

Substitute B 1211

Chapter 1211: Putting a Diamond Ring on Her Finger

Dianna read the text message twice before opening the door.

She opened the door.

Oh my God.

He actually came.

He was right outside her door.

Dianna didn't even bother putting on shoes, she dashed to the door and flung it open.

Standing outside was a tall and strong figure, like a guardian at the door, backlit by the light.

It really was Mort Thorne.

Looking at him, Dianna snorted, "What are you doing here? Didn't Melissa let you stay in the hotel room overnight?"

She was still holding the door, not letting him in.

Mort extended his broad hand to push the door open, stepped inside with his long legs, and then closed the door behind him with a backward motion.

The action was straightforward and domineering.

His strong back gently leaned against the door, and he smiled, "If I did, someone would be crying."

"I won't cry!" Though Dianna said that, she felt happy inside.

Mort glanced down and saw her bare feet, his heroic eyebrows knitting together tightly, "Why are you barefoot?"

He wrapped his strong arm around her slim waist, gently lifting her, and effortlessly picked her up.

Dianna quickly wrapped her small arms around his neck.

"Holding on so tight?" Mort chuckled, bending down to kiss her forehead gently.

Dianna hugged him even tighter, murmuring, "I thought you didn't want me anymore."

The word "again" tightened Mort's heart, he held her firmly with his strong arm, clutching her forcefully, "Do you really like me that much?"

Now he had nothing, with his right leg still limping, while she was only 24 years old, why did she like him so much?

"Don't you have any idea of how much I like you?" Dianna looked at him with bright eyes.

In this moment, Mort felt as if he had gone back to the old days, those sunny, carefree old days that he thought had long departed during these three years. But now, as he turned back, he realized everything was still there.

She was still there.

She was still the girl in his memory, his most beloved one, with her curving brows and starry eyes full of intense love for him, and in her eyes, he saw himself entirely.

Mort's handsome eyebrows softened, "I got you a gift, it's in my pocket, you can take it yourself."

He actually bought her a gift?

Dianna's eyes sparkled, she quickly reached her small hand into his pocket, "What kind of gift?"

Through the thin fabric, her soft hand touched the strong muscles of his thigh, making his waist and abdomen stiffen.

Then Dianna found the gift, took it out, in her hand was a lipstick.

He gave her lipstick as a gift.

A man buying a woman lipstick.

Dianna's eyes glinted with amusement, she played with the lipstick in her hand lovingly, her voice sweet and delicate, "How much did this cost?"

"Not much, 3999."

What?

Dianna took a deep breath, "Your salary is only 4000, and you spent 3999 on a lipstick? Mort, are you crazy?"

She glared at him angrily.

Mort said, "Go put it on and show me."

Dianna was angry, he was wasting money, spending a month's salary on this, he wasn't like he used to be, in these three years, sending children from the mountains to Aethelgard for college, he hadn't saved a penny.

"I won't."

"Not listening?" he muttered a curse, squeezing her waist hard with his big hand.

Dianna winced in pain, her slender body twisting like a little watersnake away from his arms. She put on her slippers and walked to the vanity, opening the lipstick.

She applied a bit to her lower lip, and then pressed them open. The pure red was very pigmented, she dabbed some with her fingers and then added another layer, a pure yet glamorous lip bite stain.

She lifted her eyes, looking at herself in the mirror, her lip line delicate, like hibiscus flowers, so she usually didn't wear lipstick.

Now with lipstick on, it made her skin seem snow-white, her beauty captivating.

She turned, looking at him with sparkling eyes, "Does it look good?"

Mort walked over with long strides, then with his big hands cradled her small face, and lowered his head to kiss her.

Her lipstick, her soft lips all melted on his tongue, too sweet to bear.

Ugh!

Dianna quickly pushed against his chest, "Don't kiss, I just applied it."

"I bought lipstick to taste it."

"..."

He wanted to kiss her again, and Dianna turned her face to the side to avoid him, "I want to ask, why did you give me lipstick?"

Out of so many gifts, he chose lipstick.

"Originally, I wanted to buy something else, but I ran out of money."

"..."

At this moment, shouldn't he say something sweet or romantic?

Mort, who never played by the rules.

Alright, he wasn't the domineering CEO type anyway.

As Mort leaned in for a kiss, Dianna didn't avoid him, letting him catch her. She stuck her small hand into his pocket again, finding only one coin left.

She clenched the coin tightly in her palm, suddenly feeling a pang in her heart.

Her Mort shouldn't live like this.

Just then, she heard a low curse near her ear, "Have you had enough feeling around in my pocket?"

Dianna blushed, reflexively withdrawing her hand.

Then everything spun around, Mort lifted her horizontally, striding over to the couch and throwing her onto it.

Dianna tried to get up, but in the next second, the black shadow pressed down on her, the rich, clean masculine scent overwhelming all her senses.

They kissed.

As Dianna had been holding onto the lipstick, when the man started to tug at her clothes, the lipstick fell directly on the carpet.

"My lipstick!"

She leaned over to see, the lipstick had broken into two pieces on the carpet.

Dianna felt a pang in her heart, oh my God, her 3999 lipstick!

She reached to pick it up.

But the next moment, the man turned her face back with his hand, "What's there to call for, it's broken and it's broken."

"But..."

"Don't talk!" he interrupted her hoarsely, "Tell me, I need you to tell me in your own words, your marriage with Raymond is fake, right?"

He finally asked, unable to wait any longer.

Dianna raised an eyebrow, "Yes, my marriage with Raymond is fake. I said I would never marry anyone else in this life, except..."

"Except for whom?"

"Except... you."

Mort closed his eyes and then opened them again, his muscular chest heaving, his eyes dyed red, he reached up and yanked the red string from his neck, pulling out a diamond ring.

"Dianna, can I put it on for you?" Mort held Dianna's small hand, but he didn't dare put it on rashly, so he cautiously asked her.

Before Dianna could speak, Mort continued, "You should think it over, because, I'll only give you one chance to consider it. If you agree, you can't go back on it, because, a military marriage is for life, nobody is allowed to back out."

Chapter 1212: I Can Stand Beside You Through Storms

"Dianna, you can see my current situation, my right leg is crippled, I have nothing to my name. If you stay with me, there might be danger, but," Mort Thorne placed her small hand on his heart, "in here, there's only you. As long as you're willing to be with me, I'll give my all, love you with my whole life, and never let you suffer any grievance."

Was this his marriage proposal?

Dianna Hollis admitted that she was moved by it. He didn't say sweet words; his sweet words were his lifetime promise. She was willing to give herself to him.

Dianna Hollis stretched out her small hand, "Mort, put it on now, immediately, I've been waiting for this moment for so long."

Mort quickly slid the ring onto the ring finger of her right hand, then lowered his head and kissed her.

This moment was too blissful.

He had never thought he could have such happiness again.

Dianna Hollis knew that this lipstick was considered ruined.

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Two hours later.

Lying on the bed, Dianna opened her eyes weakly, feeling as if she had died once.

Mort was not in the room; he had gone out.

Dianna forced herself to get out of bed; she opened the window to disperse the ambiguity in the room. The sheets couldn't be used, so she tore off the old sheets and replaced them with new ones.

She held the old sheets and walked out of the room.

As she stepped out, she saw a tall and strong figure in the kitchen. Mort was cooking. He had taken a shower, but there were no men's clothes here, so he was still wearing that dark blue T-shirt. He had removed the prosthetic from his black long pants, leaving the right pant leg empty.

However, this did not affect the man's graceful actions in the slightest; instead, it added a rugged and mature charm, making him particularly alluring.

Dianna walked over quietly and hugged him from behind, her fair little hand reaching through the pants leg to touch his amputation, "Mort, how did you lose your leg?"

Mort was stirring the pan with a spatula; when it came to his amputated right leg, he showed no expression, "Want to know?"

"You can't tell me, right?"

He had many secrets, his identity, his mysterious death three years ago, his amputated right leg...

But he couldn't tell her any of these.

Mort picked up a pair of chopsticks, clamped a piece of shrimp, and brought it to her lips, "You ask even though you know? Try the taste."

"Oh." Dianna obediently opened her small mouth and ate the shrimp.

The next second, she quickly furrowed her brows, "It's so salty, did you put too much salt?"

Mort himself tasted a piece of shrimp; indeed, he had put too much salt.

He was not good at cooking, but over the past three years in the mountains, he had started learning. Unfortunately, his culinary skills had not improved.

He was born to be a warrior, not suited for kitchen work.

"I'll pour it out and make it again." Mort was about to dispose of the shrimp.

Dianna quickly stopped him, "Pouring it out is such a waste. It doesn't matter if it's salty, just add some sugar."

As she spoke, she added some sugar in.

Mort used the chopsticks to take another bite of the shrimp, chewed a bit, "Did you put too much sugar?"

"Let me try."

Dianna tried it herself, her brows furrowing again. She had indeed added too much sugar, combined with his excess salt, the taste was peculiar, quite intense.

Dianna put down the chopsticks and sheepishly stuck out her little pink tongue at him, "Heh, heh, I can't cook either."

Mort rubbed her hair lightly, "If you can't cook, that's fine. Although my cooking is not good, at least if you're with me, you won't starve."

Dianna was overjoyed, quickly hugging his strong arm, "But your cooking is so bad, how am I supposed to eat it?"

Mort squinted his brown eyes quickly, little brat, feeding her was already good enough, and she still dared to complain.

He raised his hand, ready to knock her lightly.

Dianna swiftly burrowed into his embrace, laughing sweetly, "Since your cooking is so poor, I have to work hard to learn how to cook. Comrade Mort, let's improve together in the future."

How could she let him cook alone?

She would try hard too.

In his arms, soft as jade, Mort slowly relaxed his furrowed brow, a smile curling his lips. Silly girl, so considerate...

...

The next day.

Dianna had just woken up when she received a call from Scorpio.

Mort put on his pants, casually smiling, "Where did Scorpio invite you to play this time?"

Dianna looked back, raising the phone in her hand, "This time, Scorpio invited me to his room tonight."

Mort's deep eyes moved, instantly pressing his thin lips into a straight line.

"Mort, that seal must be on Scorpio, either in his room or on him. Tonight, I can get close to him, and I'll definitely bring that seal out."

Mort's eyes were very dark, with small whirlpools of danger gathering inside. He glanced at her once, then turned around and walked away.

"Mort," Dianna ran up and hugged him from behind, "Are you worried about me?"

Mort fastened the black belt around his strong waist, his bangs covering his deep eyes. He spoke slowly, "As you said, I know you're the most suitable person. Publicly, I shouldn't stop you, but privately, you're my woman, I don't want..."

"Shh." Dianna quickly covered his thin lips and lifted herself on her toes, pressing her red lips to his nose, then whispered in a voice only the two of them could hear, "Mort, remember, I don't need you to protect me. I've grown up, strong enough to stand by your side and face challenges together. Tonight, not only will I complete the mission, more importantly, I'll protect myself. I won't let anyone insult me, I'm just yours."

He had his national duties; she had said she wouldn't be his burden or hindrance.

He would defend his country, and she would love him.

Mort extended his large hand to clasp her slender waist, "When you're with me, anything I have, I'll give to you. But... I'm not only yours..."

He wasn't only hers.

So, he would often leave her side, leaving her alone.

Perhaps, this was when she was most in danger.

Dianna trembled her long lashes, extending her fair little hand to touch the place over his heart, feeling the strong thud that numbed the palm of her hand.

She feigned a sigh, "Ah, what can I do? Who told me to fall in love with a hero? As long as in here, I'm the only one, it's enough."

Mort grasped her soft, boneless hand, holding it tightly, "Maybe I'll be late, but I'll never be absent. If there's danger, I'll definitely come to find you. Until I arrive, protect yourself."

"Okay, got it." Dianna nodded obediently. She suddenly remembered something, "Right, there's danger tonight, send someone to fetch Lady Snow from there. As soon as Scorpio recovers, he'll definitely go to her first."

Chapter 1213: Dianna, My Little Darling~

Mort Thorne held Dianna Hollis, "Understood, I have my own plans."

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Inside the villa.

The Scorpion reached out and hugged Dianna, "Dianna dear, you're finally here, I've missed you so much, come give me a kiss."

Dianna quickly pushed The Scorpion away and looked towards Melissa, "There's someone else here."

Melissa stood in the living room in a long dress, looking at Dianna. Behind Dianna's snow-white earlobe was a red mark, hard to notice unless you looked closely. It was a kiss mark.

Last night, Mort Thorne sent her to the hotel and then drove away, he must have gone to see Dianna.

The kiss mark behind Dianna's ear was definitely his doing.

Last night, Mort Thorne must have done some unspeakable things with Dianna.

Melissa's hands at her sides balled into fists. The man she had pursued so fervently for years had fallen in love with another woman.

She didn't expect Mort Thorne, such a deep and indifferent man, to express genuine feelings.

She thought no woman in this lifetime would make him fall in love.

Jealousy overflowed from Melissa's eyes, burning away her sanity like a raging fire.

"Big brother, I know you're bringing a beauty home tonight, so I prepared a few things to spice it up for you," Melissa said.

"What is it?"

A servant brought over a bag containing several erotic lingerie pieces, very revealing.

"Miss Dianna, tonight you should wear these to serve my brother well," Melissa sneered at Dianna.

The Scorpion's eyes lit up, he could imagine how beautiful Dianna would look in those clothes, he was already impatient, "Alright, Dianna dear, go upstairs and put these on for me now."

Dianna glanced at Melissa, her gaze suddenly cold.

Just then, steady footsteps were heard, and a tall, strong figure walked in. Mort Thorne had arrived.

Mort Thorne's brown eyes glanced over here, his gaze sweeping indifferently over the erotic lingerie in the servant's hands...

Melissa's expression changed, she hadn't expected Mort Thorne to appear now.

Dianna curled her red lips, her fair fingers twirling the thin black strap of the lingerie. She looked at Melissa, "Melissa, it seems you understand a lot about the pleasures between men and women, do you often play with men?"

Melissa's face turned white, "You're talking nonsense!"

She looked towards Mort Thorne by the door, "Mort, don't listen to her nonsense!"

Mort Thorne stood by the door, restrained and quiet, seemingly deliberately lowering his presence, but his powerful aura was still hard to ignore.

Now, he exuded a chilling coldness all over.

"Oh, so Melissa wants to play with Mort. How do you want to play?"

Dianna walked forward with graceful steps, stopping in front of Mort Thorne. She stood on tiptoes, hanging the thin black strap in her fingers around Mort Thorne's neck, then casually wrapped it around a few times.

Mort Thorne lowered his handsome eyelids, looking at the palm-sized face close to him, his eyes deepened. He silently mouthed three words, "Still owe me?"

Dianna raised her delicate willow eyebrows at him, then tied the black strap directly around his neck.

It looked really good.

Mort Thorne was tall, sturdy, and exuded an oppressive aura wherever he went. He was dominant and forceful, especially in bed, full of a sense of control.

If anyone was to wear this kind of outfit, it would definitely be her.

But now, the black strap tied around his neck made it seem like a wild wolf was leashed, combining abstinence with wickedness, making it hard not to want to pounce on him.

A man seducing to this extent was truly bewitching.

She reached out her fair hand and gave him a push. Wearing high heels made her even more radiant today, she silently curled her red lips, "I'll deal with you later!"

With that, she swayed her slender waist and went upstairs, glancing back at The Scorpion, "I can't wear those clothes, if you want to come, come, if not, go find another woman!"

Her slender and beautiful silhouette disappeared from everyone's view.

Mort Thorne still stood there, watching the girl's cold yet flamboyant figure, his Adam's apple bobbed.

He felt like fire was coursing through his body, he really wanted to pin her down right then, the little rascal actually thought about dealing with him later.

The Scorpion was equally inflamed by the scene, he turned his gaze to Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne's expression didn't change, he casually put his big hand in his pocket to prevent The Scorpion from noticing any changes underneath his pants.

"Mort, I'll let you go home early tonight, I'm going to enjoy the night," The Scorpion laughed as he went upstairs.

...

Only Mort Thorne and Melissa remained in the living room. Melissa stepped forward, "Mort, listen to me..."

Mort Thorne lifted his rough and unyielding fingers, pulling off the thin black strap tied around his neck and tossed it into the trash, not sparing Melissa a glance, he turned and left.

He stood on the villa's lawn, letting the cold wind blow away his agitation.

Melissa followed him out, her gaze lowered, glancing at Mort Thorne's black pants, her face instantly reddened, and her eyes filled with affection.

"Mort, listen to me." Melissa stepped forward to take Mort Thorne's strong arm.

Mort Thorne lowered his eyes, glancing at her hand.

Silent and fierce.

Melissa's face turned white, she instantly withdrew her hand.

"Don't forget your position, try anything with her again, and you'll have hell to pay!" With that, Mort Thorne strode away.

Melissa watched the man's back, trembling, he actually... threatened her?

She just bought a few clothes back, and he scolded her for Dianna?

She, the daughter of a high-ranking official, when had she ever been treated so coldly and wronged?

Melissa's lips curled into a cold smile.

...

In the room upstairs.

The Scorpion went in to shower, Dianna took off her high heels, put on white gloves, and started searching the drawers.

Couldn't find the private seal.

There was no private safe here, not in the drawers either, then there's only one possibility, it's on The Scorpion.

Dianna stood straight and gracefully took off her high heels.

At this time, she heard a low and displeased voice, "Put the shoes back on!"

The red behind her ear wasn't a kiss mark but a small listening and tracking device implanted in the skin, so her every move was being monitored by Mort Thorne to ensure her absolute safety.

To coordinate this operation, FIU members have already infiltrated and surrounded the villa.

As soon as she gets the private seal, they can arrest The Scorpion.

Hearing Mort Thorne's voice, Dianna curled her red lips, slowly put her high heels back on.

This man is truly domineering.

But she enjoyed it.

Just then there was a "click" sound, the bathroom door opened, and the freshly showered The Scorpion, wearing a bathrobe, came out. Looking at Dianna's silhouette, he eagerly rushed over, "Dianna dear."

Chapter 1214: For Her, He Gave Up Everything

Dianna didn't avoid it, letting him embrace her tightly. Her small hands pushed against the Scorpion's chest as she lifted her little head, "Did you clean up?"

"I cleaned up, I'm all fragrant now. If you don't believe me, touch and see." The Scorpion grabbed her soft little hand and placed it on himself.

Dianna moved naturally, her soft fingertips pressing against his muscles, checking where he might have hidden the seal.

At this moment, Mort Thorne's deep voice sounded again, "How does it feel?"

"..."

Dianna caught a whiff of jealousy; someone's vinegar jar had been toppled.

"Dianna, my little darling, your touch is so comforting. Go a bit lower." The Scorpion urged, his eyes red.

Dianna hadn't moved yet when a ghostly voice sounded in her ear, "That's the most vulnerable part of a man, there's nothing hidden there. Dare to touch?"

"..."

This man!

Dianna's eyes sparkled with a bright smile. She lowered her gaze and saw the ring on the Scorpion's hand.

The Scorpion always wore this gold ring. Given his status, it wasn't unusual, so no one ever suspected it.

Dianna's eyes flickered; the gold ring was indeed the seal!

Found it!

"Scorpion, quickly take me to the bed."

"My darling, I'm coming." The Scorpion wanted to carry Dianna horizontally.

But then a vibration rang out, a call came in.

"Scorpion, whose call is it? Don't answer it."

At this moment, Dianna's gaze turned wary.

The Scorpion held Dianna with one arm and picked up the phone with the other hand, "Darling, don't worry, let me take this call first."

Whatever was said on the other end made the Scorpion's face turn suddenly cold. He looked down at Dianna...

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On the other side, Mort Thorne's palm computer suddenly went black.

The monitor went black, indicating that the small tracker behind Dianna's ear had been discovered.

What's going on?

Mort Thorne's gaze chilled instantly. He entered the villa, went upstairs, and kicked open the Scorpion's room door.

The room was empty; the Scorpion and Dianna were gone.

The villa was surrounded, but there was a secret passage in the room leading directly outside.

The Scorpion had taken Dianna away.

A high heel lay on the room's carpet.

Mort Thorne's mind was filled with the scene he had just seen on video, how she took off her shoes. He cursed, recalling how sweetly she had donned them again.

Now, she's gone; she's been exposed!

Mort Thorne lowered his tall frame and picked up the high heel.

The room door opened again, and Melissa tore off her human-skin mask and let down her long jet-black hair. Dressed in black, she exuded a bold charisma, "Blood Eagle, the Scorpion's escaped. You must retreat immediately or you'll be exposed."

Mort Thorne clenched the high heel in his hand, slowly turning his gaze to look at Melissa. His deep eye sockets turned scarlet with thinly veiled coldness, "Does Dianna's exposure have anything to do with you?"

Melissa stiffened, "Blood Eagle, are you suspecting me?"

Mort Thorne curled his lips, forcing a chilling syllable from his throat, "It better have nothing to do with you, or... I'll kill you."

Having said that, he strode toward the door. As he brushed past Melissa, his broad, firm shoulder deliberately hit her.

Melissa's face turned pale as she staggered back two steps.

She lifted her gaze to look at the man, his facial features hard and ominous, filled with murderous intent.

She swiftly reached out, grabbing the man's sleeve, "You're already dead, you can't show your face now. As for Dianna, from the moment she entered FIU, she should have been prepared to sacrifice at any time."

Mort Thorne halted his steps, "Let go!"

"I won't."

Mort Thorne swung his arm, and with a bang, Melissa fell to the carpet in embarrassment, her forehead hitting the bed frame.

"Melissa, what happened?"

Upon hearing the commotion from inside, someone barged in; it was Paul.

This Paul was a son of a military family, now a high-level executive at FIU. FIU had already controlled this villa, and Paul was the senior commander of this operation.

Seeing Melissa on the ground, Paul quickly looked at Mort Thorne, "What do you mean by this? Melissa isn't someone you can touch, quickly apologize!"

Arrogant, an order-giving tone.

Mort Thorne lifted his eyelids to glance at Paul, snorted mockingly.

Sensing his disdain, Paul's expression changed, "You!"

Melissa was a chief's daughter; no one had dared to lay a finger on her since she was young. Mort Thorne's strong hand, fierce in its power, made her cough up blood.

Her hands tightly clawed at the carpet as she looked at Mort Thorne, "Now retreat immediately, you are not allowed to save Dianna. This is an order!"

Order?

Mort Thorne put one hand in his pants pocket, while holding Dianna's high heel with the other. He looked down at Melissa, "Want to talk orders with me? Wait until you take your father's place to try."

Melissa momentarily choked up; Blood Eagle reported directly to the old leaders, and she indeed couldn't order him.

"You should know what you should and shouldn't do. Romance will be an extremely difficult road for you. Choose Dianna, abandon me, and you'll live your life like a shadow!"

Melissa tore off her mask, beginning to threaten.

If Mort Thorne stepped out of this door to save Dianna, she would ensure he lived in the shadows forever.

Three years ago, Mort Thorne was already considered dead.

He didn't even have a formal identity.

Look at Paul; what merit does he hold against Mort Thorne—night and day difference—but he was born into a good family.

As for who Blood Eagle is, who knows?

Melissa didn't really want to tear her face off; she liked Mort Thorne too much. Even among the old leaders, he was often the topic of conversation.

In nearly a hundred years, Mort Thorne emerged as such an outstanding talent.

That high position was meant for him, reserved by the leaders, just waiting for his return.

She wanted this man too much; if she couldn't have him, she could only... destroy him.

Mort Thorne curled his lips, his attitude wild and indifferent, "Oh, whatever, as long as you're happy."

And he left.

He just left like that?

Melissa's face was full of hatred—he really threw away everything for Dianna?

Actually, this man was inherently proud; having walked years of this path, in blood-soaked battles, he was very proud.

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Dianna slowly opened her eyes. She was in a secret room.

All her memories returned, recalling how the Scorpion, after receiving a phone call, quickly waved his hand before her eyes.

Everything went black; she passed out directly.

The change came unexpectedly, so sudden.

A sound of footsteps approached her ear, the Scorpion walked in, "You woke up?"

"Scorpion, why did you bring me here?"

"Still playing dumb, huh?" The Scorpion stepped forward and pinched Dianna's small face with his sinister lips curling, "You're FIU, deliberately getting close to me. Dianna, I really liked you. Why did you disappoint me?"

Chapter 1215: Dying for Him

"Scorpion Lord, I don't understand what you mean."

Two claps sounded, and the Scorpion applauded, "Bring the person in."

Two subordinates came in, bringing someone with them.

Dianna Hollis's pupils contracted, it was Lady Snow!

Lady Snow was now in a state unbearable to witness; she had been tortured, covered in blood. Her hands and feet hung limply, already broken, trailing blood as the two subordinates dragged her in.

Dianna's eyes quickly overflowed with a chilling coldness. She looked at the Scorpion, "What did you do to Lady Snow?"

"I just want to know what kind of person Dawson really is, no matter how I investigate, I can't find anything. So I invited Lady Snow here, fortunately, I have informants in the underground palace, otherwise, the people

of Dawson would have taken her away. They say this bitch is ruthless, but surprisingly, Lady Snow still carries a chastity plaque. No matter how I torture her, she won't give Dawson up."

Lady Snow collapsed on the ground, her hands and feet were useless, she glared hatefully at the Scorpion, "You're not worthy to know Dawson's name!"

"Bitch!" The two subordinates wanted to hit Lady Snow again.

The Scorpion reached out to stop them, he came to Lady Snow's side, crouched down, holding a sharp knife in his hand. He used the sharp tip to trace lightly across Lady Snow's face, "Lady Snow, I'll give you one last chance, will you speak? If you won't, I'll carve the word 'bitch' all over your face, making you a prostitute for eternity."

Lady Snow let out a cold laugh, blood staining her clothes, but she remained fierce, "Pah! Do you think I'll be afraid?"

If the Scorpion hadn't dodged, Lady Snow's spit would have landed on his face.

The Scorpion's face darkened, "You refuse a toast only to drink a forfeit."

He thrust the sharp knife towards Lady Snow's face.

Lady Snow didn't blink, staring at him with hatred.

The Scorpion suddenly stopped, smiled sinisterly, and dropped the knife, "Lady Snow, I know you're not afraid of death. How about a different kind of death? I have dozens of brothers here, I'll have them line up to take turns with you until you're dead."

Lady Snow froze, her face turned ashen, she trembled and cursed through gritted teeth, "You're an animal!"

The Scorpion glanced at the two subordinates, "Take care of this woman."

"Thank you, Scorpion Lord."

The two subordinates immediately stepped forward, reaching to strip Lady Snow.

"Get away!" Lady Snow's limbs were broken, she couldn't move, so she bit one of the subordinates.

"Bitch!"

The subordinate raised his hand and slapped Lady Snow.

Lady Snow fell powerless to the ground, spit out a mouthful of blood, her pupils started to dilate, lying in the blood, she managed a faint smile, looking so desolate and pitiful.

The Scorpion watched Lady Snow with a sinister smile, anyone who betrayed him ended up like this.

At that moment, a gust of wind came from the side, the Scorpion looked sideways, seeing Dianna spring up from the bed, reaching for him with her five fingers spread.

The Scorpion dodged sideways.

Dianna withdrew her hand, attacking the two subordinates.

She raised her foot, crushing one subordinate's groin, her other hand slicing like a knife towards the other subordinate's nape.

Both subordinates quickly went down.

Dianna's series of actions flowed seamlessly, quick, precise, and ruthless.

The Scorpion drew the gun from his waist, the black muzzle aimed at Dianna's right leg, bang!

The bullet embedded itself in Dianna's right leg, she immediately fell to one knee.

Blood streamed down her pale calf, looking exceedingly striking. Her long black hair fell over one shoulder, her small, exquisite face like porcelain. Dianna slowly raised her eyes, looking at the Scorpion.

She extended her thumb, then pointed it downward.

Blatant provocation and disdain.

The Scorpion's expression changed.

"Scorpion Lord, what's going on?" At this moment, many subordinates rushed in.

The Scorpion gestured, making them all retreat, his eyes shining as he stared at Dianna, like a beast fixated on its prey. Dianna really matched his taste.

He wasn't ready to let her die yet.

Dianna stood up, dragging her bleeding right leg to Lady Snow's side, cradling Lady Snow's head in her arms.

Lady Snow's clothes were slightly torn, Dianna reached out, rearranging the torn clothes, buttoning up, tying the straps, trying to preserve Lady Snow's final dignity.

Lady Snow looked at Dianna, her useless hands moved slightly but to no avail, she managed a smile, her voice weak, "Little sister, help your older sister, your sister... is in too much pain, can't live anymore, help your sister find release, to avoid the humiliation from these people."

Dianna recalled the first time she saw Lady Snow in the underground palace, a seasoned beauty, charming from all angles, her smile was beautiful.

Dianna reached out, grasping Lady Snow's hand firmly.

"Little sister, I've always wanted to know... what kind of woman he likes. After seeing you, I knew... he likes pure, clean women..."

Then Lady Snow looked upwards, seemingly seeing a sky on the ceiling, "In the next life, I'll be a pure, clean woman."

Lady Snow closed her eyes, tears seeped from the corners.

She began coughing blood, unstoppable, streaming from her mouth, Lady Snow couldn't live anymore, tormented by excruciating pain.

Dianna's slender eyelashes quivered, then she extended a cold little hand, covering Lady Snow's mouth and nose.

"Sister, you will, you definitely will."

Teardrops fell like rain, Dianna was instantly overcome with grief, suddenly realizing, she didn't even know Lady Snow's real name.

Lady Snow's breathing stopped, she made no instinctive struggle when her mouth and nose were covered, she died with a smile on her lips, her mind filled with the first sight of Mort Thorne over twenty years ago.

He was handsome, tall, robust, commanding the winds and rains, unruly, yet his eyes were tender and weathered, like the hands of time, passing over every scarred surface, streams of tears sorrowing.

So splendid.

Lady Snow was gone.

Dianna held Lady Snow tightly, feeling her body slowly grow cold and stiff. She placed Lady Snow down gently, then reached out to wipe the blood and tears from her face, what Lady Snow had wanted most in this life was probably just to be clean.

At this moment, the Scorpion approached, "Tsk tsk, even if you don't tell me, I've guessed it, Dawson is Blood Eagle, isn't he?"

"Lady Snow died for Blood Eagle, without regret. Three years ago, Wade from the Blood Eagle unit fell into the beauty trap of my female agent, my female agent took a knife, slicing off Wade's flesh bit by bit. That rock refused to reveal even half a word about Blood Eagle... one by one they were captured by me, enduring extreme torture, but they all held on, not mentioning Blood Eagle. I just don't understand, what power and charm does Blood Eagle possess to make these people willing to die for him?"

Chapter 1216: He Broke a Leg for Her

Dianna, with tears streaming down her face, curled her lips into a smile. She looked up and glanced at the Scorpion. "You'll never understand."

Mort Thorne is not a single person; he represents thousands of people.

He stands for light, justice, and faith, inspiring pursuit and reverence.

People like the Scorpion will never understand.

"Ha," the Scorpion laughed, "to be honest, I've admired the Blood Eagle for a long time. Across the world, I've regarded him as my only rival."

With that, the Scorpion reached out and gouged out his right eyeball. "See, three years ago, he blinded my right eye. I've been waiting to settle this score."

Dianna then realized that the Scorpion had installed a smart eye; his right eye had long been useless.

"You'll never be his match because he's not fighting alone. He possesses an indestructible force, so you're destined to lose utterly," Dianna said.

"If he's so formidable, then why is his right leg crippled? Wasn't it pierced by my bullet? Oh, right, I just remembered something. Three years ago, when he came to rescue Charles Bishop, he came straight from the hospital. I eavesdropped on their conversation during my ambush. The Blood Eagle had just undergone a bone marrow surgery in the hospital. Now that I think about it, fate hasn't treated me too poorly. Haha."

Dianna was stunned. What was he saying?

Did Mort Thorne have a bone marrow extraction in the hospital three years ago?

Why?

Could it be that three years ago, she had used his bone marrow for a transplant?

Thinking this way, everything she didn't understand suddenly made sense.

Three years ago, he saved her, gave her a new life, and he lost a leg for her!

It was him.

Why didn't he say anything?

Dianna's small hands at her sides clenched into fists until her nails dug into her palms, but she didn't feel the pain. What kind of torment did he go through three years ago?

While she was in a coma and hospitalized, the Blood Eagle unit was exposed because of a honeytrap, Charles was captured, and everyone was plunged into crisis.

As a senior commander of the Blood Eagle unit, facing a choice between the nation and her, what decision did he make?

No matter how difficult it was, he managed. He defended the nation and protected her, at the cost of his crippled right leg.

The nation was his belief and responsibility, and she was the girl he loved. Unable to choose, all he could do was sacrifice himself.

After he arranged everything, he faked his death, wanting her to hate him, resent him, and forget him.

She never wanted to be his burden, yet she became one after all.

She finally understood why he walked so hesitantly and perplexedly down this path of love. It was because... his love was far deeper and more profound than hers.

Mort Thorne.

Her Mort Thorne.

At this moment, a subordinate rushed in. "Scorpion, something's wrong. We've been discovered. Someone's coming."

Someone's coming.

Mort Thorne is coming.

The Scorpion laughed heartily. "I didn't expect the Blood Eagle to arrive so quickly. He didn't disappoint me!"

Dianna's eyes softened. Though she hadn't seen him, she could already feel his presence, that profound, reassuring power.

"Dianna, come with me. They say even heroes can't resist the allure of beauty, and it seems the Blood Eagle is no exception. Now, I'll take away the woman the Blood Eagle loves."

"Do you think you can leave here? This place is surrounded by FIU. You can't escape even if you had wings."

The Scorpion raised the gold ring on his hand. "Dianna, you've already discovered my private seal. I must say you're very clever, but too naive. Everywhere I've been has a secret path exclusive to me. Not long ago, I used this seal to open the secret path. This time, I'll take you by boat to leave here."

Dianna's eyes shifted. She moved slightly, wanting to do something, but in the next second, her whole body went limp.

All her strength was drained, like soft cotton candy.

"You drugged me?"

"Dianna, without the drug, you wouldn't behave. Don't worry, I just gave you a mild sedative."

Saying that, the Scorpion approached and reached out to touch Dianna's small face, infatuated. "I haven't tasted you yet. How could I bear to harm you?"

Dianna turned her head aside, "Get away!"

"Haha, the fiercer you are, the more I like it!"

...

With a "boom," Mort Thorne kicked open the door.

Inside, it was empty, not a soul in sight.

Melissa spoke from behind, "Looks like the Scorpion has already taken Dianna."

The team leader quickly looked at Paul, "Sir, the Scorpion is cunning by nature. If we let him escape today, it'll be hard to catch him later. Besides, Dianna has been taken by him and is in danger at any moment. I suggest immediately sealing all exits and strictly investigating the Scorpion's whereabouts."

Paul nodded, "Alright."

Melissa looked at the man in front of her. His tall, strong body blocked all the light. He remained silent throughout, without saying a word.

But his ability to quickly locate the Scorpion's hideout made him the soul of the army.

"Even if we find Dianna now, with the Scorpion's nature, I'm afraid she's already been violated," Melissa said sarcastically.

The team leader frowned immediately upon hearing this.

Vivi, squeezed to the back among the big shots, couldn't get forward, but she could hear what Melissa was saying. To be honest, she had long disliked this Miss Melissa, and now she dared to slander Dianna. Vivi immediately spoke up, "Miss Melissa, how could you say such things? Do you have a grudge against Dianna? Did she steal your boyfriend?"

"You!" Melissa's face turned red with anger.

At that moment, a gloomy and displeased gaze was cast in her direction. Melissa turned her head to the side and saw Mort Thorne silently turning his head. His deep eyes, hidden under the brim of his cap, glanced at her quietly.

The silent intimidation made her scalp tingle.

Melissa quickly shut up, but inside, her hatred was seething.

"The Scorpion is cunning by nature, more resourceful than his predecessor. This time, we failed to obtain his private seal. He must have used the seal to escape. Our chances of finding him are slim, and if he leaves Serrano, the consequences will be dire," the team leader said, looking at Mort Thorne from afar.

The team leader immediately recognized Mort Thorne as the mysterious man who saved Dianna.

This man's identity was not simple. He could see that the chief's daughter, Melissa, liked him and was infatuated with him.

Although Paul was the senior commander of this operation, everyone was watching this man move.

Who was he?

Mort Thorne's handsome features were obscured in the dim light. He resembled a night wanderer, exuding an aura of composure, fierceness, and power.

His brown eyes scanned the room and finally settled in a corner where he saw Lady Snow.

He quickly moved forward to Lady Snow's side.

Lady Snow lay with her eyes closed, covered in blood, but her clothes were intact, her face clean, and a slight smile lingered on her lips. She hadn't suffered when she departed, leaving peacefully.

Chapter 1217: I've Had My Eye on You for a Long Time

Mort Thorne slowly knelt on one knee, extending his rough and broad hand to grasp Lady Snow's hand.

At that moment, he paused briefly, his deep and sharp black eyes shifting slightly, noticing a small strip of cloth in Lady Snow's hand.

He unfurled the cloth strip, revealing a pattern drawn in blood.

This cloth was from the gown Dianna Hollis wore last night, marked by the emblem she left by biting her finger.

The emblem of the Scorpion, Dianna left it behind!

Mort Thorne's muscles bulged piece by piece, and he clenched the strip tightly in his palm while slowly curling his thin lips.

She had said that she could weather storm and stress alongside him.

She had grown up.

Wait for me!

...

Dianna Hollis was taken by the Scorpion to a dock, where several speedboats were already moored.

"Boss Scorpion, let's leave quickly." his subordinate urged.

Scorpion tightened his grip on Dianna, "Dianna, let's go."

At that moment, the speedboats suddenly sped away with a hum.

What's going on?

Scorpion's heart sank, sensing impending doom.

"Boss Scorpion, things have gone south. Your emblem appeared elsewhere, all secret passages have been sealed, and our headquarters besieged. The special forces have toppled our base; we are homeless."

What?

Scorpion quickly glanced at Dianna, "You're behind this?"

Dianna smirked, "You're foolish."

With a loud slap, Scorpion struck Dianna across the face.

Dianna's face was knocked to the side, her tender skin showing a bright red handprint on her right cheek.

But she showed no expression, although her face burned with pain, yet she didn't reveal a hint of suffering. Raising her eyes, her snowy-cold, magnificent gaze glimmered brightly, "Acting out of desperation?"

"You!"

Scorpion was livid, almost spewing blood. He had underestimated Dianna.

He never imagined he'd be defeated by a woman, his emblem exposed, his stronghold destroyed, now surrounded with no escape, perhaps soon captured.

"Dianna, don't get cocky. You're still in my hands, aren't you afraid at all?"

At this moment, a subordinate ran over in a panic, "Boss Scorpion, we've been discovered. Someone is closing in."

Mort Thorne had arrived.

Dianna gazed at the distant darkness, slowly curling her red lips, as she could already hear his steady and powerful footsteps drawing closer.

So determined and strong.

She wasn't afraid.

Not afraid at all.

Because she knew he was on his way.

He once said he might be late, but he never misses.

She was waiting for him.

Scorpion sneered, "Perfect timing, I've been waiting for Blood Eagle."

With that, Scorpion grabbed Dianna's small face, revealing a lustful glow, "What do you think Blood Eagle would do if he walked in and saw you beneath me?"

"What are you planning?" Dianna asked.

"Of course... to enjoy you. Dianna, I've been thinking about you for a long time!"

"Get lost!"

"Do you know who the most powerful people are in this world? Those who abandon emotion and love. Blood Eagle could have been the most resilient warrior, but unfortunately, he has a fatal weakness—it's you. How do I destroy him? Naturally, by using you to hurt him, making him unable to live or die."

Dianna's small face turned icy cold. She understood Mort Thorne's weakness better than Scorpion.

Under Mort Thorne's strongest armor was his softest heart.

She had become the sole softness at his heart's core.

...

Dianna was brought by Scorpion into a room, which had a large LCD screen. Scorpion picked up the remote control and turned on the screen.

Facing him was a secret chamber surrounded by cold mirrors, inside stood a group of Kuroya warriors wielding sharp glimmering blades, waiting for someone.

Suddenly, with a loud boom, the chamber door was kicked open, and the night's chill surged in alongside a tall and robust figure.

Mort Thorne entered.

He emerged from the night, stepping into the light, his black boots squeaking on the floor.

"Scorpion, what do you mean?" Dianna's heart tightened as she coldly glared at Scorpion.

Scorpion leisurely sipped the red wine in his hand, "These are high-paid Kuroya warriors, experts with blades. Isn't Blood Eagle impressive? Let's see how he fares unarmed."

This lunatic!

No matter how skilled Mort Thorne was, facing ten, twenty, thirty, amidst flashing blades—he was still flesh and blood.

"You madman!"

Dianna tried to stand, but her body grew weaker.

Then Scorpion pressed a button, and Mort Thorne's screen lit up.

On the other side, Mort Thorne lifted his eyes to the LCD screen, where Scorpion laughed, "Blood Eagle, long time no see. For three years, I've been searching for you to avenge the grudge over an eye, but here you are, delivering yourself. Today marks your doom!"

Mort Thorne glanced lightly at Scorpion, then his gaze settled on Dianna's small face, unable to look away.

His eyes were deep and intense, "Are you alright?"

Their eyes met, despite the separation of the LCD screen, Dianna already saw her reflection in his pupils. She curled her red lips, replying with three words, "Perfectly fine."

Mort Thorne raised his heroic sword-like brows, the narrow brow tails rippling with soft waves.

"Enough Blood Eagle, no flirting. These thirty Kuroya warriors are all for you, pass this test first."

Mort Thorne turned to Scorpion, "You hit her?"

The handprint on Dianna's small face was starkly visible, and he saw it immediately.

"Yes, so what?" Scorpion boasted.

Mort Thorne slowly curled his lips, then raised his hand to remove the cap from his head and tossed it aside. He carelessly rolled up the sleeves of his black shirt, "You wait right there, I'll deal with these guys before coming for you."

With that, his tall and sturdy figure surged into the flashing blades like lightning.

Dianna's heart leapt, watching the Kuroya warriors on the other side of the screen engage in battle. Although Mort Thorne fought alone, his movements were swift, precise, and ruthless. He snatched a sword and lightly swiped it across a Kuroya warrior's neck, splashing blood onto the cold mirrors.

Among them, he moved with ease, like a graceful panther, a fierce king of beasts, killing in a frenzy, slowly instilling fear and dread in the Kuroya warriors.

Dianna's heart surged. Every girl has a hero dwelling within her, a tendon that resonates with heroic feelings, and for her, Mort Thorne was that hero.

He was close to victory.

He would triumph.

Scorpion's face darkened slowly, realizing Blood Eagle's reputation was well-deserved, a force to be reckoned with.

At this rate, the Kuroya warriors would soon fall.

"Blood Eagle," Scorpion suddenly pulled Dianna into his arms, "I'm rather bored here; maybe I'll have some fun with Dianna."

Mort Thorne's heart stirred, immediately looking at the LCD screen.

Chapter 1218: I Will Destroy Myself

"Mort, watch out!" Dianna shouted to warn.

A samurai's sword was already swinging towards Mort Thorne.

Mort dodged, the sharp edge missed his vital parts but left a deep bloody gash on his sturdy back.

His black shirt was torn, and beneath the bloodstain, fresh red flesh and stark white bones were barely visible.

Dianna Hollis glared at Scorpion with reddened eyes, "If you can't beat Mort Thorne, you use these dirty tricks. You're despicable."

The samurais were no match for Mort Thorne, but Scorpion knew she was Mort's weakness, so he used her to distract Mort.

Scorpion shrugged indifferently, "All's fair in war."

Dianna quickly looked at Mort Thorne, shouting, "Mort, close your eyes, don't think about anything, don't look at anything, I'll wait for you."

Listening to Dianna's voice, Mort rapidly furrowed his brows, his blade moved swiftly in a series of fluid motions, and all the Kuroya samurai fell.

Fresh red blood snaked across the floor as Mort supported himself with one hand on his sword, his left knee touching the ground.

The man's strong chest heaved up and down, fine beads of sweat streamed down his fortress-like muscular build, he slowly lifted his dark eyes to the LCD screen, the color in them stained with bloodthirsty violence and bone-chilling ferocity.

Scorpion was no longer calm; only now did he realize the strength of his opponent, Blood Eagle.

But soon, he displayed a sinister smile; he still had a trump card — Dianna.

"Clap, clap, clap," Scorpion clapped three times, "Blood Eagle, congratulations on passing the first stage, now onto the second stage—kneel down and beg me, bow your head."

Scorpion demanded Mort Thorne to kneel!

Dianna's crystal-clear eyes suddenly contracted, she quickly shook her head, "Mort, don't!"

Her Mort was a man who stood tall and proud, kneeling only to heaven and earth, to his parents; no one could humiliate his soul or trample on his dignity, who did Scorpion think he was? Mort, don't kneel!

Mort's handsome and chiseled features were now covered with a layer of mocking frost; large drops of sweat streamed down, soaking the front of his shirt. At that moment, he was wild and wicked, like an eagle lurking in the night sky, "Kneel now, and next? Won't you have me chop off my own hand? You're foolish, do you think I'd be as foolish as you?"

Scorpion gritted his teeth, "Blood Eagle, you can choose not to obey, then I can only have a live broadcast with Dianna right in front of you."

As he spoke, Scorpion reached out and ripped Dianna's collar, revealing her swan-like pink neck and a large patch of creamy-white silky skin.

Her skin was covered with kiss marks—strawberries planted by Mort Thorne last night.

Scorpion's eyes turned red, "Damn, Blood Eagle, I thought you were such a hero, but in a closed room you're just like a normal man, full of desires. You enjoy so much, tsk tsk, Dianna's skin is so smooth and tender, even a forty-year-old man like you can have such a flower, Blood Eagle, you're quite lucky, no wonder you'd risk everything to save Dianna."

As he spoke, Scorpion reached to touch Dianna's delicate face.

With a slap, Dianna smacked down Scorpion's filthy hand, she extended her small hand to cover her torn collar, shielding the springtime view, "Don't touch me with your dirty hands!"

"Damn, you're fiery!"

Scorpion swung his hand, directly tossing Dianna onto the bed.

Dianna's eyelids grew heavier, she couldn't muster any strength to resist, she felt herself falling asleep.

"Dianna, what are you pretending, didn't you service Blood Eagle last night? I'm no worse than Blood Eagle, maybe you'll fall for me after climbing into my bed, haha."

"Spit." Dianna coldly cursed, "Serving him—I do it willingly. What do you think you are?"

"You!"

Scorpion raised his hand, wanting to slap Dianna again.

At this moment, a deep cold voice reached his ears, "Stop! I'll kneel!"

Mort Thorne said he would kneel.

"Mort, don't kneel!" Dianna quickly screamed.

"Haha, good," Scorpion laughed with satisfaction, "So, the legendary Blood Eagle is also a passionate soul, this is truly iron bones with tender feelings. Blood Eagle, now kneel, and seriously bow three times."

Mort looked at Dianna, his eyes and heart were all for her.

Dianna was tossed onto the bed, her raven-black hair scattered messily, some strands entwining her guarded collar, her skin was creamy-white, eyes reddened, she looked at him with delicately painted brows, slowly shaking her head, "Don't... Mort, don't kneel."

Mort's thin lips curled up, "Don't worry, I'm here."

He said four words.

Don't worry, I'm here.

Dianna's butterfly-wing-like long lashes trembled suddenly, large teardrops fell heavily.

Just then, Mort's tall figure moved, he slowly lowered his other knee.

He was going to kneel.

Dianna suddenly stretched out her small hand, grabbed the cigarette tray on the nightstand, and threw it with force.

Bang, the cigarette tray hit the LCD screen connector, and the screen instantly turned black.

They couldn't see anything now.

She couldn't see Mort, Mort couldn't see her.

She severed their world.

This way, he wouldn't be affected by her, and wouldn't have to kneel for her.

Her small hands clutched tightly onto the wooden board, she let tears blur her vision, Mort, this way, I can protect you.

She had said she would guard him.

The LCD screen went black, Scorpion's face changed drastically, he reached out furiously, grabbing Dianna's long hair, then "slap," he slapped Dianna across the face.

Dianna fell back onto the bed, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

"Foolish little slut, you refuse the wine of honor and drink the wine of punishment!"

"Heh," Dianna curled her red lips, a cold enchanting beauty spilled forth, "No one can use me to threaten him, the consequence of threatening will only be one thing—I'll destroy myself."

Scorpion flipped onto the bed, pressing Dianna beneath him, tearing at her clothes, "Alright, to save Blood Eagle, you're willing to sacrifice yourself, now let me have some fun, today I'll play you to death, let's see how painful Blood Eagle will be?"

"Get off me!" Dianna tried to struggle, but she lacked any strength.

Soon, her vision went black, and she fainted.

Seeing Dianna pass out, Scorpion impatiently tugged at her clothes...

...

On the other side.

Mort had not yet knelt down when the LCD screen went black.

Dianna had disrupted the connection signal.

The man's dark eyes suddenly darkened, like small whirlpools ready to engulf with deep, dangerous fear.

Quickly rising to his feet, Mort approached the LCD screen, feeling for the connection signal behind it.

This was a wireless connection, difficult to trace the main signal's location.

Even if he traced it, it would be too late.

Fear began to grow wildly in his heart—fear called...fear.

Chapter 1219: I'll Always Wait for You to Come

Yes, Mort Thorne was afraid.

He was afraid he would be late.

Taking out the phone from his pants pocket, he began to search for the main signal. The signal here was very weak; Blood Eagle and Dianna Hollis were not here at all.

This Blood Eagle was naturally cunning and treacherous. He led him here but took Dianna to another place.

Mort Thorne quickly headed out, walking away.

"Blood Eagle, where are you going?" At this moment, Melissa ran over. She saw the injury on Mort Thorne's back and gasped, showing tension and concern, "You're hurt; you need bandaging."

Mort Thorne didn't look at Melissa, as several jeeps stopped. He strode swiftly like the wind to one of the jeeps, reached out, and opened the driver's side door, directly pulling the person inside out.

The person pulled out was Paul. Paul almost stumbled from the man's sheer force, "Hey, what's up with you? This is my car."

Mort Thorne lifted his leg, ready to get in the car, but then Paul slapped his shoulder.

Mort Thorne turned around, his dark eyes landing on Paul's face. He moved his thin lips, forcing out a sinister syllable from his throat, "Scram!"

Paul was born from a family of generals, and his path was smooth sailing, rising step by step. Who dared to speak to him like this?

"I won't scam. What do you intend to do with me?"

As soon as these words fell, Mort Thorne turned around, his broad, calloused hand reached out and grabbed Paul's wrist, then twisted forcefully.

With a crunch, Paul's arm was dislocated. He screamed in pain, "It hurts, it hurts, let go!"

Mort Thorne pushed him, causing Paul to stagger backward and fall to the ground, rolling a few times like a ball.

Mort Thorne looked at him coldly, "You won't scam, so I can only teach you."

After saying that, Mort Thorne got in the driver's seat, and the jeep sped away.

"You bastard, come back!" Paul shouted sitting on the ground, but the jeep left him with a face full of exhaust.

Puff.

Many people laughed quietly.

Paul looked up and saw the FIU people covering their mouths, laughing.

He glared angrily at them.

"Get to work!" The team leader ran with the people.

Paul got up, came to Melissa's side, and smiled obsequiously, "Melissa."

Melissa gave Paul a disdainful look and turned away.

In Melissa's eyes, this Paul wasn't even worthy to shine Mort Thorne's shoes.

She watched the jeep disappear, feeling both love and hate.

...

The jeep stopped in front of a villa on a nearby mountain, Mort Thorne found a signal here.

He got out of the car quickly and entered the villa swiftly. The villa was completely silent.

The silence was suffocatingly oppressive.

He looked up at the room upstairs, the door was tightly shut.

Mort Thorne lifted his foot, stepping up the stairs one step at a time.

With each step, it felt like a thousand-pound weight, the muscles under his black shirt tense and swollen; he didn't know what he was thinking.

Perhaps, he was thinking of nothing.

He was late.

As long as she was alive.

He wanted nothing else.

In the future, he would spend more time caring, loving her. Everything would pass, all wounds would heal.

Reaching the door, there was still no sound inside, Mort Thorne constrained his elegant eyes, then reached out and pushed open the door.

With a bang, the door opened, his crimson eyes looked into the room.

No.

Not the scenario he could imagine.

Earlier on the stairs, a thousand scenarios ran through his mind, but none matched this scene before him.

His deep pupils contracted violently, it took several seconds to react.

Dianna Hollis was sitting on the bed, her dress torn, covered in blood, and Blood Eagle lay in her arms, a bedsheet wrapped around his neck.

Blood Eagle was not completely dead, he stared at Dianna Hollis, his body twitching.

Mort Thorne quickly advanced, taking several strides to Dianna's side, then crouched down, reaching out to touch Dianna's little head.

Dianna suddenly looked up, her bright eyes filled with icy blades aimed at Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne's breathing tightened, his heart feeling like it was gripped tightly by a large hand, lowering his eyelids, he looked at her small hands clutching the bedsheet; her palms were already ruined, raw flesh stuck to the fabric, a shocking sight.

The bed was filled with blood, thick blood dripped along the bedsheet with a tick-tock, tick-tock sound that made one's scalp tingle, terrifying.

Blood Eagle had no knife wounds, the blood all came from Dianna Hollis.

Mort Thorne's throat bobbed up and down, his coarse hand clutched the back of Dianna's head, pressing her into his embrace.

His supple lips pressed against her hair, kissing firmly, his voice hoarse, "Dianna, it's me, I'm here."

Mort Thorne.

It was Mort Thorne, he came.

Dianna's tense brain nerves suddenly relaxed, her stiff body also softened, like a puddle of water, the color returned to her bright eyes, she closed her red lips, nothing came out.

Just now she hadn't felt it, but now as her mind rebooted, her body was engulfed by overwhelming pain.

Pain.

Such pain.

Her palm-sized face instantly turned as white as paper, butterfly-wing-like eyelashes draped down, she softened in his embrace.

Mort Thorne pulled the bedsheet from her palms, kicked away the now completely dead Blood Eagle, embraced her with one arm, tore open her clothes with the other; her flat abdomen had been stabbed seven or eight times, each knife exposed flesh, hot blood gushing out like a fountain, unstoppable.

Mort Thorne covered up her clothes, tightened his arm embracing her slim body, "Dianna, I'll take you to the hospital now."

He carried her horizontally, quickly left this villa.

Placing her in the passenger seat, he used the bedsheet to tie her waist; there were no first aid services here, he could only stop the bleeding this way.

The jeep started, he glanced at her, blood flowing down her slender white legs, quickly staining the passenger seat red.

He held the wheel with one hand, pressed her wound with the other, feeling her blood's warmth, feeling her life slowly slipping through his fingers.

The girl's little head swayed on the seat, if it weren't for the seatbelt holding her, she would have fallen, the edges of her long lashes drooped, as if about to sleep.

Once asleep, she wouldn't wake up.

Mort Thorne tugged at his thin lips, his hoarse voice trembling, full of coaxing affection and... pleading, "Dianna, don't sleep, let's talk a bit, tell me, what happened just now?"

Hearing his raspy voice, Dianna weakly and arduously lifted her eyes, her whole body hurt, hurt so much she didn't have the strength to speak.

She looked at Mort Thorne, softly curled her pale lips, "Mort, I said... I'd wait for you, always... wait for you to come."

Chapter 1220: I Gave All My Love to You

"Just now... I was about to faint, so I pretended to faint. When the Scorpion... took off his pants, I kicked him hard. He was in pain... his face changed, and he took out a knife, stabbing at me madly... seven or eight times..."

"As he stabbed me, I unexpectedly became clear-headed, I picked up... a sheet and choked his neck..."

"He struggled several times, he was strong, he almost... broke free, but I thought, if I died, I would never see you again..."

Dianna reached out her small hand, gently grasping his rough large one. She stroked his calluses with her soft fingertips, a testament to the years etched onto him.

She looked at him, her eyes as bright as stars in the sky, "Mort, you know it, I love you. I've never hidden my feelings for you over the years. Loving you means loving who you love, so I've been following in your footsteps. One day, I will be as brave as you, I will have the same beliefs as you, and I will live to be like you."

"Mort, I've held on to you, from now on, let there be less sadness and more happiness. So many people love you, and so do I."

She loved him, he always knew.

The girl's soft voice rang in his ears, each word striking deep into his steely heart. He turned his hand and clasped her chilly hand in his palm.

He drove, eyes steadily focused ahead. The city's neon lights refracted through the car window upon his handsome face, adding to his world-weary look.

Though he had dwelt in prosperity for years, prosperity was never his to claim, nor was he ever lost to longing.

The paths he had traveled over the years were winding, the thorns and harsh storms countless. Losing his parents young, wandering for the sake of his nation, the bloodshed left him scarred, accustomed to solitude.

Mort's deep gaze carried a crimson tint, with a touch of moisture. With a slight smile, his hoarse voice laughed, "I've never counted the steps I've taken, the sacrifices made, nor what I'd gain. I never saw my parents for the last time, but my father left a note, just a few simple words, 'Be upright and decent.'"

"Sometimes I feel tired, surrounded by unfamiliar faces that inspire fatigue and disdain for this dirty gloom, yet I continue on. These days aren't bad or good, until you appeared in my life."

"I still remember the first glimpse of you, in that dark room, when you jabbed a pencil into Carney Shaw's right eye, decisive and strikingly impressive even then."

"As you grew, evolving feelings changed our course. You confessed your love, step by step you pressed close, I fled several times, not unwilling, just... afraid."

"Afraid of not finding a balance, one hand bears weight, the other love, fearing I'd fail the nation and you. Where in this world can both be served, neither forsake Buddha, nor forsake you?"

"More fearful that time ages us, that moments pass irretrievably, in your youthful radiance, how dare I... sing to you a song of love?"

"But ultimately I fell for, loved, adored the warmth you gave, dreamt of the love you offered, yearned to pause my journey, weary, worn, wounded, pained, lonely, longing for rest, longing for your presence."

"Wanting a home with you, wanting to speak of my parents, wanting earnestly to ask you, Dianna, I am imperfect, nearing forty. So, have you considered it well, don't play with me, for it's my first attempt at love, at romance."

"I wish to secretly confide, if I've brought you sorrow in the past, please forgive my clumsy heart, unsure, hesitant due to age, you young and I lacking, always pondering our future, searching for any glimpse of shared happiness, my heart belongs to you, my eyes are full of you, Dianna, these many years, I've loved you."

He said, Dianna, these many years, I've loved you.

Dianna smiled brightly, finally she heard it, his confession, his love.

Dianna's slender body slowly lay down, her face resting on his strong thigh, reaching out her small hand, she touched the prosthetic on his right leg, a symbol of his greatest love for her.

Indeed, real heroes are blood and flesh, their vulnerabilities making them more admirable.

Dianna gently closed her eyes, "Mort, you know, when you left three years ago, I dreamt I was pregnant, had a daughter."

A daughter, how wonderful.

Mort smiled slightly, his large hand weaving into her dark hair, gently stroking her fair forehead, "If we had a daughter, what would her name be?"

His voice trailed off, silence lingering.

"Dianna..."

"Call her... Dot, as every moment, every dot, I've thought of you, each drop my love for you."

So, the daughter is named Dot.

Mort's eyes rimmed red, and he nodded, "Alright, our daughter will be named Dot."

Fool.

They already have a daughter.

Dianna wished to speak, wanted to tell him, she'd already borne him a daughter.

But she was so tired, all her strength ebbing away, unable even to open her eyes.

Dianna closed her eyes, never reopening them.

She drifted to sleep.

She slept, never to wake again.

Mort dared not lower his gaze, too afraid to look down, his gripping fingers bulging with blue veins, his heart in agony, each breath a piercing pain, a pain that broke his soul.

Time looped back to nights from years past, alone across the world's corners, with only the moon as company, sleeping alongside loneliness.

He was left behind.

Once again, he was alone.

The world was vast, yet his home vanished.

This life's love, left without resting place.

He couldn't understand the depth of this pain, twisting his heart in knots, heat blurring his vision, though dry-eyed, not a tear fell.

Now, both hands clutching the steering wheel, her body chilled on his solid thigh, his eyes suddenly moistened, something overflowed inside him.

One drop, two, three... tears fell blurring his sight.

How scalding tears are.

Seared his heart, consuming him entirely.

Time irreversible, and still, it was too late.

Dianna.

His Dianna.

Once he thought Dianna was a gift from above, and for years, it seemed fate favored him, but eventually, Dianna was reclaimed.

His broad, straight shoulders started shaking, never having cried, unaware what it's like for men to weep, the pain inside unrelenting and unyielding, he bit his lip, anxious and lost.

Every flower withered, his world now barren.