

## **Ex Convict 1151**

### Chapter 1151

Grace said, "Let go! Jason and I are over, and he doesn't want to see me either. I think it'll only make him angrier if you bring me in!"

Patrick glared at Grace. "Do you want Jason to kill someone? I don't care if you guys are really over, but no one can die here today!"

With that, Patrick dragged Grace into the private room.

It was a private room, but it looked more like a hall that was about 200 square meters. It had a bar, a billiards table, a game table, a karaoke booth... and a small stage that could be used for performances.

A middle-aged man was on his knees, begging for mercy on a space that ought to be empty in the middle of the room.

There was a pair of tweezers, stained with blood, in front of the middle-aged man.

When Grace saw the tweezers, her blood seemed to freeze immediately.

She had seen such tweezers before. Those scenes seemed to be imprinted on her soul, and she could not forget them even

if she wanted to. Sometimes in the middle of the night, she would once again dream of those cold tweezers stabbing into her fingernails and skin, pulling out her fingernails one by one.

People who had not experienced it would never understand such pain

"Master Reed, forgive me, I was wrong. I dare not do it again. Really!" The man kept kowtowing. His face was bruised, and there was blood all over his nose and mouth. He had obviously been beaten earlier, and badly too.

"Do it." The cold voice only spat out these words coldly.

Grace turned her head almost stiffly and looked at Jason who was sitting on the couch.

He wore a black turtleneck sweater with black trousers today, and that made his face look colder. His delicate features were still the same, but there was an extreme chill and ruthlessness in those beautiful peach blossom eyes that people could not help but fear.

His body exuded an aura that seemed to carry a sharp edge, making people afraid to get close to him. It was like a sharp sword. Once you got close to it, you were likely to get hurt!

The man on his knees turned pale and clutched the tweezers with trembling hands. Just as he was about to start, a shrill, trembling voice suddenly shouted, "No!"

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All eyes in the private room, including those outside it, turned to Grace.

It was then she realized she was the one who shouted.

Sitting on the couch, Jason glanced at Grace. Then his gaze fell on Patrick. "Patrick, did you bring her here?"

Patrick smiled awkwardly. "I just... haven't seen Grace for a long time, so I brought her here.""

"Really?" Jason said with a half-smile.

Patrick suddenly shivered and felt a chill running down his back. "I think Mr. Lee has realized what he did wrong. You don't have to pull out his nails to have him make amends."

Kneeling on the ground, Mr. Lee immediately said, "Master Reed, I know what I did wrong. I shouldn't have forced myself on her just because she's a waiter. I'm inhuman! I'm a scumbag! Master Reed, let me go. I dare not do it again!"

He raised his hand and slapped himself hard as he spoke. Several red marks immediately appeared on Mr. Lee's face.

Chapter 1152

Jason looked at him indifferently before saying lightly, "Do it."

"No..." Grace basically rushed in front of Jason.

She knew the thing she should do now was to get out of here and stay out of this, but... Perhaps the scene reminded her of the time when her fingernails got pulled out and the pain she had felt.

Back then, there had been no one to help her!

All she could do was bear the heart-clenching pain!

He slowly raised those beautiful peach blossom eyes, his cold gaze falling on Grace.

When her eyes met his gaze, her thin body shuddered again. His eyes were too cold and icy.

It was like a bottomless cold pond. The deeper she looked into his eyes, the colder she felt.

"No?" Jason stood up slowly. Looking at her coldly from a commanding position, he said, "Who are you to say no to me?"

Her body trembled. The person in front of her was not the

Jason she knew, not even Jay!

He was now Emerald City's Master Reed, and she was just an ant in his eyes!

"Do you think it's easy to pull out a person's fingernails and

you can pull them out as you please?" asked Grace as she took a deep breath.

Her face was pale under the lamplight, and she was trembling a little. However, her almond-shaped eyes were staring straight at the person in front of her.

Jason narrowed his eyes, and he seemed to be filled with a sense of danger.

Patrick hurried forward and began to smooth things over, saying, "Well... By the way, I asked Grace about her relationship with Brian when I brought her here. She said they have nothing to do with each other and that the video online is just a misunderstanding."

Jason said lazily, "Patrick, did you bring her here today just to talk about this?"

Although he was asking Patrick, Jason's eyes were fixed on Grace.

Patrick could only smile awkwardly.

Jason said, "Then you'd better remember never to bring her to me again, and don't even mention her name in front of

1. Otherwise, don't blame me for disregarding our years of friendship!"

Patrick was stunned. Jason would never say such a thing because of a woman!

'Now, Jason is saying it like he's utterly disgusted by Grace. Has he really gotten over... Grace?'

On the other hand, did it not show just how much Grace occupied his heart?

Just then, a woman dressed in the club's waitress uniform stepped forward and said, "Mr. Reed, I appreciate you standing up for me, but... there's no need for you to quarrel with your friends for a nobody like me!"

The waitress held her right hand with her left hand, and her right hand's index finger was wrapped in gauze. The white gauze was faintly stained with blood.

Jason turned to the waitress and said, "If I don't think you're a nobody, then you're not a nobody." He took her right hand as he spoke. "Does your finger still hurt?"

Although the cold voice was merely inquiring, it surprised the waitress. The other people around her cast her an envious look.

Was Master Reed interested in her? It was even more enviable than hitting the jackpot!

It was probably what they called reaching heaven in a single bound!

Chapter 1153

"I... I feel a lot better now..." The waitress was so excited that she stammered a little, and her cheeks blushed due to her feeling shy.

Jason said, "Since this man was going to pull out your nails, pull out all ten of his nails now."

"Master Reed, if it hadn't been for your timely arrival, my fingernails would've been pulled out. But... I think he knows he was wrong too... Master Reed, why don't you let him off the hook this time?" The woman spoke with a delicate look, looking kind and innocent.

Such a woman could easily arouse a man's affection and desire to protect her.

Grace trembled when she heard their conversation.

She suddenly felt like a joke. The man kneeling on the ground was a perpetrator, and the woman with an injured finger, dressed as a waitress, was the victim.

Was Jason... getting justice for the woman?

In a trance, she looked at Jason who was interacting with the waitress. From her point of view, what she saw now was his

profile.

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He had clear deep outlines and a straight nose bridge. His thin lips parted and closed as he said something to her.

Something he had once said to her flashed through her mind... "I'll get you justice."

Later, he had reversed her case and helped her get justice.

Now, he was getting justice for another woman.

She gently lowered her eyes and told herself that all this had nothing to do with her anymore. What she had to do now was to leave quietly.

Just then, another man burst into the private room and ran straight toward Grace. "Grace, are you okay?"

Grace came back to her senses and saw Brian standing in front of her, panting slightly. He had apparently rushed over in a hurry.

"I'm... fine, but what are you doing here?" Grace asked in a mutter.

"We'll talk about that later," said Brian as his gaze fell on

Jason's face.

Jason was also looking at Brian.

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The two men looked at each other, but Brian's eyes were aggressive. It was as if he would do whatever it took to strike back if Jason were to do anything to Grace.

Jason's eyes were cold, making people unable to fathom what he was thinking.

Seeing this, Patrick hurried forward and said, "It's a misunderstanding. It's a complete misunderstanding. I was the one who brought Grace here today!"

"Why did you bring her here?" Brian's phoenix eyes glanced at Patrick.

Patrick was stunned. He could not tell him that he was afraid Jason was triggered by the video of them on the bus and that Jason might kill someone at his place, so he brought Grace here to 'explain', could he?

However... things seemed to have turned out a little differently than he expected.

Therefore, Patrick could only continue his awkward smile.

"Don't drag Grace into this kind of thing anymore. Don't blame me for not treating you as a friend if you do something stupid

like this again!" warned Brian.

Patrick immediately grimaced. He was unlucky today. Both

Jason and Brian warned him one after another.

Chapter 1154

"Come on, I'll send you home." Brian took Grace by the hand

and led her out of the room.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Jason glanced at Brian and Grace's figures as they left. Then, he lightly ordered Patrick, "Ask all your staff to leave."

"Huh? They..." Patrick pointed to the waitress with the injured finger and Mr. Lee, who was still on his knees.

"Let them stay," Jason said lightly.

Therefore, Patrick asked the staff inside and outside the private room to leave.

Suddenly, the only people left in the private room were Jason,

Patrick, the waitress, Mr. Lee, Terrence, and several of Jason's bodyguards.

Jason took the waitress' hand and gently caressed her index finger that was wrapped in gauze. His lowered eyes seemed

to be thinking about something.

The woman's face appeared bashful, and a hint of surprise

flashed through Patrick's eyes. 'Is it true that Jason is

interested in this woman?'

However, the next moment, what Jason said surprised Patrick.

"If you want your nails pulled out so badly, then go ahead and pull them out. You'll get to fulfill your wish too," Jason said lightly as he loosened his hold on the woman's hand.

The woman instantly turned pale, and her body trembled a little. "Master Reed... I... I don't get what you mean."

"You don't get it?" Jason ordered Terrence who was nearby, "Let her understand."

Terrence stepped forward and said to the waitress, "You and Mr. Lee are old friends. One of your relatives went to prison. and was in the same cell as Grace. I think you learned about Miss Cummins having her fingernails pulled out from your relative and asked Mr. Lee to help you put on such a show."

After all, Jason's former relationship with Grace was no secret in high society, and those who were keen could naturally find

out about it.

As soon as Terrence said this, both the woman and Mr. Lee, who was kneeling on the ground, suddenly trembled like shaking sieves.

"No... No, Master Reed... I... I really..." The woman wanted to say something, but Jason did not even bother to listen. He just turned to Patrick and said, "I gotta go. You know me, I'll have people pay back double of what they did to me!"

Patrick and Jason had known each other for so many years. How could he not know his temper? Looking at the woman. with a frightened face and trembling body, as well as the man who was kneeling on the ground in a daze, Patrick shrugged. He did not have much sympathy.

After all, many women wanted to snag Jason.

However, this woman should never have tried to use Grace to get to the top.

It was naive to think that pretending to have her fingernails. pulled out would arouse Jason's interest.

Jason was the one most meticulous among them. Who in Emerald City could set Jason up?

"Young Master Ye! Help me!" The woman suddenly rushed toward Patrick and grabbed his arm. With a flustered face, she cried desperately for help, "I... I'll do anything as long as you'll save me, Young Master Ye!"

## Chapter 1155

Patrick sneered, "What do you think I need you to do? Since you've set your heart on setting Jason up, you should've expected the consequences of your failure!"

Patrick shook off the woman's hand as he spoke and left the private room, ignoring everything there.

Brian drove Grace back to her rental house. On the way back, he said, "If Patrick comes giving you trouble again, just give me a call."

Grace was silent for a moment before she said, "You... could have woken me up... on the bus yesterday."

He said, "You saw the video? I saw that you were asleep and thought I might as well let you sleep for a while. But what I didn't realize was that someone had taken a video of us and even posted it online. If you don't like it, I can have it taken down."

He was always wary of those candid cameras, but yesterday on the bus, he had been so focused on her that he did not pay attention to his surroundings.

Grace was shocked. "Is Nelson being hospitalized? Why is he hospitalized? Wait, tell me which hospital you're in. I'll come over right now. I'll transfer you the money on my phone now!"

Grace ended the call after keeping the hospital name Kyla Corbyn told her in mind. Brian, who had also heard the conversation, said, "You want to go to City First Hospital, don't you? I'll send you there!"

"Thank you," said Grace. Then, she quickly transferred 2,000 dollars to Kyla Corbyn on her phone.

She was worried about Nelson on the way to the hospital. When she arrived at the hospital, she said to Brian, "Thank you for taking me to the hospital. Sorry for the trouble." With

that, she hastily opened the car door to get out.

Brian immediately grabbed Grace's hand. "If there's anything you need, just let me know. I'll help you!"

Grace gave Brian a deep look and smiled. "Thank you!" She rushed into the hospital.

Brian looked at Grace's back until she disappeared from his field of vision. He slowly raised his hand and gently kissed the

palm that had just held her hand. It was as if the warmth of her hand was still there.

Chapter 1156

"Grace... If I may, I don't want your gratitude..." he muttered.

He had always kept his distance from people subconsciously. Even friends like Patrick would say that he was too cold, giving a person sense of estrangement.

It was as if others could not enter his heart no matter what.

Now, he seemed to know what it felt like to be unable to enter

someone's heart. He desperately approached her, wanting to enter her world, but he always felt some estrangement from

her.

Even though she smiled at him, she seemed to be silently refusing his approach.

Just what could he do to truly enter her heart?

Grace hurried to the floor of the inpatient pediatrics department. She told the nurse at the nurse's desk Nelson's

name and found the ward.

Nelson was already asleep.

Lying in the hospital bed, the little one

bandages around his shin, and his face was bruised. Even though the little one's eyes were closed, they were obviously swollen. It looked like he had been beaten.

Mrs. Corbyn was sitting by Nelson's hospital bed, tears silently streaming down her face.

Grace stepped forward. Scaring she would wake Nelson, she softened her footsteps and asked in a whisper, "Aunt, what happened to Nelson?"

"You're here..." Mrs. Corbyn sighed and looked at Grace as she said, "Nelson got into a fight with the other children in the kindergarten and... ended up like this. Oh, dear. He did a lot of tests today, and he's going to do more later. The doctor says he's okay, but it's still not reassuring..."

Mrs. Corbyn babbled on. Grace was surprised. 'A fight?' In her opinion, Nelson was shy and would not make a move to get into a conflict with others. Even if the little one did not like them, he would just ignore them at most.

"Why did Nelson get into a fight?" asked Grace.

Mrs. Corbyn sighed. "The boy fought with the kids... because of his mother. They told him that his mother had been in

prison and was a bad person, so he started fighting with the kids."

As she spoke, tears welled up in Mrs. Corbyn's eyes again.

"Kyla has suffered enough, and now, this happened to Nelson too. I don't know if he can attend that kindergarten anymore. What are we going to do??"

Grace guessed that it was because Paisley Daniels had deliberately mentioned Kyla's imprisonment at the kindergarten's gates, so the story spread around the kindergarten-so much so that even the children would run up to Nelson and say such things.

Just then, Kyla Corbyn also entered the room. As soon as she saw Grace, she said, "It's late yet you still came over. Thank you so much for earlier. I'll pay you back tomorrow."

"Take your time," said Grace as she looked at Kyla Corbyn's tired face with red eyes. Her face was utterly pale under the lights. "Kyla, I heard about Nelson's incident from Aunt. He probably fought those kids today to defend you."

"Yeah, I know." Kyla Corbyn looked gently at her sleeping son. She naturally knew that her son did not like others saying she



was a bad person.

However, Nelson did not know that in the eyes of the world, she deserved to be imprisoned. She was a bad woman!

Chapter 1157

“How about I ask Lina to figure out a way to transfer Nelson to another kindergarten?” asked Grace.

After all, everyone in the kindergarten probably knew now that Kyla Corbyn had been to prison. Nelson would probably be discriminated against if he continued to stay there.

Grace had gone through such an experience before and did not want Nelson to go through the same thing! Since they could not change the environment there, what they could do was make the changes on their side.

However, Kyla Corbyn did not answer Grace’s suggestion. Instead, she asked, “What are my chances if I want to reverse the case now?”

Grace was shocked and thought carefully for a while, then gave Kyla Corbyn an answer. “30%”

Kyla Corbyn gave a wry smile. ‘Only 30%... A 30% chance that the case can be reversed?’ However, ordinary people would fight even if there was only a 10% chance!

However, it was too low for her!

“Because it was a long time ago. Some of the evidence in your

favor is gone, so the judge will refer more to the testimony of the witnesses even if we want to reverse the case. However, we have every chance of finding new evidence. If we study the case carefully, we’ll get a 30% chance!”

Grace spoke. She had studied Kyla’s case and found that there were some loopholes in it. If she tried to exploit those loopholes, they would have a chance of winning, and if new evidence could lead to a chain of evidence, the odds of winning were even higher.

“However, if we file the lawsuit, it’s possible that they’ll publish news about it online. Journalists will pay close attention to the case reversal, and Nelson may even be harassed, right?” said Kyla Corbyn.

Grace hesitated for a moment. “We can only try our best to avoid these things. There’s no way to control them. After all, Martin Weiss is quite popular.”

Kyla Corbyn gave another wry smile. “I see, let me think it over again!”

If they filed the lawsuit, losing would only reinforce the belief that she deserved her sentence!

That would hurt Nelson even more!

As for the witness... Unless Martin Weiss could rectify and give his testimony in her favor, her case would not be 100%

reversed. Instead, it would only attract public attention.

Once Grace left, Kyla Corbyn looked down at her sleeping son. with remorse in her eyes.

Nelson got hurt today because of her. If she had thought of reversing the case earlier or if she had been more vigilant and less naive, she would not have to bear the guilt and let Nelson. suffer the pain of having a criminal mother at this age.

"Didn't the doctor say Nelson's injury isn't serious? You don't have to worry about it," said Mrs. Corbyn. She was afraid her daughter would blame herself too much.

"Mom, did I do something wrong?" murmured Kyla Corbyn.

"Do something wrong? What did you do wrong?" Mrs. Corbyn asked in confusion.

"I... shouldn't fight for Nelson's custody like this. Once it goes to court, the press will probably come. Then the press will magnify the fact that Nelson has an ex-convict mother and... it'll become a burden that the child will never be able to get rid of," said Kyla Corbyn.

What she feared and hated to see the most was Nelson getting hurt because of her!

Chapter 1158

Mrs. Corbyn said angrily, "You were wronged! It was that b\*tch Paisley Daniels who did this to you! If you're really worried about the stigma, then we'll reverse the case. Didn't Grace say there's a 30% chance?"

Kyla Corbyn did not say anything more. She just stared at her son quietly. After a long while, she stood up and said, "Mom, I'm a little tired today. I'd like to go home and get some rest. I'm sorry you have to stay in the hospital to take care of

Nelson."

Mrs. Corbyn thought it was a little strange. With her daughter's character, she would spend the night in the hospital no matter what. However, considering how tough it

was for her daughter to set up her food stall every night, she figured Kyla Corbyn must be so exhausted that her body could not take it anymore. As such, she said, "Then go home and get some rest."

"Okay, I'll come back tomorrow morning to take your place," Kyla Corbyn said and left the ward.

However, after getting out of the hospital, Kyla Corbyn did not go home. Instead, she walked to the bus stop and dialed a

phone number. "I'm Kyla Corbyn. I need to talk to Martin Weiss

about Nelson Corbyn tonight. If it's inconvenient for you to

give me his contact information, then please help me contact him. I'll wait for your reply!"

The phone number was the contact information of Martin Weiss's lawyer for the custody case. The name card came with the indictment as well as a description of the law firm and the lawyer's contact information.

"Okay, Miss Corbyn. Please wait a moment. We'll call you back shortly," they said and ended the call.

Kyla Corbyn stood at the bus stop, watching the buses pass by one after another. The October weather had cooled a little, and the night breeze was chilling as it blew past her cheek.

A few minutes later, her phone rang. She pressed the answer button and heard the lawyer's voice. "Miss Corbyn, Mr. Weiss would like to see you," the lawyer said and gave her the address of the hotel Martin Weiss was staying in.

Half an hour later, Kyla Corbyn arrived at the hotel. It was a famous luxury hotel in Emerald City. Martin Weiss had brought her to the presidential suite here last time.

Martin Weiss was still staying in the same hotel and room when he came to Emerald City this time.

Kyla Corbyn stared blankly at the lights at the hotel's entrance. and took a deep breath. She put away the bitter expression

on her face and entered the hotel.

On the way, no one stopped her or asked her anything. Kyla Corbyn guessed that Martin Weiss had probably told the hotel staff about her arrival, so she had a smooth journey.

It was still the same presidential suite. Kyla Corbyn walked to the door and knocked.

Moments later, the door opened, and Kyla Corbyn caught sight of Martin Weiss's figure.

He was wearing a navy blue sleeping robe, and his face was cold. Just a glance from those deep eyes gave her the urge to

run away.

Perhaps she should say that over the years, avoiding him had become a habit of hers.

After being released from prison, all she had been thinking about was how to avoid him. However, she never thought that one day, she would take the initiative to appear in front of him.

"There's something... I want to talk to you about!" she said, but her voice sounded dry.

He stared at her for a moment and then said, "You're not

going to talk to me while you stand at the doorway, are you?" With that, he turned and walked into the room.

Kyla Corbyn clenched her teeth as she walked into the suite and closed the door.

Martin Weiss walked to the couch and sat down. He picked up a cup of tea on the coffee table and sipped it gently. "What do you want to talk about? You're not asking me to give up custody, are you?"

Kyla Corbyn's eyes glimmered. "What if I am? Can you give it up? As long as you give up Nelson's custody, I'll do anything!"

"You'll do anything?" asked Martin Weiss as he looked up at her.

"Yes!" she answered.

"What do you think I need you to do for me now?" Martin Weiss said as if he found it funny. "Give birth to a child to compensate Paisley? But we already have Nelson, or do you want to do something else? What can a food stall owner like you do for me?"

Kyla Corbyn's face turned pale. She had nothing she could use to beg him with!

There was nothing she could offer him!

There was a long silence before she said, "Don't you... hate. me? You hate that my father gave the Weiss family trouble. and almost destroyed the Weiss family. Therefore, you deliberately approached me to get revenge. If you think it's not enough, you can continue with your revenge. You can hurt me however you like. It doesn't matter!"

She only wanted him to let Nelson stay with her!

Nelson was her everything and her spiritual support. If she lost Nelson, then life would truly be dark for her.

Martin Weiss stared coldly at the person in front of him. This woman's father had almost ruined the Weiss family.

When he found the man, he had already died ten years ago, and he could only take his revenge on this woman!

However, no one knew who was the victim in that revenge of love! He had even thought about it countless times. If he had not chosen such a way, would he not have carved that woman Kyla Corbyn so deeply into his heart?

"Revenge? He sneered. "Taking my son away from you will probably be the best revenge."

Kyla Corbyn trembled. She seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. Her somewhat pale lips quivered slightly, and her bright eyes seemed to be filled with some despair.

Martin Weiss frowned slightly. Looking at the way she looked, he felt out of breath as if his chest was being weighed down by something heavy.

The scene of her setting up her food stall recurred to him.

Back then when he saw her cooking noodles and other dishes at the humble food stall in cheap clothes and an apron, his chest had also felt so heavy that he was almost breathless.

After all the

years, the woman could still influence him!

“Are you really going to fight me for Nelson’s custody?” Kyla Corbyn spoke slowly after a long time.

“You should have thought of that before, shouldn’t you? How can I let my child grow up with a criminal?” Martin Weiss said, pulling no punches.

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It was as if he was trying to prove that the woman in front of him could not influence him!

Kyla Corbyn only felt a trace of bitterness in her mouth. Event though she had already gotten over the man and no longer had any feelings for him, she could not stop the bitterness from spreading when she heard him say this.

“If... I say I didn’t push Paisley Daniels down the stairs, and Paisley Daniels did it all on purpose, you... still won’t believe me?”

Kyla Corbyn spoke in a tone that was verging on a humble plea.

She was begging this man to trust her and not define her as a criminal. She did not care whether she was a ‘criminal’. After all, whether she was a criminal could not reverse her time in prison!

However, she did not want the ‘criminal’ identity to bring any harm to Nelson!

Martin Weiss seemed to have heard a joke. "Believe you? You want me to believe you? Kyla Corbyn, don't you think it's funny to say that now? Paisley lost a child because of you and even became infertile for life. What right do you have to raise my son?"

"I never did any of these things!" Kyla Corbyn looked straight at him. "What you see is not necessarily true. Sometimes, your eyes may deceive you."

"So you're telling me that everything I saw that day isn't true? My testimony is false too?" he said coldly.

She pressed her lips tightly. She had explained to him again. and again, but he did not believe her. He did not even have a trace of pity for her.

She was only humiliating herself by telling him this. He still would not believe her!

She had been branded as the daughter of his enemy from the very beginning. How could he believe her?

"I've never harmed anyone, and I've never taken a human life. Just because Paisley Daniels fell down the stairs on purpose, does that mean I committed the crime? Martin Weiss, I pleaded guilty not because I admitted to the charge, but because of your testimony!" she said. She had never done anyone any harm, but she kept getting hurt.

She was hurt by him, Paisley Daniels, and the prejudices of the world!

She thought she had survived the worst of it, but he still wanted to hurt her!

Martin Weiss's expression immediately changed. Her accusation stung him.

He put down the teacup in his hand, stood up slowly, and walked to Kyla Corbyn. "Since you say you didn't commit a crime and what I see is not necessarily true, okay, I'll believe that what I saw is not necessarily the truth as long as you destroy your eyes today."

Kyla Corbyn stared at Martin Weiss with her eyes wide open, almost in disbelief. However, her disbelief turned into self-mockery and understanding after a moment.

'Yeah, why should I be surprised? This is the man who put me in prison with his own hands, so what if he wants my eyes?'

"If... If I destroy my eyes, you'll believe that I didn't harm Paisley Daniels, let Nelson stay with me, and not fight me for him?" Kyla Corbyn asked in a murmur.

Martin Weiss only felt the stinging feeling getting stronger. "Yes, I'll believe you and won't fight you for Nelson. So? Are you going to destroy your eyes?" he said, full of sarcasm.

The woman was only saying these in front of him for show. In that case, he wanted to see how far she could go!

Kyla Corbyn lowered her head and closed her eyes gently. She

remembered how he had said he loved her eyes the most.