

Substitute B 1201

Chapter 1201: Pregnant

Dianna glared at Mort Thorne in front of her but didn't say anything.

...

An hour later, the luxury car stopped at the underground palace.

In the luxurious box, Scorpion and Dianna sat at the head position, while Mort Thorne stood in a dim corner.

At that moment, the door to the box was pushed open, and the lady boss brought in a group of glamorous women. "Gentlemen, I've called over the top girls from our palace. As long as the price is right, take your pick."

The top girls of the underground palace were all young and beautiful, with fair skin and long legs. They quickly swooped towards Scorpion, "Sir, choose me."

"Shoo, shoo, my lawful wife is here, go play elsewhere." Scorpion shooed the top girls away.

Though the top girls were pretty, compared to Dianna, there was no contest.

"Sir, if you're not going to choose us, then why call us over?"

Scorpion pointed towards Mort Thorne in the corner. "Tonight, my chauffeur is your gentleman; he's the one choosing you."

"Chauffeur?"

The top girls immediately showed disdain. They usually served the high and mighty, notable figures on both sides of the law. When had they ever served a mere chauffeur?

They turned as one, looking over at Mort Thorne in the corner.

Mort Thorne stood there in black clothes, his cap pulled low, making him look silent and somber.

Though his face wasn't visible, his physique was.

The watchers couldn't help but let their gaze roam over him, from top to bottom, scrutinizing every inch. Mort, nearly 1.9 meters tall, was broad and muscular, the black t-shirt barely containing his rippling muscles, his waistline narrow, the perfect V-shape disappearing into his trousers, tempting one to lift his t-shirt to check for that chiseled six-pack.

The ladies who were disdainful moments ago now gasped, this man's physique was downright tantalizing, enough to induce a nosebleed.

The leading men of idol dramas or the international male models on big runways didn't have a physique as fine as his.

Exquisite.

"Sir," someone called coyly, running straight to Mort Thorne's side, "Pick me, I'm pretty."

"Pick me, pick me, I have a great body."

"Get lost, he should pick me, I'm pretty and have a great body too!"...

In a flash, the top girls were almost starting a fight over Mort Thorne.

Dianna sat in a soft sofa, watching Mort Thorne surrounded by those seductive women, her delicate eyebrows knitted.

Three years ago, when he was Cain Shaw, many women liked him.

Three years later, having lost everything, he still attracted women.

It's as if they couldn't get enough, all wanting to be with him, never lacking admirers.

"Just a chauffeur and you're all fighting over him. Isn't the underground palace supposed to be a money pit for men? Have you never seen a man before?" Dianna remarked.

Mort Thorne lifted his dark eyes to glance at Dianna upon hearing this; he saw a twinge of jealousy in her bright eyes.

She was jealous.

A faint smile tugged at Mort Thorne's handsome eyelids.

Scorpion took a sip of wine, "Dianna, you're wrong this time. My chauffeur's body is truly impressive. If you don't believe it, let him show you a few push-ups."

Before Dianna could speak, the beauties eagerly piped up, "Sure, sure, but we want him to do it shirtless."

A man doing push-ups is when his physique is most evident, especially when shirtless, making it even more exciting.

"Wow, take it off, take it off, we all want to see." The top girls were excitedly gesticulating.

It's often said that men are visual creatures, drawn to beautiful women, but when women become visual creatures themselves, men hardly stand a chance. Women, too, love a handsome face and solid muscles, heart-pounding.

"Da Shan, then take off your shirt and do some push-ups," Scorpion instructed.

Mort Thorne shot Dianna a glance, then stepped forward, lifting his hand to remove his black t-shirt.

The man stripped with practiced ease, his back muscles prominently flexing, exuding raw male power.

The shirt was tossed aside, revealing his muscular chest, a tight waistline with defined abs. His skin was a deep bronze, glistening like honey, every ounce of muscle tantalizing, begging for a second glance.

Wow!

The top girls gasped collectively, turning into fanatics, practically drooling.

They had never seen such an extraordinary physique.

Even if just a mere chauffeur, without money, they'd still want to be with him.

Mort Thorne stepped forward, lying down, performing a few push-ups.

Dianna watched him, struggling to find the words to describe his posture now.

The muscle frame alone said it all, especially the way his back dipped during push-ups, revealing a pert shape bounded by black trousers, moving with every push-up, so enticing.

To embody such primal energy as a man is wild and wicked.

It's no wonder that regardless of wealth, throngs of women are drawn to him, he possesses that kind of allure.

Dianna hadn't wanted him to do push-ups in the first place; now those top girls were even more enthralled.

"Sir, doing push-ups like that is so dull. I watched a video once; they had someone lying flat while a woman sat on their waist doing push-ups,"

"I'll do it."

"Let me."...

Dianna felt her heart tighten. Visiting this underground palace opened a whole new world for her; these top girls surely knew how to have fun.

Having him lie there, with a woman sitting on his waist, then doing push-ups, the mere thought of it caused a blush.

Such actions should only be shared with cherished partners, be it a lover or a wife, a game she herself had never played.

"Da Shan, the girls are so enthusiastic, why not pick one?" Scorpion acted like an encouraging spectator, further egging on the situation.

Mort Thorne stood up, gazing calmly at the excited top girls.

Was he going to choose someone?

Despite having a mission at hand, Dianna didn't want to witness this scene.

She didn't want him to engage in such games with other women.

At this moment, Dianna pressed a small hand to her chest, dry heaving softly.

She was retching.

Mort Thorne's muscles tensed, his gaze immediately landing on Dianna.

"Dianna, what's wrong?" Scorpion asked in concern.

Dianna shook her head, "It's nothing, I just got to Serrano, and I'm adjusting poorly to the water and soil."

"Oh," at this moment, a top girl exclaimed, "Can it be... you're pregnant?"

Women often vomit during pregnancy; this possibility quickly struck a chord with others. "Oh my gosh, she must be pregnant, congratulations, congratulations!"

Chapter 1202: His Old Flame

Everyone started congratulating Scorpion, assuming Dianna was pregnant with his child.

Scorpion knew Dianna wasn't pregnant. He hadn't even touched her hand yet, so how could she be pregnant?

"Stop it, don't make a fuss," Scorpion sternly reprimanded the crowd. When he first met Dianna, he had an experienced elderly woman check on her, and Dianna was still a virgin, otherwise he wouldn't treasure her so much.

Dianna weakly leaned on Scorpion's shoulder, "I'm just adjusting to the environment, but I'm fine now."

"That's good," Scorpion reached out and wrapped his arm around Dianna's shoulder.

Mort Thorne wasn't as naive as Scorpion. Seeing Dianna vomit, his pupils contracted; he knew she was married. She surely had marital relations with her husband, so it wouldn't be unusual for her to be pregnant.

Was she really pregnant?

Mort's gaze fell on her abdomen. Her belly was still flat, giving no indication of anything.

Mort's heart was already in turmoil, but he remained calm on the surface, "Boss, my right leg is inconvenient, so I won't be choosing anyone."

His right leg was disabled; he had a prosthetic, which Scorpion knew about.

Scorpion laughed heartily, "Mountain, your right leg is inconvenient now, so save your energy. Don't be inconvenienced later when you take the girls back to your room, you can choose two of the top girls here now."

Scorpion asked him to choose the girls.

Dianna's gaze was icy; Scorpion was inherently suspicious. If Mort didn't choose, he'd be suspicious; if Mort chose but didn't do anything in the room, Scorpion would still suspect something.

What to do?

Should he really become intimate with another woman?

At that moment, the luxurious box door swung open, and a graceful figure walked in, "I heard Lord Scorpion is here, why didn't you look for me? Have you forgotten me?"

Scorpion glanced up and quickly laughed, "So it's Lady Snow."

Dianna spared a glance at this Lady Snow. Lady Snow was in her thirties, lacking the advantage of youth among these top girls, but a woman in her thirties had her charms; Lady Snow was fair and beautiful, charming and alluring, outshining these younger girls completely.

Though Lady Snow was no longer the top girl in the underground palace, she was the most favored here and mixed within comfortably.

"Lord Scorpion, is she your old flame?" Dianna asked Scorpion.

Scorpion quickly denied it, "Of course not."

Dianna didn't expose him, she gave him a playful yet reproachful look.

That glance captivated Scorpion thoroughly.

"Lord Scorpion, is this little beauty your new girlfriend? She's really beautiful. Little sister, don't misunderstand, Lord Scorpion and I are merely friends."

Dianna scoffed, one could be any kind of friend.

"Dianna, you may not know, but Lady Snow has quite the background. She was the old flame of Starfall City's lord."

Dianna's heart skipped a beat. So Lady Snow wasn't Scorpion's old flame; she was Mort Thorne's old flame?

Mort Thorne was right here.

Dianna turned her head slightly, looking at Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne had retreated into the dark corner, restraining his presence; he pressed down his cap, his hands in his pockets, making it impossible for anyone to read his thoughts.

Dianna had always known that when Mort Thorne was Hong Kong's Cain Shaw, he had many women around, but she'd never directly encountered one of his former lovers.

Lady Snow was the first.

"Dianna, you probably haven't heard of Cain Shaw, right? Cain Shaw dominated the City of Aethelgard, he was a grand figure, and when he was around, it was quite the spectacle," Scorpion said.

"Yes, do you know why this underground palace became so popular? Because many years ago, Lord Cain visited the underground palace, reserved it for a month, played cards every night, and had endless entertainment. Back then, we were too young even to catch a glimpse of Lord Cain."

"Let's not mention us, even those young ladies locked away in their boudoirs were eager to sneak a peek at Lord Cain. Twenty years ago, Aethelgard's women said that without spending a night with Lord Cain, they wouldn't know the essence of being a woman."...

Talking about Cain Shaw excited all the top girls; they all hadn't had the chance to meet Cain Shaw.

Except for Lady Snow.

"Lady Snow, when Lord Cain reserved the place, out of so many girls, you were the one chosen by him. He treated you especially, didn't he?" The other top girls remarked sourly.

Dianna faintly tugged at her lips, so it wasn't just a passing affair; Mort Thorne and Lady Snow had a history together.

Lady Snow sat on the sofa, crossed her legs, then lit a cigarette, her every move was elegant and alluring.

Due to her connection to Cain Shaw, she remained favored in the underground palace over the years. The guests enjoyed choosing her to see what made her special to Cain Shaw.

Including Scorpion, who was a sworn adversary of Cain Shaw, how could he miss Cain Shaw's former flames?

"Lady Snow, tell us, isn't it thrilling to serve Lord Cain? Everyone knows Lord Cain is famously generous and wealthy!" A top girl asked curiously.

Lady Snow took a puff of her cigarette and exhaled the smoke, her eyes hiding old affections but outwardly she was skillful and composed. She laughed, "Being Lord Cain's woman is indeed a blessing, but Lord Cain died three years ago. Let's not talk about him; let the deceased rest."

Tch.

The other top girls snorted disdainfully, Lady Snow thrived on being Cain Shaw's woman, and everyone accorded her respect because of it.

Lady Snow took another drag from her cigarette, at that moment she suddenly noticed Mort Thorne in the secluded corner, and her actions briefly froze.

Dianna was watching Lady Snow too; she realized Lady Snow had recognized Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne's identity couldn't be exposed now; if it were, Scorpion would ensure he had no place to rest in peace.

Dianna's eyes flashed coldly because she saw Lady Snow calmly look away in the next second, acting as if nothing was amiss.

Dianna curved her lips in a mocking arc, perhaps she was worrying about nothing.

Lady Snow recognized Mort Thorne but didn't show it; Lady Snow held feelings for Mort Thorne.

Lady Snow was protecting Mort Thorne.

"Lady Snow, I brought my driver here today. Among all the top girls, introduce two excellent ones to my driver, make sure he's well taken care of tonight," Scorpion pointed to Mort Thorne in the corner.

Lady Snow stood up, approached Mort Thorne, her tobacco-scented hand slowly crawled up his stubbled cheek, she smiled temptingly, "What's there to choose? The best girl here is... me, isn't it?"

"Lady Snow, you!"

The other top girls' expressions changed, this poor driver had caught their interest first, yet Lady Snow boldly intervened.

Suddenly Mort Thorne, who had been silent, moved, his large hand emerged from his pocket and clamped onto Lady Snow's soft waist, pulling her forcefully into his embrace.

Chapter 1203: Are You Saying I'm Pregnant With Someone Else's Child?

"Boss, I'll head down first."

Mort Thorne wrapped his arm around Lady Snow and left.

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Dianna Hollis watched as their figures disappeared from view. She lowered her butterfly-wing-like lashes, concealing her emotions.

"Scorpion Lord, look at Lady Snow, she's even taken away our people!"

The Scorpion waved his hand, throwing several stacks of money onto the table, "Divide it among yourselves."

"Thank you, Scorpion Lord." The lead performers swarmed forward, scrambling for the money.

"Dianna, come on, I'll take you out for a midnight snack." The Scorpion put his arm around Dianna Hollis's fragrant shoulder.

The Scorpion was originally a rogue, and now, in this indulgent underground palace, he couldn't resist with an ice beauty like Dianna by his side.

Dianna wriggled a bit, then lifted her small head to look at the Scorpion, "Scorpion Lord, let go. We agreed beforehand, until we are married, you cannot touch me. My family's teachings are very strict, and we reject any cohabitation before marriage."

Dianna had forged her identity, using the name Dianna but changing her surname, claiming to be the daughter of a wealthy businessman, and the Scorpion believed it without question.

The Scorpion hooked a strand of her hair with his finger and sniffed, "So, you're still a virgin?"

Dianna lay playfully in the Scorpion's embrace, blinking mischievously, "Yes, I've never been with a man."

The Scorpion's eyes flared with desire, and he leaned in to kiss Dianna.

Dianna pushed him away, then got up and left, "Scorpion Lord, my driver is here to pick me up. I have to go home."

Saying this, Dianna walked away.

The Scorpion sat alone on the sofa. He pulled one of the lead performers onto his lap, "I've been holding back my desire and now there's no place to release it. Let me relieve it with you first. Dianna, sooner or later you'll be mine!"

The Scorpion already saw the lead performer as Dianna.

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Dianna didn't leave; she walked down the corridor and found Mort Thorne and Lady Snow's room.

She raised her hand, intending to knock, but quickly placed her hand on the doorknob and pushed the door open.

In the room, Mort Thorne sat by the bed, with his back to her; she could only see his strong and handsome shoulders and back.

Lady Snow was crouched at his knees, doing something unknown.

Dianna paused. Their position was really easy to misinterpret, as if Lady Snow was pleasing him.

"Who?" Mort Thorne's alertness was high as he quickly turned his head, his deep and sharp brown eyes shooting toward her.

Dianna instantly met his gaze.

Her eyes moved down, seeing his tight waist with the black belt undone, and those black trousers...

She turned and walked away.

"Dianna!"

Suddenly, a deep voice sounded behind her. Mort Thorne chased out, grabbing her slender wrist.

Dianna was forced to stop, pulling her hand back fiercely, "Let go of me!"

She struggled vigorously. Mort Thorne bent over, picked her up horizontally, and carried her back into the room.

"Let go of me, you bastard!"

Mort Thorne tossed her into the soft bed. She quickly tried to get up, but the man's tall and strong body pressed down.

Her little hands were wrapped by his rough large palm and pressed down...

"Try cursing again?"

He stared at her coldly and displeased, his thin lips spilling a few simple words.

Dianna paused; he wasn't reacting.

She misunderstood him.

She thought he and Lady Snow...

Dianna tried to pull back her hands, "Let go of me!"

His hands still held hers tightly.

Mort Thorne finally released her, the weight pressing on the bed suddenly withdrawing.

"Little sister, you misunderstood Lord Castle. Lord Castle's prosthetic area was red and inflamed, and I was just applying medication," Lady Snow stepped forward to explain.

So that's how it was.

Dianna's eyes revealed a hint of embarrassment as she looked at Mort Thorne, who stood tall and long-legged, back facing her, as he removed his black belt.

She stepped forward, coming beside him, "Mort Thorne, I'm sorry, earlier..."

Mort Thorne casually threw the black belt onto the sofa, his lips moving slightly, "No need to apologize. It's normal for you to be suspicious."

With that, he headed toward the bathroom.

But a small hand reached out, tightly grabbing his clothes.

Mort Thorne stopped, looking down at the little hand, his voice low, "Let go."

Dianna shook her head, holding on tighter, "No."

Mort Thorne tried to pull her hand away.

Dianna reached out both hands to cling to him, refusing to let go.

"You need a lesson, don't you?" Mort Thorne shouted sternly.

Dianna, "Mort Thorne, you're yelling at me!"

Mort Thorne, "..."

Dianna held tightly onto his sleeve, wrinkling his black shirt. She glanced at Lady Snow.

The girl hesitated, her moist eyes betraying a bit of grievance.

Mort Thorne's gaze softened, then he glanced sideways at Lady Snow, "You go out first."

Lady Snow nodded, "Okay."

Lady Snow left and there was no third person in the room. Dianna released her hand and asked quietly with her head lowered, "Is Lady Snow with you?"

Mort Thorne pressed his thin lips together without answering.

Dianna realized her question was pointless; Lady Snow was clearly his old flame. He wasn't a good person in the past.

She turned and prepared to leave.

But a large hand reached out, grabbing her slender wrist and pulling firmly, her delicate body immediately crashing into his solid chest.

Oof!

Her nose hurt upon impact; his body was like a wall, hard all over.

"What are you doing?" She grumbled, struggling awkwardly.

Mort Thorne's strong arm wrapped around her slender waist, easily pinning her in his embrace. He was tall; she was a whole head shorter, so he looked down at her little head encased in gloom, "Why are you being difficult? It was over twenty years ago, you weren't even born then."

Dianna calmed down. Yes, she wasn't born then, so why mind?

But she did mind.

"Still upset?" He asked.

Dianna suddenly felt nauseous, pressing a hand to her chest, bending over to retch.

Seeing her vomit, Mort Thorne's handsome face shifted immediately. He reached out, patting her beautiful back, "Where do you feel unwell?"

The man's voice was filled with nervousness and concern.

Dianna felt genuinely uncomfortable, not used to being in Serrano.

Just then, Mort Thorne asked in a low voice, "Have you gone to the hospital for a checkup?"

"What?" Dianna looked at him, confused. Check for what?

Mort Thorne pressed his thin lips together, voicing his guess, "Are you...really pregnant?"

Pregnant?

Those words from Mort Thorne caught Dianna off guard. She thought she hadn't been with him, then after a few seconds, her pupils contracted, understanding his insinuation, "You mean...I'm carrying someone else's child?"

Chapter 1204: Doing Push-Ups With Her

Mort Thorne looked at her, "It's not someone else... it's your husband. Aren't you carrying your husband's child?"

"..." Dianna Hollis was speechless. She and Raymond Alden were in a fake marriage; how could there be a baby?

Dianna pushed his large hand away, "I ask you, if I really were pregnant, what would you do?"

Mort raised an eyebrow and looked at her, "You're asking the wrong person, you should go ask your husband. It's not my child!"

"...I'm not pregnant; it's just an upset stomach." Dianna said.

Mort eyed her skeptically, unable to tell which of her words were true and which were false.

Dianna reached out with her two small hands and hugged his strong waist, then opened his black shirt. The diamond ring on his red string was always worn close to his skin, "Your amputated area is swollen and inflamed. I want to see it."

"What's there to see?"

"I just want to see it."

Mort let go of her and sat on the edge of the bed. His two strong and muscular long legs spread apart carelessly, and seeing her hesitate, he motioned with his eyes, "Didn't you want to see? What are you dawdling for? Come here."

He grabbed her small hand and pulled her over.

Dianna stood between his legs, and he suddenly clamped her in place with his thighs.

Rogue.

Dianna's small oval face blushed with two quick red hues, the position was too ambiguous.

"Undo my belt." He ordered softly.

Dianna glanced at him and then slowly stretched out her small hand to undo the black belt at his waist.

But after tugging twice, she still couldn't get it open; she didn't have the experience.

"How do you do this?" She squatted down to unbuckle it.

At this time, two slender fingers pinched her small chin, forcing her to raise her head, meeting the man's deep, silent black eyes, "What, you haven't done this for your husband in these three years?"

At first, his jealousy wasn't so obvious, but now with his repeated mentions of "your husband," Dianna wondered if he had a secret crush on Raymond Alden.

Dianna slapped his large hand away and continued to unbuckle the belt.

"You're going back tomorrow, you're not allowed to get tangled up with this scorpion anymore." His words suddenly took a sharp turn.

Dianna refused, "I'm on a mission, I can't go back."

"Does the FIU have no one else, that they need you to use feminine wiles?" Mort's thin, cold lips showed a faint sneer; he didn't think much of these tactics or of her, "The scorpion likes virgins. Are you still a virgin?"

As he spoke, his gaze roved boldly from her small face downward, filled with an innate evil charm, "If the scorpion finds out you were with a man at nineteen, you'll be waiting to be used by him then thrown to his men."

"And what would happen if the scorpion knew the man I was with at nineteen was you, a poor driver?"
Dianna challenged.

Hearing this, Mort's gaze deepened, his eyes falling on her red lips, "Your little mouth is getting sharper and sharper."

Dianna noticed him staring at her red lips. She raised an eyebrow, "What, want to kiss me?"

Mort quickly looked away, "No..."

The next second, Dianna raised her two small hands and wrapped them around his neck, forcefully capturing his lips full of denial.

She kissed him first!

Mort froze.

Dianna didn't close her eyes, she just looked at him, sensing his struggle, teetering between indulgence and clarity, until his large hand landed on her waist, firmly pushing her away.

Mort's handsome face looked composed, "Dianna, what do you take me for now?"

Dianna smirked, "What do you mean?"

She was playing dumb!

"You have a husband now. If you just want to play with me, treating me as a lover in the shadows, I'm telling you, Dianna, dream on!"

Dianna just didn't want to tell him the marriage was fake. In this relationship, his constant wavering and departures left her dealing with things alone here; how could she easily forgive him?

"Mort, have you forgotten, you owe me this!"

Mort frowned, "So, you're taking revenge on me this way?"

"Yes." Dianna nodded.

Mort's handsome face sank, he raised his large hand to press against her forehead, "Go away!"

Dianna was pushed away.

Mort got up from the bed, pulling off his black T-shirt. His chest was robust, his waistline tight, with well-developed abs. His whole body screamed masculinity, strong and powerful.

He was built all over. Dianna sneakily glanced at his pants, her gaze intense.

Mort already felt her fiery gaze, sure she was somewhat tempted by his body, wanting to make him her lover or something similar.

"What are you looking at?"

"What, other women can look, but I can't?" Dianna retorted.

This man was in his prime at thirty, still vigorous at forty, and she wanted to look, and she wanted a proper look.

"And you're not allowed to go flirting around anymore."

"What did I flirt with?"

"Doing push-ups! You're not allowed to take off your clothes in front of other women, nor touch other women, let alone do push-ups!"

Mort, "Jealous of even this?"

He said, his long fingers adjusted the waist of his pants briefly, "Do you want to see something even better?"

"What?"

Mort lay down on the bed, his large hands propping up the sheets, he began to do push-ups.

They were called push-ups, but the movements were more captivating than push-ups.

To be precise, the line from his back was hollowed inward, his hips raised, moving his body in a seductive arc from top to bottom—a classic masculine push-up.

Dianna felt a rush to her brain, almost getting a nosebleed.

She had seen plenty of handsome men, the kind women wanted to marry, but Mort was the type women wanted to sleep with.

This man was full of hormones, an explosion of allure.

Mort did a few, then glanced at her from the side, "Come here."

Dianna, "What, you want me to ride on your back?"

She walked over.

Mort grabbed her slender wrist with force, pulling her directly beneath him, "These kind of push-ups aren't you riding me, but me pressing you."

With that, he pressed down on her, his two large hands planted on either side of her, moving his robust waist, doing a few more push-ups.

With every rise and fall, the distance between them extended and shortened, and the room's temperature soared several degrees.

Dianna's small face flushed red as she pushed him lightly, "Mort, how did I not notice you're this... secretly sultry?"

Mort looked down at her, "Not jealous anymore? Have I pleased you?"

Dianna thought for a moment, "Not yet, unless..."

"Unless what?"

Dianna pushed against his chest with her two hands, and Mort lay down accordingly. She nimbly rolled over, straddling his solid waist. "The kind of push-ups they just talked about, I want you to do them for me now."

Chapter 1205: I Know, He Loves You

Mort Thorne understood the push-ups mentioned by those top girls in the private room earlier; he's almost a forty-year-old man, he's seen it all. He just didn't expect Dianna Hollis to make such a bold request of him.

She wasn't a little girl anymore, she understood what needed to be understood. He felt that this was her irrefutable flirtation with him.

Over the past three years, Dianna had blossomed quite a bit. Her small oval face was enchanting, and her demeanor exuded womanhood. Her arched eyebrows radiated a soul-stealing, seductive laziness. Combined with her graceful, curvaceous figure, Mort believed no man could resist such temptation—not even him.

"Stop fooling around, get down," Mort said in a hoarse voice.

Dianna enjoyed watching him clearly want her, yet trying hard to resist. "I'm not getting down. Hurry up and do those push-ups. Are you dragging your feet because you can't do it?"

"..." At this moment, Mort just wanted to prove himself, to show her whether he could do it or not!

"I only injured my right leg, not my back, got it?"

"I don't get it!" Dianna pretended to be naive, deliberately provoking him. "Unless you show me!"

Mort blushed, his large hand firmly encircling her soft waist. "Dianna, it seems you're in need of some discipline after these three years!"

After a while, the room door was pushed open, and Lady Snow walked in.

Lady Snow immediately saw the two of them on the bed. She was taken aback. "Master Thorn..."

When someone barged in, Dianna was startled. She wanted to get off the bed immediately, but her little booties had already slipped off, and even her socks had fallen off, revealing her alabaster feet.

Now disheveled, she appeared as if she had been taken advantage of, embarrassed to the point of wanting to dig a hole and hide.

In contrast, Mort remained calm and collected, not even giving Lady Snow a glance. He got up from the bed, crouched his tall, sturdy frame, picked up the sock in his palm, stretched the opening, and spoke up, "Put it on quickly."

He was putting socks on her.

A sweetness suffused Dianna's heart. They say older men are more caring, and that was true.

Without any fuss, she slid her fair little foot right in.

Mort then slipped on her little booties.

Today, she was wearing a black short skirt paired with little booties, with white horizontal socks stretched out beneath, a very captivating sight.

Mort tugged her little skirt downward a bit and said deeply, "From now on, skirts must be knee-length!"

"..." The rules of the Thorne family are really strict.

Lady Snow was still there, so Dianna retracted her feet. "Got it, I'm leaving now."

She ran out.

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In the corridor, Dianna patted her flushed little face. Just then, a voice sounded behind her, "Hello, little sister."

Dianna turned around; it was Lady Snow.

Earlier, Lady Snow had been bringing in ointment.

"Lady Snow, are you looking for me?" Dianna asked.

Lady Snow nodded, "Little sister, do you have hostility towards me? Didn't he tell you that I'm not his lover?"

Dianna was taken aback.

Lady Snow smiled, "Over twenty years ago, I was sold to this underground palace at the age of fourteen. Others didn't treat me as a human, but he never mistreated people. He chose me but never touched me."

"Over twenty years ago, I was sold to this underground palace. Being so young, I became a money-maker here. He came that day, not yet twenty, surrounded by crowds, flamboyant and unruly. Everywhere he went, he was respectfully called 'Sir.' That was when he chose me from the fiery inferno I was in."

"He originally wanted to take me out, to give me a normal life. But how could I survive outside? My home was gone, I hadn't studied. Those vile old men had harmed my body, I couldn't even get pregnant. So, I stayed here, and he bought shares of the underground palace for me. I've been living freely and at ease all these years."

Dianna knew Lady Snow's feelings for Mort; this was a woman's intuition. Naturally, as a woman, she wholeheartedly sympathized with Lady Snow's plight. "Lady Snow, why are you telling me this?"

Lady Snow looked at Dianna, "Because he loves you."

This 'he' referred to Mort Thorne.

"I've known him for so long, I understand him better than anyone. Women come and go around him, replaced by another batch. He drifts through the world, yet never seems to invest his heart in any woman—except for you."

"When he looks at you, his eyes are filled with your reflection. He smiles at you, crouches down to put socks and shoes on you, and imposes his will, forbidding you to wear short skirts. He treats you so differently."

"I know, he loves you."

Ripples stirred within Dianna's heart; she also knew he loved her.

But, his love was inconsistent, always wavering.

Just then, Lady Snow stepped forward, gently holding her soft little hand, "Little sister, he is not an ordinary man. For someone like him, love is a lifetime commitment. Whatever he has, he will give it all to you. However, precisely because of deep love, he is always weighing pros and cons, always planning and strategizing for your sake. If he ever chose to leave, it wasn't out of escape or betrayal. He's just accustomed to enduring burdens, accustomed to darkness. Before you appeared, 'fear' was not a word in his life's dictionary. After you appeared, he learned, stroke by stroke, how to write the word 'fear' in his palm. It was you who taught him fear. He's afraid he can't provide you with happiness."

Dianna was stunned. She had always blamed Mort, blamed him for his frequent wavering. But she never realized it was because he was afraid.

This man, Mort Thorne, shoulders heavy burdens from life's vicissitudes. True, false, good, evil—he measures them all within his heart.

He wields the sword of justice, invincible, yet under his hardest armor, she became his softest heart.

Dianna's fair eyes turned red.

Just then, a deep, displeased voice rang in her ear, "What are you two talking about?"

Dianna looked up; Mort was there.

Mort had taken a cold shower, changed into a black shirt, with a white vest underneath. His wet bangs lay on his forehead, and he carried the chill of the water steam, looking particularly striking.

Lady Snow turned her head, only to see his deep ink-black eyes glance at her face once.

Lady Snow quickly lowered her head, like a student who had made a mistake.

Mort shifted his gaze from Lady Snow's face to Dianna's. He extended his large hand, "Come here."

Dianna obediently walked over and placed her little hand in his.

Her little hand was slightly cool, while his palm was warm and dry. He tightened his grip on her hand, scolding in a deep voice, "Standing here chatting, are you not afraid the scorpions can see you, or do you think your life is too long?"

Dianna stuck out her small pink lips, acknowledging her mistake.

"Let's go, I'll take you out."

Hand in hand, he led her away.

Lady Snow stood behind, watching the two figures. The man tall and handsome while the girl was bright and charming, with almost a twenty-year age gap, yet they seemed perfectly matched.

Chapter 1206: Hey, Mort Thorne!

The two didn't take the elevator; they walked up the stairs instead.

Dianna Hollis followed behind the man, watching him. He had one hand in his pocket, shoulders broad, his back rugged, providing a deep sense of security to those around him.

"Mort Thorne, why did you leave me three years ago?" Dianna asked softly.

It was the first time she asked why he left her three years ago.

Mort Thorne paused, turned to look at her, and after a moment of silence, he said lowly, "Three years ago, I received orders from above, so I had to leave. Staying would only have brought danger to you."

"You know, I'm not afraid of danger."

"But, I am. Dianna, I can't afford to give you the future you want because I don't even know where my future lies."

Dianna's gaze fell on the red string around his neck, which also held a diamond ring, "The ring... did you buy it for me?"

Mort Thorne looked at her without speaking.

Dianna insisted, "Mort, I have the right to know."

Mort Thorne pressed his thin lips together and then nodded, "Yeah... Three years ago, you mentioned you wanted to get married?"

Indeed.

The diamond ring was bought for her, perhaps three years ago he had already planned how to propose to her.

"Dianna, I'm sorry, to you, I am an extremely selfish person. Throughout these years, I've gotten used to walking alone in the dark, enduring everything. But then, I met you, encountered the light, and reached out, began to crave."

"Time and again, I wanted to have you, wanted to walk with you in the sunlight, even the world's most extravagant happiness seemed within my grasp, but reality... struck me over and over, making me leave you."

"Dianna, the path I'm walking now, I have never regretted it for even a second. It remains my most sincere passion, my most loyal faith. I love my country, but I can't have both the country and you. The country resides in my heart, you rest in my hand, I can only choose my heart, bear the pain to let you go, and abandon myself."

Country and her, he repeatedly chose the former, for it is his duty, his pursued belief.

But in giving up on her, he was also giving up on himself.

Dianna looked at him, a person with such great love; all hardships and adversities turn into the sharpest sword, the firmest persistence, the purest faith, so he walks farther than anyone.

Such a person is someone to look up to.

Thus, he captivated many noble young women and wives; they couldn't exactly say why he was so good, as although this handsome façade, strong physique, are common in the worldly red dust, it's not enough to be captivating.

Why he attracted Mort Thorne is because he bore a light, walking the path of forward momentum, under the sun, braving the wind and frost, shining brightly.

Dianna stepped forward, using her small hands to wrap around his firm waist, pressing her small face against his heart, his strong pulsating heart giving her a sense of safety. "I understand, Mort, it's okay, perhaps I blamed you in the past, but now I no longer blame you."

Mort Thorne lowered his eyes, most afraid she would blame him, she was the only one he owed in this world.

When he reopened his eyes, his gaze had returned to calmness, unwavering.

"Come, I'll take you out, you should go, staying here is dangerous." Mort took Dianna's small hand, leading her away.

...

Outside the underground palace was a private car, ready to pick up Dianna.

Mort Thorne did not go out but stood in the shadows, letting go of her soft little hand, "Get in the car."

Dianna looked at him, smiling with curved eyes, "Then I'm leaving."

Mort Thorne nodded, "Yeah."

Dianna got in the car, lowered the rear window, waved her small hand at him, and then the luxury car sped away.

She left.

Mort Thorne watched the luxury car disappear from sight, vanish in the depths of the bustling night scene.

Hands in pockets, he did not leave, standing for a long time, his dark lashes drooping, suddenly feeling empty inside.

With her departure, his entire heart felt vacant.

Actually, earlier, he wanted to go out.

To see her off.

To open the rear car door for her, bend down and kiss her forehead, stand with her in the sunlight embracing.

But he couldn't.

Mort Thorne raised his handsome eyes, it was raining outside, light drizzles falling.

It was deep autumn now, an autumn rain bringing coolness, especially at night, where the temperature was particularly cold. Mort stood under the deserted corridor, his black shirt blown by the cold wind, making gurgling sounds, adding a hint of solitude to his tall and sturdy figure.

The rain poured even harder, he didn't know how long he stood, and then he turned to go inside.

He had just taken a step when a soft voice suddenly reached his ears, "Hey, Mort Thorne."

Mort Thorne's steps froze, swiftly turning back.

The luxury car had returned, Dianna stood under the steps, in the rain, raising her small head with wet but bright eyes looking at him, gazing right into his depths.

She came back.

She actually came back!

Mort Thorne's handsome features suddenly hardened, his proud long legs took fierce steps to come before her, "You little rascal, itching for a beating, huh?"

Her black dress was entirely soaked.

He reached out his broad palm, clasping her slender wrist, forcefully pulling her up to stand in the corridor.

One corridor wall separated the wind and rain-ridden world outside, this place wasn't very warm, but warmth was everywhere.

Mort Thorne pushed her against the wall, looking at her soaking dress, lowered his voice to scold, "Why did you come back, thought getting drenched was fun?"

Dianna lifted her eyes to look at him, "I watched you the entire time in the car, you didn't leave."

"Can't I just let the wind blow?"

"..."

He raised his hand and took off his black shirt, commanding her impatiently, "Take off your dress and wear my shirt, later inside the car, get the driver to turn on the heat, if you dare to catch a cold, see how I'll handle you!"

He quickly took off his black shirt, leaving only a white vest on.

The white vest was very cheap, but the well-defined chest and developed muscles underneath made him look rugged and coarse, bursting with masculine charm.

Seeing she had not moved, his valiant brows furrowed, "Dawdling what, want me to take it off for you?"

Dianna's small face flushed red; this was the corridor. Although they hid in a secluded corner, people could still pass by.

"I'm afraid of people seeing." She extended her small hand to push against his firm chest, speaking softly.

"Anyone who dares to look, I'll cripple them."

"..."

Mort Thorne reached out with both broad hands to her neckline, pulling it apart, with a ripping sound, her dress was torn in two.

The icy skin suddenly met with coldness, Dianna exclaimed lightly, diving straight into his embrace.

Chapter 1207: Years Later, I Became You

The scent of the girl's subtle fragrance brushed under his nose. His vision was filled with her smooth white skin, and Mort Thorne's breathing became hurried. His expression turned extremely displeased as he quickly slipped the black shirt over her little head to cover her up, chiding hoarsely, "Aren't you embarrassed? Put your clothes on!"

Dianna Hollis had her small face wrapped inside his black shirt, which carried not only his residual warmth but also his rich masculine scent.

It felt like her heart was coated in honey, but she hummed, "Don't be fierce with me."

"..."

Once she had the shirt on, it was so big that it reached below her knees, hanging loosely. At this point, Dianna exclaimed, "My leg cramped up."

"Such a hassle," Mort Thorne muttered impatiently, swiftly lowering his tall frame to a half-squat. His rough large hands grabbed her calf, massaging it, "Where? Here?"

"Mm, yes."

Mort Thorne massaged her calf. Her calf was slender and delicate, not even as thick as his wrist. He softened his grip, worried he might accidentally crush it.

"Mort Thorne, that's enough now. It doesn't hurt anymore."

"Really?"

"Really."

Mort Thorne stood up, "Hurry back."

He took her hand and started to leave.

"Hey!" Dianna quickly stood on tiptoe, wrapping her small hands around his neck. She looked at him bashfully, "I'll go if you give me a kiss here."

She poked her cheek with a little finger.

Begging for a kiss.

Mort Thorne held her slender waist, giving it a squeeze, "Did you come back just for this?"

Dianna tilted her head, thought for a moment, then smiled, "Not entirely, more importantly, I wanted to come back and tell you, you're wrong. It was never you sending me away, it was... I who sent you away, always!"

Mort Thorne stopped short.

"Do you know why I joined FIU?"

Mort Thorne only found out later that she had joined FIU, choosing a difficult path.

"Because I wanted to walk the path you once walked. I hope that years later, I can become another you."

Mort Thorne's heart skipped a beat. He never imagined she would say such words.

She wanted to walk the path he had once walked.

Years later, she hoped to become another him.

Mort Thorne lowered his head and kissed her fiercely.

He kissed like a storm, seizing her red lips hard, burying his head in her tender neck, nibbling on her delicate skin.

Furrowing his handsome brows, he concealed all his emotions, only his taut muscles betrayed the surge within him, "Dianna! Dianna~"

He called her name over and over again, then kissed her red lips again.

His kiss was even more forceful than before, and Dianna's breathing gradually heated up. Her legs were about to give way, like a fish dying of thirst.

He was molten lava, already igniting her.

Just then, the sound of footsteps echoed, someone was coming.

"How's Mountains doing there with you? Although he's lame in one leg, his massive build and solid muscles must have pleased you, right?"

The voice was familiar; it was Scorpion.

Scorpion had arrived, having just slept with a top girl. He was speaking with Lady Snow, cigarette smoke curling around him.

Scorpion was inherently suspicious, probing Lady Snow about Mort Thorne.

Dianna's heart tightened. There was some distance between them now; if Scorpion walked a bit more in this direction, he might see them, and then they would be discovered.

Frightened, she reached out to push Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne's handsome features were shadowed in the dim light, his expression unreadable. His strong fingers grasped her slender wrist, pinning it above her head. He lightly bit her lip corner as a punishment, "Focus."

"..."

At such a time, he still dared.

"Mort Thorne..." she softly called his name, glancing at him with wet eyes, a look of admonishment.

Mort Thorne glanced at her, his large hand sliding to her slender waist, giving it a firm squeeze.

The sudden pain made Dianna's dark pupils contract, nearly crying out.

Her heartbeat was in her throat. She looked at him, only to see the man smirk playfully, "So bold, yet daring to come out and play."

"..."

He was teasing her.

Dianna lifted her foot to kick him, but the man was faster. His sturdy knee quickly pressed against her slender leg, pinning it to the wall, immobilizing her.

The man's tall and strong body lowered, completely enveloping her delicate frame.

Elsewhere, Lady Snow adjusted her clothes, smiling with practiced charm, "Just got out of bed, my bones almost fell apart from the fuss. Your driver seems like he hasn't touched a woman in decades."

Scorpion finally relaxed, it seemed there was no immediate trouble with the driver.

He looked at Lady Snow, reaching out lecherously for her collar, his words turning crude, "This driver doesn't like those young top girls, just picked you. Isn't it because of your charm?"

With a "slap," Lady Snow knocked Scorpion's hand away, giving him a reproachful look, "You rascal."

Scorpion tried to hug Lady Snow, attempting to kiss her.

Lady Snow evaded backward, avoiding his kiss.

Scorpion paused, his face falling dark, "What, hooked up with a poor driver and don't want to be with me anymore?"

Lady Snow maintained her smile, proactively embracing Scorpion, "Aren't you afraid your little ice beauty will find out? If you want me to serve you, I'll cling to you every day."

Thinking of Dianna, Scorpion lost interest. He pushed Lady Snow away, "I'm warning you, don't talk nonsense in front of her. I haven't slept with that little ice beauty yet, she's precious."

Scorpion grinned lewdly, "Just thinking about her makes me excited."

"Scorpion Lord, I'm jealous, I'm upset," Lady Snow turned and walked away.

"Lady Snow, wait for me." Scorpion chased after Lady Snow.

...

Once those two left, Dianna let out a sigh of relief. At that moment, the man's soft chuckle sounded by her ear, "Aren't you proud of bewitching Scorpion like that?"

Dianna looked up, meeting the man's eyes. He had a smile at the corner of his mouth, but his eyes were clouded with darkness.

Scorpion's words earlier clearly hit a nerve with him.

"It's getting late, I should go back." She turned to make a run for it.

But there was no escape. Mort Thorne still had her pinned between his sturdy chest and the wall.

Dianna quickly thought, saying, "I don't care about mesmerizing Scorpion. I only care if I can enchant you, so you'd surrender your soul to me."

Mort Thorne was barely satisfied with that answer. He released her, "Come on, I'll take you back."

But Dianna quickly wrapped her arms around her stomach, groaning in pain, "My stomach hurts."

Mort Thorne froze, his large hand swiftly moving to her flat stomach, gently rubbing in circles.

Chapter 1208: Be Responsible for Him

Although he was rubbing her belly, he cursed, "With your acting skills, the film industry owes you an Oscar."

He had already figured out she was pretending.

Dianna's little head was buried in his strong chest, mumbling then why are you still helping me rub my belly?

"I don't want to go back tonight," Dianna said softly.

Mort Thorne looked down at her, "Then where do you want to go?"

"Your room."

Mort's gaze darkened, staring at her quietly.

"Don't get the wrong idea, I'm just going to your room to sleep, we're not doing anything," Dianna said righteously.

Mort was silent for a moment, then took her small hand, "Then let's go."

He agreed.

Dianna quickly followed.

...

In the luxurious room of the underground palace, Dianna washed up and lay on the soft big bed. She turned her head; Mort, tall and long-legged, was lying on the sofa, the two were sleeping separately.

"Mort, goodnight," Dianna said goodnight, then closed her eyes to sleep.

Soon Mort heard her gentle breathing; she was indeed asleep.

Her insistence on coming to his room was very pure, just to sleep.

Mort got up and came to the bedside; he reached out to cover Dianna with a blanket.

But Dianna was restless in her sleep; she turned over, her leg propped up.

Mort looked at her exposed beautiful legs, so slender and white, and immediately looked away, covering her with the blanket again.

Letting her stay in his room overnight was definitely a wrong decision. Mort entered the bathroom to take a cold shower.

Mort fell asleep; he tossed and turned till midnight, finally falling asleep, but in his drowsy state, he felt someone climbing onto him, so he opened his eyes.

It was early morning, around five or six o'clock, and dawn was climbing over the horizon, painting the tranquil earth with a layer of soft golden light. In this indulgent underground palace, faint soft light filtered through champagne gold drapes, spilling beauty into the room.

Mort saw the person on top of him; at this moment, Dianna was sitting on his torso, wearing a strap nightdress, the thin strap slipping off one fragrant shoulder, her long black hair cascading, covered in sweat.

As the intense pleasure hit, Mort's pupils contracted sharply, his throat tightening, and his dark eyes immediately tinged with crimson. He rolled his throat several times to find his voice, "Dianna, what are you doing?"

Dianna's bright eyes danced, looking at him with a smile, "You're awake, then come on..."

...

Dianna left the underground palace, her little head down as she returned to her luxury car, speaking up, "Drive."

"Yes, Miss." The driver stepped on the gas pedal.

Dianna's palm-sized face was red enough to drip blood; it was undoubtedly the boldest thing she had done.

Through the car window, she saw a pharmacy by the roadside.

"Stop."

The luxury car slowly stopped.

Dianna got out and went into the pharmacy. The sales clerk asked, "Miss, what would you like to buy?"

Dianna's gaze fell on a box of birth control pills, but quickly she looked away, "A bottle of vitamins, please."

"Okay."

Dianna left with the vitamins; she initially wanted to buy birth control but changed her mind, only buying vitamins.

...

Half an hour later.

Dianna returned to her room; she took a hot shower first, then draped on a silk nightdress.

At that moment, a melodious ringtone sounded; the team leader called, "Hello, Dianna, orders came from above for us to immediately stop the honey trap, so starting tomorrow, don't have any contact with Scorpio."

What?

Dianna quickly furrowed her brows; she knew Mort must have given the order to cancel the honey trap.

He's now her superior in charge; the Scorpio plan follows his lead.

Dianna grasped the phone, "Leader, did they say why they're canceling the honey trap? We must persuade by virtue. I've been approaching Scorpio smoothly, making me quit halfway must persuade me first, else it's hard for me to accept."

Leader, "Dianna, this decision from above was very sudden. I asked for reasons; they said, even though you've changed your identity, if Scorpio investigates, it's likely they'll find hints. After all, the identities of City of Crestfall's first ice beauty and Mrs. Alden are overly conspicuous, it's likely you'll be exposed, so to avoid unnecessary trouble, they decided to stop the honey trap."

City of Crestfall's first ice beauty? He cares most is her Mrs. Alden identity now!

Not long ago, in that luxurious room, she forcefully took him; she wondered what he was thinking. She knew about him; she is now someone else's wife, it's hard for him to cross the moral boundary.

"Leader, I think you need to confess something to the higher-ups," Dianna said.

"What is it?"

"Charles' true identity, and the inside story of my marriage to Charles."

...

In the luxurious room.

Mort Thorne stood tall in front of the floor-to-ceiling window; he had just been standing here watching Dianna leave in the luxury car. She actually dared!

Mort's fingers held a cigarette; he had already smoked a pack. The ashtray was full of cigarette butts, smoke filled the room.

Just now...

Mort smoked more urgently, his handsome brows tightly furrowing into a "chuan" character. Although she often teased him, he thought she was just getting back at him. He never expected she would... treat him this way.

What was she thinking?

Mort's mind was a mess now; he couldn't just let it go. She forcefully took him; he couldn't just let her leave after putting her pants on. She must take responsibility at least.

If it was before, he wouldn't have let her leave.

But, she's married.

She's now Mrs. Alden, that Raymond Alden loves her, cherishes her, treasures her, and she said her marriage is very happy.

So, he let her leave.

Mort calmed down his chaotic thoughts, anyway, the honey trap is impossible. He doesn't want to see Scorpio's lecherous gaze on her.

He already called to stop the honey trap.

His matters with her, after dealing with Scorpio, they will slowly discuss.

At that moment, a melodious ringtone sounded; a call came, it was from Charles Bishop.

As the direct leader of this operation, Mort couldn't directly contact the FIU team leader; Charles was responsible for conveying orders.

Why is Charles calling at this time?

Mort pressed the button to connect, "Hello."

"Mort, FIU Dianna doesn't agree to terminate the honey trap."

Mort frowned, "Objection overruled."

"Mort," Charles interrupted, "Dianna just gave a reason for opposition, a reason you need to hear."

Chapter 1209: She Has Always Been Waiting for You

Charles Bishop lowered his tone, sounding very serious, as if discussing business. Mort Thorne furrowed his brow deeper, "What did she say?"

He couldn't imagine any legitimate reason for Dianna Hollis to object, probably just stubborn nonsense, and this time he definitely wouldn't listen to her.

"Mort, did you know Dianna married Raymond Alden three years ago?"

Of course he knew!

Mort felt somewhat unhappy, Charles really had no tact, bringing up the sorest subject.

"I know, I don't want to talk about it." Mort wanted to end the topic.

"No, Mort, you do want to talk."

Mort felt Charles was acting strange today, he pressed his lips in displeasure, "If you want to say something, hurry up and say it. Why are you so cryptic?"

"Mort, Dianna and Raymond have a fake marriage," Charles stated.

What?

Fake... marriage...

These three words exploded next to Mort's ear. His deep pupils suddenly contracted, unbelieving—fake what???

"What did you just say? Repeat that if you dare!" Mort gripped his phone tightly.

"Mort, I've sent Raymond's confidential personal info to your phone. Raymond, a high-ranking FIU official, was involved in an Interpol case three years ago, almost got exposed. At the time, he met Dianna, who had just joined FIU. The higher-ups decided, after deliberation, to let them fake a marriage. Their wedding was the talk of the town, providing Raymond with the greatest protection. These three years, their marriage seemed happy, inseparable, but actually, it's just a fake marriage."

Charles had finished speaking, but Mort couldn't return to his senses for a long time. He couldn't believe what he'd just heard. Is this a dream?

Mort pinched his thigh hard, hissing from the pain.

This pain was so real, making him feel that everything was true. Dianna and Raymond only had a fake marriage. They had a fake marriage!

Dear God!

The immense joy of regained love filled Mort's chest, his eyes reddened with delight—so grateful, she was in a fake marriage!

It turns out, she never left all these years. She just... stayed in the same place for a long time.

During the three years he was away, she walked the path he once walked, step by step.

"Mort... Mort, are you listening..." Not hearing Mort, Charles spoke up.

"Ha, hahaha." Mort chuckled, holding his phone, suddenly bursting into laughter. He was happy, truly happy.

Charles had never heard Mort laugh so uncontrollably before—probably the most joyous moment of his life.

"Mort," Charles said softly, "we've known each other for so many years, you've always been alone. But now I know you're not alone anymore, because there's a girl behind you, staying there all along. So don't hesitate—go to her, she's been waiting for you."

...

The Scorpion led Mort to the mall, but they waited and waited, and Dianna didn't show up.

The Scorpion checked the time, "Why hasn't Dianna arrived yet?"

Today Mort wore a dark blue T-shirt, black pants below, leaning lazily against a wall, his handsome face under the cap showing no emotion.

At this moment, a soft voice sounded by his ear, "I'm late."

Dianna had arrived.

Mort froze, swiftly looking up with his dark eyes at Dianna.

Dianna felt an intense gaze land on her small face; she knew Mort was watching her.

But she ignored him, not even glancing in his direction.

"Dianna, you're finally here. Today I'll take you shopping—you can pick any jewelry, clothes, or bags you like."

The Scorpion pointed at the sparkling diamonds below the window.

"Boss, I'm going out for a smoke." Mort turned to leave.

...

The Scorpion took Dianna inside to shop. Soon someone approached, "Dianna, let me introduce my cousin, Melissa."

Beside the Scorpion stood a tall beauty, with a pretty face and figure, attracting attention.

Dianna pursed her lips, looking at the Scorpion, "She's not your cousin; she's your sweetheart, isn't she?"

"Don't joke around, Melissa likes someone else."

Oh?

Dianna glanced at Melissa.

At that moment, a tall and muscular figure walked in front—it was Mort.

Mort's hands were in his pockets, the cap pulled low. He walked calmly and composedly, appearing low-key, mysterious, and cold.

Melissa's eyes lit up, she quickly ran forward, "Big Mountain, long time no see, did you miss me?"

Dianna's smile quickly froze—it turns out Melissa liked Mort.

Her first impression of Melissa was quite distant, with a demeanor of an heiress. But now Melissa circled Mort, laughing charmingly, obviously letting down her heiress demeanor, appearing petite and clingy, with a hint of fawning in her beautiful eyes.

"Big Mountain." Melissa called, reaching out to link her arm with Mort's.

Linking arms is a gesture of intimacy between couples, and Dianna looked at Mort.

Mort didn't glance at her. When Melissa tried to wrap her arm around his, he discreetly withdrew his arm.

He looked lazily at Melissa, his gaze indifferent.

Melissa pouted with grievance, "Big Mountain, do you have another woman outside, so you forgot me?"

Mort's hands were still in his pockets; not impatient but very dismissive, "Heiress, don't joke."

The Scorpion laughed heartily, "Big Mountain, ever since you saved Melissa last time, she's never forgotten you. How about it, interested in being my brother-in-law? No need to be a driver anymore—I'll give you a place to manage."

Melissa immediately looked at Mort with anticipation.

Mort pursed his lips, saying nothing.

He didn't agree or disagree.

Dianna felt uneasy and tugged at the Scorpion, "You said you'd take me shopping today, why are you playing matchmaker?"

"Dianna, you blame me for neglecting you. Come on, let's pick out some diamonds and jewelry first."

Melissa said happily, "Big Mountain, let's look at jewelry too."

Melissa dragged Mort to the sparkling window display, pointing at a rose gold bracelet, "Big Mountain, isn't this pretty?"

Mort stood tall and leggy, his hand in his pocket resting on the window, lazily saying, "You buy it—I'm broke."

"..."

Melissa's face fell; she knew he was broke. He'd only been a driver for a month and hadn't received this month's pay yet.

"Big Mountain, how about this watch? It's a limited edition. I'll buy it and gift it to you," Melissa said, trying to please.

The clerk glanced at Mort with contempt in their eyes—this man had no money, relying on women for expensive gifts, definitely a freeloader.

Chapter 1210: Bought a Lipstick

The clerk looked at Melissa with a sycophantic expression, "Miss, you have a great eye. This watch suits this gentleman perfectly."

"Help me take this watch out." Melissa spoke.

"Certainly." The clerk enthusiastically opened the showcase.

At this moment, a deep voice sounded by his ear, "It's not necessary."

Mort Thorne declined.

Melissa was taken aback, "Mort, you don't like this watch?"

"No, I don't."

Having said that, Mort turned on his heel and left.

...

Outside the shopping mall, Mort leaned lazily against the car body waiting.

Just then, Scorpion came out, reached over and patted his shoulder, "Melissa is buying you a watch, why don't you take it? As long as it's food, whether it's soft or hard, we can eat it."

Mort smirked, "I'd rather go hungry than live off someone else."

"Ambitious!" Scorpion praised, half sincere and half ironic, then took out two stacks of red banknotes, "Here's your salary for this month. Here you go."

Mort counted out forty bills, realized he had taken one extra, and returned it to Scorpion, "Four thousand, just right."

He didn't want any extra.

Scorpion raised an eyebrow and took the money back, "What do you want to buy with your first paycheck?"

"Haven't decided yet."

Mort truly hadn't decided, once a prominent figure rich enough to rival nations, he used to go out without carrying cash.

These three years, he hid away in the mountains for those children and became somewhat tight-fisted, but living alone, he wouldn't starve.

Over time, he almost forgot how to spend cash.

This was indeed his first paycheck.

"If you've got a lady you like, go buy her some jewelry. Women love that." Scorpion suggested.

Really?

Mort curled his lips, a tender smile surfacing on his face.

...

In the mall.

The clerk chatted with another clerk, "Just now, someone without money came, a girl was giving him a limited edition watch, and he refused. What a pretentious jerk."

Just as the words fell, the sound "knock, knock, knock" echoed in his ear.

The clerk turned to look, Mort had returned, one hand in his pocket, the other knocking sharply on the glass window with jointed knuckles, raising his handsome eyelids, his deep, sharp eyes merely glanced at the clerk.

The clerk's face turned pale, his scalp tingled under Mort's gaze.

"Si...sir, what do you want to buy?" The clerk stammered.

Mort looked away, his gaze towards the showcase below, soon attracted by a lipstick.

A vivid bright red, looking stunningly fiery.

"How much is this?" he asked.

"Sir, the casing of this lipstick is crafted from 18K pure gold, and it's purely handmade, priced at 3999."

3999.

He had just received his salary, four thousand yuan.

"Alright, I'll take this, please wrap it up for me."

"Certainly, sir." The clerk dared not neglect him, given Mort's aura, the clerk was still quite afraid.

...

In the luxury car, Mort was driving, Scorpion had left earlier due to some business, leaving Dianna Hollis and Melissa in the car.

Dianna sat in the back seat, Melissa sat in the front passenger seat.

"Mort, my brother said he paid your salary just now, four thousand yuan, treat me to a late-night snack?"

Mort's rough hands pressed against the steering wheel, eyes without looking at Melissa, "I only have one yuan in my pocket."

"Impossible, I don't believe it." Melissa didn't buy it, thinking he was making excuses.

Mort really wasn't lying, having spent 3999, only one yuan remained in his pocket.

"Mort, what's hanging around your neck? It's so bright." Melissa's sharp eyes caught sight of the red string around his neck, below it seemed to hang a shining diamond ring.

Melissa immediately reached out to touch the red string around his neck.

Dianna watched from the back, both hands quickly clenched into fists.

A diamond ring shouldn't be touched without permission.

She didn't want Melissa to touch his diamond ring.

At this moment, Mort raised his hand to block, preventing Melissa from touching it, he cast a side glance at Melissa, "Sit properly, don't distract me while driving."

Melissa was displeased, she sat back, "Mort, drop Miss Hollis off first then take me to the hotel room."

She emphasized "hotel room," sounding quite suggestive.

"Miss Melissa, let's drop you off at the hotel first, then take me home." Dianna spoke.

In the quiet car interior, tension between the two women swiftly ignited, palpable and intense.

"Mort, who are you dropping off first?"

Mort raised his gaze, through the rearview mirror he glanced at Dianna.

Dianna was also looking at him, eyes moist and bright.

This was the first time she looked at him today.

This little cat, she hadn't paid him any attention today, whenever he approached her, she'd move away on purpose.

The two hadn't found time for private interaction, he had so much to say to her.

Mort looked away, then spoke, "Drop Miss Hollis off first."

Melissa was instantly delighted.

Dianna quickly clenched her little fists, she gave Mort a glare, implying - He's asking for trouble!

...

The luxury car parked below the apartment, Dianna didn't lift her head, opened the car door and walked off with her bag.

Mort looked through the car window at her figure disappearing out of sight, then he stepped on the gas, the luxury car speeding down the road.

"Blood Eagle, what's your relationship with Dianna?"

At that moment, Melissa removed her mask, revealing an exquisitely beautiful face full of vitality.

Mort gripped the steering wheel, slightly curling his lips, "She's my woman."

"What?" Melissa's face changed, but she quickly steadied, "Blood Eagle, I'll give you time, break up with her soon. My grandfather is about to retire from his position, as long you marry me, you'll be the next leader."

Mort's expression remained unaffected, he said nothing.

"Blood Eagle, this is your most crucial step from darkness to light, being a leader, what a high political starting point, desired by many?"

Mort's lips curled slightly, "Alright, stop brainwashing me, I'm not worthy of a leader's heiress, I can't swallow this meal of dependency."

"..."

Dependency?

He knew it wasn't that.

Throughout the years, many aristocrats pursued her fervently, yet her heart landed on him, but he remained indifferent, often not even sparing a proper glare.

She had lowered her noble stance to please him.

"Blood Eagle, what's wrong with me? Tell me, I can change." Melissa softened her tone, sounding humble.

Mort displayed little emotion, not even furrowing his brow, "You're good, but what's that got to do with me?"

...

Inside the apartment.

Dianna took a hot shower, her mind filled with images of Mort together with Melissa, anger making her skip dinner.

At this moment, a melodious phone ringtone sounded, and she had a call.

It was Mort.

She didn't answer.

Then "ding," a message arrived - open the door.