

Ex Convict 2071

Chapter 2071

After ending the call, Kyla quickly got off the hospital bed and packed up her things. "I'm going home." With that, she hurried out of the emergency room.

Martin Weiss suddenly seemed to come to his senses. He went after her and said, "I brought you out today, so I should send you home too."

The car drove toward the store. Both of them were silent along the way.

The car stopped at the store's entrance, and Kyla opened the car door to get out.

"Kyla, I don't believe that having nothing to do with each other is the best for us. Since you chose to give birth to Nelson, we'll always be related to each other," muttered Martin Weiss.

Kyla looked and got out of the car without saying anything.

It was not until her figure entered the store that he smiled bitterly and drove his car away.

Seeing that her daughter had returned, Mrs. Corbyn asked hastily, "Martin Weiss... didn't do anything to you, did he?" After all, her daughter had gone out with Martin Weiss.

"No, he only helped me find Juliet," said Kyla.

At night, Kyla pulled Nelson to her and asked, "Do you want to continue learning taekwondo? Or do you want to try out the more combat-like kickboxing your daddy took you to see?"

Nelson Corbyn froze. He was about to answer when Kyla said, "Answer me after you think it through. You're nine now, and you'll be ten in a few days. I want you to decide some things related to your future yourself."

After a pause, she caressed her son's head. "If you want to learn how to fight like that, you can just tell me even if it's your daddy who arranged it for you. I know you don't like your daddy, but I don't want what happened between us to affect you."

Nelson Corbyn was silent. He was precocious. Even if no one told him about what had happened between his parents, he had some idea of it.

He also knew that his mother was letting him decide things this time.

'If I continue learning taekwondo, I would have nothing to do with my father.

'Otherwise, I would have to see my father again... Even if I don't want to admit that the man who hurt Mommy is my father.

'But I can't change blood ties by will!

'Since I can't change them, then... I'll become stronger. I'll get strong enough to prevent anyone from hurting Mommy and

myself. I won't let anyone make Mommy sad!

3/3

Nelson Corbyn took a deep breath as he thought of it. He then said to Kyla, "Mommy, I want to learn kickboxing!"

After Nelson Corbyn decided to learn kickboxing, Martin Weiss took Nelson Corbyn to where he had shown Nelson Corbyn the practice the last time and introduced Nelson Corbyn to a teacher.

Nelson Corbyn had no idea that the teacher was a famous Sanda master in the country. There was no way ordinary people could hire him, and Martin Weiss had paid a high price to make the master willing to teach Nelson Corbyn.

Similarly, Nelson Corbyn had to wear a hearing aid because of his hearing problem, so he needed to get used to fighting without a hearing aid or protecting his hearing aid when fighting.

It would be much more difficult for him than ordinary people!

However, Nelson Corbyn was not a child who admitted defeat easily. He looked shy and obedient, but he was unyielding, which was rare among ordinary children.

Chapter 2072

After some training, even the teacher who taught him could not help but praise that such tenacity was seldom found in ordinary children.

Martin Weiss was standing not far away as he watched his son train. Even though his son was repeatedly knocked onto the ground, he would soon get back up and persisted.

His eyes that were similar to Kyla's showed rare adamancy and determination.

Martin Weiss knew that his son wanted to become stronger. His desire was so strong that it was as if the child had already suffered all sorts of ups and downs at such a young age.

Martin Weiss felt miserable. If he had not been blinded by hatred and believed Paisley Daniels in the past, he would have a happy family now.

When Nelson Corbyn finished his practice, Martin Weiss came forward and said, "I'll take you home later."

Nelson Corbyn refused and said, "No thanks. I saw a bus nearby when I came here. I can take the bus home! I can come here and go back by myself in the future!"

"Do you have to repel me so much? I'm your father!" said Martin Weiss.

"But I was born without a father!" said Nelson Corbyn as he walked straight into the nearby changing room.

The short sentence was like rubbing a handful of salt into Martin Weiss's wound, making his pain worse.

When Nelson Corbyn boarded the bus himself, Martin Weiss

had his men follow his son and escort him home safely.

“Mr. Weiss, Little Young Master Nelson has reached home safely.” His men called Martin Weiss and told him.

“Follow him and protect him every time he goes to and return from class,” said Martin Weiss. Then, he put away his phone and looked at the computer screen in front of him. Chase Harper’s information was on it.

There was not only information about Chase Harper and his daughter Juliet Harper but also everything about Chase Harper’s ex-wife.

Martin Weiss looked at the information with dark eyes and a cold face.

Over the weekend, Chase Harper took Juliet Harper to Kyla’s store. Juliet Harper clung to Nelson, insisting that Nelson played with her.

Therefore, Kyla asked Nelson to take Juliet to the small park nearby to play, while Mrs. Corbyn went with the two children.

Chase Harper did not follow but stayed in the store to help Kyla repair one of the store shelves.

Kyla was going to find a repairman to repair it, but Chase Harper said he could repair it. He even brought tools with him.

The two carried the shelves that needed to be repaired outside. Chase Harper began to repair them with his tools, while Kyla helped him by occasionally passing him tools and water.

Chapter 2073

When Chase Harper started sweating from working, Kyla handed over a tissue. “Wipe off your sweat.”

“Thank you.” Chase Harper took the tissue, wiped off his sweat, and removed his coat.

Kyla took the coat. “I should be the one thanking you, or I would have had to find a repairman.”

“You’ll need to pay the repairman a door-to-door service fee of 100 dollars. Why spend that money? Just let me know if you ever need anything fixed. I’ll fix it if I can, and you can save some money,” said Chase Harper.

“That’s too much trouble,” Kyla said quickly.

Chase Harper said, “We’ve been friends for years. It’s no trouble. Besides, Juliet likes Nelson. I’m afraid I’ll have to bring Juliet over and disturb you often.”

Kyla said, “Juliet’s adorable. My family likes her very much. If you’re busy with your shop, you can leave Juliet with me. I can help you look after her. Juliet’s very cute. I’ll just think of it as having another daughter.”

She had once wished that she could have an adorable daughter too, but now, she could never have one.

Chase Harper looked blankly at Kyla when he heard that.

As if realizing something, Kyla said somewhat awkwardly, "I'm sorry. I don't mean anything else. I just find Juliet cute. After all, I don't have a daughter. So when I look at Juliet, I think..."

Kyla found that the more she explained, the more complicated it became. In the end, she could only say, "Anyway, I really... wasn't implying anything, so don't overthink it."

Chase Harper smiled and resolved her embarrassment. "I know you only think of me as a friend, and I won't overthink it. But it's difficult for you to take care of a child alone. If there's anything I can do to help, just let me know."

Chase Harper had an honest smile and an ordinary face, making people feel comfortable.

Kyla looked at him. Men like Chase Harper were great. Sometimes, she even thought that if she had fallen in love with Chase Harper, then she could live a peaceful yet sweet life.

Just then, a car suddenly pulled over at Kyla's store. A woman got out, ran toward Kyla, and suddenly raised her hand to slap her across the face before anyone could react.

Kyla instantly felt her face burn.

"You're shameless! Why did you seduce someone else's man?" the woman shouted, drawing the glances of some of the neighbors.

Chase Harper quickly dropped the tools and pulled the woman away. "What are you doing? Are you out of your mind?"

The woman said with hatred, "Chase Harper, you said you were busy when I asked you out. And now you're courting this woman? What's so good about this homewrecker? You should at least find someone younger and more beautiful than me!"

"Samantha Dean, shut up! I just don't want to see you. It has nothing to do with Kyla. Kyla's my friend. I forbid you to talk about her like that!" Chase Harper snapped.

"Forbid? What's the matter? You're trying to find a stepmother for my daughter, yet I'm not allowed to talk about her? Did you divorce me so readily because of her? Let me tell you, Chase Harper. If you want to get rid of me, give me your shop in the market or everyone will suffer!" Samantha Dean roared.

Chase Harper instantly turned ghastly pale. "According to our divorce agreement, I've given you the house and most of my savings. I haven't even asked you for any child support. Samantha Dean, ask yourself who's the guilty one!"

Guilt flashed across Samantha Dean's eyes. However, after seeing how Chase Harper defended Kyla, she immediately said as if she did nothing wrong, "Are you going to give it to me or not? If you refuse, I'll reveal the dirt on you and this woman. I heard her child is studying in the primary school here. Let's see who gets humiliated!"

Samantha Dean threatened. It was clear that she was asking for money. She had listened to her lover's advice and invested all the money she got from the divorce and the mortgage on the house in her lover's business. However, the business failed to get off the ground and she was now in debt.

Hence, she wanted to use Chase Harper's shop to settle the debt.

Chase Harper's face turned red. His ex-wife's shameless threat put him in a dilemma.

Kyla took one step forward and looked coldly at Samantha Dean. "Chase and I are just friends. Be ready to bear the consequences if you want to spread rumors. I'll sue whoever dares spread

rumors about me till the end. I'll sue you until you lose all your money. I'll make you publish a statement and apologize to me in the newspaper!"

Kyla exuded a harsh chill as if she would do anything to protect the people who mattered most to her!

Her aura crushed Samantha Dean and made her gasp for breath.

Step by step, Kyla approached Samantha Dean. "Try it if you don't believe me!"

"You..." Samantha Dean's face turned red, and she swung her

hand toward Kyla in anger. "You... I'll kill you..."

Kyla ducked to avoid her, while Chase Harper rushed to hold Samantha Dean.

However, another hand was faster as it slapped Samantha Dean, causing her to stagger back several steps to steady herself.

Samantha Dean covered her face and stared blankly at the handsome, cold man in front of her. The crisp suit he wore and the imposing manner he exuded made him seem like a man of high rank.

"Who... Who are you? You hit me, so I'm calling the police," shouted Samantha Dean.

Martin Weiss did not even look at her. He only turned to ask Kyla, "Did she hurt you?"

"I'm alright," said Kyla.

Samantha Dean looked at the way Martin Weiss was concerned about Kyla and felt a pang of jealousy.

"This woman isn't very beautiful, but Chase Harper and this dignified man are both taking her side.'

"Don't you know how intimate this woman is with my

ex-husband? They are so intimate. Speaking of which, a widow with a child won't be able to stand loneliness..." Samantha Dean began to speak nastily.

However, halfway through her statement, Samantha Dean was

slapped in the face again.

"You..."

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The third, the fourth, the fifth... The slaps were incessant. Samantha Dean's cheeks were swollen, and blood oozed from the corners of her mouth.

"Are you going to go on?" asked Martin Weiss as he looked at Samantha Dean coldly. He did not show mercy even though she

was a woman.

Samantha Dean looked terrified as she trembled. She had a

feeling that she would suffer more than just slaps if she stayed any longer.

Samantha Dean fled as fast as she could.

Chase Harper looked at Kyla apologetically and said, "I didn't know she would come here and make a scene. I'll try... to sort this out with her. I won't let her come and make a scene again."

After what had happened, Kyla could now see that Samantha Dean was a woman even more shameless than she had thought.

If an honest man like Chase Harper was going to deal with a shameless person like Samantha Dean, he might give her his shop to avoid trouble.

Chapter 2075

She knew that Chase Harper's main income now came from his shop. If he lost his shop, he and his daughter would suffer greatly.

1/3

"It's okay if she wants to come here and make a scene again, but don't give in too much to her. If you give in once, there'll be many more times in the future. You'll be left with no choice in the end!" Kyla warned him.

Chase Harper said, "Okay, I got it. Let me know if she bothers you again."

Their concern for each other stung Martin Weiss's eyes.

Chase Harper then turned to Martin Weiss and said, "Mr. Weiss, thank you for just now!"

"You're thanking me?" Martin Weiss sneered. "I'm just helping Kyla out. You don't need to thank me."

The 'thank you' made it sound like they were together, while he was just an outsider!

Chase Harper was instantly embarrassed.

Kyla looked at Martin Weiss. "Why did you come?"

"Would you believe me if I said I came over because I missed you and Nelson?" asked Martin Weiss,

"Mr. Weiss, I think I've made it clear to you that you're only troubling me by behaving like this," she said.

“Trouble?” Martin Weiss smiled mockingly as he pointed to Chase Harper and said, “If I’m troubling you, what about him? Isn’t he troubling you?”

“He’s my friend! Leave him out of this!” said Kyla as she stood between Chase Harper and Martin Weiss.

However, what she did seem to trigger him even more. Martín Weiss’s face darkened as he said, “What if I have to involve him? What’s so good about this guy? What about him is worth defending? What can he give you that I can’t?”

He could not help uttering these words as if jealousy had crumbled all his composure.

“Martin Weiss, I won’t forgive you if you lay a hand on Chase! I will never forgive you!” Kyla glared at him as she spoke with utter determination.

Martin Weiss stiffened as he looked at Kyla with determination.

She said something like that for Chase Harper... ‘Does that mean...’

“Is this man that important to you?” he murmured while his face was ghastly pale.

“Yes, he’s my friend. Of course, he’s important to me!” said Kyla. She met Martin Weiss’s eyes without the slightest fear.

She was only afraid that she would trouble Chase and that Martin Weiss would do something to him!

Chase had helped her so much. She did not want something bad to happen to Chase because of her!

“Really?” Martin Weiss suddenly smiled. His eyes seemed foggy as he looked at Kyla. “If I do something to Chase Harper, how exactly are you not going to forgive me?”

“Martin Weiss!” shouted Kyla. The coldness and hatred in her eyes drained the color from his face.

How long had she not looked at him with such hatred?

It was all because of Chase Harper!

Martin Weiss hardly had the strength to continue standing. He dared not even glance at Kyla as he was scared to see the hatred in her eyes again.

Chapter 2076

Martin Weiss almost left in a fluster.

Chase Harper looked apologetic as he said, “I’m sorry to make you and Mr. Weiss...”

“I’m the one who should apologize for getting you involved with him and me.” Kyla smiled bitterly.

Although Chase Harper repeatedly said it was nothing, Kyla still felt sorry.

At night, Nelson and her mother were already asleep. Kyla was about to close the store’s shutters when a car pulled at the entrance. Then, a figure staggered out of it.

Before Kyla could react, the figure embraced her, looked down, and buried his face in her neck.

"Kyla..." The hoarse voice mixed with the smell of alcohol told her who it was.

'Is Martin Weiss... drunk?'

Kyla wanted to push Martin Weiss away, but the more she pushed him, the tighter he held her. Their bodies were pressed against each other, and his scent enveloped her whole body.

"Martin Weiss, are you drunk?" Kyla shouted in a low whisper, afraid the noise would wake her mother and Nelson.

"Drunk?" Martin Weiss suddenly chuckled. His chuckle was husky and low as he burped. "Yeah, I... I'm drunk. I... I only dare to come over after... drinking so much wine..."

He was afraid he would see the hatred in her eyes if he was sober.

Would he not sense her looking at him with hatred if he was drunk?

"Kyla, do you know how much I miss you? Every time I see you, I try so hard to control myself..." he murmured as he buried his face in her shoulder while his lips kissed her neck longingly.

Kyla trembled. "Let me go..."

"How could I let you go? How is that possible?" He kissed her harder. "Kyla, I love you... I can't let you go..."

"But Martin Weiss, I... I don't love you..." Kyla struggled to speak, feeling suffocated from the embrace. His arms were like rebars, holding her motionless.

He stiffened, then kissed her harder than ever!

"Martin Weiss, don't... If you don't stop, I'll..." Before she could finish, he suddenly lay motionless on her shoulder, and the force that had held her down disappeared.

Kyla pushed hard, and Martin Weiss just fell to the floor.

She gasped in shock, feeling a burn on her cheek and neck.

He did not move after falling to the ground.

She looked at him in doubt. Moments later, she squatted down to check on him and realized that he must have... passed out drunk.

Kyla was instantly caught in a dilemma.

It seemed inappropriate to leave him lying here, but it seemed worse to bring him inside.

She hesitated, helped him up with some difficulty, and put him into the car he had driven over. Then, he asked, "Where are you staying?"

His eyes were closed. He was a drunken mess.

Kyla sighed, got into the driver's seat, started the car, and drove toward a nearby hotel.

It seemed that she could only find a hotel for Martin Weiss to stay in tonight.

The car pulled up at the entrance of an ordinary hotel in tMason Swansonty, which was no match for those upscale hotels Martin Weiss usually stayed in. Fortunately, it was still decent.

Kyla parked the car, searched Martin Weiss's body, and found his wallet. Sure enough, his ID was in his wallet.

4/6

She helped Martin Weiss up and walked to the hotel's reception desk with some difficulty. After checking in, she then helped him into the hotel room.

The room was small. It was a single room with a bathroom.

Kyla put Martin Weiss to bed and took a few breaths before raising her hand to wipe off the sweat from his forehead.

After a moment's hesitation, Kyla bent over to help Martin Weiss remove his shoes. Then, she took out his suit jacket and covered him with the hotel blanket.

"Kyla... Kyla..." He kept muttering her name, and sweat began to drip from his forehead. His straight brows furrowed as if he was having a nightmare.

Kyla pressed her lips together and straightened up to leave.

Just then, one of his hands reached out from under the covers and caught her wrist.

Kyla froze. She saw Martin Weiss open his eyes and stare at her.

"Let go. I want to go home!" Kyla twisted her wrist, trying to break free from his fingers.

The next moment, with a spin, Kyla fell onto the bed while Martin Weiss's body pressed against hers.

"Martin Weiss, what are you trying to do?" She felt flustered.

576

This position made her uneasy.

"What... I'm trying to do?" he murmured as his face moved closer and closer to hers, the tip of his nose taking in her scent.

The scent calmed his flustered heart.

"Kyla, don't leave me. Don't... go anywhere, okay..." he said as the tip of his nose rubbed her cheek gently.

The gesture was so intimate, just like when they were dating.

Kyla had goosebumps. "Martin Weiss, I don't care if you're drunk or whatever. Let... Let go of me. We'll talk when you wake up tomorrow."

All she wanted now was to get away. An instinctive sense of crisis seemed to warn her that something she regretted might happen if she stayed.

He suddenly smiled, but it was a sad smile. "You're going to that... man named Chase Harper again if I let you go, aren't you? I... don't want you to go to him. What... What's so good about him that you would look at me with such hatred in your eyes? Why... Why would you defend him so much?"

"I'm not going to Chase Harper. I'm just..."

The words 'Chase Harper' seemed to trigger him suddenly. His expression instantly changed, and he said, "You're not allowed to mention Chase Harper anymore. Would you come back to me if I ruin him?"

Kyla's heart sank. She glared at Martin Weiss. "Don't do anything to Chase Harper. I told you, he has nothing to do with us!"

Chapter 2077

However, she had forgotten that the man before her was drunk. Saying that would only trigger him more.

"You're mine, Kyla. You're mine... I forbid you to fall in love with someone else..... You can't..." Martin Weiss frantically kissed Kyla as he tore her clothes apart with both hands.

She resisted as hard as she could, but it only made him more violent.

She felt his kisses and scent all over her, yet she could not even refuse.

Tears... could not stop rolling out of her eyes. Kyla sobbed while crying out, "Martin Weiss, don't make me hate you again."

However, he did not hear a thing and had his way with her...

Kyla desperately washed her body with warm water in the hotel bathroom.

There were marks all over her body telling her what had happened! She never expected this to happen when she dropped him off at the hotel out of pity.

She was desperately trying to distance herself from this man,
but just now...

It was fruitless no matter how she struggled or cried just now.

He kept whispering in her ear how much he loved her, yet he forced her into doing such a thing.

After bathing for some time, Kyla came out of the bathroom. She looked at Martin Weiss lying on the bed asleep, and a complicated look flashed across her eyes.

There was hatred and also something else...

Finally, she awkwardly put on her clothes and quickly left the hotel without looking back.

'Just think of tonight as a bad dream. Everything will be the same again when I wake up.'

When Kyla returned home and found that her mother and Nelson were still asleep, she breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she changed out of her clothes, stuffed them into a large garbage bag, and threw them away.

She did not want to see those clothes anymore. The sight of them would remind her of how helpless she was.

It was just like how she could only accept whatever he gave, regardless of whether it was good or bad. He was so domineering that he would not allow her to resist or struggle.

The next day, Mrs. Corbyn saw her daughter in a turtleneck and could not help asking, "Why are you suddenly wearing a turtleneck?"

"It's getting a little cold, so I took out my high-collared clothes." Kyla made up an excuse. If her mother saw the marks on her neck, she would probably figure out what had happened.

Kyla felt restless all morning, and what had happened the night before kept replaying in her mind.

He had kissed her, touched her, and spoke drunkenly.

He said...

"Kyla, I love you.

"Kyla, do you know how much I miss you? I'm suffocating from the thought... I wish I could turn back time so we could go back to the way it was.

"Kyla, please love me...

"You have my liver in your body... Besides my liver, I would even give you my heart. This... This... must be what it means to give someone your heart..."

He repeated again and again in Kyla's ears.

Chapter 2078

'Stop thinking about it! Stop it!'

She told herself.

Just then, the car from last night pulled up in front of the store again. Kyla stiffened as she looked blankly at the person getting out of it.

He walked toward her in the same suit he had worn yesterday.

She immediately tensed as both her hands grabbed the hem of her dress.

Martin Weiss looked at Kyla with remorse filling his face. However, he might do the same thing again if he got to do it all over again.

Maybe his subconscious did what he had always wanted to do through his intoxication.

When he woke up today, she had left the hotel. Even though he was drunk, he had some vague impressions. Besides, the mess on the bed told him what had happened last night.

"Kyla, Last night..." said Martin Weiss.

Kyla instantly got up and snapped. "Nothing happened last night except that you were drunk and I sent you to a hotel

room."

"Nothing happened?" Martin Weiss frowned as his eyes fell on her darkly. "Do you think I don't remember anything just because I was drunk? Last night, we clearly-".

"Shut up!" she interrupted abruptly. Glaring at the man in front of her, she uttered word by word, "Nothing happened last night!"

Martin Weiss pressed his thin lips together tightly as their eyes met in mid-air.

Just then, Mrs. Corbyn walked out from the room at the back. She immediately froze when she saw Martin Weiss. "What... What are you doing back here?" Then, she looked nervously at her daughter. "He didn't do anything to you, did he?"

"Mom, it's nothing," Kyla comforted her mother.

Martin Weiss said with a dark face, "Did last night mean nothing to you? Did..."

"Mom, I have something to clarify with him. Look after the store," Kyla hurriedly said to her mother, scared that her mother would figure out what had happened last night if Martin Weiss continued speaking.

Mrs. Corbyn nodded at that.

Kyla walked up to Martin Weiss. "Alright, let's talk about whatever we have to say somewhere else. Get your car out of

3/4

here. I don't want to be the talk of the neighborhood."

"Okay," he replied.

The two of them got into the car, and Martin Weiss started driving. However, Kyla did not expect him to drive toward the hotel she sent him to last night.

She stiffened as she looked at the hotel's entrance with a complicated look in her eyes.

"Won't you go in? Didn't you say you wanted to clarify some things with me?" said Martin Weiss. With that said, he took the lead and entered the hotel.

Kyla bit her lip slightly and eventually followed him inside.

The room was as it was last night. She could tell Martin Weiss did not let anyone clean it.

There seemed to be a lingering amorousness surrounding the messy covers on the bed and in the air.

Martin Weiss turned to Kyla and said, "We both know exactly what happened last night, don't we? I got drunk yesterday. You could have ignored me, but you sent me here anyway. Kyla, you don't hate me that much, do you?"

He said as he moved closer and closer to her.

She backed away until her back was against the wall. "Martin Weiss, I regret taking you here," she said as she glared at him.

Chapter 2079

If she had not been nosy, then that would not have happened last night.

"But I'm glad you did," muttered Martin Weiss. He gently bent over, and his face magnified before Kyla's eyes. "If you hadn't sent me here, we wouldn't have been so intimate last night... We were as intimate as we were back then..."

Slap!

She raised her hand and slapped him hard.

Martin Weiss's cheek was slapped sideways, and a red mark quickly appeared on his cheek.

However, it was as if he did not feel the pain. Instead, he said to her, "If you think hitting me once isn't enough, you can continue hitting me. But Kyla, you can't deny that you had feelings for me last night no matter what. You also wanted me in the end. Though I was drunk, I remember what you said. You said... you wanted me to give it to you. You said..."

"Shut up! Shut up!" Kyla immediately covered her ears, unwilling to hear it. Everything he said now would only draw her back to that moment and make her feel more miserable.

She did not want it, but her mind could not control her body. He was still familiar with her body even after so many years. It was

2/3

ridiculous and pathetic!

He pulled down her hands and continued to mutter the explicit and affectionate words she had said the night before.

"Kyla, since you have feelings for me, don't reject me, okay? I'll be good to you... I'll be very good to you. This time, I won't hurt you again!"

Kyla suddenly laughed, but tears were welling up in those dark eyes. "Did you say you won't hurt me again? But all you did last night was hurt me! That's not what I wanted. That's rape!"

She complained loudly, "Martin Weiss, have you ever tried being suppressed by others? And even though you struggled and resisted, you still fail in the end. Have you ever felt that humiliated?"

Martin Weiss stared at the person in front of him as if his body was frozen.

“Do you think what happened last night was because I still had feelings for you? But it’s only humiliation to me. It’s only because I couldn’t resist. I would have reacted the same way with any other man even if it wasn’t you!”

Her accusations and tears were like the sharpest swords, crushing the longing in his heart.

“Humiliation... Was last night really nothing but a humiliation to you?” he murmured.

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She asked sarcastically, “Is it not? Do you think I wanted that to happen with you? Martin Weiss, you’ve hurt me again and again. How many times do you have to hurt me before you it’s enough?”

His face paled, and even the color of his lips seemed to be fading.

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His lips quivered as he stared at her. “Tell me, don’t you feel... even a hint of joy over what happened last night?”

She answered without hesitation, “No. Last night was just a nightmare!”

“Nightmare?” He smiled bitterly. What seemed like a beautiful dream to him was a nightmare to her.

He gently raised his fingers to touch her face. With so little distance, he could have easily touched her cheek.

However, she turned away. Her rejection was evident.

His hands seemed to freeze in mid-air, and he had no more strength to go forward.

Chapter 2080

The distance between them was so close yet so far. It seemed as if he could not get close even if he did everything he could.

“What would it take for you to give me a little affection? I... only want a little bit...”

She rejected him ruthlessly, saying, “There’s nothing you can do, Martin Weiss. I told you, it’s over between us. Let’s act as if yesterday never happened. I hope you’ll forget about it, and I’ll forget about it too!”

His eyes were full of pain. ‘How can I forget?’

Martin Weiss seemed to have lost his strength suddenly as he staggered back.

Kyla took a deep breath. “I hope you won’t ever come to my store again. You can call me about anything regarding Nelson. This is the end of us.”

With that said, Kyla turned to leave, leaving Martin Weiss standing alone in the room. His mood was now different from before.

When he heard the door close, Martin Weiss fell to his knees in dejection. His hands clenched together as he pounded the floor hard.

“Ah... Ah... Ah!” Roars of pain escaped his mouth.

Kyla returned to the store, and Mrs. Corbyn asked nervously when she saw her daughter return, “How did it go? Why did he come to see you?”

Kyla reassured her mother. “It’s nothing. But I made it clear that he should never come to the store again. It’s impossible between us.”

Mrs. Corbyn hesitated and said, “He... never got married or had any other woman after all these years. Perhaps he really—”

“Mom!” Kyla interrupted. She knew what her mother was trying to say. “If I get together with him, I’ll just be reminded of the past every time I see him. I’ll never be able to get over it.”

Mrs. Corbyn said nothing more.

Everything was calm in the following days. Martin Weiss never came to her again, and Chase’s ex-wife did not harass her again either. According to Chase, his ex-wife was aggressive in getting his shop, but she suddenly gave up and did not come looking for him anymore.

The store’s business was relatively slow during weekends. Grace treated Kyla and Lina to a meal. It was an opportunity for the three women to get together too.

Lina was now eight months along in her pregnancy. She looked

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happy. They could tell Hadwin Stephenson had been feeding her plenty when they saw her round face.

“Are you 33 weeks along now?” asked Grace.

“Yeah, you’re gonna be their godmother once they’re born!” Lina said with a smile.

“Do you know whether you’re getting a boy or a girl?” added Grace.

Lina shook her head, “Hadwin and I think it’s better to find out the gender when they’re born. Consider it a surprise.”

Kyla looked at Lina’s bulging pregnant belly and said emotionally, “Time does fly. In the blink of an eye, it’s almost time for you to deliver your child.”