

Ex Convict 721

Chapter 721

"Are you trying to avoid Martin Weiss?" asked Grace.

After all, if the case was to be reversed, she would probably have to meet Martin Weiss again.

"I can't take the risk. I can't let him know of Nelson's existence. If he finds out, even if it's a one in a million chance that... He wants Nelson, I'll go crazy. Grace, Nelson is my life!" said Kyla Corbyn.

Of course, Grace could understand Kyla Corbyn's feelings for

Nelson!

Though she had never been a mother, she thought that if she was in the same position as Kyla Corbyn now, she might have made the same choice.

It was better to keep the child than to clear their name!

"I saw Martin Weiss again yesterday," said Grace.

Kyla Corbyn's eyes immediately widened as she looked at Grace in shock.

"It was at a trade fair. Martin Weiss remembered Nelson and wanted to see him again," said Grace.

Kyla Corbyn's body could not help but tremble. 'He... Wants to see Nelson again? The baby he said he wouldn't want if I got pregnant... He wants to see him?

How ironic!

"Kyla Corbyn, you listen to me well. You're not even qualified to bear my child. If you're really pregnant, then this child wouldn't have the life to be given birth by you!"

Both his cruel words and his handsome face were indifferent and contemptuous.

His words were like a sharp sword, cutting her self-esteem, pride, and love to pieces.

"Then you..." Kyla Corbyn, with a pale face and quivering lips, looked at Grace with great tension.

"I didn't agree with it. I said Nelson and his family don't like to be disturbed, so I refused his request," said Grace.

Kyla Corbyn breathed a sigh of relief.

"However, the fair will be held in Emerald City for three days, Kyla. Perhaps Martin Weiss will remain in Emerald City these days. If you really want to avoid him, be careful these days

and try not to go out." Grace reminded.

Kyla Corbyn nodded. "Got it."

She escaped the last time Martin Weiss came to Emerald City. Could she be so lucky this time?

When Mrs. Corbyn came back from the park with Nelson, Kyla Corbyn looked at her son's young face with a restless heart.

She kept feeling like something was going to happen and destroy the quiet life she finally managed to have.

However... She took a deep breath and picked her son up. "Nelson, whatever happens, Mommy is going to be with you."

No matter what, she could not lose Nelson.

—

After leaving the small restaurant, Grace hesitated before taking out a sticky note with a name and a string of numbers from her bag.

Then, she took out her phone and dialed the number.

After a moment or two, someone picked it up at the other end. "Who is it?"

"Is this Dr. Leng? I was introduced by Dr. Guzman and I'd like you to help me study my situation to see if hypnosis is

necessary," said Grace.

She had been hesitating, but yesterday, there was a risk that her headache and the disorderly images in her mind would lead to a misunderstanding.

Chapter 722

It seemed that she needed to get to the bottom of her dreams and headaches!

Grace made up her mind and arranged the appointment with Dr. Leng on her phone.

Just after Grace ended the call, Terrence knocked on the door and entered Jason's office.

"Young Master Reed, Miss Cummins has just contacted the psychiatrist with the last name Leng. The appointment is scheduled for the day after tomorrow."

Jason lowered his eyes. His long fingers held the pen in his hand, still signing smoothly on the papers. "All right, got it."

Then, Terrence withdrew from the office.

It was only at the moment when the door was about to close that he heard a faint crack in his ear.

It was as if something had cracked.

The door of the president's office closed and Jason sat on a sofa chair, still in the same position, but he had stopped

signing.

The pen in his hand had broken in two, and his handsome face was clouded with gloom.

'Is Grace... Still trying to get her lost memories back? Is she trying to retrieve the memories associated with Brian?

'Why? She said she wanted to grow old with me, but why would she want to get back the memories associated with

other men?

Could it be that no matter how much I love her and crawl at her feet, there'll always be a place in her heart for Brian?'

"You're so heavy. Carrying you is tiring." The little girl seemed to be complaining.

"I.. I'm sorry..." It was the boy's sobs. He sounded embarrassed.

He had never thought that one day he would let a girl carry him like this. However, now his feet hurt so badly that he could not walk.

If they did not leave this hill as soon as possible, the bad guys would find them sooner or later.

Even if they were not found, they would not be able to find food or water on the hill.

She had mentioned that she would run down the hill to get the police, but he was afraid-afraid to be left alone in this strange place, and afraid that she would never come back.

He was older than her, and he was a boy. He should have been the one to comfort her, but in the end, she saw his fear and comforted him instead, saying, "Let's get off the hill together!"

Together... What a beautiful word!

For the first time, he felt that these two words were so reassuring.

Her little body carried him on her back and she walked over the thorny hill.

Every step was so hard, and her floral dress had more holes in

1.

He knew how much she liked the dress.

He said, "If you like this dress that much, then when we get off the hill, I'll ask my dad to buy you an exact one."

'Even if I can't buy one, I'll ask Daddy to find someone to make one that's the same!'

"It's all right. Didn't you say you were going to get me a purple dress? I'll just wait for your purple dress!" Then, she mumbled, "However, I won't take it if it's too ugly!"

'The purple dress...'

Brian was now standing in front of a wardrobe, looking at the purple dress with the same tiny flowers on the hem as that dress.

However, this dress was naturally much more delicate than the dress the little girl wore.

Brian raised his hand and gently touched the dress. Every year for years, he made a purple dress. They were of different styles, but the only thing that stayed the same was the little flowers on the dress.

Because 'she' liked these little flowers.

Chapter 723

However, after finding Stella Lindsay, he did not give her the dresses.

He did not know why. Just like the little silver bracelet, he did not give it to Stella either.

It was as if once he gave them to Stella, then all his years of thinking would come to an end.

'What the hell is... Going on?'

For two days, all he could think of was the remark she made the other day when she had a headache.

'Was that really nonsense?'

The red marks on his wrist had faded, but the feeling of being gripped by her hand seemed to linger there.

"Grace, tell me what's the truth!" murmured Brian as his hands gently wrapped around the long purple dress hanging in the wardrobe.

It was like he was hugging the most intimate lover...

"Ah!" Grace woke up with a start. What struck her eyes was darkness, but when she touched her forehead, it was all cold

sweat.

She had been dreaming again. In the dream, the little girl carried the little boy on her back as she walked on the hill. She could even feel the little girl's struggle.

However, the little girl in her dream persevered as if she would not leave the little boy no matter what.

Recently, the dreams seemed to happen more and more frequently, and the scenes in the dreams were like playing a movie, changing each time.

'Or is the dream really a forgotten memory?'

Suddenly, as if sensing something was wrong, Grace turned on the bedside lamp and looked over at the space beside her.

'Jay. Where is he?'

Grace was shocked and looked at the time. 'It's already past three o'clock in the morning. Where will he be at this time?'

She got up and went to his original bedroom and study next door, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Then, she went downstairs and still did not see him.

She had seen his phone on the nightstand on his side of the bed, which meant that he did not have a phone with him right now. She could not get in touch with him even if she wanted

1.

'At this time, he...

Suddenly, Grace remembered the last time she had found him in the mourning hall of Reed Residence.

It was also at midnight!

'Could he be there again?'

She bit her lip slightly, walked quickly out of the main house, and ran toward the mourning hall.

When she got there, sure enough, the light in the mourning

hall was on.

'Is he really in there?' thought Grace as the pace of her feet quickened.

When she reached the front door, she pushed open the door and faced the hall. What her almond-shaped eyes saw was the black and white photo hanging directly above the hall.

'It's the photo of Jay's father!'

This man's eyes were full of gentleness. He should have had a towering presence, but he ended up freezing to death in the

ice and snow.

Maybe he just wanted to die.

He was abandoned by the woman he loved most, so he lost

the will to live.

Grace sympathized with the man, but she also felt a wave of

underlying anger.

Chapter 724

'Why was he so quick to seek death? Why didn't he think about the son he still had? Did he know that if he died, what it would mean to Jason who was still so young at the time?

'Did the man really think that sending Jason back to the Reed family was the best choice? He forgot that a child needs a

father.

Jason had already lost his mother's company, but then he lost his father too.'

He had to stay in such a house at such a young age, accompanied by a grandfather who hated the other half of his blood!

She could almost imagine how he had walked on eggshells when he was a child.

In this mansion, there was no such thing as affection between two generations, only a child's struggle to survive!

Grace walked step by step through the front hall and into the inner room.

The interior was the same as what she had seen previously with Jay's father's memorial tablet on the altar.

However, now, the tall figure stood motionless like a sculpture before the memorial tablet.

His back was straight, and the dim light of the lamp fell upon him. The brightness interlaced with darkness.

The loneliness he exuded right now seemed to shut off everything around him.

It was as if he was the only person left in his world!

Grace's nose suddenly felt a little sore, but she could not tell why she was feeling this way-Why she felt as if there was an invisible gap between Jason and her.

However, they were the closest!

"Jay!" she cried out, her voice ringing clearly in the silent room.

The tall body trembled a little before he slowly turned around. His ink-like eyes seemed to be staring at her with some sort of silent emptiness.

Suddenly, Grace felt as if her heart had skipped a beat.

It was like the look in his eyes when she first met him.

It was as if he did not care about anything, not even himself.

"Jay!" she cried out again, with a touch of tension and uneasiness.

The cry brought him back to his senses, and the dead silence in his eyes gradually faded and was replaced by his usual gentle eyes.

“Why are you here?” he muttered, but with an indescribable weariness.

“I should be the one to ask you that. Why are you here so late at night?” she asked. Besides, it was not some special day!

As she spoke, she came up to him. She raised her hand and touched his cheek gently, feeling the coolness on his cheek.

It was already July, and the air conditioner here was not on. Even if it was at night, it was still hot and stuffy, but he was distinctly chilly.

“I couldn’t sleep and thought of coming here,” he said.

“Are you alright? Why’s your face so cool?” She frowned. “It’s so late. Let’s go back to our room first.”

As she spoke, she was about to put down her hand and take his. However, she was held down by his hand.

His palm pressed against the back of her hand, allowing her to continue to press against his cheek.

Then, those bright amorous eyes just stared at her quietly.

“What’s come over you?” She only felt something was a little off about him now. He was quiet and the dead silent look in his eyes made her uneasy.

“Am I the only person you love the most?” His thin lips parted softly, his voice like the night wind that swept across the bamboo.

“Yes,” she replied without hesitation.

“You’ll never betray me, right?” he added, and there was something fragile in that face that could captivate everyone.

Chapter 725

Her uneasiness seemed to be heightened by his fragility.

“Why are you saying that all of a sudden?”

“Say you’ll never betray me, okay?” His voice was already hoarse, and it sounded a lot like a plea.

For a moment, other than anxiety, she felt a pang in her heart.

‘He’s Jason! Why would he use such a tone to beg me to never betray him?’

She looked past him to see the memorial tablet behind him.

She knew it was his father’s memorial tablet. The man with gentle eyes chose death because the one he loved abandoned him.

That... Was a betrayal.

His father was betrayed by his mother.

Then, he was betrayed by his father who left him alone in the world.

His eyes were still fixed on her, waiting for her to give him an answer.

Her nose felt sore. He seemed to get whatever he wanted, but who knew he had such a deep trauma.

Now, she just wanted to calm his vulnerability and trauma.

"I'll never betray you," her eyes returned to his face to meet his eyes as she said in a tone of great certainty.

"Really?" he murmured, his voice sounding so soft.

"Really," she answered.

The next moment, his cheek brushed against her palm as if the warmth of her hand could warm the cold.

She would not know how miserable he had felt when he stood before his father's memorial tablet just now.

Even after so many years, his father's incident was still so bloody cruel to him!

His father had said, "Jason, don't love someone the way I did. love someone too much, you'll only hurt yourself in the

if

you

end."

'However, I've fallen in love with someone, and I love her deeply, Dad.

'Besides, Grace is unlike Mom, so I won't end up like you.

'We won't end up the same!'

"Then, you must remember what you promised me tonight," he muttered, kissing her on the palm.

"Grace, I won't be able to take it if you betray me."

'If she really betrays me one day, I don't know what I would do.

Maybe... I'll destroy her too!'

When Grace woke up the next day, Jason was no longer in the room.

She frowned when she thought of how he made her promise never to betray him last night.

He might seem strong, but he was more insecure than her.

'Maybe when we're spending time together, I should say more I love yous to make him feel more secure?' thought Grace.

Suddenly, the reminder alarm on her phone rang.

Grace looked at the schedule on her phone and got up.

She almost forgot that she had made an appointment with the psychiatrist with the last name Leng today.

Chapter 726

She quickly washed up and left for the hospital.

What she did not know was that when the tip of her foot had just stepped out of Reed Residence, someone was already reporting her whereabouts to Jason.

"Young Master Reed, Miss Cummins has left the house," said

Terrence in the president's office.

Jason lowered his eyelids, his long black eyelashes quivering slightly. "All right, I got it."

After that, there was absolute silence.

However, Terrence's body shivered. Young Master Reed was

so quiet that he only found it... Dreadful.

Grace got to the hospital, took a number, and soon met Dr. Leng.

She was a 40-something female doctor and was a little chubby. Her smiling eyes gave people a sense of familiarity that made people let down their guards easily.

Perhaps, people who looked like this were more suited to be psychiatrists.

Grace sat down and told her about her symptoms, and that her dreams seemed to be happening more frequently recently.

Especially... After meeting Brian at the fair, she started having these dreams again.

"It's highly possible that it's amnesia. If it's just as you said, it happened because someone else has told you the same thing. As you put yourself into it at night, it's unlikely to keep on happening. Probably only once in a while at most," Dr. Leng said analytically.

'Amnesia... Although she had speculated about this possibility herself, hearing it from a professional psychiatrist made her heart sink.

'If the dream is really my memory, then Brian and I...!

"Miss Cummins!"

Dr. Leng's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Sorry, I got distracted."

"If you want to know if it's your memory, then indeed, hypnosis is more appropriate. After all, as you said, you've had a lot of

continuous dreams, and the contents of these dreams can be very convenient for me to guide you. With luck, you'll be able to recover your memory," said Dr. Leng.

"That's... It?" Grace was stunned.

Dr. Leng said with a smile, "Your case is really simple because you already have a series of dreams, so you just need a little guidance. Of course, if it's not amnesia, I'll look for another cause of your illness."

After a pause, Dr. Leng added, "If you're in a hurry to recover your memory, I can do a hypnosis session for you tomorrow."

'Tomorrow?' Grace felt a sudden surge of unease from the bottom of her heart.

As she walked out of Dr. Leng's office, she was a little dazed.

'I can solve the problem that has been troubling me...

Tomorrow?' It was so fast that she could not believe it.

However... She was suddenly a little afraid.

Images of Brian persistently grabbing her hand and asking her who she was and Jay's lonely figure that stood in front of his father's memorial tablet flashed in front of her eyes.

'If I'm really the little girl who saved Brian when he was little, how should I face this fact?

'Is there going to be any trouble with Brian again?

'Would Jason be upset? I was even thinking about how to make him feel more secure before I went out today.

'What about Stella?'

Grace sat in a chair in the hospital corridor, her mind in

turmoil.

Not far from the hospital, Jason sat in the back of a black car parked in the shadows while he stared at the hospital's main

entrance.

Chapter 727

'When will Grace come out?

'She had already promised me that she would never betray me, but why did she go see a psychiatrist?

'Does she still want to restore her old memories of Brian?'

Jason watched quietly, and finally, a figure in a white dress came into sight.

'It's Grace!'

Even though she was surrounded by a moving crowd, he recognized her instantly.

Then, he saw her take out her phone and seemed to be making a call.

Moments later, his phone rang. He pulled it out and looked down at the caller ID-'Sis'

Even though he no longer called her that, he had not changed the name on his phone.

Perhaps it was some kind of reminiscence. The woman had once said to him with a smile, "Will you be my brother?"

She even said, "From now on, you matter to me and I matter to you."

'Sis... Sis...'

Back then, he did not know that this woman would make him fall in love with her so deeply.

As the phone continued to ring, Jason pressed the answer button and listened to her clear voice. "Jason, where are you now?"

He looked at the figure in front of the hospital from afar and answered, "I'm in the office right now.""

"I'll come and see you later. It's not time to have lunch yet, right? I'll bring lunch over later. What would you like to eat?" she asked.

"Anything will do. Just buy as you please."

"All right."

The figure in front of the hospital put away her phone, raised her hand, and began to hail a taxi.

Jason ordered the driver blandly, "Go back to the office."

Grace bought two sets of lunch and two apples before going to Reed Group's entrance.

Although Grace had created quite a buzz on the internet, her chances of being recognized were not high. Not many people in Reed Group knew her because some news about her was removed instantly.

However, this did not include the security guards and the receptionist at the building's entrance.

After all, when she was a rider at the small restaurant, she

came here every day to deliver food to Jason, so the security guards and receptionist were familiar to her.

Therefore, upon seeing her, the security guards and the receptionist immediately greeted her, but in a more deferential manner than usual.

The receptionist also escorted Grace to the elevator and helped Grace to press the buttons.

It was only when Grace got into the elevator and the doors closed that the receptionist breathed a great sigh of relief.

"Who was that woman? Why are you so respectful?" A passing employee came up and asked.

"The future mistress of the company. Tell me, could I disrespect her?" replied the receptionist.

Of course, Grace, who was in the elevator, did not know

what the others were talking about. When the elevator doors re-opened, Grace got out and walked in the direction of the president's office.

She was unimpeded all the way. After all, the people on this floor knew that she was the person their boss treasured dearly. Who would dare to stop her?

Chapter 728

When Grace pushed open the door to the president's office, she could only see the tall figure standing by the French window that overlooked the skyline of Emerald City.

Grace suddenly found that the image in front of her was almost like a poster. He simply stood there as if he had the

entire Emerald City under his control.

However, it was true that he did have the ability to rule Emerald City.

He looked so different from the fragile, lonely man she had seen in the wee hours of the morning.

“Jason,” she said aloud.

He turned his head around and looked at her. A slight smile appeared on his lips. “You’re here.”

“Yes, I brought you lunch. See if you like it.” As she spoke, she walked with familiarity to the coffee table and put down the lunchboxes and fruits in her hand.

He came over, opened the lid of his lunchbox, and sat down on the couch.

Grace only felt as if she had gone back to the days when she had lunch with him in the office every noon.

“Is it good?” she asked expectantly, not knowing whether the lunch she had chosen was to his taste.

“Not bad,” he answered.

“Good.” She breathed a sigh of relief.

“By the way, don’t you get headaches a lot these days? Why don’t I make an appointment with a doctor for you to check out your headache?” he asked suddenly.

With a sudden pause in the movements of her hand, she replied hastily, “It’s alright. Didn’t I see a doctor before?”

“That doctor obviously didn’t cure you well. Didn’t you have a headache again at the fair?”

Grace immediately felt guilty. “I... I went to another doctor.”

He stared at her. “Did you?”

“Yes... Yes.” She lowered her head and continued to eat her lunch.

It was as though when he looked at her like this, her guilt grew stronger.

Even if she did not look up, she could feel his eyes on her.

“Don’t you want me to find you a better doctor?” he asked.

“No thanks... Not for the time being at least. I’ve already made an appointment with the doctor to go back tomorrow and after that... Uh, I’ll see what happens,” said Grace.

‘After tomorrow, I’ll know whether I’ve lost my memory and whether I was the little girl who encountered Brian.

'Just after tomorrow... I'll tell him all about it tomorrow when it's settled!'

"Sure. Let's wait till tomorrow." Jason's voice rang.

With her head bowed, Grace did not notice the flash of gloom on Jason's face.

When they finished their lunch, Grace put away the

lunchboxes. Then, she naturally picked up a paring knife and apple. She asked Jason, "Do you want an apple? I'll cut one for

you."

"Sure." His voice was slightly deeper than usual.

While Grace concentrated on peeling the apple, Jason looked at the woman in front of him as she began to peel the apple clumsily.

Rather, it was a little difficult for her fingers to grasp with precision.

Chapter 729

There was a slight twist in her knuckles that he knew was from when her finger bones were crushed in prison.

Some fine movements, which might have been easy for her in the past, were laborious for her now.

She was now peeling him an apple with such difficulty.

Therefore, she must have me in her heart. She said it before, I'm the only one she loves!'

Jason kept telling himself as his bright eyes just looked at the movements of her hands, as if to tell himself how much she cared about him.

When she finally finished peeling the apple in her hand, Grace breathed a sigh of relief and handed it to Jason, saying, "Alright. Here you go."

He took the apple and took a bite. The sweet flesh rippled in his mouth.

"Is it sweet?" she asked.

“It’s sweet,” he answered.

“I’ll have one too.” As she spoke, she took another apple, intending to peel it.

However, the next moment, he stretched out his long arms and gathered her into his embrace. “Why bother peeling another one?”

“Eh?” She was stunned for a moment. Then, she watched him nibble off another piece of apple, got close to her lips, and kissed her.

With the kiss, the flesh of the apple was sent into her mouth, and the sweetness of the fruit rippled in her mouth along with their saliva.

By the time the kiss was over, Grace’s face had turned red.

“Is it sweet?” There was a faint murmur in his voice when it rang in her ear.

She did not know what to say, for she could not taste the apple in her mouth and his question was more like he was asking about the kiss than the apple.

Grace could only nod wildly.

She was so shy that it seemed to please him. He smiled slightly, stroked his fingers over her rosy lips, and rubbed them to and fro.

“I thought if you shook your head, I’d feed you another piece of apple so you could taste it.”

Grace’s face got redder. ‘Well... Am I tasting the apple or him?’

“It’ll be your birthday in a week. Do you have anything you want for a present?” he asked, changing the subject.

Being reminded by him, she suddenly remembered that her birthday was coming. July 22-Her birthday.

Lina had been the only one to celebrate her birthday every year since her imprisonment.

On her birthday, Lina would visit her in prison. She would bring a cake, put on electronic candles, and sing her a happy birthday song.

However, inmates were not allowed to eat outside food.

Therefore, every year, she could only watch while Lina ate the cake.

Lina said, "Grace, when you get out of prison, I'll buy a big cake and we'll eat it together!"

As she thought about Lina, Grace could not help putting a smile on her lips. 'Lina had always been so cute. This time, Lina

was finally... Not the only one celebrating her birthday for her!

He stared at the smile on her lips, his eyes narrowing slightly. "What are you thinking of?"

"I'm just thinking of how Lina had helped me celebrate my birthday previously." She looked at him and said, "I don't want

anything in particular. After all, you always give me what I want, and I don't lack anything. If you really want to give me something, then... Perhaps you can buy me a cake."

"Just a cake?" He was a little stunned, not expecting the present she would ask for to be just a cake.

Chapter 730

"Yes, a cake will be enough. However, this year, my birthday comes the day after the 49th day of Grandma's death. I don't want a big celebration. I just want to have a cake with you, Lina, and the rest," said Grace.

This was her first birthday after they got together.

However, Grandma had just passed away, after all. She was still mourning for her.

She did not want a boisterous birthday celebration. She just wanted to celebrate her birthday quietly with him and her

friends.

"Sure. I'll prepare your birthday cake," he answered.

"Thank you." She smiled and looked at the time. It was almost time for him to work in the afternoon.

"Then, I'll get going and

leave you to work."

As she spoke, she picked up her bag and stood up.

However, before she had taken two steps, a pair of arms encircled her from behind her, and she was immediately swept into his arms.

His face was buried in her neck, taking in her body scent.

"Don't... Go to the hospital tomorrow. I'll take you to another hospital and get another doctor to check out your headaches, all right?"

His hoarse voice spoke softly as his arms held her tightly.

Grace shivered a little, and it was some time before she replied, "Just wait... Until I come back from the hospital tomorrow. If my head still hurts, you can get me a doctor to check it out."

He was silent. He just held her so tightly and did not speak.

"Jay?" she spoke and broke the silence.

"Then we'll do as you say," he said, letting go a little.

Grace turned her head around and looked at Jason. His deep, beautiful eyes seemed to fill with loneliness again, but the next moment, he looked just like usual. His eyes were gentle, and there was a faint smile on his lips.

Grace found it strange, but she could not point it out.

"Then... I'm going home."

He spoke again, "I'll have someone escort you."

It was only after Grace had left the president's office that Jason went back to the coffee table and picked up the unfinished apple.

The apple had been nibbled a few times before, and the skin was a bit uneven, but she had peeled it for him.

"Grace, it would've been so great if you had said yes,"

muttered Jason as he ate the apple in his hand one mouthful at a time.

'The apple is still sweet, but why is my mouth full of bitterness?'

Kyla Corbyn took Nelson out of the listening class with a slight smile on her face.

Nelson was getting better and better. When he communicated with others, if they did not pay attention to the hearing aid he wore in his ear, they would hardly notice the difference between him and a normal child.

The teacher there also said that he could come to class less often now.

He could go once a week.

As long as her son could live like a normal child, Kyla Corbyn was satisfied, and all the pains she had suffered would be

worth it.

Suddenly, the little one stopped in his tracks. Kyla Corbyn was stunned as her son had stopped at the entrance of a huge shopping mall.

They had to take a bus back to the small restaurant, which was 50 meters away from the shopping mall. The little one stopped before they got to the bus stop.

“Why’d you stop?” asked Kyla Corbyn.

Nelson said, “It’s Aunty’s birthday. I want to buy a present for her.”

“I’ve already bought it,” said Kyla Corbyn. When Grace came to interview for the job, she wrote her birthday on the profile, so she had noted it down.