

Substitute B 1241

Chapter 1241: He Has a Daughter!

Mort Thorne was stunned the first time he saw this little girl. He had seen many beautiful little girls, but never one as lovely as Dotty, who looked like a porcelain doll.

Now Dotty rushed over and hugged his leg, called him "Daddy" in her sweet, childish voice, and he felt his heart thump violently in that moment, his pupils contracting suddenly.

"Little girl, you've got the wrong person, I'm not your daddy," Mort Thorne said.

Dotty raised her head, her big, dark eyes blinking and smiling sweetly, "No, you are my daddy~ Daddy~"

Mort Thorne never imagined he'd be entangled by a little girl. His life until now had been full of hardships, and before meeting Dianna Hollis, he hadn't dared to think about women or children. He had always believed he wouldn't have them.

But now, everything had become fantastical.

Mort Thorne really liked children. He always wanted to have a child with Dianna Hollis, a son or a daughter, he didn't care, as long as it was Dianna's, he would love them.

Looking at this little girl in front of him, her big bright eyes revealed a mischievous spirit, and she really did look quite like Dianna.

Mort Thorne really liked this little girl.

"Little girl, I'm really not your daddy. Did you come out here alone? Are you lost? I can arrange for someone to take you back."

"Daddy, I'm not alone, my mommy is here."

"Your mommy? Where is she?" Mort Thorne looked back into the corridor, but didn't see anyone.

Where was this little girl's mommy?

At this moment, Dianna Hollis's voice came from behind him, "Mort Thorne, who are you talking to?"

Mort Thorne turned around, Dianna had already gotten out of bed and was walking over.

Dianna looked at Dotty, "This is..."

Dotty immediately tugged at Mort Thorne's sleeve and said crisply, "Daddy~"

Mort Thorne, "..."

Mort Thorne felt like he wouldn't be able to clear his name even if he jumped into the Yellow River; he immediately said, "Dianna, listen to my explanation, this little girl suddenly appeared out of nowhere and called me daddy. I really haven't done anything wrong to you, I swear, you have to believe me."

Mort Thorne's first reaction was that Dianna had misunderstood, thinking this little girl was born from him and another woman.

He was innocent.

Now Dotty let go of Mort Thorne and called sweetly, "Mommy~"

Mom... Mommy?

Mort Thorne wondered if he was hallucinating; did she call... Dianna mommy?

Oh my God!

Dotty rushed over and hugged Dianna Hollis's leg.

"Little girl, she... she isn't your mommy, we don't have children..." Mort Thorne tried hard to explain.

At that moment, Dianna Hollis reached out and touched Dotty's little head, then smiled brilliantly at Mort Thorne, "Mort Thorne, let me introduce you, this is Dotty, my daughter. She's three years old, and she's also your biological daughter."

Boom.

In that instant, Mort Thorne's mind exploded and he couldn't think.

Dianna's words kept echoing around him; Dotty was his daughter.

He actually... had a daughter?

He actually... had a daughter!

Three years old.

Was Dotty born three years ago when he left? He didn't know.

Dianna Hollis held Dotty's small hand and looked at Mort Thorne, this blockhead; if she didn't make it clear, he probably wouldn't believe it.

"Mort Thorne, you've become a father, you have a daughter!"

He's become a father.

He has a daughter!

Mort Thorne looked at Dotty, then stepped forward and picked her up.

"Your name... Dotty?"

Dotty...

That name sounded familiar.

Mort Thorne suddenly remembered, the day she was stabbed several times by a scorpion, weakly lying on his leg, she told him she wanted to have a daughter, and her daughter would be named Dotty, because every dot and tittle was her love for him.

"Yes, Daddy, my name is Dotty," Dotty reached out and hugged Mort Thorne's neck, "Even though this is my first time seeing Daddy, I'm not unfamiliar with Daddy at all, because Mommy tells me Daddy's stories every day. Mommy says Daddy's too busy working, busy catching bad guys, and once Daddy finishes, he'll come back to see me."

Mort Thorne's heart was overwhelmingly soft.

Even now, he still felt like he was dreaming.

All these years he thought he was alone, the happiness that ordinary people had seemed unreachable to him, but now he had it all.

He had a daughter now.

All of this was thanks to Dianna Hollis.

How fortunate he was.

Mort Thorne held Dotty in one arm, and with his other hand, he wrapped it around Dianna Hollis's slender waist. He bent down, and landed a strong kiss on Dianna's forehead.

Dianna, thank you.

"Wow, Daddy kissed Mommy~" Dotty quickly covered her eyes with her little hands.

Dianna knew he was very happy and excited, she gently pushed him, "Alright, go ahead and be busy, Dotty and I will be here waiting for you to return."

Mort Thorne had much he wanted to say, but time was short, he had a task at hand.

"Dotty, Daddy has to go out for a bit, I'll be back soon. Wait at home with Mommy."

"Alright, Daddy~"

Mort Thorne left.

The tall figure of the man vanished from view, leaving Dianna and Dotty here, waiting for his return.

He'll be back soon.

Definitely.

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Mount Cinder Training.

Several army-green bulletproof Jeeps sped over and then slowly stopped.

The rear door opened, and Mort Thorne stepped out. Today he wore a brand-new camouflage suit, with a black leather belt cinching his waist and black military boots on his feet, making him look clean and efficient, a walking coat hanger, exuding a composed and powerful aura.

Charles Bishop also got out, checking his watch, asked puzzledly, "Chief, the training time has already passed, why haven't people arrived?"

The military camp ahead was empty and quiet.

Mort Thorne pursed his thin lips, at this moment his eardrum twitched; he heard a trace of abnormal movement.

His deep eyes quickly flashed with a hawk's sharpness, lips moving as he spoke in a deep voice, "Come out!"

The confidential secretary slowly emerged, a group of armed men in black surrounded Mort Thorne and his people.

Charles Bishop's face changed, "Is it you?"

The confidential secretary sneered, "Today's training was canceled by me. I issued an order in the Chief's name, so no one will come. You've already been surrounded by my people, Chief Thorne, surrender now."

Mort Thorne slowly hooked his thin lips, "All these years you've been lurking around the old chief, actually you've been coveting his position. Melissa is your biological daughter; more than twenty years ago, while the old chief was working hard for the nation, constantly rushing to the frontline, he neglected his young wife at home. You took the opportunity to show kindness, give gifts, and sweet talk, eventually putting a green hat on the old chief."

"The old chief's wife became pregnant and gave birth to Melissa, but she felt guilty and blamed herself. Along with your later harassment, she suffered immensely, developed severe depression and soon passed away in sorrow."

Chapter 1242: I Won't Leave Her Alone

"You and Melissa have long since recognized each other. You two, father and daughter, truly are birds of a feather. All these years, you've been building your own network of connections and influence around the old Chief. You've already woven your own web."

"But no matter how much you plotted, you didn't expect that the old Chief would personally report to the higher-ups for me. The official document came down immediately, and I became the new Chief."

"You're no longer willing to wait. While I haven't fully secured my position as Chief and while the old Chief is still in a coma in the hospital, you want to leave me here on Mount Cinder forever!"

"Ha, hahaha," the confidential secretary laughed, "What a Blood Eagle you are. No wonder Julian Carter has valued you so highly all these years, treating you almost like his own son, nurturing and supporting you. Yes, you're right in everything you said!"

"I've worked so hard beside Julian Carter all these years. The position of the new Chief was supposed to be mine. Why, just why do you deserve it and not me?"

The confidential secretary's face twisted into a grotesque snarl of unwillingness, jealousy, and greed.

At that moment, a cold humph was heard, "Why, I would like to ask you just the same!"

The confidential secretary froze. This voice?

He quickly turned around. Julian Carter had arrived.

The confidential secretary was incredulous, "You... weren't you supposed to be in a coma in the hospital?"

Julian Carter looked at this confidential secretary, "Did you think the poison you gave to Dianna was consumed by me? Actually, I never got poisoned at all. I was just waiting for this day to see your true face!"

The confidential secretary's face turned as white as a sheet. He understood, he'd been duped.

This was the plan of Julian Carter and Mort Thorne.

This time he was caught red-handed, his connections and forces would be completely exposed and eradicated.

This last month, Mort Thorne and Julian Carter had shown restraint, and it turned out to be a setup, entrapping him like a turtle in a jar.

He had lost.

"You want to be the Chief, but do you know what the position of power entails?"

"You don't understand why I favor Mort Thorne, because you've never fought your way through a blood-soaked path like he has, nor looked up from the darkness to await the dawn like he has. You have never sacrificed love for the country, shedding tears like Mort Thorne has."

"Without resilience and iron-clad determination, without pure belief, how can you step into this position as Chief? This position is a power granted by the people, and everything should be done in the interest of the people!"

Julian Carter's words were forceful and resounded deeply in everyone's heart.

To reach this position, who hasn't made sacrifices?

He only recently found out that Melissa is not his biological daughter.

In that era, he and his late wife were arranged by superiors. She was a virtuous lady from a respectable family, and after marrying him, she remained kind and dutiful. There was no real love between them, but it was harmonious.

He didn't know he had been cuckolded.

After marriage, he went undercover for several years, unable to return home or contact his family, and that was when the confidential secretary took advantage.

The confidential secretary was stunned; all devious forces crumble in the face of justice, leaving no place to hide.

But up to now, only a bloody fight remained. The confidential secretary sneered savagely, "Kill them for me!"

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In the hotel room.

Dianna and Dotty played for a while, and then a melodious ringtone rang out. Her phone was calling.

She reached out her little hand for the phone. It was her mother Jodie Young calling.

She pressed the button to answer, "Hello, Mom."

"Dianna, didn't you take Dotty to see Mort Thorne? But why do I see him leaving the hotel before dawn? Did you not explain everything to him, or did he intend to abandon you after becoming the Chief?"

"This is preposterous, how dare he mistreat my daughter like this, haven't you done enough for him?"

"Dianna, don't worry, I'm on my way to find Mort Thorne. I heard Mort Thorne is training at Mount Cinder, and I've already reached Mount Cinder. I'm going to make a scene at the military camp today. If he doesn't give me an explanation, let's see how he continues being Chief."

What?

Dianna immediately sat up from the bed; her mother actually went to Mount Cinder to find Mort Thorne?

Mort Thorne was handling business there, and Mount Cinder was quite dangerous.

How reckless.

"Mom, listen to me. Mort Thorne and I are fine; you need to return right now, immediately..."

Before Dianna could finish her words, a scream came from Jodie Young's side, followed by a busy tone of "beep beep."

Jodie Young was unreachable.

Dianna dialed again, but a cold, mechanical female voice responded, saying that the number was out of service.

What happened to Mom?

Dianna's face turned pale. She handed Dotty to the babysitter and left the hotel herself.

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Dianna flagged down a taxi on the road, "Driver, to Mount Cinder, quickly."

The driver in front turned on the radio, "Young lady, why are you heading to Mount Cinder? I heard a category 1 tornado is landing on Mount Cinder at 2 PM today. The weather bureau has already issued a yellow alert. I can only get you close."

Dianna's heart sank, a tornado is coming?

A tornado is actually coming.

Dianna checked the time. It was twelve o'clock, just two hours to go.

She pulled out her phone and dialed a number.

Very soon, an enchanting voice came through, "Hello, Dianna."

It was Leah Thorne.

"Leah, something's wrong here!" Dianna clutched her phone and explained the situation.

The other end was silent for two seconds, "Dianna, don't panic. Justin and I are heading over now, but listen, Dianna, there's a powerful tornado landing around Mount Cinder. If you haven't found your mom by 2 PM, evacuate immediately."

Dianna's hands and feet were cold, but she nodded, "Okay, I got it."

She said, her eyes turning red, "Leah, once again, Mom has caused trouble, as if she's always causing us problems. But I'll bring her out, no matter what she's done before. She gave me life; she's always a mother: selfish, narrow-minded, burdensome, ridiculous... but it's all her love."

"She has nothing left now, and she's aging, so I won't leave her alone."

Indeed, Mom is aging.

Day by day, Mom is truly fading and aging.

Jodie Young's life has seen mistakes, choices, all like a ruthless blade of time, wantonly ravaging her appearance for so many days and nights. She too has felt pain.

Jodie Young, this mother, is such a pitiful yet hateful person.

Leah Thorne fell silent for a few more seconds on the other end, then curved her lips with a gentle tone, "Dianna, you've always been your mom's pride."

There are many people in this world learning how to love others along their journey.

Dianna has always understood love. Those who love others love themselves, and self-love with love for others is an indomitable strength. She is the one Mort Thorne loves the most and the pride of her mother's life.

Chapter 1243: His Overcoat Wrapped Around Her

Dianna Hollis arrived at Mount Cinder, and soon a tall, pine-like figure appeared ahead. Justin Xavier had arrived, and Leah Thorne was behind him.

"President Xavier, Leah." Dianna walked forward.

"Dianna, we've already sent people to search the mountain. We found your mom's phone. She came by car, but the car rolled over the slope, and your mom, along with the car, fell down."

Leah led Dianna over to a slope, where there were clear signs of tire skid and rollover.

Dianna stood there looking down, below was a forest, vast and seemingly swallowed by the abyssal darkness.

Dianna's face turned pale. She checked the time on her watch, it was one o'clock.

Time was running out; the tornado would hit at two.

"I've had people searching down there for an hour, but there's no information. Look at this weather." Justin raised his chilly eyes to the sky.

Dianna slowly raised her head too. The blazing sun was now obscured by dark clouds, and the frigid autumn wind swept through, making her hands and feet feel icy.

Her legs trembled, making her feel as though she was drowning in cold seawater, gasping for breath.

A deep, magnetic voice sounded by her ear, "Dianna."

Dianna stiffened and quickly turned around.

Several jeeps zoomed over with a "whish," kicking up dust on the winding steep mountain path, arrogant and fierce.

The foremost armored jeep stopped, the rear door swung open, and a tall, sturdy figure jumped out. Black military boots hit the ground, revealing Mort Thorne's handsome, austere face.

"Dianna, why are you here?" Mort strode forward, extending his hand to grasp her small hand.

The next second, his sharp brows furrowed abruptly, and he said in a low, displeased tone, "Why are your hands so cold?"

He held her tiny hands in his palms, rubbing them forcefully. Even though he rubbed them hard, her small hands turned red; damn, her skin was so tender that even a gentle touch might bruise it.

Mort found it troublesome, so he directly tucked her hands into his embrace. Charles Bishop brought over a military coat, and Mort draped it over her delicate frame.

"Tell me, what happened? Didn't I tell you to wait with Shania and be good until I got back? Why did you come out on your own?"

Dianna instantly felt surrounded by warmth, with his warmth enveloping both her hands and body.

His solid chest, steady aura, even the slight frown gave her a sense of security.

Dianna's fair eye sockets grew red, her eyes glistening as she looked at him, "Mort, my mom came looking for you, but her car skidded on the mountain, and she fell down with the car."

Mort's sharp eyebrows twitched, then he stepped forward, his military boots crushing loose soil at the cliff's edge, displacing it as he scanned downward with eyes like a hawk.

Justin stepped forward, handing the tablet he held to Mort, "Colonel Thorne, this is the range we've searched, but we've found no one."

Mort lowered his gaze, his long fingers pointing at a certain range, "You searched here?"

Justin's eyes gleamed.

"President Xavier, have your men come up. The tornado is starting to touch down; you all retreat. I'm going down to search."

Mort said he'd go down to search.

Dianna's feathered eyelashes trembled, her whole body rigid.

"Colonel Thorne, the tornado is about to hit. If you go down alone, it's very dangerous," Justin said.

Mort glanced at Justin, lips curling slowly, "You lack experience in searching these deep mountains for people. When the tornado hits, I can't look out for you guys. Don't stay to hinder me; I'll go down alone."

"Mort," Dianna called out.

Mort turned his gaze toward her, "You retreat with them."

"I won't."

Mort strode over, his large hands gripping her smooth shoulders, slowly and firmly turning her around. He leaned in slightly, his supple lips close to her snow-white earlobe, whispering, "Be good, look ahead, walk straight, and don't look back."

He told her to leave; he would go down to find her mom.

Dianna felt as if her feet were weighed down by a thousand pounds, unable to take a step.

At that moment, a "boom" sounded, a flash of lightning streaked across the sky, and suddenly there was a storm with lightning and thunder.

A torrential rain was about to hit.

"Colonel," Charles Bishop stepped forward and said softly, "The tornado is landing already. Don't waste time."

A fierce battle just took down the confidential secretary. Julian Carter took the secretary first, reporting back to the higher-ups; this was a problem left during his tenure.

Now, these jeeps carried Crimson Eye Soldiers, twelve in total, except for Wade, who was killed three years ago; none were missing.

This invincible team jumped off the jeeps, donned their gear and prepared for action, their bright, clear eyes watching Dianna excitedly. As they shouted with bright voices, "Hello, sister-in-law!"

Though Mort was their commanding officer, privately, Mort was like their big brother.

"Sister-in-law, don't worry. We'll definitely bring your mom back!"

"Sister-in-law, you should leave. It's dangerous here, listen to big brother!"

Substituting for Wade was a young man known as Shears, an elite selected through layers of screening, yet honest and naive, with little experience around women. Shears scratched his head awkwardly, "Sister-in-law, I've never seen a girl as pretty as you, like...like a fairy from heaven."

Mort approached and gave Shears a kick on the butt.

Shears winced, "Reporting to Colonel, I don't understand. Where did I go wrong?"

Seeing Shears's naive face, the other Crimson Eye Soldiers laughed, "Shears, don't stare at sister-in-law."

Shears thought, can't even look for a second, why? Colonel's actions were confusing him.

The soldiers are always the most lovable people in this world, and Dianna smiled slightly, curling her lips.

Just then came another clap of thunder. The surrounding tree branches were bent by the wind, and then raindrops the size of beans began to fall.

The torrential downpour arrived on schedule.

Leah opened a black umbrella, holding it over Dianna's head, she whispered, "Dianna, besides my brother, no one can bring back your mom. Let's leave now and not distract my brother."

This was the calmest and most sensible arrangement.

Dianna stood beneath the black umbrella, her slender body wrapped in his military coat, even her hands tucked inside, amidst the storm she was kept dry.

But why did she feel no warmth?

Dianna had an almost innate perception of danger and the future, and her intuition was bad.

She shouldn't let Mort and these cherished people take risks for her mom.

Yet, she couldn't abandon her mom.

She watched Mort ahead, who donned a green rain poncho, the heavy rain blurring his figure.

"President Xavier, Dianna and Leah are in your hands," Mort said, looking at Justin Xavier.

Chapter 1244: Pregnant Again!

Justin Xavier nodded, "Don't worry."

Mort Thorne glanced at Dianna Hollis, wanting to say something, but his thin lips moved without uttering a word. Then, he curled his lips into a smile at her.

He smiled at her, so gently.

Dianna Hollis felt a sudden pain in her heart, as if something had cracked.

At this moment, Mort Thorne turned around and left.

He stepped away, disappearing slowly from her sight, Dianna Hollis's eyes heated up, and large tears fell down.

She always thought she was brave.

Actually, she wasn't.

She couldn't bear to let him go.

"Mort Thorne!"

She called out once, then dashed out from under the umbrella, rushing forward, and embraced his strong waist from behind.

Mort Thorne stopped, stretched his broad palm out, tucked it into his sleeve, mixing with rainwater and the warm temperature of his palm, and tightly gripped her soft little hand, "With you like this, I can't leave."

His deep voice overflowed with faint helplessness and affection.

"Mort Thorne, kneel down and propose to me!" The girl's soft, choking voice suddenly rang in his ear.

Mort Thorne froze, slowly turning around.

Dianna Hollis reached out and pulled off the red string hanging around her slender neck, the diamond ring on the string shining brightly.

She stuffed the red string into his palm, her vision blurred by rain or tears, she lifted her small head to look at him, "Propose to me, hurry, right now, I've waited so long, I don't want to wait anymore."

Mort Thorne's eyes deepened, caught off guard by her sudden action, he cursed lowly, "Damn, little brat!"

The next second, he took the diamond ring and knelt down on one knee, "Dianna Hollis, marry me, I will treat you well with all my heart and soul. If you dare not to agree, watch me do something to you!"

This was Mort Thorne's proposal, not full of sweet words, only full of roguish spirit.

Dianna Hollis curled her lips into a smile, smiling through her tears, she often dreamt of becoming his wife in her dreams.

She had reached the end of this path, reaching fulfillment at this moment.

"I agree!"

Three simple words filled her heart with joy.

He felt the same.

Mort Thorne fit the diamond ring on her finger.

But Dianna Hollis retracted her hand, not allowing him to put it on, "Keep this ring, put it on me when you return."

Mort Thorne raised a brow, "Alright."

He stood up, tucked the ring into his pants pocket, "Let's go."

"Yeah, I'm leaving."

Dianna Hollis looked at his face, her small hand curled up, she so wished she could touch his face at this moment, but she didn't.

She directly turned around, stepped away, and walked forward.

He had said, always look ahead, don't turn back.

Justin Xavier personally opened the rear car door, Mort Thorne watched Dianna Hollis's slender figure lowering down, preparing to get in the car.

"Mort Thorne." At this moment, Dianna Hollis suddenly spoke, softly calling him.

Mort Thorne's sharply angled brows raised, despite having a dark face, the whole person seemed spirited, little brat, being so wordy, is it over yet, so annoying.

He didn't speak, but his gaze slowly shifted down, as he saw her reaching out her slender white hand and gently placing it on her flat abdomen.

Mort Thorne's heart tightened, his prominent adam's apple immediately moved.

Why is she touching her stomach for no reason?

Dianna Hollis looked at him, speaking gently, "Mort Thorne, I forgot to tell you something, I'm pregnant again."

As her words fell, Mort Thorne's black pupils shrunk abruptly, what did she say?

She's pregnant?

She's pregnant again?

Dark circles tinged with crimson, his body muscles hard as iron, he immediately sprinted towards her.

"Mort Thorne, Dotty and the baby are waiting for you outside, you must come back."

Dianna Hollis got in the car, the luxury car sped away.

Mort Thorne ran mid-way, couldn't catch up, watched her leave with eyes wide open.

Damn, little brat, couldn't you have said earlier!

Carrying his seed, impressive, isn't it.

Mort Thorne stood with hands on hips, spinning a few circles in place, then reached up to touch his head, how did she get pregnant?

Just those few nights, her whole body delicate, unwilling to give even one more time.

But she got pregnant!

He had just seen Dotty, not yet recovered from the joy of having a daughter, and she got pregnant again.

He's almost forty, had thought if her belly couldn't bear fruit forget it, raising her as a daughter was fine.

But she's so impressive for him, giving him face.

She's pregnant again!

He's going to be a dad again!

Mort Thorne's heart blossomed with joy, earlier he didn't get to properly embrace her, squeeze her, didn't get to touch her precious belly!

At this moment, he heard giggling, Mort Thorne looked up, seeing Charles Bishop and Crimson Eye Soldier watching him with smiles.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Reporting to the head, congratulations on becoming a father!"

Mort Thorne raised his sharply angled brows, see, he didn't mishear, she was really pregnant.

This feeling of having a wife and kids was wonderful, with warmth in his heart.

"Laugh more? Want to increase your load for tomorrow's cross-country?"

"Head, spare us!"

Mort Thorne scoffed, look at these birds, so promising!

...

In the forest.

Mort Thorne followed the car skid marks searching, no one knew this forest better than him, he had fought here for years, a dark messenger of this place.

Then he suddenly saw the overturned car ahead, along with a pool of blood.

Found it.

"Head, is this the mother of your spouse?"

Mort Thorne stepped forward, seeing Jodie Young pinned under the car, Jodie Young was severely injured, barely breathing.

"Lift the car up first."

"Yes, head."

Crimson Eye Soldier worked together to lift the car.

Mort Thorne crouched down, pulling Jodie Young from under the car, but Jodie Young's foot was stuck in the car window.

"Aunt, I'm here, can you hold on?" He asked softly.

Upon hearing the voice, Jodie Young weakly opened her eyes, seeing Mort Thorne's tall and strong body.

Surprisingly, it's him.

Didn't she die?

When the car skidded and flipped, she thought she was doomed.

Blood kept pouring out of her body, sinking into despair amidst the pain, but someone came to save her.

Miraculously, it's Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne reached out to pull off a piece of fabric, tying it forcefully around Jodie Young's neck to barely stop the bleeding, "The carotid artery is cut, but not life-threatening, hold on a bit."

With that, he bent down, crawled into the car, without tools to pry the window, he formed a fist, punching the window hard.

This man seemed to be made of iron, impossibly powerful, the window immediately cracked a few times.

He punched several more times in quick succession, Jodie Young watched him from the ground, his sharply defined joints already broke, blood emerging.

Jodie Young's fingers clawed the ground, "Don't you hate me?"

Why save her?

Doesn't he hate her?

Previously she did many things to deliberately separate him and Dianna Hollis, repeatedly disrupting his missions, placing him in danger.

Doesn't he hate her?

Mort Thorne focused on his actions, not even frowning, "Aunt, I never hated you, on the contrary, I'm most grateful to you, because you brought Dianna Hollis into this world, giving me everything I dreamed of."

Chapter 1245: She Is My Homeward Journey

Jodie Young's eyes reddened, and she suddenly felt the urge to cry.

Mort Thorne continued softly, "I left home very early. The year my parents passed away, I wasn't by their side. Regrettably, I didn't even get to see them one last time. The memory of my mother's face has become blurry, but seeing you, I seem to see a shadow of her. My mother loved me and my sister dearly, just like you do everything you do because you love Dianna Hollis."

"I am very aware of the dangers associated with my profession. The path you've walked is not one you want Dianna to walk again, and I understand that entirely. Besides, I'm at this age, no mother would choose a son-in-law like me, so I understand, Auntie."

"It was only recently that I learned of little Bit's existence. I didn't know I had a daughter. During the three years I was gone, it was you who stayed by Dianna's side and cared for her and Bit. I will forever remember this kindness."

"Auntie, I've always wanted to have a talk with you, to share my true feelings. Maybe I'm not as handsome, young, or wealthy as other men. Dianna marrying me, I daren't promise much, but I can say with certainty that whatever I have, Dianna will have. In a crowd of men, I am neither superior nor inferior; in a crowd of women, Dianna is the same. Through these years of hardships, I've often wondered what kind of destination can match the difficulties encountered along the way. Until I met Dianna, she was my destined path."

The man's deep voice continued, soft with emotion, "I have no mother. I have no experience with pregnancies. Now Dianna is pregnant with our second child, so please, teach her as much as you can during her pregnancy. Just don't let her suffer anymore."

Jodie Young closed her eyes, and hot tears rolled down. She somewhat understood Mort Thorne; he's naturally resilient, never lowering his head in adversity or prosperity. But now he's saying "please"; he's bowing to her.

This is all for Dianna Hollis.

It is said that in love, the one who falls first, loves more deeply, is the loser, losing utterly.

She always thought her daughter had lost, but she was wrong. Mort Thorne is the one who had always lost.

He has a passionate loyalty to his country and gives all his tenderest affections to Dianna.

Jodie Young smiled through her tears, "Yes, I will."

At this moment, there was a "bang," the car window shattered, broken by a punch from Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne successfully carried Jodie Young out and then hoisted her over his shoulder, "The person has been rescued, let's head back quickly."

"Yes, sir."

The group turned back, and at that moment, a strong wind hit, and a row of massive trees snapped with a "crack."

Dark clouds loomed in, turning the afternoon's two o'clock sky into pitch blackness. The hail pounded painfully on people's skin, and the tornado had truly arrived.

"Sir, the tornado has arrived, but it'll take at least another half hour to get back. Can we still make it?"

In the face of natural disasters, humans become minuscule; the path ahead is an endless unknown and darkness.

Mort Thorne raised his head, wiping the rain from his face, and looked forward, "Yes, we can, we absolutely can."

His deep voice was like the low hum of a night clock landing, filled with strength.

All the Crimson Eye Soldiers' eyes brightened. After following Mort Thorne through bloody battlegrounds for years, they had persevered, because Mort Thorne was their guiding light.

"Everyone listen, it's too dark, easy to get lost. Now hold hands, not a single one is allowed to be missing!"

"Yes, sir."

Everyone held hands, braving the storm and rain, moving forward.

Mort Thorne suddenly spotted a red camellia on the ground, vibrant and dewy, just like Dianna Hollis' face.

He bent over, picked up the camellia, and tucked it into his pocket.

When he returned, he would give it to her, knowing she would love it.

Jodie Young lay on Mort Thorne's shoulder. He had given her his raincoat, and his entire body was drenched.

She could feel the solid, cold strength within him, and also that tender side he carefully tucked into his pocket.

Just then, a tornado swept in, and Charles Bishop at the very front stumbled twice and was drawn into the massive vortex.

"Lieutenant!" someone shouted.

Mort Thorne, covering the rear, heard the sound and swiftly tossed Jodie Young to one of the Crimson Eye Soldiers. His tall figure darted forward like lightning, his broad hand claspng onto Charles Bishop's hand, yanking him down with force.

Mort Thorne's large hand seemed to carry a power capable of uprooting trees, pulling Charles Bishop back alive.

Charles Bishop landed heavily on the ground.

At that moment, Mort Thorne heard a "crack" in his ear, as a towering giant tree fell, heading directly toward the Crimson Eye Soldiers.

"Dodge!"

Mort Thorne shouted with fury, his voice resonating from his core, spreading his strong arms like an eagle to protect the Crimson Eye Soldiers, pushing them forward with force, sending everyone sprawling.

The giant tree fell, crashing down on Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne's tall, strong body fell, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"Sir!"

Everyone screamed, scrambling from the ground, trying to move that massive tree together.

But it wouldn't budge.

Mort Thorne lay on the ground, his lower body trapped under the tree, his whole body numb, blood continuously seeping from the corners of his mouth.

He slowly turned his gaze, spotting that camellia flower falling from his pocket, about to be swept away in a pool where rain and blood mingled.

Struggling, he extended his hand, his scarred palm crawling on the ground to retrieve the camellia, clutching it tightly in his grip.

"Sir!"

That towering tree still couldn't be moved, and all the Crimson Eye Soldiers began to cry.

The howling cold tornado mingled with the mournful cries, an unspeakable desolation.

Mort Thorne blinked his dense, curled lashes, his pale lips moving, "Why are you crying, am I dead?"

"Sir!"

Crimson Eye Soldiers wiped their tears, only to shed more.

For years, Crimson Eye was more a family, with Mort Thorne as the patriarch, protecting them like a father or an elder brother, like a giant eagle shielding its young. His towering figure never bowed.

But now, he had fallen.

The sky has collapsed.

Crimson Eye's spirit was lost.

What should they do?

They didn't know what to do?

"Charles!" Mort Thorne spoke, his voice hoarse and gruff, weak but exceptionally sharp.

"Mort." Charles Bishop crawled over, gripping Mort Thorne's large hand tightly.

Mort Thorne looked at Charles Bishop, cold rain dripping down his pale, rigid features, "Take them away."

"Sir, we won't leave!"

"Sir, we won't leave you; you don't leave, we don't leave, not one less, that's what you said!"

Chapter 1246: Bloodstained Camellia

Mort Thorne clenched his teeth and cursed somberly, "A bunch of bastards, not listening, huh? Everyone listen up, this is an order, hold their hands, Crimson Eye Soldier 1 to 12, report as soon as they arrive safely!"

"Commander, we really won't leave, we're begging you."

"Commander, we don't want to leave you behind, we want to take you back."

"Commander, we're begging you, we're kneeling to you."

All the Crimson Eye Soldiers knelt down and kowtowed to Mort Thorne, hoping he wouldn't force them to leave.

Mort Thorne closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them again. A layer of bloodshot covered his eyelids, "Get up, don't forget your identities, you're soldiers, anyone who dares say another useless word will be damned to leave the Crimson Eye Soldier, you're unworthy!"

All the Crimson Eye Soldiers were shedding tears; they slowly stood up. How could they let him down?

How could they let him down?

Charles Bishop's forehead veins throbbed, his eyes were red, a soldier's duty is to obey, so he stood up too.

A group of Crimson Eye Soldiers stood against the wind, singing a desperate battle song.

Mort Thorne glanced sideways at Jodie Young.

Jodie Young's face was full of tears, she blamed herself for causing harm to him, it would have been better if she hadn't come.

He looked at her because he had words for Dianna Hollis.

Dianna Hollis was the softest spot in his heart.

He couldn't let go.

Jodie Young stepped forward, choking, "You can say it."

Mort Thorne took out the red string from his pants pocket. The diamond ring on it still shone brightly, he handed the red string and the blood-stained, crushed camellia to Jodie Young, "Give it to her."

"Alright, give it to her." Jodie Young nodded vigorously, "Anything else?"

Anything else?

Mort Thorne thought about it; actually, there was a lot, but he didn't say.

He closed his eyes gently, "Nothing more."

Jodie Young covered her mouth, crying uncontrollably, "What... about the child?"

The child?

Mort Thorne's tall figure stiffened for a moment, then he gently and kindly curled his thin lips, "Tell her... to let it go."

Don't keep it.

She's still young, don't keep it.

He liked children, but he loved her much more. Besides, he had Dot, and that's enough.

His life, was enough.

His mind replayed the moment before she got into the car, her delicate white hand gently placed on her small belly...

What a pity, his large hand never got to touch her small belly.

For three years, he wasn't there to see Dot grow up, didn't give Dot fatherly love, didn't fulfill a father's responsibility, now this child, he's fated to leave again.

The fate in this life is so shallow.

Jodie Young turned deeply to one side; she couldn't bear to look at him anymore.

Mort Thorne opened his eyes and looked at the darkness overhead, "Crimson Eye Soldiers, listen up, hold your hands, return home immediately!"

The tornado was coming, within moments it would turn this place into a hell of broken branches and shattered wood, they were racing against time.

Charles Bishop was crying, the Crimson Eye Soldiers were crying, for so many years, they had scaled mountains and crossed valleys, becoming an indomitable legendary force; now, these twelve tough men were crying their hearts out.

Charles Bishop wiped his tears away and then stood straight, "At ease, attention, salute!"

All Crimson Eye Soldiers stood at attention with a "snap" and saluted Mort Thorne on the ground against the darkness.

Mort Thorne raised his hand and returned the salute.

The cold wind howled, who was bleeding tears in their heart?

"Salute's over, now move out!"

Charles Bishop carried Jodie Young on his shoulder; he would definitely go back, he would definitely take Jodie Young back.

Charles Bishop held Scissors' hand, Scissors held another soldier's hand, all held hands and moved.

They left, getting further away from Mort Thorne.

The fierce wind and rain broke their backs, they bent over, their hearts engulfed by sorrow.

Then a hoarse voice came from behind, Mort Thorne was singing.

We soldiers

How are we different?

It's just that we all wear

Plain military uniforms

Saying we're different

But actually we're the same

All are youthful years

All are sons of hot blood

Saying we're different

But actually we're the same

The same footsteps left behind

In mountains and waters long

Pillowed under the border moon

Wearing frost and snow and wind

For the country's peace

We tightly hold the gun

Saying we're different

But actually we're the same

All longing for glory

All winning honor

This is a song among the military, We Soldiers.

Mort Thorne wasn't a singer, never sang before, the pain burned his voice, the downpour soaked his cold bones, but he sang, because he was their light.

Though his body had fallen, his resilient heart, his indomitable spirit never fell.

He would follow them back.

Back to his mother's embrace.

He was giving them strength.

Charles Bishop heard it, the Crimson Eye Soldiers heard it, first one person followed with singing, then everyone joined in, their voices grew louder as they sang.

No storm could break their strength.

The strength he gave was like a father's weathered hand, a nourishing warmth, they all felt it.

Everyone slowly straightened their backs, they showed smiles through their tears, revealing a bright row of teeth.

They sang as they walked, without turning back.

No matter how dark the road ahead, they would walk into the light.

Gradually, everyone was far away, even their singing had faded.

Mort Thorne closed his eyes, a deep fatigue revealed in his pale and firm brow.

He listened.

Listening to the sound of the storm.

He watched.

Watching the endless darkness.

Is this how it ends?

"Mort Thorne, I'm waiting for you, Dot and the baby are waiting for you to come back."

Suddenly, a bell-like voice rang in his ears, his mind full of memories from the hotel room, where she knelt before him, devoutly kissing his amputation.

He really wanted to go back, to capture the warmth and light she offered.

But, he was so tired.

The storm was too fierce, making it almost impossible to keep his eyes open.

He knew once he closed his eyes, he would never wake again.

"Mort Thorne!" Just then, Jodie Young's voice suddenly came from ahead.

Mort Thorne held his breath; he listened intently, only hearing Jodie Young's voice weaving through the storm reaching his ears, "Mort Thorne, you must come back, because if you don't, Dianna will certainly come looking for you, three years ago, she came looking for you once!"

Whoosh.

Jodie Young's voice vanished in the storm, leaving only the sound of the fierce wind and rain in his ears.

Mort Thorne suddenly opened his eyes, in the darkness, his ink-black eyes contracted in bursts. He didn't understand what he had heard just now.

Jodie Young said, three years ago Dianna went to find him.

What does that mean?

About these three years, Dianna mentioned very little, she only told him their daughter was named Dot.

She never said... she had looked for him.

Could she have...?

That silly girl!

Mort Thorne tightly clenched his fists, meanwhile, a surge of strength rushed in his chest, damn it, not falling in battle, not dying under enemy fire, but now crushed under a big tree, how pathetic!

Chapter 1247: He Didn't Come Back

He wants to live!

He wants to live well!

He wants to live well.

Mort Thorne opened his eyes and looked at the dark sky above, a sudden burst of longing for life erupted in his deep brown eyes.

The darkness has descended, but is dawn still far away?

He doesn't want to stay in this darkness forever!

He wants to go home!

He already has a wife and daughter, he has a home, damn it, if he were to die, some wild man would eventually take away his wife.

If that happened, he would probably come back from the dead.

He wants to go back!

The will to survive was like vines growing wildly in his heart, he raised his large bloodied hands to push the massive tree on him.

But, he couldn't move it.

His lower body was pinned under the tree, already numb.

How could he push away this giant tree?

At this moment, a tornado swept in, lifting all the fallen branches and broken wood into the vortex above, and the tree on him began to sway.

Great!

He had been waiting for this chance!

Another gust of the tornado blew by, Mort Thorne struggled to sit up, using the momentum of the wind, his large hands pressed against the tree, and exerted force.

He had left Dianna Hollis once, he would not do it a second time.

When they were newly in love, she would cling to his neck and say that if he died one day, she would follow him. He always thought she was just joking in her youth.

Now he understood, her love was like the scorching sun of June, pure and fiery.

In an instant, his entire body writhed with muscle, and his cold, pale features turned ferocious and terrifying.

He used all his strength, and a hoarse shout erupted from his throat!

With a loud thud, the massive tree on him was flung away.

He fell back onto the ground, gasping for air.

He succeeded.

He finally succeeded.

He could go home now!

Mort Thorne tried to stand, but his lower body was numb, without feeling, unable to stand.

His legs were covered in blood, leaving him unable to stand.

But, this wouldn't stop his journey home.

He started crawling on the ground.

His large hands clawed into the dirt, crawling forward bit by bit, leaving a trail of blood behind.

The cold rain continued to beat down, but his entire body was hot, burning, with only one thought, to go home!

He never feared darkness and death, no one could kill him, he was resilient, he could take a stab to the heart and still do somersaults.

Who was he?

He was the Blood Eagle!

He was Mort Thorne!

His mind was filled with the image of a small face, her tiny hand resting on her flat belly, smiling at him with arched eyebrows.

Her little voice called him Daddy as she lay on his shoulder.

His ears were filled with her sweet, bell-like laughter, Mort Thorne, come back quickly, you're a dad now, the baby and I are waiting for you.

He slowly curled his cracked, thin lips into a smile, "Dianna."

Dianna.

He was calling her name.

What he loved in this life, he couldn't let go.

He could die for the country, but he would live for her.

At that moment, an unusual sound reached his ears, Mort Thorne looked up, something was rushing down, a flood of seawater had broken through.

The swirling waves were like a terrifying dragon, crashing down with a roar.

Darkness.

He was engulfed by darkness.

His curled lashes trembled, and his half-closed pupils slowly became unfocused, as if he saw a beam of light in the dark seawater.

In that light, his father and mother walked toward him, saying, child, you can go home now.

Mort Thorne slowly closed his eyes.

...

On the other side.

A luxury car stopped in front of a private residence, Dianna Hollis leaned against the door frame, looking at Mount Cinder ahead, she felt cold.

She was still wearing Mort Thorne's military green coat, but the coat was cold, it no longer held his leftover warmth.

She wrapped her slender arms around herself, trying to give herself some warmth.

"Why haven't Commander Thorne and the others returned yet, look ahead, the tornado has engulfed the entire Mount Cinder."

"Yeah, do you think Commander Thorne and the others...aren't coming back?"...

At that moment, a light cough was heard, and Justin Xavier and Leah Thorne arrived.

Those gossipers quickly lowered their heads guiltily, "Mr... President Xavier."

Justin Xavier cast them a mild glance, "Go down."

"Yes."

Those people quickly sneaked away.

Leah Thorne stepped forward, arriving at Dianna Hollis's side, outside it was rainy and muddy, "Dianna, come inside, it's cold outside."

Dianna Hollis looked at Mount Cinder ahead, "Do you think they will come back?"

Leah Thorne raised her head, also gazing at Mount Cinder, a few seconds later, she slowly and firmly replied, "Yes, they definitely will!"

In the past, her brother had left her too, but he always returned from the brink of death.

This time it would be no exception.

Dianna Hollis curled her lips, "I believe it too, they will all come back, not one less!"

"Look, someone is coming back!" Suddenly someone shouted.

Dianna Hollis's heart skipped a beat, coming back?

She quickly turned her head, a group of people was walking from the muddy path ahead, emerging from the darkness.

Her clear and beautiful eyes quickly filled with brilliant light, they really came back!

They came back!

She darted her slender legs, running directly out.

Charles Bishop and the Crimson Eye Soldiers stopped, they were covered in rain, mud, and blood, it took them half an hour to get home.

Charles Bishop put Jodie Young down, "Start counting now!"

The Crimson Eye Soldiers lined up, one, two, three, four... eleven, twelve.

Charles Bishop's eyes were filled with bloodshot veins, he stood in military posture and saluted, "Reporting Commander, Crimson Eye Soldiers should number twelve, and actual arrival is twelve, not one less, we have safely come home!"

Dianna Hollis's gaze swept over each face, not missing anyone, they were all safe, everyone was safe, she was very happy.

But...

Her gaze carefully scanned the faces again, was someone missing?

Where was Mort Thorne?

She raised her eyes, looking back, searching for that tall, strong figure.

He wasn't there.

He hadn't returned.

"Mort Thorne." Dianna Hollis's small face turned pale, she murmured to herself, "Mort Thorne, where is Mort Thorne?"

"Sister-in-law, I'm sorry!"

Scissors dropped to his knees with a thud, hugging Dianna Hollis's leg, sobbing, "Sister-in-law, the Commander, to protect us, couldn't come back!"

Couldn't come back?

Those three words exploded in Dianna Hollis's ears with a buzz, her hands and feet went cold, even her blood ran cold, her clear pupils became dazed, what did it mean, she didn't understand.

Couldn't come back, what did it mean?

"Dianna," Jodie Young grabbed Dianna Hollis's cold little hand, handing something over, choking back tears, "Dianna, this is what Mort Thorne asked me to give you."

Dianna Hollis looked down, it was the red string, she reached out to take it, and the diamond ring quietly lay in her palm.

"Dianna, and this, Mort Thorne's gift to you... a blood-stained camellia."

Chapter 1248: In Tears

Dianna gently lifted her gaze, Jodie Young was holding a camellia, covered in blood, looking extraordinarily delicate.

He had never given her flowers before.

This man didn't understand romance, he never gave flowers.

This was the first time he gave flowers.

Dianna reached out her small hand to receive it.

"Dianna, I'm sorry, it's all mother's fault, it's mother who harmed Mort."

"Sister-in-law, the chief is gone, our chief is gone."...

Everyone was crying, everyone was talking to her, Dianna felt dizzy, her whole head was about to explode.

A messy tangle.

"Enough!" She clenched the ring and the camellia in her palm until it hurt, and shouted.

Everyone froze, staring blankly at Dianna.

Dianna's face was dry, without a single tear, her bright piercing eyes swept across everyone's face, "Alive, see the person, dead, see the corpse. Save your tears, wait until we find his corpse, and cry at his funeral!"

Everyone was intimidated by Dianna's commanding presence, they stared blankly at her, having forgotten how to react.

Jodie Young also looked at Dianna in shock, never expecting her to react this way.

Dianna loved Mort deeply, to the marrow.

Mort was gone, she might not be able to bear it.

Everyone was worried about her, worried she would be heartbroken, collapse, but she didn't.

Her face was dry, even though the rims of her pale eyes were increasingly red, but not a single tear fell.

She wasn't panicking, wasn't weak, not at all.

"Dianna." Charles Bishop wiped his tears, only now understanding why Mort would fall in love with Dianna, because she had become a woman who could stand alongside him, weathering storms together.

"Brother Charles, this time you all worked hard to save my mother, quickly go to the house, take a hot bath, change into clean clothes, drink some ginger tea, regain your strength, Mort will come back, we will be here waiting for him!" Dianna said.

"Yes." Charles Bishop nodded firmly.

"President Xavier, there's no signal here, can't contact the outside, please send someone to inform the old chief, I need to immediately request reinforcements."

Justin Xavier nodded, "Alright."

"Miss Hollis, what are you planning to do?" Someone asked, puzzled.

Dianna took a few steps forward, she lifted her head, looking at Mount Cinder submerged in the rainstorm, "After the tornado passes, we'll go in and excavate the mountain, even if we have to turn the whole mountain over, I need to find him, alive or dead, I must see him with my own eyes, I want... to bring him home!"

She wouldn't leave him there alone.

She would personally bring him home.

Everyone was stunned, especially the Crimson Eye Soldiers, their cold blood was now revived, filled with fervor.

Yes, they needed to find the chief.

They would bring the chief home!

Perhaps they might be a bit late, but they would certainly not be absent.

Only, when would this tornado finally stop?

...

All the injured personnel went inside to treat and bandage, Dianna still stood there, clutching tightly the ring and camellia he gave her.

Justin Xavier stood next to her, quietly said, "Just now the latest news from the meteorological station, says this tornado will need one more hour to leave."

One hour?

Mort was in Mount Cinder now, unknown if dead or alive, every minute and second couldn't be wasted.

But they still had to wait one more hour.

"President Xavier, do you think he's still alive?"

Justin Xavier stood tall like jade, smiled, "He must still be alive."

"Mm," Dianna nodded, the wings of the butterfly gently fluttering, "I also believe, he must still be alive."

Saying this, she folded her hands in prayer, facing Mount Cinder, gently closing her eyes.

It's said that there are spirits in the mountains, she wanted to pray.

Pray for a miraculous survival.

Pray for good fortune.

Pray for all kindness and sympathy.

The true path of humanity is defining, Mort's life faces the heavens, just forty hurried years, if the heavens have emotion, even they will age, how could a hero's remains fade away?

Justin Xavier quietly stood beside her, looking towards Mount Cinder against the wind, listening.

Listening to a song of heroism.

After resting, Charles Bishop and the Crimson Eye Soldiers all came out, standing towards Mount Cinder, praying.

"Look there, what's that?" Someone shouted with joy.

Everyone lifted their eyes to gaze, the distant dark veil seemed to be pulled back by a giant hand, the delicate crescent moon emitted a faint light, and then a rainbow appeared in sight.

A splendid rainbow bridge appeared.

Dianna heard the cheers, the delicate wings of the butterfly gently trembled, then she opened her eyes and saw it.

The rainbow was magnificently beautiful, the delicate crescent slowly turned into a bright sun, the sun came out.

After the tornado, the sun shone fiercely, it hung high above the mountain, coating Mount Cinder with a layer of golden, warm light.

"The tornado stopped! The tornado stopped so quickly!"

"The weather forecast said the tornado would take one more hour to go, but it ended early."

"The sun is out, everything is over!"...

Everyone cheered.

Dianna slowly pulled up a smile, just like Mort, under the sun's light.

...

Everyone entered Mount Cinder, Julian Carter personally came, jeep after jeep rolled over the muddy paths, the doors opened with a "swish," all soldiers came out.

Everyone rolled up their sleeves, holding shovels, began to dig the mountain.

Golden rescue 24 hours, racing against time.

Everyone came.

To bring Chief Mort home.

Just now the darkness was too heavy, blinded him, now everyone came.

How could he be left in this darkness?

Before, he fought against heaven, against earth, sent so many people home, now everyone came to take him home.

Dianna arrived at a place, the towering tree had broken into two, stained with blood.

Dianna slowly squatted down, her soft fingertip touched the bloodstains above, the blood was cold, yet her touch felt warm, it was his blood.

There was his scent here.

This was a place he had been before.

Dianna stepped forward, walked, this place had been washed by floodwaters, many traces faded, but on the muddy path, a deep crawl mark remained.

He had crawled here before!

Dianna stepped forward, following the crawling traces step by step, walking on the path he once walked.

The traces were deep, his heavy body dragged on the ground, his legs disabled, but that couldn't stop his footsteps, his large hands claw into the soil, leaving several claw marks.

Dianna sensed it, his desire to survive.

She also felt it, his desire to go home.

How he longed to go home.

Standing on this land he once traveled, Dianna gently closed her eyes, tears already streaming down.

Chapter 1249: Pregnant with Twins

"Dianna," Jodie Young followed along, "Mort Thorne has one more message for you. He said, this child... maybe it's best not to keep it."

Did he say that?

Dianna Hollis gently tugged at her pale lips, her delicate white hands placed over her small belly, and the baby was completely still.

When Dad encountered danger, the baby was obedient and quiet.

The baby accompanied Mom, waiting for Dad.

She chuckled softly, "Fool."

How foolish.

She took out the diamond ring from her pocket and slowly slipped it onto her right ring finger, "Military marriages cannot end, do you still want to leave me behind?"

"Dianna," Julian Carter arrived, his eyes reddened, looking at Dianna with immense heartache.

"Old commander, you came at the right time. The Crimson Eye Soldier can testify that Mort Thorne proposed to me, and I agreed. Please help me submit the marriage application to the higher-ups, I want to be his wife."

"Dianna..." Jodie Young was full of tears.

Dianna Hollis caressed her flat belly with the hand wearing the diamond ring, "Fool, the baby and I are not as fragile as you think. As a military spouse, if the soldier falls, the spouse can still hold up half the sky."

"When the baby is born, I will tell him that his father's name is Mort Thorne, and he is the pride of all of us."

Jodie Young looked at Dianna at this moment, serene and beautiful. She thought, this must be what the most beautiful love in the world looks like. They have all become the best versions of themselves in love.

Julian Carter's eyes were brimming with tears. He nodded, "Dianna, go do whatever you want to do. Mort Thorne was never alone, and now, neither are you. We are with you."

Dianna nodded, "Mm."

Why hadn't she succumbed to grief during his absence? It was because he left behind strength.

Look, these people are all the strength he's left behind.

...

In just five hours, the entire Mount Cinder was turned upside down, but no one was found.

"Old commander, now we can confirm that Chief Mort is no longer on this mountain. Where he went, we need time to find out. There are traces of heavy rain washing here, and we will search along the river throughout the city. Of course, we also cannot rule out the possibility that the chief might have been swept away by a tornado."

In short, Mort Thorne is currently missing.

His fate is unknown.

Julian Carter pressed his lips together, "Dianna..."

Dianna Hollis looked up at Julian Carter, her face pale and colorless, but her eyes were as clear as water and extraordinarily bright, "Don't worry about me. Actually, not finding anyone is already the best news. I believe he is still alive, and wherever he is in the world now, the baby and I will wait for him, keep waiting, until one morning when I open my eyes, he'll be by my side, saying to me, Dianna, I'm back."

...

In the blink of an eye, half a month passed.

Unfortunately, there was no news of Mort Thorne.

Thankfully, the marriage application from above came through, and Dianna became Mort Thorne's wife, becoming one of China's countless military spouses.

She moved into the military district compound, a decision that Jodie Young disagreed with. They couldn't casually enter and exit the barracks, and Dianna was pregnant and needed care. If she stayed with them, she would receive the best care.

But Dianna said she wanted to go home.

She said she wanted to wait for Mort Thorne at home.

As long as he returned, he could see her right away.

She wanted to stand in the closest place to him.

Dots, however, were taken back by Jodie Young. Dots were really like a considerate little cotton-padded jacket, thinking Dad just went out to catch bad guys again. Now that Mommy is expecting a younger brother, she must behave well.

Military hospital, Dianna lay on a single bed, the obstetrics and gynecology director gave her an ultrasound, "Ma'am, you are fully eight weeks pregnant now, the fetus is developing well, just go home and take good rest."

Dianna gently stroked her belly, "Thank you, doctor."

Leah Thorne stayed with Dianna the whole time. As soon as Dianna came out, Leah asked with concern, "Dianna, what did the doctor say?"

"Everything is fine."

Leah thanked the heavens in her heart, looking at Dianna's belly. Dianna's slim waist was just an armful, and usually, a two-month pregnancy wouldn't show, but Dianna's little belly had already protruded a bit.

"Dianna, your belly is growing so fast, already showing at two months. How big will it be in the future?" Leah asked in confusion.

Dianna also felt that her belly was bigger than at the same time with Dots, but the doctor said everything's normal with the baby, so it was fine.

At this moment, Dianna saw a soon-to-be mother who was over nine months pregnant sitting on a bench in the hospital corridor. A soldier crouched beside her, pressing his ear to the big belly to listen, "Honey, the baby is calling me, calling me Dad."

The soon-to-be mother covered her mouth and laughed, "The due date is in a few days, hubby, I'm scared."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of the pain."

"Then I'll go into the delivery room with you. If it hurts, you can bite my hand hard."

The soon-to-be mother was amused.

"Honey, don't be afraid, I'll protect you both."

"Mm!"

Dianna stopped walking, watching the couple.

Leah's heart ached, everyone here for the pregnancy check-ups had their husbands with them, but Dianna was alone.

They could all accompany Dianna, but some things can't be replaced.

Being a husband, being a father.

Nobody can replace Mort Thorne.

Leah feared even more, if her brother never came back, what would Dianna do?

She dared not think about it.

"Dianna, are you okay?"

Dianna turned back, seeing Leah's anxious and concerned look, she faintly curled her red lips, "I'm fine, Leah, you don't need to accompany me anymore, go home, I'll go back on my own."

With that, Dianna waved her little hand and left on her own.

Leah stood there watching Dianna's elegant figure, sighing, sometimes they wished Dianna wasn't so strong.

She could not smile, she could cry.

Crying is the best way to release emotions. She didn't have to hide her wounds; she could need affection, need care.

But ever since Mort Thorne's accident, she hadn't shed a single tear.

...

Dianna walked back from the military hospital, and while walking on the lawn, she heard the sound of soldiers training—One, one, one-two-one...

She stopped her steps and stood outside the fence watching.

Inside was a group of new recruits in camouflage uniforms, running with sweat pouring down, although tired, they were full of spirit, their faces shining with brilliant smiles.

Dianna stood outside the fence, her mind filled with the memory of that dawn a month ago when he came walking from a distance in his military uniform, captivating the time.

Dianna slowly extended her little hand, reaching forward from inside the fence, she lifted her head gently, reverently watching the flag fluttering in the blazing sun.

Why is his dream always so elusive?

What she grasped tightly still flew away.

After years of striving, he was no longer young.

Chapter 1250: A Light Boat Across the Vast Sea, He Returns from Afar!

Unable to start over, cannot afford to lose.

This land of dreams, he has deeply rooted his life and soul here, yet his trace is nowhere.

Wandering, always wandering, he is still out there wandering.

Mort Thorne, where are you?

Dianna Hollis gently closed her eyes, saying in her heart, Mort Thorne, I miss you so much.

...

Back in the yard, Dianna suddenly halted her steps because she saw the door was open.

Someone is home.

Someone from the family is here.

Who is it?

Dianna's heart raced wildly, a crazy thought almost surfaced — could it be... has he returned?

Dianna bolted inside, her eyes lit with joy as she called out, "Mort Thorne..."

The next moment, her smile froze.

Not Mort Thorne, but Scissors.

Scissors brought a basket of vegetables and fruits, freshly picked from the field, as he caught sight of Dianna, he said, "Sis, you're back?"

Dianna quickly curled her lips briefly, then carried the basket to the kitchen, started washing the vegetables, "Scissors, it's almost noon, stay and eat with us."

Scissors scratched his head awkwardly, "No, Sis, we have tasks to do later, Sis, I'll head off first."

Scissors walked out, closing the door behind him.

The surroundings returned to silence, Dianna's hands slowed down as she picked vegetables, lowering her head, her eyes gradually reddening.

Longing turned into an ailment, swelling uncontrollably.

As tears threatened to fall, Dianna quickly lifted her head, through the window, gazing at the distant horizon.

Tears streamed back inside.

She refused to cry.

Until Mort Thorne returned, she wouldn't shed a tear.

She would stay strong.

Dianna had a good appetite, consumed a whole bowl of rice, and drank a bowl of rib soup. Ever since becoming pregnant, she ate a bowl of rice each meal, aiming to nourish herself and the baby, making them plump and healthy.

At night, she laid in bed sleeping.

Half asleep and half awake, a familiar, deep, and gentle voice reached her ears, calling her name, "Dianna."

Dianna slowly opened her eyes, standing on a green lawn, spring breeze blowing, birds singing, flowers richly fragrant.

"Dianna."

The voice continued calling.

Dianna raised her eyes, before her stood a tall and sturdy figure — it was Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne.

Her Mort Thorne.

Mort Thorne smiled, his lips curved, slowly opening his arms, voice filled with deep affection, "Come here, let me hold you."

He said, come here, let me hold you.

Dianna lifted her feet, walking towards him step by step, gazing dazedly at his handsome, rugged face, "Mort Thorne, is... it you?"

Mort Thorne nodded, "It's me."

"Mort Thorne, have you... come home?"

"Yes, I've come home."

Dianna's eyes reddened, her feet surged ahead, charging straight into his wide embrace.

But in the next second, Mort Thorne turned into a wisp of blue smoke, disappearing.

He was gone.

He left.

Dianna froze in place, searching for him everywhere, flowers withering rapidly, dawn replaced by cloudy overcast, her world darkened.

Couldn't find Mort Thorne.

Couldn't find him.

Dianna abruptly woke up.

...

Dianna awoke, but did not open her eyes.

Training sounds already echoed outside, it was five in the morning, she had awoken from her dream.

In these half-month, 16 days and nights, she waited every day, hoping that in the first glance when she opened her eyes in the morning, he would stand before her.

But every day she waited in anticipation, only to be disappointed.

Disappointment building up, on this morning, she dared not open her eyes, afraid of despair.

A suffocating, cutting pain spread through her body, making it hard to breathe.

She reached out, trembling, touching the spot beside her on the bed.

Empty and cold.

No, he's still not back.

Her slender, butterfly-wing-like eyelashes began to quiver, her white teeth tightly clenching her lower lip, until drawing a blood stain on her lips, sadness flowing like a river, large, heavy tears dropping from her eyes.

days.

She endured 16 full days.

On the 17th morning, she broke down.

The 16 days felt like a lifetime.

Sorry, Mort Thorne.

She said she would be strong, said she wouldn't cry, but here without anyone seeing, the scorching tears uncontrollable, she burst into sobs instantly.

Mort Thorne, where have you gone?

Mort Thorne, come back soon, please?

Mort Thorne, I'm longing for your embrace.

Her heart hurt so much that it felt it might stop in the next second.

Dianna reached out two slender arms, hugging her own delicate shoulders, lying sideways, sobbing quietly but with despair.

...

In the bathroom, Dianna stood by the sink, looking at her reflection in the mirror, her eyes swollen from weeping.

Right then, a "knock, knock" sound came from the door, and outside was Charles Bishop's voice, "Sis."

Charles Bishop came so early?

Dianna had a bad feeling, she quickly went to open the door, "Brother Charles, what's wrong?"

"Sis, a small town has discovered a male corpse, decomposed after soaking in seawater."

Dianna froze completely.

...

An hour later.

The Jeep pulled over outside the police hall in the small town, Dianna walked into the autopsy room.

"This is the body we retrieved from the river this morning, likely dead for half a month, you all can identify it," said the officer.

Half a month.

The timeline matched.

Charles Bishop and Scissors looked at the corpse covered in white cloth, seeing the tall and strong physique, it seemed similar.

Really similar.

Dianna approached the corpse, an employee reached out to lift the cloth, Dianna suddenly said, "No need to look, it's not him."

"Sis," Charles Bishop murmured, "We understand how you feel, but at least lift to have a look, just in case..."

"Just in case what?" Dianna turned to Charles Bishop, the pale, beautiful eyes flashing with a piercing chill.

Charles Bishop froze.

The staff quickly added, "We've already collected the deceased's DNA, you can take it for comparison."

Charles Bishop reached out to take it.

In the next second, with a "smack," Dianna reached out to knock the file bag onto the ground.

"Sis!" Tears "whoosh" from Scissors' eyes.

Charles Bishop's eyes also reddened.

"Sorry." Dianna raised her hand to her forehead instantly, apologized softly, feeling dizzy.

"Sis, are you alright?"

"I'm fine, I'm not being emotional, it isn't him, if you don't believe me, take the DNA for comparison."

After speaking, Dianna lifted her foot to leave, "I'm going out for some air, don't follow me."

...

Dianna left the police hall, walking aimlessly along the street, aware it wasn't Mort Thorne, she didn't need to see to know.

Charles Bishop and others not believing didn't matter.

At this moment she felt a swelling pain in her abdomen, her baby.

Dianna's petite face turned pale like a sheet, she wore a floral long dress today, wrapped in a pale yellow cardigan, her entire being gentle as water, but her condition was bad, and her baby started to deteriorate too.

Her vision went dark, felt faint.

"Oh, miss, are you alright?" Two elderly women supported Dianna in time.

Dianna steadied herself briefly, the dizziness quickly dissipated, but she dared not walk, "I'm fine, thank you."

Dianna sat on a bench at a bus stop, waiting for Charles Bishop and others there.

After confirming Dianna was alright, the two elderly women turned to leave, chatting as they walked

"I heard your husband saved someone half a month ago."

"Yes, half a month ago, my husband acted crazy, as soon as the tornado hit, he ventured to Mount Cinder to gather matsutake mushrooms, the area was flooded completely, but you know what my husband saw? Below was a watery ocean several feet deep, yet wedged inside a rock crevice was a person; the rushing tidal wave hit but didn't sweep the person away, stuck in place!"

"My goodness, fate spared that one; were he swept into the sea, surely he would have died."

"Indeed, that person was remarkably lucky, rescued with severe injuries, we thought he wouldn't make it, but he got up in half a month, truly miraculous."

"Where is that person now?"

"There!" One woman pointed, across the street a bus sped by revealing the mature, rugged handsome face.

It was Mort Thorne.

From the depths of the ocean, he returned from afar.

Mort and Dianna's tale — complete.