

Substitute B 1231

Chapter 1231: Father and Daughter Reunited

Dianna Hollis thought for a moment. She had been on this mission for a long time, and Dotty must miss her dearly.

Though her mother took good care of Dotty, that sweet little one was so attached to her mom.

"Whose call is it? Why not pick up?" Mort Thorne asked at that moment.

Dianna's heart tightened. She really wanted to take the call, but doing so would reveal Dotty's existence to Mort.

Dotty was her biggest surprise for him and couldn't just appear in front of him so rashly.

Dianna tucked the phone into her embrace, casting him a playful glance, "It's not convenient to answer."

Mort, being so astute, immediately sensed something was off with Dianna, "Who is calling? Is it that you don't want me to know who's on the other end?"

"This..."

"Hand me the phone," Mort demanded, opening his palm to ask for it.

"No," Dianna refused.

Mort frowned, "Secretive for sure hides something. Is it Raymond Alden, or some other man?"

As he spoke, Mort reached to snatch the phone from Dianna's grasp.

Quick on her feet, Dianna hid the phone and wrapped her arms around Mort's neck, "Don't take my things."

Mort clearly wasn't swayed by her charms, "Then tell me who's on the other end of the call."

"Alright, I can tell you, but... it has to wait until tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Mort was reluctant to wait.

"Yes, tomorrow not only will I tell you who the person is, but I will also arrange for you to meet them."

Dianna was sincere. Tomorrow she would bring Dotty over and have her meet Mort.

She intended to tell Mort, you've become a father, you became a father three years ago, you have a daughter.

Seeing the radiance in Dianna's eyes, Mort decided to go along with her this time, "Alright then, I'll go along with you."

Dianna swiftly gave a peck on his handsome cheek, "mua~"

As a sign of encouragement.

"Is that little reward meant to placate a puppy?"

"What do you want then?"

Mort reached over to pull the blanket over them both, "You tell me..."

...

Deep in the night, all was silent.

Dianna slept, her little head resting on the man's chest, her sleeping face serene and beautiful.

But Mort was still awake, lazily leaning on the headboard, his forehead damp with sweat, beads of which trickled down his chiseled features onto his bare chest, his bronze skin marked with amorous traces.

With one arm around Dianna, he held a cigarette between the fingers of his other hand, smoking with a wild and unruly air.

He took a deep drag, looking down at Dianna's little face, his gaze deep and complex.

Dianna, no matter what happens tomorrow, don't leave me.

He gently caressed her cheek with the rough tip of his fingers, which still held the cigarette...

...

The next morning.

When Dianna woke up, Mort was already gone, and on the nightstand was a note: "I went to get breakfast."

Dianna curved her lips, then dragged her tired body out of bed, washed her face and brushed her teeth, and pulled open the curtains. The sunlight was just right, and she stretched leisurely.

A beautiful day began at dawn.

Dianna took out her phone, intending to call Dotty.

Just then, "ding dong," the apartment doorbell rang, someone was at the door.

Who could it be?

Mort?

He returned so quickly!

Dianna ran to open the apartment door, "Ian, you're back..."

The next moment, she froze because it wasn't Mort outside but a group of police officers in black uniforms.

"Are you Dianna Hollis? Miss Hollis, hello. This morning at five, the chief suddenly collapsed. We rushed him to the hospital for gastric decontamination. The doctors say he was poisoned. He's now in intensive care and hasn't regained consciousness. Our investigation shows that the chief had dinner here last night at eight. We have reason to suspect you poisoned his food. We need to arrest you as a suspect. Please cooperate with our investigation."

Dianna's face turned pale fast, what, the chief was poisoned and unconscious?

How could this happen?

Last night the chief was perfectly fine.

Dianna had always admired and respected the chief deeply. Hearing about his condition made her eyes instantly redden.

...

In the police station.

Dianna was shackled with cold handcuffs, repeatedly interrogated by the officers.

"I've told you everything I should. I didn't poison the chief. You can investigate all you need. Can I see him now? I want to see him," Dianna said.

At this moment, the sharp sound of high heels echoed, signaling someone's arrival.

Dianna looked up and saw Melissa.

Melissa, in a red trench coat, approached haughtily.

She stopped in front of Dianna, staring her down coldly, "Dianna, do you know what the consequences of harming the chief are?"

Dianna looked at Melissa, "I didn't do it."

"Even now, you still want to deny it?"

Melissa raised her hand, intending to slap Dianna.

But she missed because Dianna raised her shackled hand, grabbing Melissa's wrist and squeezing it hard.

Melissa felt as if her wrist was about to break, "Let go, Dianna! Poisoning the chief wasn't enough, now you dare to harm the chief's daughter too? Someone, restrain her now!"

"Dianna, let go of the chief's daughter, or we'll blow your head off."

An officer drew his gun, aiming it at Dianna's head.

Dianna coolly looked at the officers, then released Melissa with a swing. Melissa staggered back a few steps, nearly losing her balance.

"Miss, are you okay?"

Melissa felt both embarrassed and infuriated. She hated Dianna so much, wishing Dianna would disappear from the face of the earth at once.

If not for Dianna, Mort would be hers.

Ever since Dianna appeared, she'd overshadowed Melissa in every way. Now, even at her downfall, Dianna dared act so arrogantly. Melissa wouldn't stand for it; she wanted to teach Dianna a lesson and make her beg in agony.

Melissa wielded an electric baton, fiercely striking the back of Dianna's knee.

The pain caused Dianna to break into a cold sweat; she dropped to one knee, hand braced against the floor.

Melissa curled her lips, stepping forward in her heels and raising her hand to slap Dianna hard on the right cheek...

Only to be stopped, as a large hand caught Melissa's wrist.

Had Melissa's wrist not broken earlier, with a crack now, she felt a piercing pain, her wrist fracturing.

Ah!

She screamed sharply.

The person released her with a flick, causing her to tumble back.

Like a falling kite, Melissa crashed backward.

Thud, she hit the wall with her forehead, seeing stars from the impact.

Chapter 1232: The New Chief Takes Office

Melissa lifted her gaze and saw a tall, well-built figure; it was Mort Thorne.

Mort stood with his tall stature and long legs, his eyes sharp like a hawk's glance at Melissa, an icy gloom concealed beneath his handsome lids.

Finally, he strode directly in front of Dianna Hollis and extended his large hand to help her up, "I leave for a moment and you get bullied?"

Dianna looked at Mort, the coldness in her eyes faded, showing a hint of softness.

Wherever he is, she always feels safe.

Melissa endured her embarrassment and pain to stand up, she looked at Mort, "Blood Eagle, my dad is poisoned and in the hospital, still in a coma. The current suspect is Dianna, but you seem to have been present last night too. This makes you a suspect as well. It's highly possible that you and Dianna conspired to poison my dad!"

Dianna's heart skipped a beat, she quickly withdrew her small hand from Mort's palm, "No, he wasn't present last night."

Melissa sneered, "Is that so? Blood Eagle is your boyfriend; he has motives to commit the crime."

The poisoning of the commander is a suspicious matter; the truth needs to be clarified. At this moment, Dianna doesn't want Mort to get involved.

Dianna swiftly straightened her slender, beautiful back, turned around, and looked at Mort, "Mort, you should go back first."

Mort furrowed his commanding brows, the light here was dim, casting a deep shadow in his eyes.

He didn't move his tall frame; he didn't walk away.

Dianna clenched her little hands into small fists by her side, aware that Melissa was still watching her from behind. This blockhead, doesn't he understand her meaning? He should go back, and plan carefully.

The harm to the commander is a major issue; a careless involvement could stain him greatly.

Dianna fluttered her eyelashes like butterfly wings twice and quietly signaled Mort with a glance.

Mort looked at her; the shock baton earlier had made her small face pale, yet her eyes shone bright like stars.

He pursed his thin lips, and said nothing.

Doesn't he understand?

Dianna was as anxious as an ant on a hot pan; this fool, she could join forces with him and act before Melissa.

If he doesn't cooperate, what can she do?

Dianna smirked, "Mort, can you take me out? Look, you can't. You're nothing now, no power, no status, incapable of protecting me. Instead, staying here only brings me trouble. So, you should just go back, don't create more mess for me."

As these words fell, Mort's eyes deepened, and the cold air emanating from him grew heavier.

Dianna didn't know if he was angry; anyhow, he's behaving oddly today, unfathomable, impossible to see through.

With his intelligence, he should recognize that she said those things deliberately, right?

"Mort, go. Let's not meet for a time being. If you don't leave, then I will... I will..."

"What will you do?" At this moment, Mort spoke three words gently.

Dianna swallowed the words she wanted to say because she saw an unhappy and sharp warning in his eyes.

Melissa was satisfied; it seems Dianna is indeed a smart person.

Once she deals with Dianna, Blood Eagle will be hers.

At this moment, the door to the police hall was pulled open, someone entered. Raymond Alden arrived, followed by two lawyers.

Raymond stopped in front of Dianna, concerned, "Are you alright?"

Dianna shook her head.

"Dianna, we can leave now, the necessary procedures are completed, on bail pending trial."

Melissa quickly spoke, "No way, Dianna is the one who caused harm to my dad, my dad is..."

The lawyer handed a document to Melissa, "Sorry, you have no right to speak here. This document bears the official seal."

Melissa's face turned pale.

Raymond led Dianna out.

...

Outside.

A Rolls-Royce luxury car was parked there, the chauffeur respectfully opened the rear door.

Dianna didn't get in the car immediately; she glanced inside the hall, Mort was still there.

"What? Worried about Mort?" Raymond asked.

Dianna did not answer, she looked at Raymond, "Senior, why did you suddenly come here?"

Raymond put his hand in his pocket, smiling, "Change is coming, surely I have to come."

Change is coming?

What does this mean?

At this moment, a tall, robust figure leaped into view, Mort came out.

Mort stood on the steps with his hands in his pockets, appearing somewhat lofty.

"Ah..." Dianna wanted to call out to him.

But just then, two bulletproof jeeps pulled up, and the confidential secretary got out of the rear door.

Behind the secretary followed four or five uniformed soldiers; the golden stars on their shoulders were dazzling.

These were high-ranking officials in the military. What are they doing here?

Dianna's heart tightened, then she saw the secretary leading the four or five officers down the steps; they stood straight and saluted Mort.

At this moment, Raymond's voice sounded beside her, "Julian Carter took the opportunity of this food poisoning incident to step down from his position. I've heard the document from above has already been issued. A new commander is about to ascend."

A new commander?

Who?

Dianna turned her gaze, bewildered, to Raymond.

Raymond wore an expression of 'I know everything but won't say anything.'

"Senior..."

"Someone is about to reach the peak of power, wielding life-and-death authority."

Dianna's heart instantly raced, "Is it..."

Raymond shrugged, "Just wait and watch the military news tomorrow morning at eight, a new official will take office, and soon there will be a ceremony of honors."

...

Mort remained on the steps, without stepping down; his hands were in his pockets, as usual, yet things had... since changed.

At this point, Melissa came out, "Blood Eagle, look at Dianna. Is this the woman you like? She's already scornful of you for not having power or position to protect her."

With that, Melissa reached out and wrapped her hand around Mort's strong arm, "Blood Eagle, I'm the one you should choose. If you marry me, I can give you everything..."

Before Melissa could finish her words, she felt a sinister cold gaze fall upon her hand.

Mort lowered his gaze and looked at her coolly.

Melissa stiffened, her hands dared not wrap around Mort anymore.

Mort stretched his long legs, stepping steadily down the steps to the jeep.

An officer respectfully opened the rear door, and Mort got into the car.

Melissa was shocked by this scene, Mort was... what's going on?

Melissa secretly glanced at the confidential secretary.

The confidential secretary shook his head at Melissa, then quickly got into the front seat of the jeep.

The jeep sped away.

Melissa's legs went weak, she collapsed to the ground, gasping for breath. Her heart already had a bold conjecture, nothing could hinder this man's step.

From the first glance she saw him, she knew he was destined for greatness.

This day has finally arrived, so soon.

Chapter 1233: He Shines With Radiance

Dianna went back, but that night she tossed and turned, unable to sleep.

In the early morning, she woke up very early, and after enduring until eight o'clock, she turned on the LCD TV.

On the military channel, the host, speaking in standard Mandarin, reported that Julian Carter officially retired yesterday and the new leader is coming into office today. This new leader, long awaited by everyone, is indeed the military legend, Blood Eagle.

"Blood Eagle, whose real name is Mort Thorne, was the biggest boss in Starfall City three years ago, and his true identity was rarely known to outsiders..."

Dianna's ears buzzed; she couldn't hear anything else. Her mind was filled with the thought that Mort Thorne had become the leader, Mort Thorne was this new leader!

His identity was finally revealed.

He had stepped into the light.

The television screen switched, showing a scene where many media reporters had gathered. These reporters were orderly and didn't dare to make a loud noise. A warning line was drawn at the site, and all were black-armed special police officers holding guns, making the scene serious and solemn.

At that moment, a bulletproof jeep drove in, and the rear window slowly lowered, revealing a familiar yet unfamiliar face.

It was Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne sat in the back seat, wearing a black shirt today. The reflecting glass shone on his face, making him look unbelievably handsome today.

Dianna's gaze fell on his face and couldn't be moved even a fraction.

The man who slept next to her last night was now unattainable.

She could only see him on television now.

"Dianna." At this moment, Raymond Alden walked over.

Dianna quickly picked up the remote control and turned off the TV.

"Dianna, why are you hiding? Who doesn't know now that Mort Thorne is the new leader? It's already turned everything upside down outside, overshadowing the entire entertainment circle for a time."

"Senior, is it so lively outside?"

"Yes, the military is celebrating because they finally saw their hero."

Is that so?

After last night, he hadn't contacted her again.

Dianna returned to her room, picked up her phone, bit her crimson lower lip with fine white teeth, and nervously dialed that heart-etched familiar number.

The melodious phone ringtone rang once and then picked up. Dianna's eyes lit up, "Hello, A..."

"Hello, Leader Mort is in a meeting, may I know who is calling? I am Leader Mort's secretary, if you have any message, I can convey it to Leader Mort." A polite and sweet voice said.

Dianna's small hand quickly gripped the phone, it wasn't him, but his secretary.

Now she couldn't reach his phone.

Is this his new secretary?

Judging by the voice, this secretary must be quite beautiful.

Old Leader Carter's confidential secretary was male, and now his secretary is a young, beautiful woman.

Dianna didn't speak, she just hung up the phone.

She sat dazedly on the carpet beside the bed, her slender white legs curled up, and her slender arms hugged herself. Her long, butterfly-wing-like eyelashes drooped with disappointment, thinking, did he not want her anymore?

That day at the police station, she didn't mean to say what she did.

...

Mort Thorne's award ceremony began.

Dianna got out of the car and came to the iron railing, where many onlookers gathered, seeing a lot of housewives among them. Everyone was watching through the railings.

Dianna stood in an inconspicuous corner where there weren't too many people, so there was no need to crowd.

She looked inside, where soldiers wore camouflage uniforms. The host announced, "Now, please welcome Leader Mort to the stage."

Mort Thorne was about to appear.

The soldiers all turned their heads in unison, their eyes filled with admiration and respect, looking toward the forefront.

"Wow, Leader Mort is coming!"

The onlookers also fixed their gaze.

Dianna stood among the crowd, following their gaze to look over there.

From a distance, a tall and strong figure walked over, wearing a military uniform, with golden pine branches and three golden stars on his shoulder, a first-class general, and a black belt fastened his well-developed abs. Mort Thorne walked over with steady steps.

Dianna's eyes suddenly reddened. She often dreamed of how he would look in his military uniform, and it turned out he could exceed her imagination.

She slowly reached out her small hand, past the iron railing, stretching forward. Finally, this day had come when he stood in the center of thousands, basking in his bright glory.

She curved her lips, and large teardrops fell, instantly blurring her vision.

She was happy, truly so happy.

She felt honored.

Dianna, with tearful eyes, looked ahead at that imposing figure standing on the high steps, bathed in the dazzling and warm golden sunshine, receiving everyone's attention and admiration.

Who else could lead a life like his, heavy and full of trials, turning into an example and faith in others' hearts?

He had finally found his sky and, like an eagle, was about to spread his wings and soar high.

No one could stop his steps.

Over the years, he had stepped out of the darkness into the light, instantaneously radiant.

Dianna reached out her small hand and placed it on her heart. She felt a faint pain inside, tinged with sadness, while joy, like a vine, grew wildly from her heart.

All this love, sweetness, pain, was because of him.

"Salute!"

At this moment, a voice sounded.

Bang, all the uniformed soldiers clapped their right legs smartly against their left side, then all saluted.

The man standing on the high stage surveyed the whole venue from above, then raised his right hand and returned a military salute.

All the noise suddenly quieted down, as the geese flew silently by, and the red flag waved in the wind. Whose silhouette had frozen into eternity at that moment?

...

The award ceremony ended, and all the onlookers began to disperse. Someone accidentally bumped into Dianna, causing her to suddenly black out.

"Sorry, miss, are you okay?" The person who bumped her quickly apologized.

Dianna closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them again, feeling dizzy and lightheaded.

Her small hand pressed against her pounding heart as she felt nauseous.

Her palm-sized face turned pale. She shook her head, "I'm fine..."

"Everyone, please step aside, Leader Mort's car is coming out." At that moment, someone came out to maintain order.

Dianna took a few steps back, and people consciously made way.

At that moment, a military green bulletproof jeep slowly drove out, Leader Mort's special vehicle appeared.

This jeep was custom-made, with the shining windows covered in new black tempered film, making it impossible for those outside to see inside.

Dianna watched this jeep, as it came closer and closer, she fixated her gaze on it, not blinking.

She knew he was inside.

Although she couldn't see, she felt a burning gaze through the window, falling on her.

Chapter 1234: Dianna Hollis Is Pregnant Again!

He must also be watching her.

Dianna's heart raced suddenly, as the jeep brushed past her and then sped away.

He was gone.

He had left.

Dianna lowered her long, butterfly-like eyelashes, wishing she could talk to him.

She wanted to tell him how happy she was.

She wanted to take a good look at him, to see him in a military uniform for the first time.

Earlier, when he was on stage and she was in the crowd, she couldn't see clearly.

She had been anticipating this day, for him to wear the military uniform, but it was different from what she imagined, if... if she could personally help him put on the uniform, it would be even better.

She wanted to touch the badge on his shoulder, to feel his handsome cheek, to say to him, "Mort Thorne, you're amazing, you're my pride."

But she couldn't do anything.

Then Dianna's eyes darkened and she fainted.

"Hey, little girl!"

...

Dianna slowly opened her eyes and realized she was in a hospital ward.

What happened to her?

Why did she faint for no reason?

Dianna moved, attempting to get up, when the doctor walked in, "Miss, please lie down, you need to rest well now."

"Doctor, what's wrong with me?"

"Miss, congratulations, you're pregnant." The doctor handed a pregnancy test sheet to Dianna.

You're pregnant.

Dianna's mind went blank, literally frozen.

What did the doctor just say?

She was pregnant?

Dianna lowered her eyes to look at the test sheet in her hands, confirming that she was indeed pregnant.

She was actually pregnant?

Mort wanted children, during those times together, they didn't use any protection.

But... it was too fast!

She hadn't even told Mort about Dotty's existence, and now she was already pregnant with a second child.

Though she was prepared for a second child, Mort had always been alone, with only his sister left, and his parents were gone. She wanted to give him two children to keep things lively.

But, it really was too quick.

Dianna was caught completely off guard.

She reached out her fair small hand to touch her flat abdomen, was it really nurturing his child once again?

"Doctor, my baby..."

Seeing Dianna's nervous demeanor, the doctor smiled and waved a hand, "Miss, don't worry, you've just conceived for about three weeks, all the indicators are good, both you and the baby are fine."

Dianna quickly curved her red lips into a smile, "Really?"

"Really, there's no doubt about it! Miss, you're young and healthy, it's very favorable for childbirth. During the early pregnancy, rest more, increase nutrition, remember not to have intercourse for the first three months, and come for regular checkups, then there will be no issues," the doctor said with a kindly smile.

Dianna's heart blossomed with excitement and joy, her long lashes fluttered like butterflies' wings.

She was pregnant.

She was pregnant again!

Her first born was little Anan, maybe this time, in her belly, there was already a little Mort.

Destiny had its arrangements; today, Mort was soaring high, while she was nurturing his child.

The hardships of the past would now be compensated with blessings and fulfillment.

He had.

Everything others had, he had too.

Thinking back, these years they had been apart more often than together, yet every time they were together she easily conceived, one wonders if it was her prowess or his.

Dianna found herself crying and laughing, her small hand gently caressing her belly, her white eyelids turning red with gratitude once more for the new life; even with Mort far away, she no longer felt alone.

Because she had Dotty, and now a little Mort too.

...

Dianna had not shared her pregnancy news with anyone, as it was still early days, and the old commander remained unconscious; she was cautious by nature and intended to protect little Mort well.

Dianna arrived at the villa and heard Dotty's grandmother's sweet laugh as soon as she stepped into the living room, discovering Jodie Young playing games with Dotty.

For the past three years, Jodie had poured all her time into Dotty; Dianna could tell Jodie loved Dotty dearly. Growing up with her father was Jodie's regret, which she now compensated by showering Dotty with love and presence.

"Mommy~" Dotty quickly spotted Dianna and ran over with her little legs.

Dianna squatted down, arms wide open.

Little Dotty charged into her embrace.

Dianna hugged Dotty tightly, giving her cheeks a couple of strong kisses; Dotty came into her life during darkest and most desperate times, and without Dotty, she might not have survived.

She truly, deeply loved Dotty.

"Dotty, did you miss Mommy, Mommy missed you sooo much."

"Mommy, Dotty missed you too," Dotty responded sweetly.

Watching the loving pair, Jodie chuckled, "Dotty, didn't you prepare a gift for Mommy? Go and give it to her."

With that reminder, Dotty quickly said, "My gift is upstairs, I'll go get it now."

Dotty ran upstairs.

Dianna stood up, "Mom."

Jodie pulled her daughter aside for a serious, quiet chat, "Dianna, how are things with Mort Thorne now?"

As Jodie had sent Dotty away, Dianna knew she would ask about this, "Mom, we're doing well, really."

"Dianna, are you still trying to deceive me? You think I didn't know about your sham marriage with Raymond Alden? Recently, Mort was inaugurated as new chief, it's all over the news, but I haven't noticed any movement from your side. Dotty is Mort's daughter, you've followed him without status, is he not taking responsibility for you?"

Dianna felt deeply moved; she knew her mother had accepted Mort from the time she attempted to take her life at Mort's grave three years ago when Dotty was born, Jodie had conceded.

In the battle between parents and children, no parent emerges victorious.

Now that Mort had risen in rank, Jodie was naturally delighted, but couldn't help feeling anxious at the prolonged wait for news and the delayed recognition between father and daughter.

Certain things were inconvenient for Dianna to disclose, so she comforted her mother, "Mom, it's not like that, you're misunderstanding, Mort and I are really fine, you've seen, he just started his role and he's undoubtedly busy, it's enough that I wait for him."

It's enough that I wait for him.

These words twisted Jodie's heart, recalling how Dianna had been with Mort since she was 19, her best youthful years spent in waiting, only she knew how hard those years had been for Dianna.

"Dianna, I'm not a three-year-old child, don't brush me off, Mort's different now, who knows what he's thinking, I'm going to find him, at least Dotty being his daughter is undeniable, if he ever deserts you, I'll sue him!"

Chapter 1235: Bar Encounter

Jodie Young turned and walked away, intending to find Mort Thorne and settle accounts.

"Mom!" Dianna Hollis grabbed Jodie Young's arm, saying seriously, "Mom, please don't go looking for Mort. Mort and I have been through so much together over the years, through many storms and separations. I trust him. Mom, if you trust your daughter, then please don't act impulsively. Give Mort some time, and give me some time."

Jodie Young stopped in her tracks, looked at Dianna, and then nodded, saying, "Alright, I'll listen to you. But you are my daughter; make sure you don't let yourself be bullied by a man."

"Mom, don't worry. No one can bully me."

...

Dianna Hollis had arranged to meet Raymond Alden at the bar.

Inside the bar.

Raymond Alden said, "Dianna, we were only in a fake marriage. Our marriage has been officially annulled now, and you're free, truly free."

"Brother, thank you," Dianna said sincerely.

Raymond smiled a little. Actually, he liked Dianna. From the first moment he saw her three years ago, her unyielding determination deeply attracted him.

However, he knew Dianna was in love with Mort Thorne.

These past three years, he had silently guarded her, given his all, and now, seeing Dianna finally able to embrace happiness, he was happy too.

"By the way, brother, any news on the matter I asked you about last time?"

"Yes," Raymond nodded. "Last time you gave me the measurements, and I've had the prosthetic limb custom-made. It's the most advanced high-tech product; once Mort wears it, he'll move freely."

Dianna had secretly taken Mort's measurements previously and asked Raymond to help her with this matter.

The high-tech prosthetic that Raymond had was not yet available domestically; even abroad, it was top-notch. With Mort wearing this high-tech prosthetic, it would be perfect.

"Dianna, how have things been between you and Mort Thorne lately?" Raymond asked.

Dianna smiled faintly, "Very good."

"Dianna, look, who's here?" Raymond suddenly said.

Dianna turned around, seeing the bar door being pushed open and a group of people walking in, led by a tall, robust figure...

It's Mort Thorne.

Mort came.

Today, Mort wore a black v-neck sweater and army green pants cinched at the waist, heavy military boots on his feet. Standing at the forefront, he instantly drew everyone's attention.

The tall man, with handsome features, exuded a calm and composed aura, like a magnet tightly attracting everyone.

Behind Mort was Charles Bishop, and further behind was the Crimson Eye Soldier.

The Crimson Eye Soldier was incorporated into the elite special forces, and Mort Thorne continued to serve as the senior commander, exercising direct leadership.

They walked into a secluded private room where everyone sat down.

Dianna looked at them, her gaze falling on Mort, felt as if she hadn't seen him in a long time, and missed him intensely.

Charles and the others were talking, Mort sat on the sofa at the back, where it was too dimly lit to see his expression clearly. He pulled out a cigarette from a pack, lighting it languidly, and began to smoke.

"Wow, look at that group of soldiers, they're really handsome."

"That soldier smoking alone inside is really dazzlingly handsome."

"What soldier? I think he's more like... a soldier uncle."

"These older soldier uncles are really captivating. Look at those legs, that muscle."

A group of girls chattered away, almost drooling.

Dianna's gaze roamed over Mort, noting that when he smoked, his long legs overlapped in such an unbeatable way, and upward, a black belt cinched his muscular waist, skimming over narrow abs. The black v-neck sweater revealed some tempting chest lines, with his exposed Adam's apple both sharp and sexy, and his whole being exuded an indescribable masculine charm.

Maybe it was because she hadn't seen him in a long time, or maybe because he had become even more composed and reserved after rising to power, Dianna felt the current him was too daunting to stare at directly.

Time had endowed him with such a presence, making him fearsome even without anger, with an aura of stern oppression.

Perhaps this presence was the real aura of someone in a commanding position.

He really was the chief now.

In the future, whenever she saw him, she'd have to greet him as "Chief, sir."

Dianna lowered her eyelash-like wings gracefully, softly biting her lips with her small, white teeth, feeling both joyful and a bit apprehensive.

In the future, she wouldn't know how to interact with him.

In her mind appeared scenes from over a month ago, when she'd cling to his waist, asking for his embrace; he would lift her up onto his shoulder.

Those times were truly beautiful.

But now, he was even more wonderful.

She loved him all.

At this moment, she heard the girls whispering again,

"Alright, stop being lovesick. That soldier uncle looks like he has a title; he's not interested in you."

"You can't say that. No matter how high the rank of the soldier uncle is, he's still a man, and these men in the military don't see women for months, half a year, or even a year, so they're pretty bottled up with desire."

"Someone like soldier uncle, with a cold, aloof exterior, seemingly restrained, is the most restless heart."

"Stop right there; no need to go overboard, haha."

The girls giggled and teased each other.

Dianna's small palm-sized face blushed slightly. Hearing them talk made her recall past intimate moments between her and him.

Raymond was right beside her, and Dianna, trying to hide her blush, drank some milk.

Now that she was pregnant, she couldn't drink alcohol, so she ordered a chilled glass of milk.

But the milk was too cold; she took a small sip, warming it in her mouth before carefully swallowing.

"Dianna, I never thought Mort Thorne would become the chief. I've read all about him in the news--a people's hero, a military legend, a true hard man. No wonder you were so devotedly in love with him without caring about the future back then. Everyone else thought Mort was too much of a mess and unworthy of you."

Losing to such a man, Raymond was wholeheartedly convinced.

Since he found out Mort was the Blood Eagle, he had accepted it.

Every man loses to their romantic rival begrudgingly, but he conceded without grievance.

Dianna smiled with red lips, having very few friends, Raymond being one of them. Her brows arched with a smile, "Brother, you'll surely meet a girl much better than me. My life... only enough to love one person."

Actually, she understood Raymond's feelings.

Yet in these three years, she had never given Raymond hope and was very straightforward.

The look in Raymond's eyes flashed with a note of nostalgia; a life that only allows room for loving one person. He was keenly aware that Dianna was the best girl in the world.

He would never again meet anyone as pure, clean, and courageous as her.

"Dianna, but why do I feel that things between you and Mort Thorne are odd now, Mort came in here but has not come over?"

Hearing this, Dianna's wings trembled a bit, but her smile remained unchanged as she softly replied, "Though I don't know what he's doing right now, I believe he has his reasons."

Chapter 1236: The Jealous Commander

"I've known him for so many years, and it wasn't easy for us to come together. Even though he's distant and cold to me now, I feel a little disappointed, a little sad, a little yearning. But I won't doubt his love for me; I always believe in him."

"He didn't come over, but it's okay. I'll just stand where I am and wait for him to turn back. I'll always keep watch over him, until the end of time."

...

In the private room.

Mort Thorne was smoking. Charles Bishop and the others were saying something, but he didn't know and wasn't interested. He smoked absentmindedly, his dark eyes gazing through layers of smoke at the bar over there.

In his line of sight, Dianna Hollis and Raymond Alden were sitting together, talking about something, and Dianna was smiling brightly at Raymond.

That smile was quite glaring.

Mort Thorne slipped a large hand into his pocket and took out his phone. He had changed phones; the old one didn't have enough memory to even download WeChat, so he changed it for a slim black one.

He opened WeChat and glanced at it.

He had requested to add her as a friend, but she still hadn't accepted.

Holding the cigarette in his thin lips, he sent another friend request.

He had sent numerous requests already.

"Mort, have a drink with us, stop playing with your phone," Charles Bishop said.

All the Crimson Eye Soldiers looked over, curiously asking, "Commander, when did you get a new phone?"

"Commander, what's in your phone that you're always reaching for it when you have a moment?"

Charles Bishop laughed, "When most people get promoted, they tackle important tasks first. But your commander's first move was to get a new phone. There must be some beauty like a jade in there making him so restless."

Mort Thorne frowned, smoked two more puffs, and looked over at the bar again. Dianna Hollis had her head down, looking at her phone.

Soon, Mort Thorne's phone buzzed.

He opened it to see, "The other party has declined your request."

Dianna Hollis had refused him.

The previous dozen times, she simply ignored him. This time, she directly refused.

Mort Thorne pressed his thin lips together, and his handsome face darkened. He tossed his phone onto the sofa and took a deep drag of his cigarette.

At this time, Dianna Hollis got up from the bar and went to the restroom.

He watched her delicate figure. She was wearing a small fragrant white knit sweater today, with tassels falling just above her knees, revealing long, slender, white legs in caramel-colored ankle boots paired with elongated striped socks. The ensemble was exuding a youthful and pure vibe, like a college girl.

Actually, her outfit today was loose-fitting, not tailored, but the relaxed, lazy knit made her look even more petite and delicate. With her high appearance, she could pull off any look.

Even her jet-black hair was tied up into a ponytail, making her look youthful and blossoming like a flower bud.

Mort Thorne watched her, his gaze drifting down to her hips and legs. His eyes, hidden behind smoke, gradually narrowed, exuding a cold, charming, and roguish aura.

The man's Adam's apple bobbed up and down twice, leaving him parched, like a charcoal ember was rolling in his throat.

Damn it, the cigarette in his hand had lost its taste.

Mort Thorne dropped the cigarette and got up. "You guys enjoy, I'm leaving."

Mort Thorne's figure quickly disappeared from sight.

"Hey, Commander!"

"Don't call him. Your commander has more important things to do," Charles Bishop chuckled knowingly.

The other Crimson Eye Soldiers were intrigued, "What important task could the commander have? He's not going to find... the little sister-in-law, is he?"

"Definitely. I saw the commander staring at one spot earlier. When I looked, it seemed like it was the little sister-in-law."

"No wonder the commander suddenly suggested we relax at the bar. Didn't he know the little sister-in-law was here beforehand and rushed over eagerly?"

Charles Bishop smiled. The commander's pre-knowledge was more than knowing she was here; he knew she was here meeting her 'ex-husband,' which is why he came running in a hurry.

Recently, every move of Dianna Hollis hasn't escaped the commander's eyes. After being apart for so long, he was the one most anxious about it.

See, he couldn't hold back.

...

Dianna Hollis dried her hands and came out of the restroom. Walking along the corridor, she ran into an acquaintance, an old classmate.

This old classmate was already married and held a son in her arms.

Dianna walked over, looking at the little fellow whose bright eyes sparkled—he was utterly adorable.

She reached out to gently touch the little fellow's chubby cheeks, resembling a piece of white tofu.

Dianna's heart melted, as she naturally loved children. She used to always lament how quickly her cousin grew up.

"May I hold him?" Dianna asked.

"Of course you can."

Dianna carefully cradled the baby.

"Hello, Commander Thorne, hello." At this moment, a voice sounded near her ear.

Dianna quickly turned her head, only to see a tall, strong figure standing in front of her, silhouetted against the light. It was Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne stood with his hands in his pockets, his gaze fixed on her small face.

He had been there for a while.

He had been watching her, always watching.

From his angle, he could see the profile of her delicate, bright face, the beauty mark on her forehead, and her dewy, healthy skin. She seemed different somehow, possibly warmer and more beautiful than before.

She appeared to like children very much, her bright eyes smiling as she held the little one.

As their eyes met, Dianna's heart began to race.

Had he been here long, seeing her holding someone else's child? Just the thought of it made her feel embarrassed.

Dianna's small face blushed as though it were on fire, and she returned the baby.

Mort Thorne stood with a high-ranking officer, speaking in low voices. Dianna couldn't hear what they were saying, but she saw the officer glance at her and nod politely before walking away.

The corridor was left with just the two of them, and Dianna's heart began to race faster.

She wanted him, she wanted to get close to him and talk to him.

But when the chance presented itself, she suddenly didn't know what to say.

At that moment, Mort Thorne took a long stride towards her.

She stood still, and as he approached, her view slowly darkened. His tall figure forcefully blocked out all the light.

She could smell the clean, masculine scent on him and his imposing aura was overwhelming.

He was getting closer.

A little closer, and then closer still.

And then he brushed past her and left.

Did he really just walk away?

After being apart for so long and finally meeting again, were they not even going to exchange a word?

Chapter 1237: Mort Thorne Arrives

"Mort Thorne!"

Dianna called out.

Mort Thorne stopped in his tracks.

Dianna quickly rushed from behind, stretched out her little hands, and embraced his firm waist.

She hugged him from behind.

Mort Thorne's footsteps faltered and he stopped.

"Mort Thorne," Dianna pressed her small face against his broad back and rubbed it gently, like a spoiled cat, "I miss you, I really really miss you. Do you... miss me?"

Mort Thorne's entire body stiffened, the sturdy muscles under his thin shirt tightened up piece by piece, like a fortress.

Behind him, she was pressing her fragrant and soft body against his, whispering tender confessions in his ear.

Miss!

How could he not miss her?

He was on the verge of going crazy missing her.

His heart and mind were filled with her.

He desperately wanted to turn around, pull her into his arms, and merge her into his very bones.

But not yet.

Dianna quietly embraced him, feeling his stable and warm body temperature; in this moment, the world seemed to quiet down, so wonderfully.

"Mort Thorne, I'm okay with just hugging you. Go ahead and do what you need to, don't worry about me, I'll be fine."

Dianna released her little hands, then turned and left.

She walked away.

Mort Thorne lingered for a moment before heading to the restroom. He lowered his head; in his palm lay a small note.

She had slipped it to him earlier.

He slowly unfolded it, and on the note, in delicate handwriting, it read: 8 p.m. tomorrow night, xx Hotel, Room 008, I'll be waiting for you.

Tomorrow night, an invitation from a lovely lady.

She invited him to a hotel room.

Mort Thorne leaned idly against the door, clutching the note in his palm. He raised his eyebrows, revealing a lingering smile.

...

After returning home, Dianna stayed with Dotty all along and even personally cooked delicious food for her.

Dianna and Jodie Young were busy in the kitchen when Dotty ran over from the living room, saying in her childish voice, "Mommy~ Mommy~"

"What's up, Dotty?"

"Mommy, there's a really tall and handsome uncle on TV~"

"Uncle? What uncle?" Dianna thought Dotty might have been captivated by some idol drama's long-legged oppa, and she ruffled Dotty's long hair.

Dotty pulled Dianna's hand, "Mommy, come over, let me show you~"

"Alright."

Dianna followed Dotty into the living room, where Dotty pointed at the TV, "Mommy look, it's that uncle, he's so handsome~"

Dianna looked up, and on the TV was... Mort Thorne.

It was the military news channel, and newly appointed Commander Mort Thorne appeared on camera, looking so handsome in military attire that it was mesmerizing.

Dianna truly hadn't expected Dotty would be drawn to her own daddy.

"Mommy, Mommy, the uncle is so handsome. Mommy, you used to say my daddy is the most handsome man in the world. So where is my daddy now?" Dotty blinked her big gleaming eyes and asked.

A child's world is the simplest and purest. For these three years, Dotty frequently asked about her daddy, and Dianna never kept anything from her.

Dianna consistently told Dotty that her daddy was tall and handsome, and a soldier too, defending the country. Daddy couldn't be with Dotty because he was too busy with work. Once Dotty grew up, she could go find her daddy.

So even though Mort Thorne hadn't been by Dotty's side these past three years, Dotty never lacked love; she knew her daddy was the best.

Now, seeing Mort Thorne on TV, Dotty couldn't help but think of her daddy.

That's when Jodie Young came over, frowned and said, "Dianna, are you still planning to hide this from Dotty?"

No more hiding.

Dianna had already planned to send Dotty to Mort Thorne's side.

Dianna squatted down, gently hugged Dotty, "Dotty, the man on TV is your daddy, your daddy's name is Mort Thorne!"

...

In the evening, Room 008.

Dianna was sitting at the bedside, glanced at the time—it was exactly 8 p.m.

He hadn't arrived yet.

He wouldn't just not come, would he?

Biting her flushed lower lip with her pearly white teeth, Dianna felt uneasy for a moment.

He was a commander now, what if he had something important like a meeting?

While she was overthinking, there was a "ding" as the room doorbell rang.

Someone was knocking.

Dianna's eyes lit up, for she knew he had come.

She swiftly ran over to the door and pulled it open.

Outside the door stood a tall and strong figure. It was truly Mort Thorne; Mort Thorne had arrived.

"You're here?" she looked at him joyfully.

With the difference in their height and now their status, Mort Thorne looked down at her, somewhat high above, his gaze deep and heatedly locked on her, then replied, "Hm."

Dianna quickly stepped aside, letting him come in.

Mort Thorne walked inside.

Dianna closed the door.

Mort Thorne raised his hand, took off his gray coat, revealing the camo uniform underneath. He was all in camouflage, just out from the military unit, perhaps from recent training with sweat on the uniform, traces of dust, a fresh scent similar to olives, and a waft of manly sweat.

This man's hormones were too wild and intense; Dianna's small face instantly reddened and her heart raced.

At this point, Mort Thorne turned his tall body around, looked at her, "I'm going to take a shower first."

"Hm." She responded absent-mindedly, then suddenly reacted, "Ah?"

Why was he taking a shower?

The girl slightly parted her flushed lips, her black and white eyes filled with confusion, looking adorably naive yet alluring.

Mort Thorne slowly curved his thin lips, long eyebrows shimmering with ripples, exuding mature man's seductive charm, "What's with the silliness?"

His voice was low and magnetic, carrying gentle affection, resonating with the utmost sleekness.

Dianna thought her ears might become pregnant; she waved her hand, her small face blushing as she explained, "I invited you to the hotel not... not for that, you don't need to... take a shower..."

Mort Thorne raised his handsome brows, feigning ignorance, "What do you mean by that?"

"I..."

"I'm just going to take a shower, what does it have to do with that?"

"..."

Dianna's small face flushed as if it could drip blood; the more she tried to explain, the more embarrassing it became.

This seemed like she was inviting him for a room stay.

But, that was not the case at all.

She definitely didn't intend that.

She was pregnant with little Mort Thorne, and the doctor had advised against relations in the first trimester.

Her small hands squeezed her dress's hem, her lashes fluttering as she stole a glance at him.

With that glance, she realized he had been watching her all along.

Mort Thorne casually put a hand in his pant pocket, his eyes fixed on her. Her ashamedly beautiful demeanor evoked teasing and jest from him, the depths of his gaze heated profoundly.

His gaze was like molten lava, about to burn and melt her.

Chapter 1238: Are You Messing With Me?

Dianna Hollis was startled for a moment. This man had always been quite the beast, never suppressing his desires. Whenever he wanted to be close to her, he would look at her this way.

Was he thinking of something?

At this moment, Mort Thorne spoke, "I'm going to take a shower."

After saying this, he turned around.

As the man walked into the bathroom, his right hand rested on his belt. With a swift and easy motion of his thumb and forefinger, he undone it and tossed it casually onto the sofa.

The smooth and carefree motion was so handsome it was explosive.

Dianna's small face blushed even more, it seemed she was captivated by him!

...

The sound of rushing water came from the bathroom. Dianna stood in the sunlight for a while, cooling down her flushed face.

The room was hot, filled with ambiguous vibes.

She felt hot all over, stirred up by him.

Once her face cooled down a bit, she returned to the room and poured herself a glass of warm water.

She brought the glass to her lips, intending to drink. Just then, the bathroom door opened with a "click," letting out a refreshing chill after the shower.

Dianna looked up; in front of her was a mirror that perfectly reflected him.

Mort had finished showering, his short hair wet and sticking to his forehead, his body exuding a damp aura.

He wore the hotel's white bathrobe, the belt tied loosely, revealing most of his muscular chest.

His physique was strikingly impressive, setting one's blood racing. Dianna saw his well-developed pectoral muscles and the hint of eight-pack abs.

She quickly withdrew her gaze, not daring to look any longer.

At this moment, a steady sound of footsteps could be heard in her ear, the man walked over and stopped behind her.

He blocked her in, trapping her between his chest and the counter.

He seemed to enjoy standing silently behind her.

Dianna quickly took a few sips of water.

"I'm thirsty, let me have a sip," said the man from behind.

"Okay," Dianna handed him the glass in her hand.

Mort didn't reach out to take it. He lowered his head directly, finishing the remaining water from the cup that was in her small hands in one gulp.

Gone.

"Still not satisfied." He looked into her eyes.

"Then I'll pour you some more."

Dianna continued to pour water.

But a rough, broad hand reached over, snatched the cup from her small hands, and a strong arm wrapped around her waist, twisting her around.

"Deliberate?"

He asked hoarsely, bending down to seal her red lips.

Mm.

Suddenly being kissed, Dianna's clear pupils contract repeatedly. She hadn't understood the meaning of "deliberate" before he kissed her.

He kissed with a storm-like intensity, forcefully plundering her breath.

Dianna hadn't been kissed by him in a long time, and facing such a frenzied attack, her legs went weak.

But the man's large hand timely clasped her slender waist, gently lifting her to sit on the counter.

She was petite, sitting this way made her taller than him by a bit.

He furrowed his handsome brow, continuing to deepen the kiss.

"Mort Thorne, don't be like this..."

Dianna, like a small fish almost drowning, used the last bit of her reason to turn her head persistently, not letting him kiss her.

"Mort Thorne, don't bully me. I invited you tonight for a serious discussion..."

"Talk about what? I'd rather... do... than talk," the man chuckled hoarsely.

What did he say?

Dianna raised her small fists and pounded them against him, "Don't forget your position, you're a director now!"

He's not like this, fierce and restrained outside.

"Quit the nonsense!" Mort kissed her small face while tearing at her clothes, "I'm so pent up it's going to waste me away."

"..."

Dianna just remembered what those girls in the bar said about him, military men don't see women for long periods.

Some have families in the military compound; it's different. He, without a wife, only sees men.

Mort pulled for a while but couldn't get it off because today she wasn't wearing a long dress.

Tonight, Dianna wore a white baby-doll top with lantern sleeves, paired with a light-colored denim suspender skirt. The skirt's straps hung on her delicate shoulders, beneath the wave lines of her chest. The loose and trendy suspender denim skirt also appeared very youthful.

Tonight, she also tied her long, beautiful hair up into a bun, making her look like she had just turned eighteen.

Mort knitted his steady brow into a tight frown, his long fingers tugging at her straps, "Are you teasing me, wearing this kind of thing?"

Dianna called out softly with a delicate voice, grasping her straps to pull them back from his fingers. She was pushed to the brink, her bright eyes turning with a black sheen, "What's wrong with dressing like this? You're just out of fashion, no taste!"

Even pregnant women wear suspenders. Recently, she's been dressing very casually and loosely, nothing wrong with that.

Listening to her words, Mort raised a heroic brow. He was accustomed to seeing all sorts of women dressed in cool and sexy styles, but rarely did he see this kind of innocent, cute style.

He and she naturally had a significant age gap, and now with her dressing this way, she could indeed be his daughter.

Mort compressed his thin lips, "Don't wear this again."

"I don't want to, I'll dress how I like!" Dianna refused.

Though she loved him, she wouldn't lose herself. He had quite a few demands: no skirts above the knee, no going home too late, no smiling at strange men.

She barely agreed to the last two, but as for how she dresses, no way.

She's young, should dress as beautiful as she can to dazzle him completely.

She just loved seeing his stunned expression, clearly liking it yet telling her not to wear it.

Not only would she wear it, but she'd also dress up Dotty with matching mother-daughter princess dresses.

She wanted to see who this older man truly favored?

That would be fun to see.

If her belly held a little Mort, they'd play with guns and be cool with their dad. A man like Mort, being a dad, his dad-power would certainly be overwhelming.

"Not listening, huh?" Mort frowned.

Dianna lifted her little head, pouting her red lips at him, "I'm not your secretary, why should I listen to you?"

Secretary?

Mort detected a strong hint of jealousy in those three words, releasing her straps, his long fingers lifting her chin, "You've seen my secretary?"

"No, but I've heard her voice, so sweet. I bet she's a fair-skinned, beautiful, long-legged beauty."

Mort smirked, almost reminiscing, "Hmm, my secretary does seem... quite pretty."

He actually said another woman was pretty?!

Chapter 1239: His Large Hand on Her Lower Belly

Dianna furrowed her delicate brows, her small hands pressed against his strong chest, and with a push, she tried to jump off the counter.

But she didn't succeed; the man scooped her up with his muscular arm again and held her tightly.

"Jealous?" His deep voice carried a hint of amusement.

"Let go of me!" Dianna swung her small, pink fist and punched him hard, but his body was like cast iron. He felt no pain, while she hurt her own little hand, "Hmph, yes, I'm jealous, and the kind that can't be soothed!"

The subtext of Dianna's words was, come and coax me!

Mort Thorne's deep, handsome features softened with a gentle smile, his large hand cradling her delicate face, "I was kidding you. I don't even know what my female secretary looks like; I only have one confidential secretary."

Only this confidential secretary can see him and report directly to him.

As for the female secretary, he really hasn't met her. Anyway, there are no women by his side; he can swear by it.

Dianna snorted again, "You're lying, I don't believe you."

"Whoever lies is a puppy! I spend every day in the military running around like crazy, only seeing other men, falling asleep as soon as I hit the bed, at most thinking about you. Where's the time for romance?"

"..."

Though he said this, Dianna felt comforted, quickly soothed by his rugged demeanor, she adored this quality in him.

Dianna slyly curled her red lips, "Consider yourself obedient."

"All settled?" Mort lowered his tall body, his large hand reaching for her suspenders.

Dianna's heart skipped a beat, quickly extending her small hand to cover her skirt, refusing, "No way."

"Still fussing?" Mort furrowed his brows.

This little woman was soft and fragrant, and the more he kissed her, the more he liked her. After being away with the troops for over a month, last night she slipped him a note inviting him to meet at the hotel room tonight. He had been restless all day.

All he could think about was her.

Mort had never lacked women; even when he had no money, there were plenty of women throwing themselves at him. Women, like power and status, were something he had enjoyed plenty of.

But since she became his, he found it wasn't enough.

Whenever he saw her, he wanted to pin her down.

This pulsating feeling made him like a young lad whose every thought was consumed by her.

Dianna firmly pressed her skirt down, her attitude resolute, "Mort, don't bully me, no way."

Only then did Mort slowly release her, his handsome eyelids lifted, gazing intently at her, his thin lips curling into a dangerous curve, "What? You don't adore me anymore?"

His gaze was intense, like X-rays, piercing right through her.

In his silent seriousness, he took on a commanding presence.

Dianna's emotions were complicated, Mort, do you know you're going to be a father later in life?

Though she didn't know what he was busy with now, she felt he had plans, something big brewing, and if she told him now, he'd have more considerations, thinking more about her and the child.

She didn't want to disrupt his rhythm; she would protect herself and the baby well, standing behind him.

The matter of the pregnancy and their child, she had to tell him step by step.

Seeing her silent, Mort pressed his lips tighter; he leaned over, lowered his head to kiss her.

"No way!" Her slender body struggled continuously in his iron-like embrace.

Mort used a few fingers to hold her two small, unruly hands, then pinned her against the wall, his dominant waist forcing its way between her legs, muttering deeply, "Dianna, I've missed you for so long, do you like me being forceful with you?"

"..."

His kisses were forceful, as though venting or conquering, soon making Dianna feel as though her breath had been stolen away by him.

Her petite face blushed brightly, her heart was sweet, her mouth was sweet as well, but truly, she couldn't.

She knew he was angry.

He effortlessly subdued her, leaving her unable to move, Dianna trembled with the flutter of her lashes, letting out a painful sound.

Mort quickly released her slightly, afraid he might actually hurt her, yet still reluctant to let go.

"Mort, my stomach hurts..." Dianna frowned.

Mort halted, a hint of red tinging his eyes, his handsome face clouded with displeasure and sharpness, "Speak properly, how's your stomach hurting?"

"I think my period is coming, my stomach hurts... Mort, could you rub it for me?" Dianna grabbed his large hand, placing it on her flat stomach.

Mort's large hand rested on her flat belly, pausing slightly, "Really stomach pain?"

"Yes." Dianna nodded vigorously.

Mort curled his thin lips, "You deserve it, can't hit, can't hurt!"

After cursing, he held her soft waist and lifted her to the big soft bed.

Dianna took the opportunity to embrace his neck, her thin legs entwining around his strong waist.

With a "smack," Mort slapped her small backside, "Behave, take your legs off!"

Without a taste of sweetness, she still dared to entwine him.

A man's waist isn't something a woman should casually entwine.

Dianna pouted her delicate cheeks, entwining tighter, "Feels comfortable this way."

"..."

She was comfortable, but what about him?

Sooner or later, he would burst from holding it in.

Dianna was placed on the soft bed, Mort lying beside her, his large hand gently circling her flat stomach, "Feeling better?"

"Yes, yes."

Dianna nodded; his hand was large, fully opened could cover her entire lower abdomen, little Mort, this is Daddy's first close contact with you, you must be happy.

Mort observed her bright and charming appearance, patting her small belly, "Looks like there's no hope of you giving me a son, there's no melon in here."

Dianna raised her delicate brows, silly, there is a melon in her tummy.

"Don't need to rub," Dianna pushed Mort's large hand away and got up, "Mort, I called you here today for proper business; I asked a senior for help, to customize a prosthetic for you."

Dianna got off the bed, bringing out the high-tech prosthetic Raymond Alden had customized.

Mort sat on the bed's edge, raising an eyebrow, "You went to the bar to drink with Raymond Alden for this?"

"Yes."

Dianna knelt by his legs, extending her small hand to push his robe up, revealing that half-piece of cheap prosthetic.

She cautiously went to remove his prosthetic.

But Mort stopped her small hand, "I'll do it myself."

For so long, even though wearing the prosthetic caused redness and inflammation, he refused to take it off at night to sleep.

Dianna knew he was somewhat macho, mindful of his image, unwilling to let her see his vulnerable side.

He always felt the prosthetic area was ugly, would scare her.

"Mort, let me do it."

Dianna pushed his large hand aside and removed the prosthetic.

Chapter 1240: Daddy

Dianna Hollis lowered her head and gently touched Mort Thorne's amputated leg with her soft fingertips. Three years ago, he donated his bone marrow to her, and he lost a leg for her. The ripples in her heart spread wider and wider as she bent over to kiss his amputated part.

Mort Thorne's tall body suddenly stiffened. Her jelly-like red lips touched his amputated part bit by bit. There was profound tenderness in her reverence, and his eyes turned red as the muscles all over his body tensed up.

This feeling was indescribable, like an addictive opium, floating between pain and ecstasy.

She kissed his amputated area.

Mort Thorne quickly pinched her delicate chin with two fingers, forcing her to look up, "Stop kissing."

His voice was hoarse.

Dianna Hollis looked into his eyes, still full of emotion, and before she could speak, he added, "If you have the ability, kiss upwards."

Dianna Hollis paused, then followed the line of his amputated leg upwards with her eyes.

"..."

What was he thinking?

Dianna Hollis attached the new prosthesis, fitting it perfectly, "Mort Thorne, try standing up and take a few steps."

Mort Thorne stood up and took a couple of steps. What Raymond Alden made was quite excellent.

"How much is this thing? Give him the money." He glanced back at her.

Dianna Hollis nodded, "I've already given it."

"Since the money is given, don't contact him anymore."

"..."

This man...

He is rather realistic.

At this moment, Mort Thorne snorted.

Dianna Hollis's heart skipped a beat. She quickly ran over to support him, "Mort Thorne, what's wrong? Are you hurting somewhere?"

Mort Thorne used his strong arm to pull her by the waist directly into his embrace, "What I just said is true, don't contact that ex-husband of yours again. If I see you drinking in the bar with that ex-husband again, I won't forgive you!"

Only now did Dianna Hollis realize he was seriously concerned about the incident in the bar. She thought he was cold and indifferent that day, but in fact, he had been watching her and Raymond Alden's every move secretly, this jealous man.

"How did you know I divorced Raymond Alden?"

"What do you think the first thing I did when I took office was? Of course, it was to get you out of that sham marriage first!"

So he was involved in this!

Alright then.

At this moment, Mort Thorne snorted again, "It hurts."

"Where does it hurt?"

"Somewhere does hurt."

"Where?"

He guided her soft, boneless little hand downward.

"..."

Dianna Hollis just realized he was teasing her and quickly withdrew her little hand, smartly feigning weakness, "My stomach is hurting again."

Mort Thorne narrowed his eyes, watching her act, "Your stomach hurts, so your hands are useless too?"

"..."

Mort Thorne bent over and carried her horizontally, tossing her onto the soft big bed...

...

Deep in the night, at the military base.

Melissa stood outside the military district courtyard, with the sentinel inside apologizing, "I'm sorry, our commander has already gone to sleep, not seeing visitors."

Melissa's hands quickly clenched into fists. Ever since Mort Thorne became the commander, she hadn't been able to see him.

She turned around and left.

Just as she reached a dark corner, someone was already waiting for her there.

Melissa was delighted, quickly stepped forward, and called, "Dad."

The person turned around; it was Julian Carter's chief secretary.

"Dad, Mort Thorne still refuses to see me, could it be that he and Dianna Hollis are still in contact?"

The chief secretary, with a grim face, shook his head, "Since Mort Thorne took the position, he hasn't been in contact with Dianna Hollis. This man has great ambitions and is restless. Women are like clothes. Don't worry

about Dianna Hollis anymore. I've arranged everything. Tomorrow, an action will be taken against Mort Thorne at the Mount Cinder training. For the Julian Carter still lying in the hospital, I'll send someone to take him out too. By then, the commander position will be mine."

"Dad, I still can't let go of Mort Thorne..."

"Enough!" The chief secretary interrupted Melissa harshly, "I have endured and waited patiently for many years just for this day. Now, the timing is right; we can no longer wait. Tomorrow, to prevent any accidents, you'll stay. Remember, you'll always be the commander's daughter."

In fact, Melissa was not Julian Carter's biological daughter. Julian Carter dedicated his life to his country, neglecting his wife and family in his youth. His wife had an affair with this chief secretary and gave birth to Melissa.

The wife deeply loved Julian Carter. Her infidelity made her feel remorseful. Coupled with the entanglement and threats from the chief secretary, she was in misery. Therefore, she died after giving birth to Melissa.

Growing up, Melissa was estranged from Julian Carter, and learned about her true background from the chief secretary. She feared her true identity would be exposed, and the real daughter became a fake one, losing all her glory and wealth. So she plotted this scheme with the chief secretary.

She had no retreat now. She had to eliminate Dianna Hollis and Mort Thorne.

Though it pained her deeply to erase Mort Thorne.

...

Early the next morning.

Dianna Hollis slowly opened her eyes. It was still dark outside, about five o'clock. Mort Thorne was already up.

"Mort Thorne, are you leaving?"

Dianna Hollis sat up and rubbed her sleepy eyes.

Mort Thorne reached out to pinch her soft cheeks, then leaned down to kiss the beauty spot on her forehead, "Sleep a bit more. I need to head back to the team. Today I'll be at the Mount Cinder training. Stay good in this room; I've arranged for protection around you."

Dianna Hollis was wide awake, sensing the onset of a storm, "You're going to the Mount Cinder training?"

"Yes." Mort Thorne nodded, his flexible, thin lips kissed across her scented forehead, "Someone is restless and is going to make a move, baby, I apologize for this rough time. Once I return from Mount Cinder, you'll never suffer again in this life."

He was a man who never easily promised anything.

But once he did, it was for life.

That "baby" word melted her heart.

This man was so rough; he used to call her a "little brat" or something. It seemed like it was the first time he called her "baby."

Dianna Hollis wrapped her small hands around his solid waist, "Okay, I'll listen to you. You go to your battlefield; I'll wait here obediently for your return. You must come back quickly."

She did not question or meddle; waiting for him sufficed.

"I'm leaving, sleep a bit longer." Mort Thorne released her, ready to go.

"Hey, Mort Thorne, wait a moment."

"What is it? Can't bear to see me go?"

"No... someone would like to meet you."

"Who?"

Just then, the doorbell rang with a "ding," someone was at the door.

Who?

Mort Thorne walked over to open the door, and outside stood Dotty.

Dotty was wearing a pink princess dress. Wow, this man was so tall. She tried hard to look up, then jumped forward to hug Mort Thorne's leg, giggling, "Daddy, hehe, my daddy~"