with a "ding," a wind chime sounded a cheerful laughter.

This was Dianna Hollis's room, her bed.

The girl's bed wasn't extra-large, and his sturdy six-foot-three frame had sunken a large part of it. More importantly, his feet extended off; there was no room left.

He had actually slept on her bed.

Mort glanced to the side; his cold, handsome face pressed against the pillow, which was soft and fragrant, lingering with her scent.

He snuggled for a while, then sat up. His upper body was bare, wrapped in white bandages, while he still wore his black trousers. The half-empty pant leg, already cut off, highlighted his abrupt amputation.

He rose from the bed, intending to find his prosthetic limb.

But he suddenly remembered that the prosthetic had been knocked away; he wondered if she had picked it up for him.

His deep, ink-black eyes swept across the princess room, not seeing the person he wanted. Dianna wasn't there.

He walked to the door and reached out to open it.

Soon, he found who he was looking for.

However, his broad, rough palm instantly tightened on the doorknob. His sharp, deep eyes fell on the dining room, where two people sat at a luxurious rectangular dining table: Dianna and Raymond Alden, facing each other. An enterprise boss and a young maiden—together they made a striking pair.

Raymond Alden...

Her husband had come.

She was having dinner with her husband.

"Dianna, do you have time recently? Let's go take a trip together?" Raymond said, placing the sliced steak beside Dianna's hand.

Was she going to travel with Raymond?

Just awakened, Mort's thin lips were pale and dry. He pursed them, staring at that elegant figure.

Dianna placed a small piece of steak in her mouth and chewed, replying nonchalantly, "If there's time, let's go."

"Alright."

From upstairs, Mort watched. She had agreed, and it made sense—she was married to Raymond. It's just a trip, yet he felt so hurt?

In the parts unseen, she might have done countless intimate things with Raymond as husband and wife.

His dry lips formed a cold arc, and he closed the door.

Approaching the sofa, he single-handedly took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, placing one between his lips. He lit it softly.

He began to smoke alone.

Now he could only rely on the nicotine to numb and restrain himself, or else he wouldn't be able to control it, unable to hold back... from wanting to take her back.

...

Downstairs, Dianna looked up, watching the door close.

She had known Mort was there as soon as he appeared.

Raymond followed her gaze upstairs, "Is he here with you?"

Dianna lowered her lashes, "Yes."

"What do you plan to do in the future?"

"I don't know..."

Raymond was silent for a few seconds, "He probably still doesn't know about Dotty's existence. Either way, Dotty is his biological daughter, and you don't want them to meet?"

Three years ago, Mort had been released from prison, and she was with him, but then her 'period' came.

In truth, it wasn't her period—it was the sign of a miscarriage in early pregnancy. She had signs of a miscarriage.

She had been unaware of her pregnancy; her belly hadn't even grown after four months, and her weight loss from Mort's departure and presumed death was significant.

That day, she attempted suicide at his grave, and Raymond and Jodie Young arrived just in time to rush her to the hospital.

Though she was saved, her heart had died with Mort.

She could die once and would do so again.

But that was when the doctor told her she was pregnant.

At that time, Dotty was almost five months in her belly.

She hadn't known about her pregnancy and had used medication and alcohol during this time, which could adversely affect the fetus. Nonetheless, the doctor performed a comprehensive check-up and said the child was healthy.

This was Mort's child.

Though he left, he gave her a child.

That night in the hospital, she placed her small hand on her abdomen, and little Dotty suddenly kicked her. At that moment, hot tears welled up, and she cradled herself, breaking into uncontrollable sobs.

Mort had been gone so long, and not a single tear had shed, but at that moment, tears flooded as she cried uncontrollably.

Although Dotty was a girl, her vitality mirrored her father's—tenacious and resilient.

She no longer thought of dying; she began to live well.

Dotty became her hope, bringing new colors to her dark life.

Dianna's lashes trembled, "Dotty is my daughter. It has nothing to do with him. From the moment he didn't want me, he lost the right to know about Dotty's existence."

Chapter 1193: He's Angry

Raymond Alden nodded without saying much more. Dotty was Dianna Hollis's life; whether she wanted to express it or not, it was her choice. No one could dictate or make decisions for her.

"So, why did you invite me over for dinner this time?" Raymond asked with a smile.

Dianna looked at Raymond, "Senior, can't I just invite you to dinner for no reason?"

Raymond shrugged, "Alright then, if you have the guts, don't say anything and keep it in."

"...Senior, I heard your company sells prosthetic limbs?"

Raymond nodded, "Yes, we do. Currently, our company's prosthetic limbs are the most advanced, robotic prosthetics. Many hospitals in the country are discussing collaborations with the Zhao family. Dianna, why are you asking about this?"

"Oh... his right leg is gone. I want to buy him a prosthetic."

Raymond paused with the knife and fork in his hand, "What, his leg is disabled?"

"Yes, it's gone."

Raymond looked at Dianna. She showed no emotion when talking about his leg being gone, as if it were a trivial matter. There wasn't a hint of disdain, not even a little.

"Alright, leave it to me." With that, Raymond put down his knife and fork, wiped his lips elegantly with a napkin, and stood up.

Dianna looked up, "Senior, are you leaving already? You haven't finished eating..."

"I'm already full." As he left, Raymond gave Dianna a long look, "Dianna, unlike other women who profess their love but don't act, you, on the other hand, don't say a word about your love but do everything that shows it."

Raymond disappeared from sight.

Dianna stared in the direction Raymond had vanished for a while, then slowly withdrew her gaze. She continued her dinner, though her steak was already cold, and she had little appetite or sense of taste.

"Auntie," Dianna called out.

"Young Miss, what are your instructions?"

"Is the porridge ready? Has the flavor been made milder?" He just woke up, so it's better to have something light.

...

Dianna went upstairs and entered the room, but she didn't see Mort Thorne.

Where did Mort Thorne go?

She looked around and noticed that the bathroom door wasn't entirely closed.

She walked over and, through the gap, saw a tall, robust figure. Mort Thorne stood on one leg by the sink, with one hand in his pocket, and holding a cigarette between two long fingers.

He was smoking.

The curling smoke blurred his handsome, deep-set features. He lowered his head, smoking hastily.

Dianna pushed the door open, reached out, and snatched away his cigarette, "No smoking allowed."

Just after waking up, he was smoking here. Did he not care about his health anymore?

Mort looked at her cold demeanor. Just now, while dining with Raymond downstairs, she wasn't like this—chatting and laughing. But when it came to him, she turned into an ice block.

He knew she despised him now.

"Just one cigarette," Mort said softly.

"Not even one. No smoking in my room; you're making it all smoky!" Dianna frowned.

Indeed, she was disgusted by him.

Mort's handsome face was cold, and since she didn't allow it, he wouldn't smoke, "Has your husband left?"

Dianna looked up at him, not saying a word.

"If your husband has left, then I'll leave too."

He wanted to leave.

Dianna's lips curved slightly, "Can you go downstairs with just one leg?"

Mort's gaze deepened; he could.

But he didn't speak, clearly unwilling to let her see his current sorry state.

"In these three years, have you been with women?" Dianna asked again.

Mort didn't expect her to ask this; his brows furrowed slightly, "What do you mean?"

Dianna raised her hand and lazily tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, "Do you really not understand, or are you pretending? With just one leg, can you have a woman? Has your ability in that aspect also disappeared?"

Mort stared at her; her clear, cold eyes looked right at him, seemingly indifferent but curious about the question or just provoking, wanting to see his embarrassment.

He knew she was doing it on purpose.

The Adam's apple bobbed up and down twice, but he didn't answer the question.

Then Dianna kicked his left leg, "I'm asking you a question, cat got your tongue?"

She was waiting for his answer.

Mort glared at her, "shameless" for a girl to ask such a question to a mature man.

He put his hands in his pockets, responding coolly, "Don't know, haven't tried."

In these three years, he had no women.

He didn't even know the taste of a woman anymore.

Hearing this, Dianna's small face remained unchanged. She gave him a faint glance, "Right, given your current state, which woman would want you? You deserve it!"

Mort didn't want to discuss this topic any further. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "Where's my prosthetic?"

"I don't know."

"Have someone find it for me."

Just a few simple words, and he was ordering her.

This man was always commanding. Though now disabled, he effortlessly commanded her.

Dianna looked at his amputated right leg, the trouser leg cut by the doctor during the bandaging. Now she confirmed he was indeed disabled, "If you want it, go find it yourself."

Mort's handsome, deep features turned sour; fine, he couldn't rely on her now.

He thought she had grown wings and flown.

Then came a "grumble" sound, his stomach growling, not having eaten anything tonight, he was hungry.

This sound clearly reached Dianna's ears. She looked at the man, "Hungry?"

Mort's skin was bronze, so even if he blushed, it was unnoticed. But his facial features were stiff, and with sharp eyes glanced at Dianna, who was watching him, seemingly enjoying the joke.

"Prepare me something to eat," he said tensely.

"There's nothing to eat here."

Mort frowned, cursing lowly, "Are you kidding me? I just saw you eating steak!"

His voice fell, and he regretted it because the girl's gaze was already fixed on him, "Oh, so you did see it. I thought you were not only disabled but blind too."

Not only did she not offer him food, but she ridiculed him. Mort's thin lips formed a cold line, "I'm leaving."

He turned and left.

"Mort Thorne, stop!" Dianna grabbed his sleeve, stopping him.

The next moment, Mort reached out, directly pushing her against the wall, overshadowing her with his tall figure, "Dianna, enough! You're too much!"

Dianna looked up at him. He was truly angry, eyes wide with rage, cheeks clenched, a terrifying sight.

Chapter 1194: Now, Hold Me

But, Dianna Hollis wasn't afraid of him. She tiptoed and brought her bright little face close to his, "How am I being excessive? Tell me."

The two of them were now very close, and Mort Thorne could smell the fragrance on her. The veins on his forehead started to throb, "I saw your husband coming. I discreetly hid in the bathroom, waiting to leave after he's gone. I've compromised again and again, yet you keep pushing, Dianna. Do you think you can make me angry without consequence?"

"What then?" Dianna suddenly leaned even closer, almost touching him.

Mort was originally full of anger, but now her absolutely stunning eyebrows and features suddenly expanded and contracted in his view, leaving him dazed, realizing he was seduced by her beauty.

"Can't we just talk, why get so close to me? Keep your distance!" Mort reprimanded in a low voice, but his voice was hoarse.

At that moment, Dianna stepped forward suddenly and wrapped her little hand around his neck.

Mort clearly didn't expect her to come closer. If she moved a bit more, her red lips would be kissing him.

Mort's throat bobbed up and down, "Dianna Hollis, what do you want?"

Dianna tilted her small head, "Mort Thorne, it's you who should be answering, you haven't responded to my question. If I anger you, what do you want to do?"

"However, even if you don't say, I know what you want. Aren't you thinking of... repeating your crime?"

Repeat a crime?

Mort Thorne had only committed one crime in his life, which was forcing himself on her years ago against her will.

She said he wanted to repeat the crime...

Her delicate lotus-like arms hung around his neck, her graceful tight body pressed against his muscular chest. Through the thin fabric, he could feel her icy jade-like skin.

He had never thought that as she grew, she'd become so beautiful.

Three years ago, she was 21; now, at 24, her perfect S-curve is neither too full nor too slim, just right.

Dianna looked at the man, his dark eyes already flickering with two scarlet flames. This flame wasn't unfamiliar; he desired her.

"Mort Thorne..." she called his name then slowly moved her red lips closer, "Now, kiss me."

Now, kiss me.

She said.

Mort's muscles tensed, those muscles under the black T-shirt were robust, full of formidable masculine strength.

He extended his wide, rough palm, wrapping it around her slender waist.

The buried feelings in his heart became unbearable at this moment, like a small seed breaking through the soil, gradually sprouting.

His large hand pinched her waist, slender like willow, seemingly easy to break with force.

He lowered his tall frame, leaning in to kiss her red lips.

A bit closer.

Closer still.

Almost kissing.

But then, Mort suddenly stopped.

"What's wrong, scared?" Dianna asked.

Mort closed his eyes, "We can't, you're married, I shouldn't..."

Dianna suddenly leaned in, giving a peck on his lips.

Mort's voice cut off, his dark eyes immediately flooded with red streaks. All his self-control shattered under her kiss, and a crazy thought struck him: get a divorce, let her divorce!

Mort tried to open his mouth, wanting to speak, but at that moment, Dianna retreated, suddenly releasing him.

Mort was bewildered, "Heh, heh," her bell-like laugh echoed in his ears, "Mort Thorne, I was joking with you, you didn't take it seriously, did you?"

"My marriage is very happy now, you've seen it. My husband is tall, handsome, wealthy, and gentle, perfect and without flaws. Why would I get tangled with you again?"

Mort's handsome brows immediately clouded over. She actually... played him!

However, any woman would choose Raymond Alden over him.

Mort turned to leave; there was no need for him to stay here.

"Mort, you can't leave now because my husband might return anytime. If he sees you, he'll definitely misunderstand, so please stay here for a few days. When my husband leaves on a business trip, then you can leave," Dianna said.

Mort clenched his fist, finally listening to her. He looked at himself and said in a deep voice, "Prepare a change of clothes for me, I want to wash up."

Dianna looked at him; his thin black T-shirt couldn't hide his strong chest. His muscles were robust and mighty as a fortress, the pecs well-developed. Now he has one hand in his pant pocket, except for the empty right leg, resembling the formidable Cain Shaw from Hong Kong three years ago.

"You're injured, can't touch water."

"Then I need to wipe off."

Dianna's gaze moved down to his pants, "Where to wipe, can't sleep without wiping there?"

"If it were you, could you sleep?" Clothes are unnecessary, just buy me a new pair of underwear."

All he needed was a change of underwear; that was his minimum requirement.

Dianna stood there, unwilling to move.

Mort compressed his lips, "Damn it, Dianna, I really misjudged you. You won't even buy me a pair of underwear!"

He finished speaking, entered the bathroom, and slammed the door behind him, clearly quite upset.

...

Mort removed his pants, stood under the showerhead, not showering directly but taking a towel, wetting it, and rubbing his body.

His leg had bled today, his body carried a faint scent of blood, and he couldn't sleep without cleaning it.

With no clothes, he took a towel and wrapped it around his sturdy waist, then stood at the vanity to wash his underwear.

He'd wash it tonight; hang it up, and he could wear it tomorrow.

At that moment, with a click, the bathroom door opened, and a slender and graceful figure lazily leaned against the doorframe.

Dianna stood there, watching Mort wash his underwear.

Mort stood on one leg at the vanity steadily, with wet black hair clinging to his forehead, tiny transparent water droplets sliding down his bronze, textured skin—a bit sliding into the towel-wrapped triangle, dangerously seductive muscularity that could easily induce a nosebleed.

Dianna felt her eyes getting hot, this damn man knew how to seduce.

Now he was bowing his head, washing his underwear, his hands full of soap bubbles, wild and carefree.

Three years ago, the man was surrounded by admirers, served by thousands. Three years later, life had gotten rough; he was washing his own underwear.

Mort knew the girl was watching him from behind, expressionless, without raising his head, cleaned his underwear.

Turning around, he looked at her, "Where to hang it?"

He handed the soaking underwear forward.

Dianna lazily leaned against the doorframe, her black hair tucked behind her white ear. Under the dazzling lights, the girl was bright and delicate, with a hint of allure, "Are you sure you want to hang men's underwear in a married woman's room? What would people think seeing your underwear hanging in my room?"

Shit!

Chapter 1195: She Gently Caressed His Amputated Limb

Mort Thorne wanted to curse, she was really going too far!

"So, you want me to go out without wearing underwear?" he retorted sarcastically.

"..."

Going out without underwear...

Dianna Hollis didn't dare to picture it, too inappropriate, especially for a young girl!

She reached out directly and snatched the wet underwear from Mort Thorne's palm, then tossed it into the trash can.

"Dianna!"

Mort Thorne aggressively gripped her slender wrist, trying to stop her, but it was too late as she had already thrown his underwear into the trash can.

Dammit, this woman!

Mort Thorne glared at her fiercely, almost ready to act out, she needed a lesson!

He let go of her delicate wrist, wanting to leave.

Hiss.

Dianna Hollis whimpered in pain.

Mort Thorne hesitated, quickly turned around, his deep dark eyes fixated on her, "What's wrong? Did I hurt you?"

He hadn't used any force earlier.

Dianna Hollis frowned, looking very painful, accusingly, "Did you push me?"

"..."

He didn't push!

They'd known each other for so long, he hadn't even dared to touch a strand of her hair.

Yet now she seemed extremely aggrieved, as if he'd committed some unforgivable sin.

Mort Thorne knew he was getting older, he acknowledged everything Jodie Young had mentioned before, if he had had kids sooner, his daughter would probably be her age.

But a man his age knows how to care.

His gaze was fierce as he looked at her, even if he had a daughter, she wouldn't be as spoiled and troublesome as she was.

"Don't pretend, I didn't push you!"

Dianna Hollis looked at the man's stern, handsome features; he was the type that one could admire, with proper and spirited features, unmatched by other men.

Previously, he would bully women, but now when she bullied him, he sulked by himself, his masculinity having a hint of foolishness.

"My leg hurts, carry me," Dianna Hollis extended her hand to him.

Mort Thorne looked at his own leg, damn brat, he was disabled and she still wanted him to carry her.

Intent on mistreating him.

But his stern features softened a bit, he lowered his tall, strong frame and patted his back, "Get on."

The simple words oozed masculinity.

Dianna Hollis smirked and hopped onto his back with her slender legs.

Mort Thorne steadily caught her, his rough large hand supported her backside, he carried her forward in jumps, steadily and powerfully, infused with the strength of years.

Dianna Hollis wrapped her small hands around his neck, her nostrils suddenly reddened, she knew he was disabled, but in her heart, he wasn't.

His tall frame, strong shoulders remained just as they were years ago.

Mort Thorne arrived by the bed and threw her onto the soft princess bed, he squinted his dark eyes and looked down at her with a smile that wasn't quite a smile, "Was the ride comfortable?"

Dianna Hollis huffed, "Not letting you carry for free, here's your underwear."

She pinched some black briefs between her fingers, on the bed there was a new white shirt and black trousers.

Looking at the underwear pinched in her fingers, Mort Thorne cursed deeply, "You playing with me, making me wash when there are new ones?"

Dianna Hollis lifted her leg and kicked his left leg, meaning to take the good with the bad.

Mort Thorne's handsome brow softened, she was just stubborn, but soft-hearted.

No, not right, she was soft everywhere.

Mort Thorne's tall frame didn't move an inch, solid like a block of iron.

Dianna Hollis got up from the bed, "Put on your clothes and get ready for dinner!"

After saying that, Dianna Hollis left the room.

Mort Thorne put on his clothes, soon a maid brought over millet porridge, "Sir, the young miss wanted me to cook porridge for you, she cares about your health."

Mort Thorne glanced at it, it was fragrant rib millet porridge, along with several crisp and delicious side dishes, all made by her orders.

His heart was instantly soft and full.

...

Mort Thorne lying on the sofa wasn't asleep, just resting with his eyes closed.

Not sure how much time passed, but there was a click and the room door opened.

A series of light footsteps came to his ear, then his vision darkened, someone stood by his sofa.

Mort Thorne slowly opened his eyes, Dianna Hollis had returned, standing next to the sofa, looking at him.

"Why aren't you sleeping in bed?" Dianna Hollis asked.

"That's your bed."

"Didn't you sleep on my bed too?"

"..."

At this moment, Dianna Hollis reached out, touching his empty pant leg.

"What are you doing?" Mort Thorne grabbed her slender wrist, preventing her from touching.

"I want to see."

"See what?"

"Your amputation."

Mort Thorne pursed his lips, a trace of self-deprecation in his laziness, "What's there to see? It might scare you."

So, he wore long pants?

He slept with his pants on, probably not wanting anyone to see.

"I've never seen it before, I'm curious, I just want to take a look." Dianna Hollis tried to break free of his hold.

But Mort Thorne refused.

At that moment, Dianna Hollis's hand slipped onto his sturdy shoulder, suddenly pushing him down on the sofa.

Her firm waist and abdomen pressing down, she directly sat on top.

Now she was straddling his waist, him below, her above.

This ambiguous position set Mort Thorne's eyes on fire, "Does your husband allow you to straddle a stranger like this?"

Dianna Hollis's small hands went to undo his belt, "Are you a stranger? Three years ago, what haven't we done?"

He wasn't wearing that shirt, but bare-bodied at the top, still he wore long pants, with a belt fastened at the waist.

Mort Thorne grabbed her small hand tight, calling her name firmly, "Dianna, I know you hate me, but don't tease me like this!"

She's teased him many times already.

Dianna Hollis pushed away his large hand, her nimble fingers unfastened his belt, pulled down his zipper, then peeled off his pants, revealing his right leg's amputation.

The amputation site reddened and swollen, like a once-perfect piece of craft shattered into brokenness.

He's no longer perfect.

Dianna Hollis stretched out her small hand, her soft fingertips gently touched his amputated area.

Mort Thorne least wanted Dianna Hollis to see him this incomplete, yet now his imperfection was fully exposed to her eyes.

His body's muscles hardened bit by bit, he wanted to get up, but halfway up, his tall, heavy body fell back into the sofa, all sensations concentrated on her soft small hand as it slowly explored over his amputation, tenderly as if handling a rare treasure.

Isn't she afraid?

Isn't she disdainful?

He was truly disabled now, yet why did she still treat him so gently?

His dark eyes gradually turned red, his prominent Adam's apple moved up and down, feeling like she was claiming his life.

This feeling was more exhilarating than anything, he'd never experienced it before, her small hand invigorated every nerve, his firm waist and abdomen stirred, pounding through his limbs and bones.

Chapter 1196: I Never Abandoned You~

Dianna looked at his amputated right leg, gently stroking the injury he sustained, and felt an unbearable ache in her heart.

Three years ago, he no longer wanted her, so she shouldn't still feel heartache for him. But she couldn't control herself; she knew she still loved him deeply.

Dianna bowed her head and lightly kissed the amputated area.

Mort quickly raised his hand to cover his bloodshot eyes, his voice hoarse as it rolled out of his throat, "Dianna~"

Dianna was focused, but hearing his husky voice, she sensitively noticed the change in his body. She swiftly got off him, "Go take a cold shower!"

Mort knew how bad he was at the moment. He stood up and entered the shower room.

...

Watching his tall, muscular figure disappear from her sight, Dianna sat on the sofa, quietly curling her lips.

Just then, there were two "beep beep" sounds; a phone rang.

Dianna glanced over. On the coffee table lay a phone, old-model, his phone; it was a call for him.

Shouldn't he change his phone?

Dianna reached out and picked up his phone, pressing the button to connect the call. A young, lively female voice came from the other end, "Uncle, where are you now? I heard today you were captured by the police on the highway. I went to the station to process your papers, but they said you've been taken away. Where are you now? I'll drive to pick you up."

For these three years, Mort had been in the mountains. He had sent many top students to high schools. The voice on the other end was Faye, a newly graduated prestigious university student, capable and beautiful, now a lawyer.

Dianna's feathers trembled slightly, Mort had said he hadn't had a woman in these three years, but that didn't mean there were no women around him.

There was a "click," and the shower room door opened. Mort came out.

Dianna glanced back, her gaze landing on his handsome face.

Mort was wiping his wet hair when he quickly noticed something unusual. His phone was still in her small hand, he glanced at his phone with an unchanged expression, "Did you answer my call?"

Dianna handed the phone back to him, "There's a beautiful woman looking for you."

She emphasized the word "beautiful," with an unmistakable hint of jealousy.

Mort took his phone, "Hey... I'm okay... hang up first..."

He said a few simple words and then hung up the call.

"Why not chat a bit longer? Am I bothering you here?"

Mort looked at Dianna; her expression had already changed, icy, like a little hedgehog, full of aggression. He felt she seemed to misunderstand something.

"She's just a student, she calls me Uncle, there's nothing between us." Mort explained.

Dianna let out a cold laugh, "I thought now that you're disabled, there wouldn't be those romantic affairs. Seems I was wrong, you're still endlessly charming, with many young girls around."

Mort internally shouted, "Wronged," he really hadn't done anything, "Don't misunderstand, they're just kids. I only sponsored them, and they are grateful."

Grateful?

Not just that?

Just now, hearing that young girl's anxious concern wasn't just gratitude.

Dianna became angrier, "So all these three years you've been sponsoring those pretty young girls, no wonder you didn't want me."

"...Dianna, I didn't abandon you, I just..." he truly felt he couldn't explain.

At this moment, a melodious phone ringtone sounded, it was a call for Dianna.

She quickly went to answer; it was a call from FIU.

"Dianna, starting now, your vacation is over, you must return to the team immediately. The drug lord Scorpion has surfaced around Kenton; this time we must take him down."

"Okay."

Dianna hung up the phone and grabbed a coat to go out.

Mort watched her charming silhouette leave, his heroic brows furrowed, "So late, where are you going?"

Dianna glanced back at him and said calmly, "I have a mission, I'm leaving first, you leave a bit later."

Dianna left.

Mort was left alone in the room; he curled his thin lips. At that moment, there were two "ding ding" sounds; he got a call too — it was Charles.

...

On the bustling streets of City of Crestfall, a van parked by the roadside.

Mort opened the passenger door and jumped in, Charles was in the driver's seat.

Charles handed a few pictures to him, "Mort, Scorpion has appeared in Kenton."

Mort glanced at the picture of Scorpion; his deep, dark eyes surged with a bloodthirsty killing intent. This Scorpion had killed Wade and crippled one of his legs; it was time to seek this blood debt.

Mort tossed the photos back to Charles, reclined the passenger seat, covered his handsome face with a baseball cap, and closed his eyes to rest.

"Mort, this time the old man sent people to assist us."

"Hmm?" Mort responded indifferently.

"FIU."

"Oh." Mort didn't react much.

Charles glanced out the car window, "Mort, did you go looking for Miss Hollis?"

Mort kept silent.

Charles sighed, three years ago, Mort's leg was indeed injured by gunfire, but had he not donated bone marrow to Dianna, this leg wouldn't have been crippled.

To be frank, Mort's leg was crippled because of Dianna.

Three years, Mort was alone, from 35 years old to 38, he knew Mort's thoughts had always lingered on Dianna.

"Mort, let's set off for Kenton; this time, the chief's intention is, once Scorpion is caught, you'll get a new identity, the old man wants you to take his place." Charles's words carried undeniable excitement.

At this moment, Mort took off the baseball cap covering his face.

Charles laughed, "Mort, everyone's waited for this day for too long, you can finally wear the military uniform!"

Mort's physique and frame, in military camo, would surely dazzle many people.

Mort didn't respond to this, seeming uninterested. He pulled out the phone from his trouser pocket and tossed it to Charles, "Help me figure out how to play WeChat?"

"WeChat?"

Charles was very surprised; why would Mort suddenly play WeChat?

"Mort, to play WeChat, you first need to download an app, but your phone is too old, not enough storage. You'll need a new phone to play it."

"How much does a new phone cost?"

"At least three thousand."

Mort furrowed his thick brows, retrieving the old phone back into his pocket.

Charles knew Mort didn't have money; three years ago, he had managed all his real estate through private caretakers, donating them to charity funds. All his movable assets were converted and transferred to Dianna's name, making Dianna somewhat of a billionaire little rich lady, although it's unknown if she knew about her wealth.

These three years, Mort was in the mountains under a false identity, pouring all his effort into the mountain children. Now asking him to pay three thousand, he really didn't have it.

Chapter 1197: His Body Is Covered in Stories

"Mort, I'll give you three thousand bucks when we get back," Charles Bishop said.

Mort Thorne glanced at Charles, "No need, there's no way I can't get three thousand bucks myself?"

Charles laughed; of course, he could. There's nothing in this world that could stump Mort Thorne, except... Dianna.

...

Dianna stepped out of the gate, and there was already an FIU Jeep waiting for her outside.

The backdoor opened, and she jumped in.

"Dianna, what a coincidence, you took a leave, but the higher-ups called you back urgently. These days, we've destroyed some of Scorpion's drug dens, and he's furious, already retaliating. Several of our seniors have been ambushed and hospitalized; we need to return to our positions immediately!" Vivi affectionately hooked her arm around Dianna Hollis's slender arm.

At FIU, Vivi and Dianna had the closest relationship. Besides Vivi, in the car was the team leader Evelyn and several elite FIU agents.

Dianna smiled at Vivi, "No problem, I'm ready whenever."

Evelyn cautioned Dianna a few times, "Dianna, this Scorpion is incredibly cunning and ruthless. Given the current situation, you need to be extra careful and protect yourself."

Dianna nodded, "Yes, I understand."

"Team leader, I say, who cares about Scorpion? If the Blood Eagle commandos were still around, Scorpion would have been scared stiff and dared not be so arrogant again!"

Blood Eagle commandos.

At the mention of this legendary phantom-like special forces, the other FIU agents' eyes lit up with admiration, "Team leader, have you ever seen the real Blood Eagle commandos, or their chief commander... Blood Eagle?!"

Evelyn chuckled, "What's the Blood Eagle commandos? This special forces unit subdued countless international crime bosses over a decade, a military legend. Blood Eagle, their mysterious chief commander, is only heard of in legends. No one has ever seen his true face; in both the underworld and the official world, he's a legend. I never got the chance to meet him, but like you all, I'm a little fan of Blood Eagle!"

Blood Eagle?

Dianna, being cold and aloof, never mingled with the group at FIU, sitting quietly in a corner listening. Blood Eagle... Blood Eagle...

A sudden unease gripped her heart. She knew Mort Thorne's secret identity, though it was just her guess. Mort couldn't disclose anything due to confidentiality.

Over the past three years, she'd certainly heard of Blood Eagle; his name rang like thunder throughout the military. Organizations like FIU had his fans as well. Sometimes, Blood Eagle was like a beacon, a faith, illuminating those fighting on the frontlines. Everyone aspired to be like him, cutting through thorns and becoming a hero.

Blood Eagle, he is the hero.

In her mind, Dianna saw Mort Thorne's handsome, stern face, feeling a bit dazed.

"But," Evelyn changed the subject mysteriously, "my teacher once had the fortune to participate in a joint operation with the Blood Eagle unit, and he even captured a blurry silhouette of Blood Eagle!"

What?

A photo of Blood Eagle?

The FIU agents burst with excitement, "Team leader, hurry and show us the photo; we admire Blood Eagle so much we can finally see his true face today!"

"Shh, keep it down. This photo is a rare exclusive of Blood Eagle, just one!"

With that, Evelyn handed out the photo.

Vivi had long left Dianna's side, leaning in with excitement. She was also a little fan of Blood Eagle, "Let me see what Blood Eagle looks like; he's the hero of my heart!"

The photo was dark and blurry, making it hard to see the person, just the vague outline of a tall, strong figure lounging lazily against a wall, a cigarette held casually.

With the naked eye, all that could be seen was the flickering red of the cigarette and that large hand.

"What's this? You can't see anyone. Are you joking with us, team leader?" Everyone was disappointed, and Vivi tossed the phone onto the seat.

The phone landed next to Dianna. She turned her head for a glance.

It was just a casual look.

But that glance froze her.

She quickly picked up the phone and clicked on the photo, zooming in, her gaze fixed on that large hand.

Why is this hand so familiar?

Moreover, the way he holds the cigarette is familiar.

Her long, slender fingers trembled uncontrollably; her brain felt like it exploded. Among all people, perhaps others couldn't recognize it, but she could at a glance, even if it was just a hand.

This is Mort Thorne!

He likes to smoke; everyone has their way of holding a cigarette. This large hand had stroked her hair, forehead, cheeks, and just a moment ago, covered her soft little hand, resting near her heart.

Is it him?

Is it... Mort Thorne?

Dianna believed in herself; she wouldn't mistake it!

But she couldn't believe it.

Mort Thorne is actually...the legendary Blood Eagle?

Dianna turned to Evelyn, "Team leader, when did the Blood Eagle commandos disappear, how did they disappear?"

"Three years ago, Blood Eagle dismantled the entire underworld in Starfall City and personally sent a ringleader to prison. Scorpion, a ringleader's confidant, exposed a Blood Eagle commando, leading to all-out clashes. At that time, Blood Eagle led the Blood Eagle commandos to disappear overnight; they haven't reappeared in three years."

Three years ago...

The ringleader...

Dianna's memories returned to three years ago, on that island where she had been captured.

Indeed, it all adds up now.

In hindsight, she'd experienced an incredibly thrilling battle on that island. The time, the people, connected in a line.

Dianna's breath trembled; she dared not delve deeper but felt she'd stumbled upon an earth-shattering secret, about Mort Thorne.

Blood Eagle vanished three years, Mort faked his death, also vanished for three years!

No one would have thought.

No one would believe.

Dianna had fallen deeply for Mort Thorne long ago, but only recently did she see his true face; now she peeked into his real identity, a man marked by stories. Now, she seems to have understood this story.

At this moment, the special car stopped, and Evelyn said, "Here is the service station on the highway, everyone get off to use the restroom and take a breather."

Dianna and Vivi got out of the car, heading for the restroom.

At this moment, a melodious ringtone sounded; Dianna received a call from Jodie Young.

"Vivi, go ahead to the restroom; I need to take this call."

"Okay, Dianna, I'm going in first."

Vivi went into the restroom.

Dianna answered the call from Jodie Young, "Hello, Mom."

"Mommy~" Dotty's tender voice came through.

Chapter 1198: Behave Yourself!

It was Dotty missing her mommy, so she called.

Dianna Hollis chatted with Dotty on the phone for a while, then hung up.

Putting the phone in her pocket, Dianna turned around, but quickly froze as she saw Vivi being grabbed by several tattooed men ahead.

Dianna's eyes turned cold, her right hand swiftly reached for her waist, trying to grasp her gun.

But damn, she'd taken leave this time and didn't bring her gun!

Dianna coldly stared at them, "Who are you people?"

"Our boss is Scorpion, you FIU have been too meddlesome lately, boss asked us to teach you a lesson!"

"Dianna, don't worry about me, run!" Vivi shouted at this moment.

One of the tattooed men immediately pressed a gun to Vivi's head, "Shut up, sweetheart, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Shane, don't kill her yet. This little beauty has such tender skin, why not let the brothers have some fun first."

The henchmen lewdly touched Vivi's face and lifted her skirt.

Ah!

Vivi screamed with a pale face.

"Stop it!" Dianna commanded, "Let her go, I'll play with you guys instead!"

The tattooed men's gaze fell on Dianna's palm-sized, stunning face, and continued down her slender curvy figure, "Damn, I've played with many women, but haven't tried such a beauty yet!"

The henchmen also abandoned Vivi, greedily looking at Dianna.

"Fine, come over!" The tattooed man nodded in agreement.

"Dianna, no!" Vivi shouted.

Smack, a henchman raised his hand and slapped Vivi.

Dianna's bright eyes overflowed with icy light, she approached and grabbed the henchman's wrist, forcefully twisting it, "Dare to hit a woman again, and I'll destroy you!"

Crunch, the henchman's wrist broke, emitting a scream.

At this time, a black gun muzzle pressed against her lower back, the tattooed man laughed, "Quite fiery, suits my taste, but don't move, otherwise we'll kill first... then rape, hahaha."

Scorpion's henchmen are ruthless, a bunch of desperados.

Dianna turned around, raised her small hands.

The tattooed man ordered, "First, strip off the clothes, give the brothers some joy!"

Dianna coldly hooked her red lips, then raised her small hand, unbuttoning her shirt.

Buttons came undone one by one, revealing her tender lamb-skin-like flesh.

"Wow." The henchmen stared stupidly, nearly drooling.

Dianna removed the outer shirt, underneath was a teenage-style white lace bandeau, like a blooming rose.

The tattooed man's eyes fired up, he circled Dianna twice, sniffing her aroma lewdly; he pulled her over, pinned her against the wall, and began unbuckling his belt, "I'm gonna kill you today!"

The tattooed man's dirty hand reached her pants, ready to strip.

Just then Dianna's eyes flashed, a hand snaked like a water snake to his waist, snatching the gun.

Bang, she fired at the tattooed man.

The tattooed man, Scorpion's trusted aide, agile and alert, pulled a henchman to block him in a split second, and the henchman's head was pierced and dead immediately.

The tattooed man was astonished, he looked up at Dianna, her small cold face like frost, gun still smoking.

Dammit, this woman's ruthless!

He underestimated her!

Another gun appeared in his hand, he directly took Vivi hostage.

Vivi's face reddened from the slap, bloody tears streaming; she shook her head at Dianna, "Dianna, you should go, leave me."

Dianna glanced at Vivi, "I won't leave you behind."

Vivi wept bitterly, feeling she dragged Dianna down.

The tattooed man glared darkly at Dianna, twisted expression, "Little bitch, never thought you were so skilled, but you can't escape, you have one gun, we have five, your shooting won't match us!"

Now five guns aimed at Dianna, with Vivi held by the tattooed man, Dianna was at a complete disadvantage.

Dianna's shirt was off, just a white bandeau remaining, revealing her delicate shoulder blades, black long hair loose down, strands tangled on her stunning face, she slowly hooked her red lips, sneering coldly, "Who's fast, try and see!"

She stepped forward, directly pulled the trigger.

Bang, a gunshot echoed again.

The tattooed man's face changed, he didn't expect Dianna's fearlessness!

A henchman shot, fell down.

The tattooed man raised his gun, aimed at Dianna, fired straight.

In Dianna's black pupil, she clearly saw the bullet flying toward her; she didn't dodge, instead aimed her gun at his head, leaving him certain death.

She had secretly triggered her invisible alarm, Evelyn and others were already on their way.

Evelyn and several FIU elite just turned a corner, seeing the bullet aimed at Dianna, Evelyn shouted, "Dianna, get down!"

Dianna didn't duck, she fired directly.

But the next second, a tall strong shadow dashed over, knocking Dianna down.

The tattooed man's bullet grazed past Dianna.

Dianna was knocked to the ground, as she fell, a powerful arm cushioned down, cradling her head within an elbow fold, her vision went dark, a man's tall body pressed down, sheltering her delicate frame in his embrace.

The bullet pierced the glass window, exploding it.

When sight turns dark, other senses become incredibly sensitive; Dianna's eyelashes fluttered, she quickly smelled the rich masculine scent—it's... Mort Thorne!

Mort Thorne came!

"Where'd this guy come from, dare to ruin my plans, kill him!" the tattooed man ordered sinisterly.

The henchmen rapidly pointed guns at Mort Thorne, intending to turn him into a beehive.

Dianna's nerves tightened, she immediately tried to rise.

But the man's strong arm pressed down, keeping her protected in his embrace, his deep displeased voice sounded in her ear, "Stay put!"

Five words, simple yet domineering.

Dianna's heart sweetened, her lips curled into a quick arc.

No matter how perilous the situation, with him around, it seems everything's fine.

His solid shoulders, rough big hand, every part bore the power of time, giving her a sense of safety.

Mort Thorne stretched his hand, snatching the gun from Dianna, then slightly lifted his gaze, black muzzle facing the henchmen.

Chapter 1199: In My Eyes, You're the Only Girl

Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots, and four of the henchmen fell to the ground.

The last bullet pierced straight through the hearts of two henchmen.

The henchmen didn't close their eyes before they died; they couldn't believe they died just like that. They looked in horror at Mort Thorne, the man wearing a baseball cap pulled low, only revealing his deep, dark eyes filled with cold killing intent that sent chills down their spines.

The henchmen collapsed onto the ground.

Around the corner, Evelyn and a few FIU elites were ready to draw their guns, but before they could, those henchmen were already handled.

They stared in awe at the towering, robust figure. This marksmanship was... otherworldly!

They had never seen a sharpshooter like this before.

The tattooed man was also dumbfounded. In one, two, or three seconds, this unexpected intruder had already taken care of his men.

Then Mort Thorne raised his hand, pointing the black barrel at the tattooed man.

But there were no bullets.

No bullets!

The tattooed man was about to burst into laughter; he immediately raised his hand, wanting to shoot Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne smirked coldly and directly threw the gun in his hand, hitting the tattooed man's head.

The tattooed man, in pain, released Vivi and turned to run away in fear.

Mort Thorne let go of Dianna Hollis and quickly caught up with the tattooed man. He lifted his powerful left leg and kicked him in the leg.

With a cry, the tattooed man hit the ground face-first.

Mort Thorne kicked the pistol aside and stepped on the tattooed man's head, carelessly pressing down.

The tattooed man's face twisted in pain, cursing, "Who the hell are you, let me go!"

"Hah," Mort Thorne chuckled coldly from his throat and said softly, "I'm your father, your father's father. Come on, call me grandpa!"

"You!" The tattooed man was so enraged he almost spat blood.

"Vivi, are you alright?" Dianna Hollis quickly got up, supporting Vivi.

Vivi had forgotten to cry, looking at Mort Thorne with admiration, "Wow, he's so cool; he really is my hero!"

Dianna Hollis, "..."

At this moment, Evelyn and his team rushed over, restraining the tattooed man.

"Sir, may I know your name?" Evelyn asked Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne lowered his baseball cap, not looking at Evelyn, and walked up to Dianna Hollis, saying in a low voice, "Come with me."

He walked over to an isolated corner.

"Dianna, what's your relationship with him? Is he your boyfriend? Your boyfriend is amazing!"

Vivi had forgotten the earlier terror, her face full of gossip.

"..."

Dianna Hollis followed, stealthily glancing at his tall, solid back like a child who had done something wrong.

His strong, upright figure was hidden in darkness, like a powerful dark emperor, making people want to worship him.

He seemed angry.

Ah...

Dianna Hollis stepped forward, grabbed his shirt sleeve, and gave it a light tug. "I'm here; why won't you speak?"

Mort Thorne turned, his deep, dark eyes landing on her small face, his low voice cold and displeased. "Have you realized your mistake?"

Dianna Hollis understood what he was implying and explained, "That bullet wouldn't have hit my heart, but I could've blown his head off. Vivi's crisis was averted, and even if the team leader and the others weren't there, I could've handled the remaining henchmen..."

"But the premise is, you would've taken a bullet, or maybe several. Dianna Hollis, have you really become capable, or do you not care about your life?" Mort Thorne cut her off.

Dianna Hollis was momentarily stuck, meeting his severe gaze. "Mort Thorne, is this the first day you've known me? The one thing I'm not afraid of is dying."

"You!" Mort Thorne raised his hand, ready to strike her.

Dianna Hollis didn't avoid it; she lifted her face, meeting his palm. "Go ahead, hit me, hit me hard!"

Mort Thorne's raised hand froze in mid-air, looking at her stubborn, cold expression, an ache shooting through his heart.

His large hand fell on her soft shoulder, roughly pulling her into his embrace.

Suddenly enveloped in his solid, broad chest, Dianna Hollis quickly put her hands against his chest, trying to push him away, but his body was as hard as a wall and would not budge.

Infuriated, she pounded his chest with her small fists, "Why are you so hard?"

"Hard?" Mort Thorne arched an expressive brow, his big hand pressing her willowy waist into his embrace. "Where am I hard, hmm?"

"..."

She meant no such thing, yet he turned it into something ambiguous!

"Mort Thorne, let me go!" She wriggled in his arms like a little water snake.

Mort Thorne lightly inhaled the faint, creamy scent emanating from her, his eyes darkening as he tightened his hold, pressing her close.

That's when Dianna Hollis's hand landed on his chest, accidentally touching something.

What was that?

Round and hard, as if strung on a red cord, hanging around his neck.

Dianna Hollis stopped struggling, her soft fingertips slowly grazing the round, hard object—it seemed to be a ring.

A ring strung on a red cord, resting close to his heart.

Dianna Hollis's heartbeat quickened.

He actually had a ring hanging on him.

"What's this?" Dianna Hollis asked.

Mort Thorne didn't expect her to discover the ring. He immediately released Dianna Hollis, evading the topic, "Nothing."

She didn't know when he bought this ring three years ago.

Dianna Hollis looked at him, "Is this a ring? Why are you wearing a ring?"

"I have something to do, I'm leaving." Mort Thorne turned to leave.

"You can't go." Dianna Hollis quickly grabbed him, then raised her small hand to unbutton his collar, retrieving the red cord from his neck.

Her sequence of actions was swift and domineering.

Mort Thorne found her increasingly fierce, not only now but also, she often... taking the upper hand.

However, he... liked her just like this.

The diamond ring around Mort Thorne's neck fell into her palm.

It was indeed a ring.

"Did you... buy it?" she asked.

Mort Thorne looked at her from this close distance; her long, trembling eyelashes were like little fans, evoking tenderness.

Mort Thorne pressed his thin lips together, silent.

"Why won't you speak? Oh, I get it, is this ring for some pretty girl? Mort Thorne, you're such a bastard!" Dianna Hollis tossed the ring and turned to leave.

The next second, Mort Thorne's large hand grasped her slender wrist, "Where are these pretty girls? I haven't seen any; I only see you, this lovely girl."

Chapter 1200: Fine, I Won't Touch You

Dianna turned her head to look at him, "What do you mean, speak clearly."

Her eyes sparkled with the cleverness and cunning of a little fox, obviously she was pretending to be angry just now to get him to talk.

Mort Thorne reached out a large hand and held her soft little hand, placing her hand on his ring, "Don't be willful anymore, I can't bear to lose your life."

Dianna looked at him, "Why don't you answer my earlier question, this ring was bought by you, when did you buy it?"

Mort furrowed his sharp brows but still didn't speak.

"Are you mute now?" Dianna angrily scolded him.

Mort draped a shirt over her smooth shoulder and started buttoning it one by one for her.

"How much papaya milk did you drink in these three years?" he asked hoarsely.

It took Dianna a few seconds to understand his meaning, three years ago she was like a small steamed bun, embarrassingly flat in the chest, but now her body had matured and the martial arts training made her even more alluring.

Dianna quickly raised her hand to cover his eyes, "Don't you like women with big breasts? I've become the woman you like, but sorry, you're not allowed to look!"

Mort's Adam's apple bobbed up and down twice, and he laughed hoarsely, "You probably have a misunderstanding about big boobs, or you're just too confident."

"..."

Mort reached out and pushed away her hand, "No more fooling around, I have something to do, I'll go first."

He turned and walked away.

Dianna looked at his straight back and suddenly called out, "Blood Eagle!"

Mort's steps halted.

Two seconds passed before he turned back to look at Dianna.

Dianna looked at him too, "Is it you?"

Mort's eyes were suddenly turbulent, but on the surface, they remained deeply unfathomable, leaving no room for scrutiny. He opened his thin lips, "Don't mess around, I'm leaving."

He left.

He didn't answer her question.

Dianna watched his tall and burly figure disappear into the dark and was convinced that he was Blood Eagle.

She would find the evidence, she would definitely prove that he is Blood Eagle!

...

Everyone returned to the FIU's special vehicle, and Vivi's facial injuries had already been treated. She hugged Dianna tightly, "Dianna, quickly tell me, what's your relationship with that guy, I didn't expect you to be into the uncle type, that guy is so cool and aloof, I couldn't see his face clearly but I'm already charmed by him."

Dianna smiled helplessly.

At this moment, team leader Evelyn spoke with some seriousness, "Dianna, that man's shooting skill was fast and precise, his prowess extraordinary, probably no one in the whole FIU can match him, his background must not be simple."

Since Mort had been declared dead three years ago, and until the truth comes out, Dianna didn't want Mort to be exposed, so she said, "Leader, I know what I'm doing, he is a good person."

"That's good." Evelyn handed over a project plan to Dianna, "This Scorpion moves too quickly, I have already reported to the superiors, they suggested a honeytrap, so after discussing, we'd like you to seduce Scorpion and get close to him."

Dianna's appearance is unmatched within FIU, and when it comes to a honeytrap, she is the obvious first choice.

Dianna nodded, "I have no problem."

"Great!"

...

Dianna successfully approached Scorpion, and these days Scorpion pursued her madly.

That day, Scorpion brought Dianna to a luxury car and said to the person at the front, "Drive, Da Shan, tonight I'll take you to the underground palace in Serrano's hideout to have some fun."

Dianna looked up at the man in front, and it was none other than Mort.

Mort had become Scorpion's exclusive driver.

Mort also saw Dianna, today she was wearing a black short skirt, its waist-hugging design outlined her petite waist perfectly, the hem above her knees revealing her two slender, pale legs, crystal high heels on her feet...

Dianna's small face had matured beautifully, her presence pure and refreshing like a picture come to life.

Mort's handsome face under the cap suddenly went cold, she really got involved with Scorpion.

This Scorpion is a dangerous person, she is in constant danger.

He reached out his broad, rough palm to clasp her slender fair wrist.

Dianna stopped walking.

Mort's coarse fingertip circled her wrist, bringing a sore, tingling sensation; his grip was strong, while her delicate skin felt as if it was burning where he touched.

"Dianna, get in the car quickly."

At this time, Scorpion personally opened the back door and looked back.

Mort quickly let go of her hand.

Dianna stepped into the car.

...

The luxury car headed towards the underground palace, with Mort driving in the front seat.

In the back seat, Scorpion sat with Dianna, feeling very cheerful, he said generously, "Da Shan, once we get to the underground palace tonight, you can pick whoever you like there, even more than two if you're capable, as long as you can stand on your legs the next day."

Dianna glanced at Mort, he wore a cap and his features were obscured, but she could vaguely see his hard, angular profile and stubbled face.

At that moment, Mort looked up, his eyes meeting Dianna's through the rear-view mirror for just a second before he looked away and said quietly, "Thank you, boss."

"No thanks needed, I'm happy today as I've finally won over a beauty." Scorpion reached out to hold Dianna.

Dianna looked coldly at Scorpion.

Scorpion quickly raised his hands, "Alright, Dianna, I won't touch you."

This ice queen had just agreed to give dating a try with him, he cherished her.

Since the ice queen didn't want him to touch her, he complied.

Actually, Scorpion has a particular penchant for untouched women, and Dianna's refusal suited him just fine.

Scorpion particularly enjoys the thrill of conquering women, the more they resist, the more excited he gets, but once they submit and sleep with him, he grows bored.

So he was currently smitten with this ice queen.

Dianna nonchalantly withdrew her gaze, curling her red lips mockingly, "You're taking your driver to solicit at night, isn't that improper?"

Scorpion laughed heartily, "Dianna, it's not that I'm taking my driver to solicit women, but that he wants to, right, Da Shan?"

Mort slightly curved his lips, "Yes."

As soon as he spoke, a cold sneer sounded beside him, "Disgusting! Be careful not to catch anything!"

She was scolding him.

Mort heard a trace of anger in her voice; she was genuinely scolding him, and for the first time, the curve of his lips truly lifted.

"Dianna, my driver is almost forty, he doesn't have a wife, not even a girlfriend, he's full of blood and vigor, he definitely needs women, don't scold him."