

Ex Convict 2701

Chapter 2701

They then left the private room. Queenie Mack was delighted. 'Since Patrick let me stay, it means he'll help me!'

"Queenie Mack, what do you want me to help you with?" Patrick asked lazily.

"Well... I want to speak to you alone," said Queenie Mack. After all, it was not a glorious thing. Especially since all his friends were here. It would be humiliating for her to say it here.

"There's no need for that. Just say it here," said Patrick.

Queenie Mack clenched her teeth and could only say as concisely as possible, "I... I seem to have offended the Hart family. Will you please plead with the Hart family for me?"

"Oh? Did you offend the Hart family?" Patrick smiled playfully before turning to Brian and asked, "Brian, how did this woman offend you?"

Queenie Mack was shocked. She immediately looked in the direction Patrick spoke to but saw Valda Theller being pulled up from the floor by Brian.

"Valda Theller, what are you doing here?" Queenie Mack asked in shock.

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"Why can't my girlfriend be here?" Brian asked coldly.

"She... She's your girlfriend?" Queenie Mack's expression

changed again. She recognized the man before her as the crown. prince of the entertainment industry, Brian.

'But... Valda Theller is Brian's girlfriend? How is that possible?

They look like people who would never have anything to do with each other!'

However, Valda Theller was now standing beside Brian!

Queenie Mack suddenly understood why the lawyer told her that she had offended the Hart family and why Hart Group's executive assistant came to the set with backup to save Valda Theller.

It was all because Valda Theller was Brian's girlfriend.

Queenie Mack paled as she trembled all over. Who would have thought that she would hit a snag when she was wilfully trying to teach a comic artist she disliked a lesson?

"Valda..." Queenie Mack reluctantly forced a timid yet sincere

expression. "I did some bad things to you and gave you unpleasant memories, but I regret everything now. I've been wanting to apologize to you. I didn't expect to meet you here. I... I'll solemnly apologize to you right now. Forgive me. I'll bear all your losses. Tell me how much you need for the medical fees, lost labor costs, and the like. I'll compensate you right away."

Queenie Mack said as she pretended to look tearful. She bowed

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and apologized to Valda Theller. The way she looked would probably make others think she was the one who was wronged.

Normally, the way she looked might have made heirs pity her, but =none of them said anything today. They simply watched.

Valda Theller frowned in disgust. She was not a fool. She could

naturally see that Queenie Mack did not want to apologize to her. Queenie Mack would never have given in if the person standing

next to her was not Brian.

"You don't have to apologize to me. Let the law decide what

you're responsible for and the sentence you'll receive," Valda Theller said coldly.

Queenie Mack stiffened. Her hands dangling beside her clenched her clothes tightly. Her resentment for Valda Theller grew deeper, but she still put on a pitiful expression. "No, I can't go to jail. My life will be ruined if I go to jail. Valda, forgive me. Please forgive me!"

Queenie Mack said and stretched out her hand to catch Valda Theller's arm, but Brian pulled Valda Theller aside, making

Queenie Mack's hand miss.

Valda Theller looked at Queenie Mack in silence. She had no

intention to say that she forgave her.

Queenie Mack clenched her teeth before saying to Brian, "Mr. Hart, I apologize from the bottom of my heart. Please let me off this time. Aren't you friends with Patrick? Be the bigger person for Patrick's sake. Don't go after a woman like me."

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Queenie Mack turned to look at Patrick as she spoke, "Patrick, say something!"

Patrick said as if it had nothing to with him, "Since you

did something wrong, the court will decide your sentence

accordingly. Isn't it a given?"

"Patrick?" Queenie Mack could not believe her ears. She did not expect him to say that. "But... But I'm your girlfriend. Are you going to let me suffer?"

"Girlfriend?" Patrick suddenly sneered. "I don't think I ever said we were a couple, right? When did you hear me introducing you to my friends as my girlfriend?"

Queenie Mack was speechless. 'Indeed, he never said so.'

She thought she was his girlfriend because she was the only woman with him during this time.

Therefore, she increasingly thought she mattered to him. If she had a good grip on him, it would not be difficult for her to marry

into an affluent family.

"I thought we were supposed to be on the same page, but you seem to have misunderstood something," Patrick added.

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"Well... What am I if I'm not your girlfriend?" Queenie Mack mumbled.

"You're just an escort. We could both get what we need from this relationship. I thought you were smart and sensible even though

you were a little wilful. But it seems I overestimated you," Patrick said indifferently.

Queenie Mack looked like she was struck by lightning. 'I'm just

an... escort? I'm nothing more than someone who accompanies him when he needs me. How ridiculous it is to think that I smugly

thought Patrick was my backer.'

"But I love you!" Queenie Mack roared with a sobbing tone.

"You love me?" Patrick chuckled as if he had heard a joke.

"You really aren't smart enough. Do you think others can't tell what you love? It's over between us," said Patrick.

Queenie Mack panicked. If it was over. She was dead meat. It was all over.

“Patrick, I do love you. Please believe me. I don’t want it to be over.

I...” She kept begging, but Patrick had pressed the call bell. The club’s staff soon arrived.

“Get her out of here, and never let her enter this club again,” ordered Patrick.

“Yes, Mr. Weiss.” Two staff members took Queenie Mack out.

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The private room was instantly quiet again, and Patrick smiled nonchalantly. “I’m sorry you had to see that.”

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The crowd also laughed, and the escorts that the heirs brought over today looked as if nothing had happened. It was as if what had just happened was nothing unusual.

Valda Theller was the only one who could not hide the shock on her face.

Rumors had it that Queenie Mack had a backer. Queenie Mack got so many good resources because her backer promoted her.

Valda Theller thought Queenie Mack’s backer should at least have some feelings for her.

However, how could Patrick have any feelings for her when he could readily say it was over between them?

“So, Queenie Mack laid a hand on you, Valda. Speaking of which, this is my fault. I made her unscrupulous. I’m sorry. If you’re still mad, tell me how to make you feel better. I’ll do my best to do it,” Patrick said in a friendly manner.

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– Valda Theller looked at Patrick, who was in front of her. He was nothing like the ruthless man he was in front of Queenie Mack earlier.

“No thanks.” Valda Theller shook her head.

Patrick wanted to say something else, but Brian frowned and said, “That’s enough. If Valda is upset, I’ll help her vent her anger.

There's no need for you to meddle in this."

"You're right." Patrick smiled.

Brian looked at Valda Theller's face and said, "It's getting late. I'll send Valda home first. You guys can go on."

Patrick smiled and did not ask them to stay. "Okay, we'll get together again next time."

Therefore, Brian bade goodbye to the others before taking Valda Theller out of the private room.

"You don't look well. Were you shocked?" Brian asked.

'Shock? I was a little shocked, I guess.'

Valda Theller hesitated and said, "Do you guys usually treat your escorts so... bluntly?"

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She thought about it and used the word 'blunt'.

"Do you mean Patrick's attitude toward Queenie Mack?" Brian asked.

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Valda Theller nodded. After all, the other people around them did not seem surprised, so it was probably not the first time it had happened.

"I guess so. They're only taking what they need from each other. Most women understand the rules of the game, but some have other ideas," said Brian.

"What about you? Have you ever experienced it?" Valda Theller regretted it as soon as she spoke.

'I'm not his real girlfriend. Why did I ask? Besides, he probably won't answer such a question.'

However, to Valda Theller's surprise, Brian answered.

"Yes."

She froze, not knowing what to do. After a long pause, she muttered, "So, did they mean your former escort when they said you could be indifferent even if someone was jumping off a

building in front of you?"

He said, "Yeah, she told me she refused to break up and wanted to jump off a building. She told me that she love me with all her life

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and that she was as good as dead if she couldn't be with me.

Hence, she wanted to jump off a building in front of me."

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"What... What happened after that?" she could not help asking.

"After that?" He smiled faintly. "I told her that she should jump if she meant it. I'd pay her funeral expenses if she did. If she didn't want to jump, she should just leave me alone."

"..." Valda Theller paused. She asked after a long while, "She... didn't jump?"

"Yes, she didn't." He sneered. "So much for loving me with all her life."

He said as those phoenix eyes looked up at her somewhat dazed face. "Will you think I'm too heartless?"

Valda Theller did not know how to comment on Brian's character. Judging from what he just said, he was indeed heartless, but... she knew he loved a woman deeply. He waseven willing to sacrifice everything for that woman.

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"So, don't fall in love with me. Otherwise, I'll only stand by and watch if you ever choose to jump off the building one day." Brian's thin lips uttered softly.

The elegant voice was so melodious, but the words were so cold.

Valda Theller knew Brian was reminding her not to fall for him. Even if he was intimate with her in public today, it was just an act to make people believe they were a real couple.

This man had given all his love to the woman he loved, so he had no more to give to others.

L City.

Kyla looked at the date on the phone, only finding her heart increasingly heavy.

It had been more than two months since she came here, and the

three-month period they agreed on was almost up. However, she had made no progress. Martin Weiss was still cold to her without

the slightest hint of softening.

Maybe... some things were over once one missed the right time.

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No matter how hard one tried, one could not fix it.

Once the three months were up, she would have to sign the divorce papers as promised. When the time came, she would have nothing to do with him.

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Perhaps these remaining days were the last time she could spend with him. He would stay in L City while she would stay in Emerald City. She did not know how many years it would take for them to see each other again.

Kyla went to the kitchen and said to the cook, "I'd like to cook dinner for Martin today."

"But..." The cook hesitated.

"Regardless of everything else, I'm the lady of the house now.

Can't I cook dinner myself?" Kyla pressured the other party with her power.

After Martin Weiss declared her the mistress in front of the servants the last time, they had been respectful to her.

The cook said nothing more and withdrew from the kitchen.

Kyla began to get busy in the kitchen. At the very least, she still wanted to do something as his wife.

She made noodles the last time, but he did not even have a bite.

This time, she hoped he would at least have some of her food.

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When they were dating, she said she would cook for him and they would have their meals together after they got married.

If they could not continue their marriage, at least she could realize her dream.

After busying herself for an hour, Kyla prepared a table of food.

These days, Martin Weiss's meals were brought to the study by the servant. He had been eating alone. Hence, the servant was going to take a helping of each dish to bring upstairs. Kyla stopped them and said, "I'll ask Martin to come down and eat."

With a troubled look, the servant said, "But Mr. Weiss ordered..."

Kyla interrupted, "We have to try to find out. If he still won't come down to eat, you can take a helping of each dish and bring the food upstairs."

"Okay," the servant answered.

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Kyla walked up the stairs and headed toward the study.

When she reached the study door, she looked at the closed door and took a deep breath. She wondered how he would treat her.

Indifferently or...

Raising her hand, she knocked on the door before gently pushing it open.

In the study, Shana Nicholls was waiting on Martin Weiss and helping him take his medicine. Some needed to be taken before meals.

However, Shana Nicholls frowned when she saw Kyla entering the study. "Why are you here?"

"Why can't it be me? Nurse Ruan, do I need your permission to see Martin in the study?" Kyla asked in reply.

Shana Nicholls's expression changed slightly. Out of the corners of her eyes, she glanced at Martin Weiss's expressionless face before replying, "Of course not. It's just that a servant would normally be serving food at this time."

Kyla walked up to Martin Weiss. "I made today's dinner. Can you come down and eat with me?"

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"That's unnecessary," Martin Weiss said coldly.

Kyla only felt as if she had been stung in the heart. "We're still married. I only want to have a meal with you. Think of it as fulfilling one of my wishes, okay?"

The pleading tone made Martin Weiss hesitate. However, he recalled how he had gone down on his knees and begged her for another chance, but she had heartlessly refused him. He instantly rejected and said, "You want me to fulfill your wish? But have you ever fulfilled my wish, Kyla? Don't ever tell me such a ridiculous thing again."

She turned pale instantly.

"You don't have to ask the servants to serve the food. Your

cooking might not be to my taste," he said before instructing Shana Nicholls, "Manlo, ask the cook to cook me another meal

and bring it upstairs later."

"Yes, Mr. Weiss," Shana Nicholls replied with a burst of joy. Mr.

Weiss would not dine with Kyla or even eat her cooking. It seemed that she need not worry too much about Mr. Weiss having feelings for his wife.

Shana Nicholls hurried out of the study and down the stairs.

Martin Weiss looked coldly at Kyla. "What's the matter? What are you still doing standing here?"

"Do you... hate me so much that you won't even have a meal with

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me?" Kyla asked in a mutter. Her eyes felt so sore that she wanted to cry, but she was seemingly unable to.

Maybe... she did not want to cry in front of him. This man's greatest concern back when he loved her was her tears.

He said her tears were a weapon that could hurt him. She was now unwilling to hurt him even if he did not love her anymore!

Martin Weiss said, "I just find it irritating and want to end our relationship as soon as possible. We both know that our marriage has no meaning now. Don't you feel exhausted continuing to pretend to be a family?"

She broke into a chuckle. 'Pretending to be a family... So he thinks we're only pretending to be a family.

'Does my persistence still matter?

Even only three months irritated him.

After taking a deep breath, Kyla said to Martin Weiss, "So, will you pretend to be a family with me one last time?"

"What do you mean?" He narrowed his eyes.

"Just play pretend. We'll spend a day like an ordinary married couple. I'll set the itinerary. After the day ends, I'll sign the divorce papers and head back to Emerald City. We'll have nothing to do with each other, just like you hope. If the kids miss you, or vice versa, I won't get in the way. You can meet anytime, but I'll never

appear in front of you again."

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– She spoke with a calm expression on her face.

However, he became irritable because of what she said. "Why should I spend a day playing pretend with you?"

"That way, you can get rid of me faster. We have 25 days left in our agreed three-month period, but you'll only need to spend a day with me to get rid of me," she said.

"He pressed his thin lips together tightly as his dark eyes glared darkly at her.

Kyla said, "But don't worry. I'm aware of your physical condition, and I'll try to arrange a more laid-back itinerary so as not to strain you too much. What about you? Do you want to be annoyed for 25 days or just one more day?"

Martin Weiss pondered for a moment before finally saying, "One day, then. Sign the divorce papers one day later!"

"Okay! Then come downstairs at eight in the morning tomorrow and have breakfast with me. You'll have to do whatever I say for the rest of the day," said Kyla.

"Okay," answered Martin Weiss.

Kyla left the study while Martin Weiss raised his hands and

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rubbed his temples a little tiredly. She would no longer constantly appear in front of him the day after tomorrow.

He would stop feeling flustered and have peace as long as he stopped seeing her.

Kyla walked downstairs just in time to see Shana Nicholls ready to go upstairs with his food.

Shana Nicholls taunted, "Mrs. Weiss, I advise you to not waste your time anymore. Even if you've cooked a table of food, Mr. Weiss won't eat it. Why waste your time and energy like this?"

Kyla said, "You don't have to worry about that. Also, please tell me the instructions for Martin's pills tomorrow morning. I'll be taking care of Martin's schedule tomorrow. You can take a day off tomorrow."

Shana Nicholls was shocked. "No way. I'm Mr. Weiss's nurse. I should be by Mr. Weiss's side every day to take care of his health."

"You can ask him if you don't believe me," said Kyla.

Shana Nicholls pursed her red lips, said nothing more, and went upstairs. Kyla sat at the large dining table and began to eat the dinner she had meticulously prepared.

"I would have cooked all this food tomorrow if I had known. He...

He'll probably eat it if I cook another table of food tomorrow," she muttered to herself.

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Kyla looked at Martin Weiss and said, "Let's have breakfast first. After that, you'll take your medicine and we'll go out."

Martin Weiss said nothing to her and just told the servant to serve breakfast.

The servant looked surprised to see their master having breakfast with the mistress but dared not ask any questions.

Breakfast was served. Kyla and Martin Weiss ate it together. Martin Weiss took a glimpse of Kyla out of the corners of his eyes. She seemed a little different than usual today.

'Is it because she let her hair down?'

Kyla was the first to finish her breakfast. Martin Weiss was still eating when she finished, so she looked at him and told him today's itinerary. "We're going to Moon Lake later. We'll have

lunch somewhere around there before watching a movie. After the movie, we'll go shopping at the mall nearby and come home for dinner."

"That's it?" He narrowed his eyes. He was surprised that the itinerary she arranged was... much simpler than he thought. It was like a normal couple's day out.

Kyla smiled and said, "Yes, that's it. Of course, I'll stay with you until midnight after we get home. You'll be free once the clock strikes 12."

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He found the word 'free' somewhat irritating.

After Martin Weiss took his breakfast and medicine, Kyla and Martin Weiss left the mansion for Moon Lake.

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They often came to Moon Lake back when they were dating. Moon Lake was also a famous spot among many lovers, so it was nicknamed Lover's Lake in L City.

There were indeed many couples at Moon Lake. Kyla and Martin Weiss got out of the car and walked down the boulevard.

Kyla suddenly reached out and took Martin Weiss's hand.

He stiffened instantly. "What are you doing?"

"Holding your hand. Before we got married, we used to hold hands when we came here, didn't we? Since we're married now, isn't it natural for us to hold hands? Today, I want us to be a regular married couple," Kyla said slowly.

My Gorgeous Wife is an Ex-Convict!

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– Martin Weiss pursed his thin lips. He eventually did not shake off Kyla's hand but let her hold it.

The two of them walked, and Kyla used her phone to take photos of the scenery along the way.

"Martin Weiss, let's take a photo together," she said suddenly.

“Is that necessary?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said. It would be a memory she could recall afterward.

He said nothing more, so Kyla found a passerby and asked them to take their photo.

“Smile! One, two, three!” the passerby said as they took the photo. Then, they said regretfully, “Madam, your husband didn’t smile. Do you want me to take another photo for you?”

“Oh, it’s fine. Thank you,” said Kyla. She knew Martin Weiss would not smile even if they took another.

Taking the phone back, Kyla looked at the photo taken on the phone.

In the photo, she was beaming, while Martin Weiss was expressionless, ice-cold, and even seemingly impatient.

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Kyla’s eyelashes quivered. Perhaps every minute and every second now were unpleasant for him.

2/3

“Alright, let’s continue walking.” She smiled, put her phone away, took his hand, and walked on.

When the two reached a church, Martin Weiss froze. He remembered the church. Kyla and he had passed by the church and entered it back when they were dating.

“Come on. Let’s go in and check it out. I haven’t been here for years. I miss it,” muttered Kyla. Scenes of them being here recurred to her again.

She was naive at the time, while he was hell-bent on revenge.

If they had not gotten together like that, there would not have been so many troubles in their lives.

Martin Weiss pursed his thin lips but entered with Kyla anyway.

It was not Sunday, but there were a lot of people. They understood why when they reached the church hall.

A couple was getting married here. They were getting married in the presence of a priest, and many relatives and friends of the

couple were in the hall.

Kyla looked at the bride in the white wedding dress. A look of envy could not help appearing in her eyes.

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When she was young, she had hoped she could put on a wedding dress for the person she loved, but... she never wore one in the end.

‘Perhaps I’ll never have the chance to wear a wedding dress.’ She laughed at herself before gently closing her eyes and clasping her hands together.

Martin Weiss’s eyes fell on Kyla. The sun fell on her through the window, making her look indescribably holy.

Her expression was earnest and devout as if she were praying for something important.

After today, she would leave the mansion and divorce him officially!

If he could make it through today, he would never have to see her and endure the uneasiness that rose in his heart from time to time.

‘It’s what I expected! I should be happy!’ Martin Weiss told himself, but a faint pang of pain seemed to come from his chest.

Finally, Kyla slowly opened her eyes. Her hands that were clasped in a praying motion were let go.

“What did you pray for?” Martin Weiss asked.

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Kyla smiled. “I wished the newlyweds a happy marriage.”

“How boring.” He commented.

1/3

She smiled and said nothing, but the priest then said, “The groom may now kiss the bride.”

Kyla suddenly turned sideways, wrapped her hands around Martin Weiss's neck, stood on tiptoes, and pressed her lips to his.

Martin Weiss froze. There was a flicker of mixed emotion in his eyes. Suddenly, the memory of him and her coming to the church flashed through his mind.

She was smiling as she wrapped her arms around his neck and said, "Martin, why don't we have our wedding in this church someday?"

"It's your call," he said. It was only a casual assent at the time because he did not think he would ever marry her at all. He only approached her to get revenge.

However, she smiled contentedly at his answer. "Thank you!" said happily before kissing him on the lips.

She was now kissing him on the lips in the same way.

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Her gentle lips pressed on his slightly cool lips, making his Adam's apple roll. A certain desire seemed to rise in his body.

It took all his self-control to suppress that desire.

'Stop! Stop it!' Martin Weiss shouted desperately in his head. His self-control was shattered by her simple kiss.

If this went on... he probably would not be able to last much longer.

He wanted to push her away, but his body was so stiff that he could not even push her away.

Just as Martin Weiss's arms could not help wanting to embrace her, Kyla's lips finally left his. It also quickly brought his sanity back.

He withdrew his hands stiffly, feeling glad that he had not embraced her.

'That was close... Maybe I'm close to surrendering.'

Kyla's red lips gently uttered two words, "Thank you."

He froze. It was the same words she had said when she kissed him in the church back then.,

"Why are you... thanking me?" he asked hoarsely.

"Because you didn't push me away," she said. The kiss seemed to

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have brought her back to the age when she was carefree and thought romance was beautiful.

3/3

However, time was the most ruthless thing in the world. It would not return after it was gone.

"Come on," she said as she turned around to walk out the church exit.

Martin Weiss pressed his thin lips tightly and followed Kyla out of the church.

"Where next?" he asked.

"We're getting lunch at the restaurant we used to go to. I looked it up online, and it's still around," she said.

The restaurant from ten years ago was still around. When they arrived at the restaurant, there were not many people inside, and it had many empty seats.

The two sat down at a table, and Kyla nostalgically looked through the menu. Many of the dishes on the menu were still the same as she remembered.

She ordered some dishes she remembered. Then, she asked Martin Weiss, "What about you? What else do you want?"

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"No thanks. That's all," said Martin Weiss.

"You have to take your medicines before lunch. I'll ask the restaurant manager for a glass of warm water," Kyla said and got up to leave. Moments later, she came over with a glass of warm water. Then, she took the medicines out of her bag and handed them to Martin Weiss.

Martin Weiss swallowed the medicines with water, then Kyla said,

"Sit here while I go over to their message wall."

Martin Weiss frowned. He had seen the message wall she was referring to as soon as they came in. There were many small pieces of paper on it, and each piece contained a written sentence or a drawing. They were left by customers, and the wall was a feature of the restaurant.

However, he was not interested in such things.

He watched her walk up to the message wall. She looked as if she were reading the messages carefully.

He vaguely remembered her writing a message when they first came here. He was curious and wanted to ask what she wrote, but she refused to say and only said she would tell him in the future.

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‘In the future... There’s no future between us.’

Martin Weiss sneered.

At this moment, he saw her bend over with a pen in hand. She was writing something.

‘She’s not writing a message again, is she? How... silly!’ Martin Weiss curled his lips as he kept his eyes from gazing at Kyla.

Moments later, Kyla was back at the table, and the dishes they ordered were served.

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“Alright, let’s eat. I’ll start,” said Kyla before lowering her head and digging in.

However, Martin Weiss did not touch his chopsticks. He suddenly asked, “Why did you kiss me when we were in the church?”

Her hand that was holding the chopsticks paused as she hesitated for a while, “Do I need a reason to kiss you?”

“Don’t you?” he asked.

She then said. "If you think I need a reason, perhaps the church had such a good atmosphere that I couldn't help myself."

"You couldn't help yourself?" His dark eyes narrowed slightly.

She smiled faintly. "Martin Weiss, do you think I can resist your charm?"

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He pressed his thin lips together uneasily. "I don't find your joke funny."

"I'm not joking. We're now husband and wife. Isn't it normal that a wife can't help kissing her husband?" she said.

He glared at her. "Kyla, what are you playing at? I'm telling you, it doesn't matter what tricks you pull. You're going to have to sign the divorce papers once today ends!"

She said, "I know. Don't worry. I'm not gonna play games. I only answered you seriously. I truly couldn't help myself at the time."

She met his eyes without evading them and confessed her feelings.

Moments later, he looked away, picked up his chopsticks, and began eating.

Kyla's eyes shone vaguely with disappointment. She had kissed him in the church to make that kiss their wedding kiss.