

## **Substitute B 1251**

### Chapter 1251: Extra (1) Post-Pregnancy Diary

Dianna Hollis sat on the bench at the bus stop, stretching out her cold little hand to gently touch her lower abdomen. Little Mort Thorne, are you, like Mommy, almost unable to hold on anymore?

Until today, I had looked forward to every dawn, but from today onward, I feared every sunrise.

A world without Mort Thorne no longer has vibrant colors.

Slowly, Dianna Hollis curled her lips into a smile, then softly lifted her gaze.

In front of her, a bus whizzed by, and she spotted a tall, strong figure across the street.

Her delicate wings fluttered like butterflies, and her clear pupils contracted fiercely.

What had she seen?

Was it a dream?

The person who haunted her days and nights was standing right across the street.

Dianna Hollis quickly stood up, the winter wind tossing her floral-patterned skirt, creating ripples.

Time slowed down, letting the moments race away while her eyes and heart were filled with the image of that person.

If it's a dream, she would rather never wake up.

Large tears fell, and amidst her tears, she curled her lips, crying and laughing like a fool.

...

Across the street, Mort Thorne was waiting for a bus.

He wore a gray shirt, black trousers, with the pant legs tucked into black boots, still upright and muscular.

He hadn't shaved in a long time, with stubble covering his face. His eagle-like brown eyes scanned the bus, but he didn't see the bus he was waiting for. He pressed his thin lips together in dissatisfaction.

At that moment, a slender, beautiful figure suddenly caught the corner of his eye, and he lifted his gaze.

On the other side of the street, a girl in a long dress, like a newly-bloomed water lotus in the pond.

Dianna Hollis.

Thud, the small package in his hand fell to the ground.

Damn.

The muscles under his gray shirt were like a wall of iron, and he stared intently at that charming figure.

With just a glance, he almost merged her into his bones and blood.

The next second, he took off, moving towards her.

The blaring horns sounded, forcing cars to stop. A driver slid down the window, "Hey, do you have a death wish!"

Mort Thorne glanced sideways at the driver.

The driver's scalp tingled, and he shrunk his neck before retreating into his car; this was someone not to be provoked.

"My God, look quickly, that looks like Chief Thorne."

"Really, it's really Chief Thorne!"

"This is fantastic, Chief Thorne is back, Chief Thorne has returned home!"...

All the vehicles stopped, the bustling street slowly quieted, everyone gazed onward.

A sharp braking noise echoed as Charles Bishop made an emergency stop, rubbing his eyes, "Scissors, who is that ahead?"

Scissors leaned against the car window to look, "It's... it's the Chief! It's really the Chief!"

Tears suddenly flowed from Charles Bishop's eyes, usually refined, he uttered a curse, "Damn it, I just knew Mort was tough as nails!"

...

Mort Thorne's steady steps crossed the road, stopping in front of Dianna Hollis.

He first looked her up and down twice, pressing his lips in displeasure, She's thinner!

Her small face was full of tears, so he furrowed his sharp eyebrows into a "J!" character, "Stop crying, I'm not dead, I'm fine!"

Dianna Hollis didn't listen, tears still fell.

Little disobedient thing!

Mort Thorne raised his sharp eyebrows, reprimanding in a deep voice, "What are you standing around for?"

Afraid she might not understand, he added, "Come here!"

Two simple words, filled with authority.

Dianna Hollis briskly stepped forward, arriving right in front of him.

She reached out her little hand to touch his handsome face.

Is he... really back?

But her little hand paused beside his face, afraid to touch further.

Large tears fell, she sobbed, "I've often dreamt of such an encounter, but in the dream, as soon as I touch you, you disappear..."

"I don't dare to touch now. As long as... I can see you like this, it's enough. Mort Thorne, don't leave anymore. I and the baby... can't hold on any longer..."

Her fragile fragrant shoulders trembled, looking as though a breeze could carry her away, Mort Thorne swiftly extended his broad, rough hand to grasp her cold little hand, and forcefully pulled her into his embrace.

Strong arms exerting force, embracing this fragile, petite frame, his soft lips pressed against her hair, inhaling the scent from her, he cursed under his breath, "Stop crying, all your sobbing has made my heart ache."

"What's there to fear, I'm back. In the future, I won't leave again. These days, I've missed you to death."

Dianna Hollis laughed through her tears, really, it's Mort Thorne, it's really her Mort Thorne.

His robust chest, warm body temperature, low words by her ear, just like before.

Nothing has changed.

Slowly, Dianna Hollis stretched out both small arms to hug him, foolishly smiling. It's wonderful, he's finally back.

Neither early nor late, just when she and the baby almost couldn't hold on anymore, he managed to return home.

...

When Dianna Hollis was three months pregnant at night, Mort Thorne returned from the military and made dinner.

Dianna Hollis ate two bowls of millet rice, her little belly rounded and full, she laid on the sofa. Mort Thorne lounged against the back of the sofa, holding a military map in his big hand, while Dianna's petite head rested on his abdomen.

She stretched out her slender white hand to touch the muscles on his waist, counting one, two, three, and up to eight-pack abs. Is it too luxurious that she rests her head on these every night?

She raised her little head to look at the man, his brown eyes focused deeply on the military map, radiating the authority of a commander.

He hadn't taken off his military uniform yet, the uniform was crisp and stood tall like a clothes hanger, only the sleeves were rolled up when he cooked.

"Mort Thorne, if you keep feeding me like this, will I eventually become as round as a ball?" she asked in a soft, gentle voice.

Mort Thorne shifted his gaze from the military map to her pink, lovely face, then reached out to pinch it, "No."

Dianna Hollis's heart blossomed with joy, he's sweet-talking again.

Just then, the man added, "Balls roll, you can't even roll."

"..."

What?

What did he say?

Dianna Hollis raised her gaze to him, and unexpectedly, his eyes had returned to the military map again.

"Mort Thorne, explain yourself, are you suggesting I'm fat?" Her two small hands pressed on the map in his hand, she turned and sat on his strong legs, placing her hands on her hips in a determined stance.

Mort Thorne squinted his brown eyes at her, then the big hand holding the map lightly swatted her small bottom, "No manners, get off."

"I won't!"

She refused to get down.

Mort Thorne's gaze wandered down her figure, her slender waist shaped like a vase's mouth, an exquisite S-curve with just a little bump at the front, making her as cute as possible. His gaze drifted upward, hmm, a bit larger indeed.

"Really not getting down?"

"Not getting down!"

As soon as her words fell, "whack", Mort Thorne threw aside the military map, his large hands clasped her small waist and directly lifted her up, kicking open the bedroom door, tossing her onto the bed.