

Substitute B 1221

Chapter 1221: We'll Get Married When You're Well

She left.

At this moment, a soft and weak voice sounded in his ears, "Mort."

Mort Thorne froze completely. He quickly lowered his gaze. Dianna Hollis hadn't opened her eyes, but her long, butterfly-wing-like lashes were trembling, moving.

Drip, a scalding tear fell onto her small face.

Dianna slowly opened her eyes and looked up at him. She suddenly saw the man's tears streaming down his face.

She was startled, quickly curled her lips. The girl's soft voice carried a slight coquettishness and joy, "Fool, I wasn't asleep. Although my body hurts so much, I wanted to close my eyes and sleep for a while, so it wouldn't hurt, but I still didn't sleep because... I'm reluctant."

Saying this, she raised her small hand, her soft fingertips slowly tracing the weathered contours of his handsome face, lovingly, longingly, "I can't bear to sleep, I'm afraid, I'm afraid if I fall asleep, what will my Mort do?"

If she sleeps, what will her Mort do?

Her Mort was like a warrior, battling alone for far too long through the endless night. He brought dawn for many, too many people, yet he could only stand in the darkness, be a shadow, become a story untold.

He hesitated so much before his own happiness, the nation and she were at the two ends of his palms, and he always put himself last.

If she sleeps, who will love him in the future?

Leave him alone in this world, how could she bear it?

Now her whole body hurt, hurt to the point of trembling, numbness, but she told herself, Dianna, hold on a little longer, for Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne curled his thin lips, revealing a tender smile through his tears, hot tears falling onto her small face. He extended his big hand to wipe them away, until she had a little kitten face.

With a hoarse voice, he said, "Dianna, when you get better, we'll get married. In the future, our home listens to you, whether big or small matters, you decide, and so do I, I'll let you decide."

Dianna softly brushed over his parched lips, "Then it's settled. You're not allowed to go back on your word. From now on, I'm the boss."

Mort Thorne nodded, nodded vigorously, the neon lights outside the window gliding through the car window onto his neat short hair, gilding him, "Mm, okay!"

...

In the hospital.

Dianna was wheeled into the operating room. Mort Thorne also wanted to rush in, but the doctor stopped him, "Sir, please stay outside."

Mort Thorne quickly reached out and grabbed the doctor's arm.

The man's grip was strong, with a light tug, the doctor was already in pain and his face turned pale, coupled with Mort Thorne's tall and imposing aura, the doctor was frightened to stuttering, "M-Mister, y-you, what do you want to do?"

Mort Thorne looked at the operating room door in front of him, "You must save her, absolutely!"

The doctor went in, and the operating room door slammed shut with a bang, glowing with a glaring red light. Mort Thorne stood in the corridor, his broad back against the wall, hands in his pockets, one knee bent, the fine fringe on his forehead covering his dark eyes, so quiet there was no sound at all.

He was waiting.

The only thing he could do was wait.

The surgery lasted a full twelve hours. Nurses came in and out, carrying six bags of plasma, the cold frosty night outside gradually dissipating, giving way to another dawn.

At this moment, with a click, the operating room door opened, and a weary doctor walked out.

Mort Thorne quickly stepped forward. His thin lips were so dry they were peeling, "How is she?"

The doctor took off his mask, nodded with relief, "Sir, the surgery was very successful. The patient's vitality was too tenacious. I've treated so many people, but anyone else who had seven or eight stab wounds would've died, but the patient kept holding on, she wants to live, she's a miracle."

At this moment, a nurse pushed Dianna out. She had changed out of her bloody clothes and wore a large blue and white striped hospital gown, her face pale to near transparency, the small blue veins visible under her soft, fine hair. She lay on the pillow, sleeping, looking pitiful and endearing.

Mort Thorne stood by the bed, looking down at her. His heart had never felt this soft.

He held her cool little hand, calling in a low, husky voice, "Dianna."

His Dianna.

If only he could, he wanted to merge her into his very being.

...

Dianna was wheeled into the ICU, and Mort Thorne and Charles Bishop were talking at the corridor entrance.

"Mort, Scorpion is dead, all the remaining forces have been eradicated clean. This case once again intimidated all international crime forces, almost making everyone tremble at the sound, but this time all the credit went to Paul. Paul is known throughout the police precincts, two days later the bosses are going to promote him, and I've heard the general's daughter Melissa has accepted Paul's pursuit, now everyone's congratulating them. They're under the halo of glory, and it's become quite a tale."

Charles Bishop was very upset, as Paul didn't have much capability. Solving the Scorpion case was entirely up to Mort Thorne and Dianna, now Dianna hadn't even escaped danger, and outside they were already holding a celebration feast. Everyone was deceived.

The hospital was desolate, yet Paul and Melissa were enjoying their success.

Mort Thorne didn't show any expression; he had stayed in the hospital and hadn't even changed his clothes, now full of wrinkles. He slightly curled his thin lips, "Got it."

Then he turned and left.

"Mort!" Charles Bishop called from behind, "I know you don't care about these vanities, but you should step out of the darkness, into the light. You should let everyone see, oh, so this is Blood Eagle, Mort Thorne is Blood Eagle!"

Mort Thorne wasn't supposed to be like this.

Mort Thorne paused slightly, his voice low, "Find some time to visit Wade's parents. The one who killed Wade is dead."

After speaking, Mort Thorne left.

Looking at the man's tall and robust back, Charles Bishop sighed.

...

At night, Dianna hadn't woken up yet, but all her vitals were stable. Mort Thorne used a towel to wipe her little face, then sat by the bed, holding her slightly cool little hand and kissed it.

He wasn't satisfied with just that. He got up again, kissed her forehead.

He fell asleep on the edge of the bed.

Soon, the silent hospital room was suddenly filled with the vibrating sound of a phone. Mort Thorne opened his eyes. He hadn't slept long, two sleepless nights causing red blood vessels to spread in his dark eye sockets. He picked up his phone with a rough big hand and glanced at it; it was a call from Melissa.

Mort Thorne didn't even furrow his brow, directly hung up the call.

He refused to answer.

Just then, a "ding" sounded, and a text message from Melissa came, a photo.

The photo was at a grand celebration party, she stood under the dazzling lights, surrounded by everyone, stars arched around the moon.

Chapter 1222: I Really Like You

Paul was dressed in a tailored suit, his gentle face handsome. He knelt on one knee and slipped a ring onto Melissa's ring finger.

Melissa accepted Paul's proposal, and everyone looked on with envy, blessing them, applauding them.

Underneath this photo was a line of text from Blood Eagle: See, without you, I can still be happy!

Mort Thorne tossed the phone aside, gripping Dianna Hollis's soft little hand tighter, tightly holding it in his warm palm as he continued to lie on the bed asleep.

But soon, the vibration sounded again; Melissa called again.

Instantly, Mort Thorne furrowed his brows in irritation; how annoying!

He reached out and directly shut off the phone.

The noise disappeared, and Mort Thorne closed his eyes.

...

Late at night, the sound of a woman's high heels clicked in the hospital corridor; Melissa arrived.

Melissa was wearing a long dress, her flowing long hair casually down, tall, graceful and very attractive.

She reached out, pushed open the hospital room door, and walked inside.

The hospital room was lit with a dim yellow light; Dianna Hollis lay on the bed, a man was lying at the bedside.

She stepped forward, lowering her eyes to look at Mort Thorne's handsome face with deep admiration in her eyes. He hadn't shaved in a long time; his strong jaw was surrounded by stubble. His clean navy blue V-neck sweater subtly revealed his muscular bronzed skin; this man exuded wildness, full of sensuality.

Melissa raised her hand, wanting to touch his thick lashes like fans. His sword-like brows extended to his temples, straight and charismatic; such a wild man was surprisingly refined, in fact, he was the most handsome man she'd ever seen.

Why were all good qualities concentrated on him, making her so infatuated?

Melissa wanted to touch and caress him.

But before she could touch him, a wide palm flashed by, grabbing her wrist, gently twisting it.

Ah!

Melissa screamed, her face turning pale with pain, "Blood Eagle, it's me!"

She lifted her eyes, meeting the man's gaze.

Mort Thorne was awake, his handsome eyes covered with cold frost, staring at her coldly.

He shook her off; she staggered and stepped back several times.

"What are you here for?" he asked with a furrowed brow.

Melissa almost tripped, barely steadying herself, looking lost and embarrassed; her eyes were red as she looked at him, uncomfortable and aggrieved. "Blood Eagle, do you hate me so much?"

Mort Thorne gestured toward the door with his eyes, spat out two crisp and simple words, "Get out!"

"I'm not leaving!"

Mort Thorne's gaze deepened, a harsh chill emanating from him; he stepped forward, grabbed her slender arm and directly threw her out of the hospital room.

Lazily bothering to glance at her further, he turned back inside.

But Melissa lunged at him, hugging his neck and stood on her tiptoes to kiss his chapped lips.

Without a kiss, Mort Thorne waved her off; she crashed into the wall.

"Don't make trouble!"

He glanced at her like an eagle, full of intimidation, then turned.

"Blood Eagle!"

Melissa called out, lunging again, holding him tightly from behind.

He was so tall, his shoulders handsome, his back robust, filled with masculine strength that made one want to rely on him.

"Blood Eagle, why are you so heartless to me? I agreed to Paul's proposal, but I don't like him at all. I just wanted to provoke you, but you didn't reply to my messages or answer my calls!"

"I, a dignified daughter of a head chief, have come humbly to beg you; can you not turn around to look at me just once? Just once is enough."

"I'm willing to do anything for you; as long as you agree to be with me, I'll call off Paul's proposal now. I'm begging you, don't reject me anymore; I truly like you, really like you."

Melissa pleaded for this man's love with tears streaming down her face.

Mort Thorne pursed his lips, his eyes filled with coldness. "I don't hit women, but if you don't let go, don't blame me for not being polite!"

Melissa's lips trembled, her face pale as paper; he was so cruel and heartless.

Why?

She was deeply afraid of this man, especially when he was angry, so Melissa released him.

Mort Thorne raised his foot, wanting to push open the hospital room door.

But at this moment, his vision was interrupted by a small hand.

This small hand was wrapped in white bandages, looking so tiny, not even halfway into his palm.

The small hand struggled to reach the door, gently opening the hospital room.

A slender silhouette appeared in view.

Mort Thorne stiffened entirely, his pupils filled with the image of this slender figure; she unexpectedly, abruptly and forcefully invaded his line of sight.

His pupils shrank, his breathing tightened.

It was Dianna Hollis.

Dianna Hollis was awake.

Dianna had already gotten out of bed and walked from the bedside to the door, a distance of over ten steps. She walked with cold sweat dripping, almost leaning entirely on the wall.

She fluttered her lashes like butterfly wings, looking at the man frozen by the door, then slowly extended that small hand, puckering her pale little mouth; she pretended to be angry, saying, "Oh, you sneaked out while I was asleep to attract bees and butterflies; now I've caught you, come and help me!"

Listening to her voice, delicate, weak yet filled with a hint of teasing, Mort Thorne's heart softened; he swiftly reached out his large hand to catch her extended little hand, softly reprimanding, "Just woke up and got out of bed, not hurting anymore?"

"It hurts, it really hurts."

The anesthesia's effect had long worn off; she felt pain all over her body, weak and fatigued. Her pale eyes turned red.

"Really hurts? Where does it hurt?"

Seeing her about to cry, Mort Thorne immediately knit his handsome brows, holding her small hands with gentle, sympathetic worry, "See if you ever dare to get out of bed by yourself again."

"I'm afraid some flower will lure you away." Dianna said as she looked over the man's handsome shoulders at Melissa behind him.

Mort Thorne didn't look up, "Silly, I'm Sun Wukong, didn't you know?"

"What does that mean?" Dianna didn't understand.

"Specializes in dealing with fox spirits."

"..."

Poof, Dianna immediately hooked her pale lips into a sweet, cheerful smile.

Mort Thorne had met various beauties before, so he was immune, unmoved.

Whatever tricks or motives these women had, they couldn't affect him; they were just some fox spirits after all.

Mort Thorne extended his muscular arms, wanting to wrap around her narrow waist, but considering the wound on her abdomen, he could only hold her smooth shoulders, "Enough standing and talking, let's go back to bed. I'll carry you."

"Okay." Dianna obediently let him carry her.

Mort Thorne gently lifted her horizontally, avoiding her abdominal wound, and strode towards the hospital bed.

Chapter 1223: Little Rascal

"Hey!" Dianna immediately called out to him, "Melissa, the young lady, is still waiting for you. Aren't you going to say goodbye to her?"

Mort Thorne lowered his gaze, meeting her bright eyes. She looked at him mischievously and softly, as if she were watching a good show.

"Having fun teasing me?"

He replied, turning abruptly to slam the door shut, leaving Melissa outside.

Outside, Melissa stood frozen, her hands clenched tightly into fists at her sides. For years, this man had been so cold and heartless to her, and she always thought that was just his nature.

But it wasn't true; he could also be so gentle.

Every bit of pain, every gaze from Dianna deeply attracted him; there was no one else in his eyes.

...

In the hospital room.

Mort placed Dianna on the hospital bed and tucked a soft cushion behind her, "Do you want some water?"

"Yeah, I do." Dianna nodded.

Mort went to pour a cup of warm water, bringing it directly to her lips.

Dianna sipped the water from his hands and quickly furrowed her delicate eyebrows.

"What's wrong, does it hurt again?" Mort furrowed his brows, "I'll go find a doctor and ask for some painkillers."

He got up to leave.

"Mort!"

Dianna quickly grabbed the man's sleeve, playfully saying, "Going over there with such intensity, you might scare someone. It's not pain; it's just that everything tastes so bitter, even water."

"Want some candy?"

Candy is sweet.

Dianna raised her small head to look at him and nodded, "Yeah."

"Then I'll go get some for you now." He was about to leave again.

"Hey!" Dianna tugged at his sleeve, not letting go.

Mort, tall and long-legged, stood by the bedside and turned to look at her, "Why are you pulling me? I don't have any candy in my pocket."

He said he didn't have candy in his pocket.

This silly guy.

Dianna used a few small fingers to tug at his sleeve insistently, "Come here."

"What is it?"

"..."

Dianna laughed in exasperation, puffing her pale red lips, and softly uttered two words, "Kiss me."

Mort's eyelid twitched immediately, raising his slender eyebrows, his narrow brow arch rippling with a seductive and teasing charm.

Taking his large hands out of his pants pockets, he lowered his towering body and kissed her red lips.

Her request for a "kiss" melted his heart.

Her sweet and tender girl-like demeanor, he loved very deeply.

His large hand gently cupped the back of her head, and he pressed and caressed her soft red lips passionately...

"What's bitter about it? Isn't this little mouth sweet?" he said hoarsely.

Their faces were close together, breaths entwined. She was sick, and he kissed her tenderly, not as intensely as his usual storm of passion, but this gentle kiss made Dianna's petite face bloom with two faint blushes, making her look especially captivating.

Dianna fluttered her butterfly-like lashes and softly whined, "But I still feel like my mouth is bitter..."

Mort's thin lips curved into a joyful arc, "Shall I kiss you again?"

Now, he wasn't so silly.

"Okay," Dianna responded.

Mort sat by the bed and pressed down once more on her red lips.

But he didn't kiss her; Dianna dodged, her small head falling on his firm shoulder with a chuckle.

Mort froze, realizing she was teasing him.

Her bell-like laughter echoed by his ear, her breath like orchids brushing his neck, Mort held her small head, and with his strong arm wrapped around her fragrant shoulder, he applied a bit of force, holding her tight, tighter, "You little rascal, are you asking for trouble?"

Dianna reached out a small hand to hug his sturdy waist, and the two embraced.

Both of them had smiles staining their lips, so happy.

The entire hospital room became incredibly warm and pleasant.

"You want to trouble me, huh? I haven't dealt with you yet. When I opened my eyes, I didn't see you; I only heard Melissa's voice outside, crying and begging you to turn around and look at her." Dianna grumbled unhappily.

Mort's flexible thin lips kissed her fragrant forehead, "She asks me to turn around and I do? Does she think she's Dianna Hollis?"

His deep voice overflowed with pampering.

Dianna raised her willow brows, amused by him, but then she pretended to worry and said, "Even saying that, when a girl pursues a guy, it's like there's a veil in between. You were chased down by me; what if one day you're chased by Melissa?"

"Nonsense! If I don't stop and wait for you, how can you catch up to me?"

"..."

He had become prideful too.

Dianna was amused. Okay, she admitted that when she was pursuing him, he stood in place and didn't leave.

"Mort Thorne, I find you're quite subtly flirtatious."

He liked her, yet never spoke.

Just stood there, waiting for her to pursue.

Mort lowered his eyes, long fingers pinching her delicate chin, forcing her to look up, "Do you prefer my subtle flirting or obvious flirting?"

Dianna playfully fluttered her lashes, curiously asking in a soft voice, "What's obvious flirting like?"

As soon as the words were spoken, Mort directly blocked her red lips.

Dianna's heart and mouth felt like they were coated with honey when he kissed openly like this—this is what he called obvious flirting.

He truly had excuses for himself.

Dianna hugged his neck, shyly and actively returning his kiss.

...

Young and full of vitality, Dianna recovered quickly.

That day, she got out of bed herself, walking down the hallway for a bit of activity. At this point, she saw a group of doctors and nurses gathered, watching a large LCD TV.

"Look quickly, Paul has been promoted and honored. Wow, he's so handsome."

"This time, Officer Paul has eliminated a major drug lord for us, risking his life. This is the model soldier, the backbone of the people."

"I'm so in awe of Officer Paul. He's the most handsome man in the world..."

Dianna looked at the LCD TV; today was Paul's promotion and honor ceremony. Dressed in a military uniform, he attracted everyone's attention, truly in the limelight, dashing and heroic.

Those doctors and nurses admired him so much, like a surging river.

Dianna's eyes suddenly cooled a bit, her lips curved in a mocking arc; their shamelessness had refreshed her baseline.

She wanted to return to the hospital room, but as she passed a stairwell, she saw two people, Mort and Charles Bishop, talking.

Dianna quickly hid in a corner, listening intently to their conversation.

She looked at Mort's handsome, rugged face; he habitually pressed his thin lips together, his sharp features making him look more intense.

"Mort, I heard Dianna's body is almost fully recovered, and soon she can be discharged. What are your plans for the future?"

Mentioning Dianna made Mort's handsome brow soften a bit, and he said lowly, "I want to take her away."

"Away? Back to the mountains?" Charles asked.

Chapter 1224: Give Me a Smile

"Hmm." Mort Thorne hummed softly.

"Mort, today is Paul's decoration ceremony, the honor that should have belonged to you. But you still live in the shadows, live like a ghost. Despite the vast world, there is no place for you. Once you've exhausted yourself, you'll return to the mountains, and only come out when it's time to fight again. Don't you feel wronged? Have you not considered Miss Hollis? She's a young lady raised in the bustling city; can she bear the hardships of the mountains with you?"

Mort knitted his brows slightly. His handsome face showed no emotional fluctuation, "I will compensate her. Whatever I have, I will give her the best."

"Mort!"

"Charles," Mort interrupted Charles Bishop, "What was our original intention in establishing the Blood Eye? My heart remains unchanged, as it was years ago."

Then Mort turned and left.

...

Mort left; Dianna stepped out and looked at Charles.

Three years ago, although Charles tried to stop her and Mort from being together, Dianna knew Charles was the best person for Mort in the world aside from herself, and she respected Charles.

"Vice Officer Charles." Dianna called softly.

Charles looked at Dianna, the girl's eyes remained clear; she and Mort had not changed.

Charles nodded, "Dianna, you heard Mort's plan. What do you intend to do? If you plan to return to the mountains soon, I'll help arrange your itinerary..."

Before he could finish, Dianna spoke softly, "I am not leaving."

Charles stiffened, "You..."

Dianna slowly curled her red lips, "I won't leave, and he can't leave either. That honor belongs to him; I will help him reclaim it. I refuse to watch everyone be deceived. I will expose the truth, see him stand at the pinnacle, see him soar in his true sky. No one can clip his wings, no one can make him... endure grievances."

Charles felt a shock within his heart, his eyes quickly filled with excitement, a thrill akin to being on the battlefield for the first time. Gradually his eyes moistened, his heart overflowed with joy. He finally understood why Mort fell in love with Dianna?

Dianna, pure and radiant like the scorching sun in June.

Only she could offer Mort true salvation, and... happiness.

Charles nodded vigorously; their Mort should not be like this, always unsettled, always unsettled.

...

Dianna returned to the hospital, meeting a nurse who quickly spoke, "Miss Hollis, where have you been? Please hurry back."

What happened?

Dianna quickly returned to the room; the corridor was silent, not a sound.

This was too unusual.

Dianna walked forward, turned a corner, and saw a scene ahead; all the doctors and nurses in white coats stood in a line on both sides of the hallway, heads lowered, not daring to make a sound.

Mort Thorne stood tall and straight in the center, his rugged handsome face completely dark, the chilling cold aura he emitted nearly froze everyone on site.

"Speak, where did you take her?" he suddenly roared.

The doctors and nurses trembled in fear, someone nearly fell to their knees, "Sir... we didn't see... Miss Hollis, we... did nothing..."

"Then where is she?" Mort's gaze swept over.

The doctor stretched his neck, scared speechless.

Dianna laughed; what's he doing?

This is a hospital; is he interrogating criminals?

Dianna cleared her throat, straightening her slender waist and back, "Turn your head around, I'm here!"

The tall figure ahead stiffened, quickly turning his head.

Dianna stood cleverly, like a freshly bloomed lotus, raising her willow eyebrows at him, her small hands behind her back, mischievous and bright as a little fox.

Mort was furious, yet her appearance amused him; a few strides brought him close, his face dark as he chastised in a low voice, "Where did you run off to? If I don't discipline you, I see you'll ascend to the heavens!"

Dianna puffed her chest, "Is that the way to talk to the boss?"

He had said it himself; from then on, she would be the boss at home!

"... Be serious!" Mort's heart was captivated by the little fox, aching and itching, quickly pulling a stern face.

"I couldn't find you, so I went out to look for you, wandered around the entrance a couple of times."

As she spoke, Dianna stretched out her delicate hands to pinch his handsome cheeks, teasingly saying, "Give big brother a smile."

"..."

The status of the boss was acknowledged, but the title of "big brother" she gave herself.

Mort bent down, directly lifting her horizontally, "I'll give you back your 'big brother', how about a 'dad'?"

"..."

He was taking advantage of her.

Dianna quickly swung her little fists at him.

Mort didn't dodge, holding her as he entered the room, kicked the door shut.

...

The fearsome man finally went in; everyone breathed a sigh of relief, sweating profusely.

I was scared to death just now; this man is fierce.

But as soon as Miss Hollis arrived, he calmed down; it seems only Miss Hollis can tame this Mastiff.

Was I just stuffed with dog food? Oh dear, why do I feel this man is so manly?

Stop swooning, he didn't even look at you.

Outside was buzzing; Dianna was tossed onto the hospital bed; she flipped over, using hands and feet to crawl away.

She crawled to the inner side of the bed.

Mort extended his palm, with a "slap," directly hitting her rear.

Ah.

Dianna exclaimed, a little hand rubbing her rear, then looking back at him, "Why did you hit my butt?"

Mort looked down at her, "Will you be obedient now?"

Dianna saw it clearly; being the boss was just an illusion, she remained a slave.

"Yes, obedient." She nodded obediently.

This finally appeased Mort, "Did it hurt?"

"It hurt."

"Let me see."

He knelt on one knee on the bed, reaching out to tug her pants.

"What are you doing?" Dianna quickly pulled back her pants, her small face steaming red, is he perverse?

She refused to let him see; the two of them tugged at each other, suddenly, there was a ripping sound, and Dianna's pants tore open.

"Mort, look at what you've done!" Dianna angrily scolded him, it's patient clothes, beast.

Mort pulled her back; she was now laying on the bed, he laid atop her, directly pinning her down.

"Why so fussy, just a peek and it's done?" He kissed her hair forcefully, inhaling her subtle fragrance.

Dianna was pressed breathless, he's six-foot-three, packed with muscles, weighing at least 160 pounds, the whole of him pressing on her.

Yet her heart felt sweet; she privately thought, if he really looked, it wouldn't be just a peek.

Chapter 1225: Mission Accomplished—Having a Child

The two of them entwined in this position, Mort Thorne buried his face in her hair, "What do you want for dinner?"

"Porridge, I guess."

"Okay, I'll go get some." Mort got up and left the hospital room.

After the man left, Dianna Hollis lazily stayed put. Her body was filled with his lingering warmth. She stretched out her small hands to cup her flushed and hot cheeks.

Dianna dialed a number, "Hello, team leader, can you help me report to the higher-ups? I request to meet the old superior once!"

This superior, Julian Carter, is in his fifties. In his youth, he was renowned for his military achievements and now is respectfully called the old superior wherever he goes.

Melissa Carter is his only daughter, a lady of high status.

Dianna had heard of this old superior before. He was a straight-laced and decisive leader, a true warrior, but he had his daughter quite late in life, so he spoiled Melissa a bit, neglecting discipline.

Dianna needed to find the old superior.

"Dianna, the old superior is not someone just anyone can meet, but I can help you submit the report first. The old superior is currently on a military visit to Z Country. You should fly to Z Country first. Even if the report does not go through, you can find another way."

"Alright, thank you, team leader."

After hanging up, Dianna booked a flight ticket to Z Country. She was set to leave the next day.

Just then, a "click" sounded as Mort returned, carrying a plastic bag with takeout inside.

"Mort, you're back?" Dianna called sweetly.

Looking at her smiling eyes, Mort pinched her cheek and placed the thick millet porridge by her side, along with a few tasty side dishes.

"Did you wait long?"

"No."

He stood tall beside her, and she wrapped her small hands around his firm waist, her head nuzzling against his solid abs like a spoiled little fox.

Mort's lips curled up, realizing once again how clingy she could be. He placed the chopsticks into her hand, "Enough sticking around, eat up!"

Clueless guy!

Dianna took a bite of the millet porridge. It was delicious.

Suddenly, she noticed a shadow moving in the small window of the hospital room door. Someone familiar appeared outside—it was Paul.

Dianna looked at Mort, "Why did he come along?"

Mort pushed a green bean into her mouth, expressionless, "Just eat."

Dianna chewed the bean, and then picked up a piece of stir-fried meat and put it in Mort's mouth, "You should eat meat. Men need meat for strength."

Mort chewed a couple of times, looking her up and down. A mischievous glint emerged in his eyes, "Strength for what?"

Dianna didn't understand.

Mort raised his eyebrows suggestively.

One second, two seconds... Dianna suddenly understood what he meant, her face turning bright red. This man... such a flirt!

She quickly lowered her head and continued eating her porridge.

At that moment, the hospital room door swung open. Paul stood at the entrance anxiously with a group of FIU members behind him, "Melissa has been kidnapped. Those are the subordinates of the Scorpions. They're desperate now and can do anything. Will you rescue her?"

Melissa was kidnapped?

Dianna's eyelashes fluttered as she faintly smiled. Melissa and Paul had been so flashy lately, naturally attracting attention—and trouble.

How could Paul dare to ask Mort to rescue Melissa?

"I didn't want to come to you either, but we can't find their hideout now. Only you can save Melissa..."

Before he could finish, Mort grabbed a book from the table and threw it at Paul by the door, "You're more annoying than a crow, get lost!"

Paul turned pale, feeling humiliated.

The hospital room door closed.

Dianna ate another spoonful of porridge, then glanced at the man beside her. He was eating, his soft hair partially shielding his deep eyes. He was already halfway through his food, with muscular arms bulging powerfully.

"Mort, will you go save Melissa?"

Mort didn't look up, nor did his expression change, "Melissa didn't betray you. She wouldn't dare."

It was the Scorpion members who had tracked down Dianna's identity, unrelated to Melissa.

Dianna gently bit her chopsticks, "So, you're going to save her?"

Mort finished his meal, leaving no grain of rice behind, a clean plate action. He took the chopsticks from her and started feeding her, "Eat quickly, the porridge and side dishes are getting cold."

Dianna huffed. She knew he would save her.

But why?

His back wound had just scarred over, his right leg's amputated area still inflamed. This man endured everything in silence, never complaining about pain.

Her heart ached unbearably.

He brought the porridge to her lips, and she obediently finished it without saying another word to him.

Once the porridge was finished, she stood and tidied up the table, "Let me. You can leave now."

She went into the bathroom.

Standing at the sink, she turned on the tap and began washing her small hands.

Then she heard the sound of steady footsteps approaching; Mort hadn't left but instead entered the bathroom.

Dianna raised her head, her gaze meeting his in the mirror.

Mort's hands were in his pockets, and he used his elbow to close the bathroom door, his deep eyes intensely watching her.

Soon, he walked over, his tall figure standing behind her, trapping her delicate body against the sink.

Dianna wanted to move, but the man leaned down, pressing his soft lips against her cheek in a kiss.

"Mort, get off!" she angrily pushed him.

But his strong body didn't budge. Finding her lips, he kissed her passionately.

His overwhelming intensity aimed to steal her breath away.

Dianna opened her mouth, biting gently on his tongue.

Mort loosened his grip slightly but kept his lips close to her, his voice low and laced with amusement and affection, "Looks like you're really better—you have the strength to bite now."

Mort's large hands squeezed her slender waist, and Dianna pushed against him, unable to stop him.

"What are you doing? This is a hospital!" she cried, her eyes turning red, tears welling up on her lashes.

"If you don't make a sound, who will know what we're doing?"

"Mort!"

This man had an agenda.

Mort, restraining a handsome frown, placed a passionate kiss behind her ear, whispering softly, "I'm sorry, don't be mad."

His "I'm sorry" quickly soured Dianna's heart. She turned and hugged him tightly.

"Mort, don't say sorry. I should apologize. I shouldn't have been so childish. It's just... I can't bear to see you go."

Mort ran his fingers through her hair, his voice firm and composed, "I'll be back soon."

Dianna sniffed slightly, adjusting her emotions. She smiled, "Okay, I'm not angry anymore. You should go."

Mort curled his lips, reaching to tug at her clothes, "Not in a rush. We still need to work hard and fulfill our plan to have a baby sooner."

Chapter 1226: He Was Never Alone

Dianna's heart skipped a beat, what grand plan of having a son, he already had a daughter.

When she comes back, she would tell him this good news.

Dianna clutched his shirt tightly with her little hands and whispered, "But, I'm still hurt..."

"Hasn't it healed?" His rough fingertip grazed the scar on her lower abdomen.

Her lower abdomen was flat, her skin smooth, but now it bore a scar.

But after some time of undergoing a minor surgery, the scar on her lower abdomen could be removed.

He was tall and large, his intense masculine presence completely engulfed her, very aggressive, "But, I'm afraid..."

"Afraid of what?" Mort Thorne lifted her to sit on the washbasin, "I'll be gentle."

He kissed her red lips.

...

An hour later.

Mort Thorne carried Dianna from the bathroom to the hospital bed, he pulled up his pants and then bent down to kiss her flushed little face forcefully, "I'm leaving now."

Dianna, drenched in fragrant sweat, was weak all over. She buried her face in the pillow and then reached out her little hand to hold onto his large hand, as if she didn't want him to leave, or simply acting coy.

Mort Thorne's bronze skin was covered with a layer of sweat, flowing along his firm muscles, wild and seductive.

He looked down at her sweet expression, then at her little hand, and extended his tongue to lick his dry thin lips, he smiled, "Not enough?"

Dianna quickly withdrew her little hand.

Mort Thorne's long eyebrows relaxed completely, tender and lingering, if he lingered any longer, he probably couldn't leave.

Didn't want to leave, just wanted to stay snuggled with her.

"I'm really leaving."

"Come back soon."

"Okay." Mort Thorne turned and left.

He left.

Dianna rolled over, lying flat on the bed, his breath seemed to remain on her body, she reached out and pulled the quilt over to quietly cover her little face.

Beneath the quilt, the girl's eyes were bright as snow, her lips curved in a smile.

...

Mort Thorne went on a mission, and the next day Dianna flew to Z Country to find the old commander.

She stayed in Z Country for two days, each time she went to the military base, she was stopped outside, the guards wouldn't even let her in.

Her position was too low, she wasn't qualified to see the old commander, and the report from above hadn't been approved.

That day she came again to the barracks, the sentries in the guard pavilion outside already recognized her, "Young lady, why have you come again? I really can't let you see the commander, not to mention the old commander has an important military meeting today and has no time to see you."

Dianna looked through the iron gate towards the inside, a few bulletproof jeeps drove in, the jeeps flying a red banner, their license plates were impressive beyond belief.

A group of uniformed high-ranking military officials came over, forming two lines, all awaiting the person in the front bulletproof car.

Soon, the car door opened, and Julian Carter stepped out.

It was Dianna's first time seeing Julian Carter in person. This high-ranking commander, though over fifty, was still vigorous, emanating an aura of authority and awe without anger, truly a person in power.

Julian Carter got out of the car and directly headed for the high-level conference room, his private secretary following behind, handing him the documents for today's meeting.

The high-ranking officers respectfully followed him.

They were going to a meeting.

Dianna's eyes lit up, knowing that if she missed this opportunity, there wouldn't be another.

She grabbed the iron gate with her little hands and shouted, "Commander, please wait!"

Julian Carter paused, turned around, and looked at Dianna.

The sentry was startled, turning pale, he never expected Dianna to be so bold. He quickly ran out to drive Dianna away, "Young lady, I warn you, if you don't leave now, you'll be arrested for obstruction of official duties."

Julian Carter looked at Dianna, showing no emotion, then turned away.

Two sentries came to drive Dianna away. Dianna looked at Julian Carter's back, "Commander, I request to see you, maybe I don't have the right to see you, but what about Blood Eagle, doesn't Blood Eagle?"

Julian Carter stopped, and slowly turned back.

Dianna shrugged off the two sentries, then climbed over the iron gate in one leap.

She easily got over the gate and into the base.

In such a heavily guarded military area, the gate was equipped with alarms, and with Dianna's leap, the red alarm lights quickly flashed, a rustle of footsteps followed, and over ten soldiers arrived, pointing the most advanced sniper rifles directly at her head, her heart, all over.

"Young lady, who are you, stop now, I will start counting one, two, three, if you don't stop, we will shoot you on the spot!" someone shouted.

Dianna didn't look at anyone, she focused directly on Julian Carter ahead, then strode forward, "Commander, I'm sorry to meet you this way, let me introduce myself first, I am Blood Eagle's fiancée."

Dianna reached out and tore off the red string around her neck, revealing a diamond ring.

Last night, in their passionate moment, Mort Thorne had hung the red string from his neck around hers.

"One."

"Two."

Someone was already counting, and over ten sniper rifles could riddle her with bullets.

Clutching the diamond ring in her hand, Dianna continued forward without hesitation, straightening her delicate and beautiful back, speaking each word firmly and powerfully, "As a soldier's family member, I know I shouldn't enter the base like this. If he knew, he would definitely scold me, saying I embarrassed him, but I had to come."

"Blood Eagle, is there anyone here who hasn't heard his name? For nearly 30 years he's fought, 30 years, countless days and nights, dedicating all his youth and passion to his country."

"He has many roles, he is a senior commander of the Blood Eye troops, known across military, political, and judicial fields, he's the grim reaper to all international criminals, the father figure to many mountain children, and my husband. Many admire him but don't know him, yet many who know him have sacrificed their lives to protect him."

"I'm here not to plead for him, we don't need to plead, I'm here to state facts. What should belong to him shouldn't be handed over to others!"

"The military, such a sacred place, where his initial beliefs and the most fervent desires lie, you are all children of our motherland, and so is Blood Eagle; only he's the unfortunate one, wandering outside. In his time of grievance, I hope our motherland can open her arms to embrace him, to let him know that what he's always held dear and loved, also loves him back, showing him he was never alone on this path filled with the rush of time, blood, and tears."

Chapter 1227: Aren't You Coming Here Yet?

"Three..."

Someone was about to shout out "Three," but suddenly it felt like a lump in the throat, and no words could come out.

All the soldiers no longer aimed their guns; instead, they craned their necks, looking at Dianna Hollis with a stunned gaze.

Was she... Blood Eagle's... fiancée?

Blood Eagle, known by everyone, a legend in the military.

But Blood Eagle was a child wandering outside.

He didn't have the same luck as any of them.

Blood Eagle was just an alias; no one knew his real name.

He was known by everyone, yet unknown.

Dianna Hollis spoke with a voice like silver bells, both clear and resonant, her words neither humble nor arrogant, each word piercing hearts, like the autumn streams flowing freely and wildly, tinged with the slight chill and age of fall.

In this girl, they seemed to see another figure, dressed entirely in black, gradually disappearing into the darkness.

All the soldiers exchanged glances, tears glistening in their eyes.

Julian Carter, with a deep gaze, pressed his lips together, "Young lady, come with me."

...

Dianna Hollis arrived at the commander's office, exhaled a breath in her heart; she was indeed afraid.

"Commander, hello, my name is Dianna Hollis," she introduced herself.

Julian Carter looked into Dianna Hollis's pure and brave eyes like icy snow, and smiled, gesturing toward the couch, "Dianna, sit."

"Thanks, Commander, but I won't sit. I'll get straight to the point. This time, Blood Eagle undertook the mission, risking life and limb, yet his achievements were all claimed by Paul. Your daughter knows the truth, but she was also involved. Are you aware of this, Commander?" Dianna asked.

Julian Carter glanced at the classified secretary, who quickly responded, "Commander, your schedule has been packed recently. I haven't had a chance to report to you about Blood Eagle and Scorpion's matters. As for the truth, we need to send someone to investigate."

Julian Carter put down his teacup and ordered the secretary, "Investigate this matter immediately."

"Yes, Commander."

The secretary took the order and left.

Julian Carter looked at Dianna Hollis, "I thought Mort Thorne would die a lonely old man, but he fell for a little girl."

"Commander, is it because Mort doesn't like your daughter Melissa that you're speaking so sourly?"

"..."

The little girl, a husband-protector!

"Melissa likes Mort, and I intended to make Mort my successor." Julian didn't shy away, expressing his intentions openly.

Dianna didn't hold back either; she looked into Julian's eyes, "Well, I'm sorry, Mort will send your daughter back in a package."

Forced fruit is not sweet; Julian chuckled.

Julian glanced at Dianna Hollis; he indeed liked this little girl.

"Have you eaten?"

"Not yet."

"Come, I'll take you to eat." Julian stood up.

Dianna Hollis's heart fluttered slightly; it seemed inappropriate for the Commander to treat her?

She seemed to like this Commander too.

...

On the other side, the hospital was chaotic; Melissa had been rescued, but she had been shot in her right arm and was being wheeled into surgery.

Melissa's face was pale from the pain; she tightly gripped the man's sleeves, crying continuously, "It hurts, I'm hurting terribly... Can you stay and not leave me?"

Mort Thorne stood tall with a cold expression, his features deep and handsome yet stern, he glanced at Melissa, "Let go!"

Melissa shook her head, grasping even tighter.

She had been kidnapped for four days; Paul was utterly useless, it was Mort who kicked open the warehouse door, brought light to her, and rescued her.

She couldn't deceive herself; she loved Mort.

She was still very scared; she wanted him with her, his wide embrace and sturdy shoulders could shield any woman from the wind and rain, his strength full of security.

Mort lost all patience, flicked his hand, and directly pushed Melissa away.

Without another glance at Melissa, Mort turned and left, one hand in his pocket.

Paul, who had been waiting behind, quickly stepped forward, concernedly holding Melissa, "Melissa, I..."

Melissa shoved Paul away, "Get out!"

Melissa lay on the hospital bed, teary eyes blurry, looking at Mort's departing silhouette with admiration and infatuation.

...

Mort returned to Dianna Hollis's hospital room, but upon pushing the door, it was empty inside.

He looked at a nurse, "Where's the person inside?"

"Sir, Miss Dianna was discharged two days ago."

Mort's brows furrowed; she had left without a word.

He quickly pulled out his phone from his pocket; there were no messages, no calls, she hadn't contacted him for two days.

Little rascal!

He dialed the familiar number.

Soon, the call connected.

"Hello, Mort." Dianna's sweet voice came through.

Mort pressed his thin lips together, asked in a deep voice, "Where did you run off to?"

"Mort, I'm at the airport now; come pick me up."

Ran off abroad?

"Wait!" He put away the phone.

...

Half an hour later.

Mort strode into the airport hall, but quickly sensed something was off; the airport was eerily quiet, not a single passenger.

Within his dark eyes, sharp alertness and murderous intent instantly flickered.

Then footsteps sounded, someone was approaching.

Mort looked up; a group of uniformed soldiers came out, stopping ten steps away from Mort, solemnly saluting.

Afterward, Julian Carter appeared, walking in front of everyone, also saluting.

Later, a slender figure emerged from behind, standing beside Julian Carter, smilingly looking at him.

She stood straight, saluting him too.

Mort stood tall, watching these people, then looked at Dianna Hollis.

He hadn't expected this to happen.

She had returned with the Commander.

Julian came forward, patting Mort's sturdy shoulder, "Blood Eagle, it was hard work for you this time."

Mort remained emotionless, replied calmly, "It was necessary."

Julian nodded, instructed his secretary by his side, "Immediately demote Paul by three ranks, suspend and reflect."

"Yes, Commander, and the young lady, she's currently in the hospital."

Julian pressed his lips, "Go check on her."

Julian led the way, Mort looked at Dianna Hollis, then offered his large hand, "Aren't you coming over?"

Dianna playfully stuck out her little pink tongue, ran forward with small steps, handing her little hand to him.

Mort wrapped her slightly cool hand in his palm, frowned unhappy, "Admit your mistake yourself."

Just a simple dozen words; truly forceful and domineering.

Dianna whispered softly enough for only the two of them to hear, "Mort, whoever bullies you, I'll teach them a lesson, talking about Paul."

Chapter 1228: You Love Your Country, I'll Love You

Mort Thorne paused, looking at the girl's playful and radiant smile. Did she fly out of the country just for him this time?

How did she meet the chief?

Breaking into a military compound is very risky; one could easily get shot full of holes.

Her sweet scent wafted closer, softening his resolute heart unbelievably, this silly girl.

Mort Thorne said nothing, holding her small hand as he strode out of the airport hall.

The man's strides were so large that Dianna had to jog to keep up. She tugged at his hand and tilted her head with a smile, "Mort, are you happy inside?"

Mort said nothing.

Dianna beamed with pride and said confidently, "I told you, in the future, you love your country, and I'll love you."

"Rubbish!"

Mort replied impatiently, his big hand clasping her slender waist, and he leaned down to kiss her firmly on her small cheek.

Hmm!

Dianna's eyes widened instantly. What was he doing, stealing a kiss from her?

There are so many people here!

Mort couldn't wait.

He wanted to kiss her right now.

Her love was overwhelming.

At this moment, a gentle cough sounded by their ears, "Mort Thorne, in a public place, mind your image a bit."

Outside the airport, two bullet-proof jeeps were parked. The confidential secretary opened the rear car door, Julian Carter stood by the door, hands behind his back, looking at Mort and Dianna, with kinder reproach in his eyes.

Dianna quickly put two small hands against the man's sturdy chest, pushing him away, truly embarrassing.

Mort looked at Dianna dissatisfiedly, his big hand still holding her slim waist, "She's my woman, and I kiss her when I want."

Such arrogance.

Julian Carter shook his head twice. Young people in love nowadays... forcing dog food upon him, he got into the car.

...

In the hospital.

Melissa had already undergone surgery to remove the bullet from her right arm, and her eyes were swollen from crying.

"Dad, I just like Blood Eagle, make him marry me!" Melissa cajoled Julian Carter.

Julian maintained a serious face, "Nonsense! Blood Eagle is a tough guy, no one can manipulate him, even if I can make him marry you, can I force him to love you?"

"I don't care, Dad, have you forgotten that when mom died, you promised her to take good care of me?"

Julian Carter had only one wife, but she passed away many years ago when Melissa was just one year old.

Julian never remarried in all these years.

Perhaps because Melissa grew up without a mom, Julian dotes on this daughter extraordinarily.

But doting is also indulgence; only now does he realize Melissa has a personality flaw, which is a failure in his education.

His father-daughter bond with Melissa has become very faint.

"Melissa, think carefully about my identity before speaking to me. If I am your father, then what qualifies me to command Blood Eagle? If I am the chief, I'm sorry, I won't misuse my power for personal gain!"

"Dad, you simply don't love me!"

This conversation was destined to end unhappily; Julian Carter walked out of the ward.

"Chief." Dianna came over.

"What, not accompanying Mort Thorne?"

"He went to take a call."

Julian nodded knowingly, "No wonder, if he were around, he'd definitely keep you close."

"..." Dianna shifted the topic, "Chief, did you have a quarrel with Melissa?"

Julian sighed, "I remember Melissa being very obedient before, but I don't know why she's becoming increasingly extreme, to the point I can hardly recognize her."

...

In the corridor.

Mort Thorne stood with Charles Bishop, Mort's hands in his pants pockets, he gave Charles a deep and piercing look, "Did you arrange for Dianna to meet the chief?"

Charles was drenched in cold sweat, fearing Mort would hold him accountable, "No, Mort, you're wronging me. The decision to meet the chief was Dianna's own choice, I just... helped a little..."

Saying this, Charles quickly changed the topic, "Mort, we still haven't figured out who leaked the information in the Scorpion incident, nearly costing Dianna her life. Who do you think the mole is?"

This mole is like a ticking time bomb, ready to explode at any moment.

Previously, Mort told Dianna that it wasn't Melissa Carter who leaked the information just because he didn't want Dianna to get involved, attracting danger.

The less she knows, the safer she is.

Mort pursed his thin lips.

"Mort, I still suspect... Melissa Carter, but Melissa alone couldn't manage all this, it's likely the chief did it. Why would the chief do this?"

Mort quickly glanced at Charles, "Have you just met the chief today?"

Charles immediately shut up as he saw a displeased warning in Mort's eyes.

Yes, they have known the chief for almost thirty years now, everyone knows who the chief is.

Mort pursed his thin lips, speaking in a low voice, "Don't bring this topic up again, especially refrain from discussing it in front of Dianna, understood?"

Charles nodded. He had heard about how thrilling Dianna's visit to the old chief was today, feeling the tension himself. He couldn't risk putting Dianna in danger again, or Mort would not spare him.

Charles obediently nodded, "Got it."

Mort strode away.

...

Outside the hospital doors.

Mort stood outside waiting, hands in his pants pockets, head lowered, his tall figure radiating lazy tranquility.

At this moment, a slender figure rushed out, calling to him with smiling eyes, "Mort."

Mort looked up, the girl ran towards him.

He stood up straight, pulling both hands from his pockets, then opened his arms to her.

Dianna jumped up, two slim legs wrapped directly around his sturdy waist, jumping onto him, meaning for him to hold her.

Mort held her securely, his big hand slapped her round bottom, "You're spoiled, how old are you now?"

Dianna clung tightly to his neck, not letting go, "I don't care, just hold me like this, carry me home!"

Mort smiled, his handsome brows exuding warmth, and he strode off, carrying her home.

Currently, the city's vibrant neon lights were resplendent, countless luxury cars sped past, the cold wind of late autumn chilled through, Dianna burrowed continuously into the man's strong embrace. The city's bustling noise had nothing to do with them, cars and mail could go slowly, slow enough to only love one person a lifetime.

Numerous passersby looked over, especially young girls and couples.

"You guys look, wow, that man is so strong, spoiling his girlfriend."

"That's someone's boyfriend!"

"Give me a stack of such boyfriends."

"Stop dreaming, aren't you looking at how pretty someone's girlfriend is?"...

The young girls' eyes lingered on Mort's strong physique and solid muscles, almost drooling.

Dianna quickly tightened her grip on Mort's neck, asserting her claim—this was her man, and no one should think of stealing him!

Chapter 1229: Dating

"Mort, look, so many beautiful girls are looking at you!"

It was a loaded question, Mort Thorne kept his gaze straight ahead, "I'm blind."

"..."

Dianna Hollis quickly cupped his handsome face with her small hands, her soft fingertips stroking his stubbly chin, imitating his tone with a playful voice, "Be serious, I'm talking business here, don't try to fool me!"

Ever since being with her, Mort Thorne had gotten used to a girl's capriciousness.

Other men might sweet-talk their way through, but he raised a sharp brow and brought his large palm down hard on her petite bottom, "Did you want trouble tonight?"

"..."

Dianna's palm-sized face instantly turned red; the hugging position didn't feel off before, but now it all felt wrong.

"Put me down!"

"Trouble?"

"No, I want to change this hugging posture!" Dianna insisted, blushing.

Mort Thorne pursed his thin lips, clasped her slender waist with both large hands, and lifted her onto his broad, sturdy shoulder, letting her ride on top.

"Oh my, so handsome."

"I feel like I'm going to faint from all the handsomeness."...

The girls all screamed as Mort Thorne effortlessly lifted Dianna Hollis onto his shoulder.

Dianna hadn't expected him to change to this position; she felt immersed in a jar of honey, wondering how this could be so sweet?

Just now, lifting her ninety pounds onto his shoulder, the action was smooth and dashing, dating such a strong and manly man, though he's a bit older, truth be told, he really cares.

"Hey, is it okay to ride on your shoulder like this?" Dianna pouted.

"Why not?" Mort Thorne replied matter-of-factly.

"..."

That man!

Dianna secretly smiled, now she's so high up, atop Mort's six-foot-three frame, it's as if she's viewing the world from a giant's shoulders.

She slowly lifted her small hands, spreading her arms, such a thrilling and pleasant sensation.

She was about to close her eyes when the man sped up his pace and began to run.

"Ah!"

Dianna screamed in fright, her small hands running through his short hair, clutching tightly, "You did that on purpose!"

"Coward!" Mort Thorne mocked her mercilessly.

"I'm not a coward!"

"Really?"

Mort Thorne suddenly took off running.

He ran like an arrow, Dianna felt as if she'd fall off at any moment, "Ah!"

He ran the whole way, while she screamed joyfully, like silver bells ringing, echoing in the night sky...

Meanwhile, a luxury car drove slowly along the street, the driver up front asked, "Madam, where are we heading now?"

In the back seat, Jodie Young looked through the polished window at the scene on the street, Dianna riding on Mort Thorne's shoulders as they ran, with laughter all the way.

Yes, Jodie Young was here; something happened to her daughter, she couldn't not come.

She actually knew everything; she was aware Dianna and Raymond Alden were in a sham marriage.

Three years ago, Dianna attempted suicide at Mort Thorne's grave. After being rescued, she joined FIU and married Raymond, though Dianna never mentioned anything, Jodie Young knew it all.

Jodie Young's eyes suddenly brimmed with tears, she covered her mouth with one hand, and hot tears fell instantly.

What was this feeling?

Her daughter's moment of happiness as a mother, was she pleased?

No.

She always thought Mort Thorne was unworthy of her daughter.

Mort Thorne, that persistent shadow, never dying!

Perhaps it's a sense of... woman's envy, jealousy.

Yes, she envied, she was jealous.

She spent most of her life longing, yet never getting what she desired, shaping her life into this.

Now Dianna is cherished by Mort, her laughter, her joyous demeanor, how beautiful, beautiful enough to stir longing in one's heart.

She had never seen Dianna laugh like this.

Dianna was never this happy before.

She failed as a woman, a wife, a mother.

Jodie Young saw in Dianna's face a shadow of her past self, she too was joyous in the early years of her marriage with Julian Carter, being cherished and laughing into the wind.

Jodie Young didn't know what was wrong with her, maybe she was getting older, always dreaming of the past, always reminiscing.

Jodie couldn't hold back any longer, she buried her face in her hands, tears streaming down, because at this moment she finally understood, she lost that happiness, lost that person, and lost herself.

After who knows how long she cried, Jodie stopped shedding tears, hoarsely saying, "Back to the hotel, Dot should be getting anxious."

Dot came too, Jodie brought Dot along.

...

Mort Thorne and Dianna Hollis returned to the apartment, a figure was standing at the apartment door; it was Julian Carter.

Dianna was still perched on Mort's shoulder, Julian looking at them.

Dianna's face flushed, she scrambled, "Put me down!"

Mort Thorne set Dianna down, she glanced at Julian, eyes evading, "Commander, why are you here?"

Julian held up a bottle of wine, "Dianna, you said you'd invite me to dinner, I've come to crash dinner tonight."

"Ah?" Dianna was taken aback, she hadn't prepared anything.

Julian laughed, "What, not welcoming me as a third wheel?"

Julian gave Mort Thorne a glance.

Dianna's face turned even redder from the jesting, she took out a key to open the apartment door, "Commander, come in; I'll check what ingredients are in the fridge, won't mind a simple meal, will you? I'll treat you to a feast another day!"

In country Z, this Commander kindly invited her to the military mess, the food there was truly delicious.

"Alright, let's keep it simple, whatever you can cook, we'll eat."

Dianna quickly ran to the kitchen and started to get busy.

Mort Thorne watched the girl bustling around, furrowing his brows, "Old man, don't you have food to eat where you're at, barging in here for what?"

"..."

Julian patted Mort's shoulder, "Never realized, you can keep up with the trends, even dating like the young folks."

"..."

The two exchanged quips, then entered the living room.

...

In the living room, Mort Thorne and Julian faced each other on the couch.

Julian took a sip of tea, then looked at Mort, "The mole hasn't been found yet, have you doubted me?"

Mort Thorne smirked and scoffed, a fleeting sharp glint in his deep eyes, immensely sinister, "Has the old man fallen to such lows?"

Julian chuckled, he hadn't misjudged this man, calmly resolute, clear-minded, wise beyond measure.

Mort Thorne squinted his deep-set eyes, "Do you have a clue who the mole is?"

Julian set down his teacup, "I get what you mean, you suspect Melissa, but Melissa lacks the capability unless she has an accomplice, and that accomplice must be someone by my side."

Chapter 1230: Dotty's Call

Julian Carter raised an eyebrow and lowered his voice, "Want to catch the mole?"

Mort Thorne lounged lazily on the sofa, about to speak, when Dianna Hollis walked out of the kitchen. She handed the fruit platter in her hand to the coffee table, "There are a few oranges in the fridge, I've sliced them, you guys enjoy, they should be sweet."

Mort bent over, picked up a slice of orange, and brought it to his thin lips.

But the next second, he froze.

"What's wrong?" Julian asked.

Mort showed no expression, not even a wrinkle on his brow. He directly reached out and tossed the slice of orange into the trash bin, "The orange is spoiled."

"How is that possible? You're teasing me, aren't you? I'll taste it myself." Dianna reached out her small hand to grab an orange slice from the fruit platter.

With a "pop" sound, Mort gently slapped her small hand, frowning slightly, "Being disobedient? Go cook!"

Seeing his fierce expression, Dianna sulkily but obediently returned to the kitchen.

After Dianna left, Julian picked up a slice of orange and sniffed it under his nose, his face turning serious, "The orange is poisoned. It seems someone is eager to make a move."

Mort ran a rough thumb over the stubble on his firm jaw, "Once I catch this traitor, I'll make sure they pay dearly!"

Dare to target Dianna, dare to poison her, he would absolutely take down this traitor.

"Now the enemy is in the dark, and we're in the open. Dianna could be in danger at any time. Mort, do you have any good ideas?"

Mort raised a distinctly sharp eyebrow, of course, he had a good idea.

Seeing the confidence in his look, Julian laughed, "Since you've already got a plan, hurry and execute it. I applied to the organization long ago and even went to make a report in person. The authorization has been granted, so now my position is yours!"

These three years he spent secluded in the mountains, Julian didn't forget him; instead, he always kept him in mind.

The authorization also arrived.

Mort could wear the military uniform now!

Mort slowly curled his thin lips into a smile, his heavy and steady brows and eyes gradually revealed joy and delight, finally, the day had come.

It wasn't easy.

Really not easy.

...

Dianna wasn't good at cooking, nor were there many ingredients at home. She fried a plate of peanuts, made some garlic cucumber, and Mort and Julian drank a whole bottle of white wine while eating these. Quite supportive.

The confidential secretary came to pick up the tipsy Julian, while Dianna looked at Mort on the sofa. The man's tall back rested lazily on the sofa; he looked drunk, eyes closed, calm and quiet, unlike some men who make a scene when drunk.

Dianna bent over to clear the dishes from the table, intending to help him to bed after cleaning up.

Entering the kitchen, she put all the dishes in the sink, turned on the tap, and washed her hands first.

Just as she was about to wash the dishes, two strong arms came around from behind, pulling her into an embrace.

Her slender and petite body was pulled against his iron-like frame, breathing in his familiar, rich masculine scent mixed with a faint whiff of alcohol. Her heart sweetened, she softly said, "Aren't you drunk? Go rest; I'll join you after I wash the dishes."

Mort held her tightly, showing no signs of drunkenness, burying his head in her soft neck, inhaling her scent from her hair, "Why do you smell so good?" he murmured hoarsely.

Dianna's small face turned red instantly. With their bodies pressed closely together, she could already feel his strong, muscular power, "Mort, let go first; I need to wash the dishes."

"Don't wash them. Leave it to me. Now... take care of me first."

"..."

What did he say?

Mort lifted her easily, carrying her towards the bedroom as she protested, "You... you can't bully me just because you're drunk. I... I wasn't ready... next time you have to make a reservation."

"Little lady, dare to argue again?" Mort growled low by her ear, dragging her out while holding her.

Dianna clung to the sink, her pearly teeth biting into her red lower lip, reluctant to yield.

He was unreasonable.

She was washing dishes peacefully, hadn't even showered yet, she wouldn't agree.

Mort released her, letting her feet touch the ground, his big hand grasping her slender waist as he laughed wildly, "You chose this. Later, don't cry!"

What did he mean?

Dianna couldn't comprehend what he meant when she heard, from behind, the sound of a man unbuckling his belt...

Her pupils shrank instantly, letting out a sharp scream, "Mort, don't you dare!"

Mort chuckled in a low, husky voice, "Let's see if I dare or not."

...

Mort carried Dianna out of the bathroom, gently placing her on the large bed in the room.

Dianna's long, wet hair, creamy white skin, and flushed face made her look like a little water demon emerging from the depths, entrancing men.

She trembled weakly, butterfly-wing lashes fluttering, feeling sore all over. Since being with Mort, she couldn't get out of bed the next day.

How would she ever face the kitchen again?

How could she cook in the kitchen?

This man, rotten to the core!

As she pondered, Mort approached, the bed sinking under his weight, his rough hand holding a hairdryer, "Turn around, I'll dry your hair."

Girls shouldn't sleep with wet hair; they'd get headaches later in life.

Dianna grumbled as she turned, offering her slender back to him.

Mort dried her hair, his downward gaze taking in her small face, her coquettish, pouty demeanor leaving him feeling weak, "I didn't take care of you just now?"

"..."

How could he even say such things?

Dianna gave him the silent treatment.

Mort ran his big hand through her soft hair, surprised by its incredible softness and fragrance.

Such a woman's scent.

"Not talking to me?"

Dianna remained silent.

"Really ignoring me?" Mort asked again.

She still didn't speak.

"Fine, I'm leaving then." Finishing her hair, Mort put away the dryer and stood to leave.

He was leaving?

Dianna quickly turned her head, grabbing his sleeve, "Where are you going?"

Mort looked down at her, "To wash dishes."

"Don't. Leave them for tomorrow."

Mort raised one heroic eyebrow, tossing the hairdryer onto the sofa, then pressed his body down, "I was thinking the same thing."

"..."

Then the melodic ringtone of her phone sounded; Dianna had a call.

She glanced at it, realizing it was from Dotty.