

Ex Convict 2261

Chapter 2261

"What happened to you?" asked Kyla.

Jacqueline Bowman forced a smile. "Neal beat me. He blamed me for being useless because I couldn't help him get a business deal with Weiss Group, so he beat me."

Kyla was silent. After all, Jacqueline Bowman had come to her before, hoping to help Neal Reid strike a business deal with Martin Weiss. However, she refused.

Jacqueline Bowman looked at the state Kyla was in and

pretended to be generous as she said, "Kyla, don't take it to heart. It has nothing to do with you. I just loved the wrong person. I didn't expect him to hit me just because he failed to get a business deal."

Jacqueline Bowman paused again and said apologetically, "I said some mean things when I left the last time. Don't take those words to heart. I was just in a bad mood! And I'm glad I didn't help that animal get the business deal. It's not worth it at all!"

Kyla hesitated and said, "You can leave him and live a good life on your own. Take me, for instance. I ran a small noodle shop and set up a food stall when I got out of prison. I'm happy with running a store like this now. At least I have a peaceful life."

Jacqueline Bowman said, "Yes, I think so too. I've also moved

out of Neal Reid's house and am renting a house to stay in while I think about my future. Kyla, I don't have many friends. I'll visit you more often, so please don't find me annoying."

Kyla pressed her lips together but nodded at Jacqueline Bowman's pitiful and expectant eyes.

After all, she had helped her in prison.

Jacqueline Bowman instantly smiled.

In the next few days, Jacqueline Bowman would visit Kyla and talk to Mrs. Corbyn.

Yan Qiongyin said, "By the way, Kyla, I want to go to the temple in a couple of days to pray. Why don't you go with me? Besides, you're pregnant now. You can pray for the deity to bless you with a smooth and safe delivery. I heard the deity of that temple has many worshippers."

"But I don't believe in these things," said Kyla. She trusted the doctors in the hospital more.

"It's better to believe in them. Besides, praying won't cause you any harm! I'll drive straight to the parking lot in front of the temple. You won't have to walk much, so you won't get tired." Jacqueline Bowman continued persuading her.

Mrs. Corbyn also added, "Just go and pray. There's no harm in

seeking peace of mind."

Elderly like Mrs. Corbyn believed in gods.

Kyla stopped rejecting and agreed to go to the temple with Jacqueline Bowman to pray.

"That's settled, then. I'll pick you up in a couple of days!" said Jacqueline Bowman. Then, she left the store and went back to her

car.

However, her face darkened as soon as she got in.

She had cooked up a plot. Since Kyla had brought her so much misery, she would make Kyla more miserable than her!

Two days later, Jacqueline Bowman drove Kyla to the temple.

On their way there, Jacqueline Bowman casually talked about some topics and then said, "You're three months pregnant now, aren't you? You have to be careful. You can easily miscarry at this stage."

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"I'll be careful," replied Kyla.

"By the way, do you know Mr. Lambert? He was the one who criticized you outside the venue of the full moon party. He's in hot water now. His family is almost bankrupt. He lost all his business deals and is asking around for a loan, but no one dares to loan him money," said Jacqueline Bowman.

Kyla listened quietly, but her face showed no expression.

From the corners of her eyes, Jacqueline Bowman shot Kyla a glance and said pointedly, "Mr. Lambert is suddenly so miserable because he offended Martin Weiss. Kyla, you're lucky to have married a man like Martin Weiss. He stands up for you unconditionally. On the other hand, I wasted my youth on a heartbreaker like Neal Reid."

"Live a good life and you'll meet your true love in the future," said

Kyla.

"Really? Then... why don't you introduce me to someone? There should be many eligible bachelors in Martin Weiss's company, right? Why don't you set me up with someone? I'll never forget your kindness if it's a success," Jacqueline Bowman said with a look of anticipation.

Kyla bit her lip. "I don't know anyone in his company, so I'm afraid I can't be of any help."

"Really? That's alright. We'll talk about it later, then." Jacqueline Bowman maintained a smile on her face, but she silently said in her head... 'Kyla, you brought this upon yourself!'

Once they got inside the temple, Jacqueline Bowman led Kyla to offer incense and pray like she was familiar with the whole

process.

Looking at the solemn sitting statue, Kyla, who had never been religious, felt a surge of devoutness.

'If God does exist, I hope He can bless my mother, children, and friends with peaceful and happy lives. I hope I'll make it through this and have a smooth delivery. And I hope...'

Martin Weiss's face could not help flashing across her mind. She recalled his pale face and the needle wound in his arm when she ran into him in the hospital.

At that moment, there seemed to be a small voice in her heart saying... 'I hope Martin Weiss can be safe.

'Perhaps... Martin Weiss has left a mark in my heart, after all? It's a mark that won't go away.'

When Kyla emerged from the main hall, Jacqueline Bowman handed her an amulet that was sold in the temple.

e, I just bought this. It's supposed to bless the baby. You have to wear it while you're in the temple. You can store it somewhere at home after leaving the temple." Jacqueline Bowman smiled as she held the amulet. She wanted to hang it around Kyla's neck.

Kyla subconsciously tried to dodge.

"Kyla, this is just a little token of my appreciation. Consider it an apology for what I said back then. You're not going to reject me, are you?" Jacqueline Bowman showed a look of guilt and expectation.

Kyla pressed her lips together. In the end, she put on the amulet. A fragrance seemed to waft out of it.

When they got back into the car, Jacqueline Bowman suddenly started searching her body and bag.

"What's the matter?" asked Kyla.

“My phone is missing. Maybe I left it in the temple. Wait for me in the car while I look for it,” said Jacqueline Bowman.

Kyla nodded.

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Jacqueline Bowman got out of the car. Kyla was sitting in the backseat as Jacqueline Bowman had put some extra candles and incense sticks on the front passenger seat.

The doors were closed, and the car keys were in the car.

Kyla sat inside. For some reason, she began to feel as if the smell in the car was getting stronger and stronger. It smelled like the fragrance that came from the amulet, and she started to get drowsy.

Before she knew it, her eyelids slowly closed and she fell sound asleep.

Moments later, two men walked to the car and casually opened the door. They got into the car and drove away.

By the time Jacqueline Bowman came out of the temple, her car had disappeared from where she parked it.

Jacqueline Bowman was immediately anxious and went to the temple to ask around. Moments later, she called the police.

“Hello? My car is gone and my friend is in the car. I can’t reach my friend’s phone either. Could you help me look for it? It went missing at...” Jacqueline Bowman anxiously reported the incident

to the police.

When the call was over, she looked down and seemed to wait impatiently. However, there was a slight smirk on the corners of

her lips.

Since Kyla refused to help her, she should not blame her for harming her.

Martin Weiss was shocked when he received Mrs. Corbyn’s phone call. “What? Kyla is missing?”

“Yes, Kyla went to pray with her friend. She fell asleep when she was left alone in the car and the keys happened to be inside. Two car thieves got in and drove the car away. They haven’t found the car or Kyla.” Mrs. Corbyn choked up as she told him what the police told her.

She thought her daughter was just going to offer incense and pray. She did not expect this to happen to her daughter.

Mrs. Corbyn regretted asking her daughter to go to the temple.

"Kyla's friend has reported it to the police, but the police won't be able to find her so soon. Martin, could you... Could you try and see if there's any other way to find her?" Mrs. Corbyn said anxiously.

"Which police station is handling this case?" asked Martin Weiss.

Mrs. Corbyn gave the address of the police station, and Martin Weiss said, "I'll go over right now."

With that said, he hurried out of the office and went straight to the underground garage. He quickly drove toward the police station.

All he could think of was Kyla, and he prayed that nothing had happened to her!

When Martin Weiss reached the police station, he saw Mrs. Corbyn sitting on a chair, constantly wiping her tears.

Mrs. Corbyn cried harder at the sight of Martin Weiss. "Martin, what do we do? Kyla's pregnant. Will those car thieves hurt her?"

Martin Weiss gently patted Mrs. Corbyn's shoulder. "Mom, don't worry. I'll find Kyla as soon as possible! Which friend did she go to the temple with?"

"Her friend's name is Jacqueline Bowman. The police is taking her statement right now," said Mrs. Corbyn.

Martin Weiss frowned when he heard that. He disliked that woman... Jacqueline Bowman.

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Even though the woman had helped Kyla in prison, she was too full of schemes now.

Such a thing happened to Kyla when she went to the temple with this woman. Was it really just a coincidence?

Just then, the door of the room opened and Jacqueline Bowman walked out with red eyes. After seeing Martin Weiss, Jacqueline Bowman repeatedly said, "Mr. Weiss, it's my fault. It's all my fault. I asked Kyla to wait for me in the car and left to look for my phone. I didn't think Kyla would run into car thieves in broad daylight..."

Martin Weiss looked at Jacqueline Bowman coldly. His cold gaze made Jacqueline Bowman shudder, and a chill rose up to her

back.

“Of course, it’s your fault.” Martin Weiss’s voice rang out coldly. Then, he walked past Jacqueline Bowman and began to talk to the officers handling the case.

Jacqueline Bowman shuddered, her face turning increasingly pale.

Mrs. Corbyn thought Jacqueline Bowman was remorseful, so she comforted her with red eyes and said, “Don’t... mind what Martin said. He’s just worried about Kyla. If he must blame someone, he

should blame it on me. I shouldn’t have asked Kyla to go!”

Jacqueline Bowman then pretended to comfort Mrs. Corbyn while contemplating how much Kyla would suffer.

She had joined forces with Mr. Lambert, who arranged for those two car thieves.

She and Mr. Lambert instructed the two car thieves to rape Kyla and cause her to miscarry. Then, Mr. Lambert would ‘accidentally find’ Kyla and bring her to Martin Weiss to claim the credit.

If Martin Weiss wanted to cover up this scandal, he would have to give Mr. Lambert some business deals. Then, Mr. Lambert would give her some money.

This way, she could vent her anger, get paid, and see Kyla suffer.

It would be killing multiple birds with one stone.

Jacqueline Bowman felt smug at the thought of this, but she pretended to look guilty.

All she had to do was show she had nothing to do with it. Mr. Lambert would handle the rest...

However, Jacqueline Bowman was slightly dumbfounded an hour later.

Several groups of people came to the police station. Besides Martin Weiss, Emerald City’s famous Young master Reed Jason

and his wife, Grace, came as well. The chairman of Stephenson

Group, Hadwin Stephenson, and his wife, Lina, were also here. Emerald City's chief of police, deputy chief of police, and various criminal investigators had arrived as well.

Jacqueline Bowman was taken into an interrogation room, but this time, it was with a different policeman than the one who first took

her statement.

The two interrogators looked at her like she was a suspect.

Jacqueline Bowman was terrified. 'What... What's going on here? Isn't this just a regular car theft case? Even if it's a big deal to Martin Weiss, why are Jason and Hadwin Stephenson involved

now?

'Is it... not because of Martin Weiss that Kyla got to attend the

Stephenson family's full moon party and have Mrs. Reed stand up for her?'

She thought it was all because of Martin Weiss that the

Stephenson and Reed families were polite to Kyla.

However, now... It seemed to be because of Kyla!

The police looked like they were trying to solve a serious crime!

'Can Mr. Lambert still proceed with our plans smoothly? Will we get caught?'

Jacqueline Bowman could not imagine what would happen to

her... if the truth was exposed.

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Kyla froze. They knew she was a store owner, which meant... It

was not a coincidence that they stole the car. She happened to

fall asleep in the car, which led to things turning out this way.

It was likely that... she was their target from the beginning!

If they were going to kidnap her in the first place, did they already know she was in the car? However, that car belonged to Jacqueline Bowman!

Thinking of Jacqueline Bowman inviting her to pray at the temple, the amulet she gave, its fragrance, and her falling asleep... Kyla could almost figure out what had happened!

"That's enough. We've gone too long without a woman, so you're our only choice today!" As he finished speaking, his hands tore

her clothes apart.

Kyla's heart sank. She knew she would have a hard time dodging this today.

She just wanted the baby in her belly to be safe!

She wanted to protect her baby!

All she could do now was obey and look for opportunities.

She would likely hurt the baby in her belly if she struggled aggressively!

Just as Kyla gave up the struggle, the sound of the door being knocked down rang out suddenly. Then, it was followed by a panicked commotion.

"Who? Who is it?"

"Hurry and run! Grab that b*tch!"

"Boss, what should we do? Police... Police cars have surrounded us downstairs!"

"What?" The deep voice shocked Kyla.

It was not the voice of the two young men. It was deeper and... slightly familiar. She must have heard it before.

'Who is it? Whose voice is it?'

Suddenly, Mr. Lambert's face flashed across Kyla's mind!

However, another doubt arose in Kyla's mind. When Grace stood up for her and said in front of Mr. Lambert that she was the triplets' godmother, Mr. Lambert should know that she was close to the Reed family. Why did the two young men know nothing about it?

She had no idea that Mr. Lambert thought Grace only stood up for

her and said Kyla was the triplets' godmother to do Martin Weiss a favor.

Combined with Jacqueline Bowman's several attempts of understating Kyla's relationship with the Reed family, Mr. Lambert really did not think much of it.

There was no way Mr. Lambert would tell this to the two thugs he hired as well.

Therefore, the two young men had no idea about Kyla's relationship with the Reed family.

The police who broke in immediately surrounded them. "Freeze! You're surrounded!"

However, the next moment, Kyla only felt someone yanking her. A cold object was pressed against her neck. Then, she felt a pain in her neck as though someone was cutting her flesh!

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She immediately knew that it was a dagger pressing against her neck.

Mr. Lambert's hysterical voice rang in her ears. "No one is allowed to come near us. I'll kill her if you do!"

The other two young men kept saying, "This has nothing to do with us! He's the mastermind. He made us do this!"

Kyla's eyes were covered, so she could see nothing and only hear what was going on.

A familiar voice suddenly rang out in the room. "Okay, don't hurt her. I won't let them go near you!"

Kyla trembled. It was... Martin Weiss's voice.

Mr. Lambert gasped, but the dagger in his hand pressed harder on Kyla's neck. Pain instantly spread more intensely.

Kyla whispered a cry of pain, and Martin Weiss snapped nervously. "Don't hurt her! You'll pay for it if anything happens to her!"

"Okay, you don't want me to hurt her? Tell these police to f*ck off foreign bank account.

Also, prepare two million dollars in cash and a car. I'll let her go when I feel safe," Mr. Lambert said fiercely.

Martin Weiss said, "No matter what company I manage, I can't

just come up with 200 million dollars in cash just like that. It takes time to prepare the money.”

“I’ll only give you half an hour. If I don’t get the money half an hour later, then I’ll just die with this woman,” said Mr. Lambert.

“Okay. You’re not allowed to hurt her in the next half an hour!” Martin Weiss said firmly. After getting the bank account that Mr. Lambert wanted him to transfer the money to, he called his secretary in front of Mr. Lambert and ordered him to gather the funds within half an hour before depositing the sum into the designated account.

Martin Weiss had also talked to the police. They would prepare the car and cash.

“Her neck is bleeding. Here’s gauze. You can have your men stop the bleeding for her.” Martin Weiss’s voice rang out again.

Mr. Lambert suddenly laughed. “Stop the bleeding? Okay, kneel to me first. I’ll stop her bleeding once I’m satisfied with your kneeling.”

Anyone could tell that Mr. Lambert had no intention of stopping Kyla’s bleeding.

However, Kyla then heard a thump on the floor.

She felt her heart quiver. ‘Is Martin Weiss... kneeling?’

Then, she heard Mr. Lambert’s laugh, which seemed to have given her the answer.

“Hahaha... Martin Weiss, I didn’t expect this to ever happen to you! Weren’t you so smug and arrogant before this? What’s the matter? Are you willing to kneel just for a b*tch? But you hit me back then, so hit yourself with the stick next to you as many times as you hit me back then!”

“Mr. Weiss!” someone nearby exclaimed.

“I’m the one making this decision. The police won’t be held accountable,” said Martin Weiss.

Then, Kyla heard the strike of the stick.

She finally shouted, “No! Martin Weiss, no!”

However, her neck moved as she shouted. The bleeding in her neck grew worse.

“Kyla, don’t speak,” said Martin Weiss. The sound of a stick landing severely on someone’s body continued to ring out.

Chapter 2268

Mr. Lambert did not seem content as he said maliciously, "Haha, the head of Weiss Group is behaving just like a dog right now. Since you care so much about this b*tch, why don't you show the woman what you look like now?"

As Mr. Lambert finished, Kyla felt the strip of cloth wrapped around her eyes loosen. She could finally see everything in front of her.

However, Kyla's pupils instantly constricted when she caught sight of Martin Weiss's figure. She felt a pain exploding in her chest all of a sudden.

'Is that... Martin Weiss?'

The proud man was on his knees, and he was hitting himself with a rough stick.

There was blood all over his head and hands. How bad were the injuries on the parts of his body that were concealed by his clothes?

"No, Martin Weiss, don't! Everybody, don't listen to him!" Kyla shouted even though the pain in her neck intensified with every word she uttered.

"Kyla, I told you not to speak or you'll bleed more," Martin Weiss said with some difficulty.

Kyla's eyes immediately turned wet.

Just then, Mr. Lambert suddenly said, "Since you love each other so much... Martin Weiss, you want me to stop her bleeding for her, right? How about we trade wounds for wounds? Cut yourself in your neck and I'll stop her bleeding!"

Kyla was shocked when she heard that.

The police behind Martin Weiss also began to advise Martin Weiss not to act impulsively.

A policeman even said to Mr. Lambert, "You have the money and the car you asked for. Why are you deliberately causing more trouble?"

"I just want to torture him!" Mr. Lambert's eyes contained madness and hatred.

He was a businessman, but he got to where he was now because he offended Martin Weiss because of Kyla. Even if he received a lot of money, he could only hide abroad.

His family was still in the country, and they would probably be implicated because of this.

After all, the plan now was nothing like his original plan.

He previously wanted to use Kyla's disappearance to get credit from Martin Weiss, so he never thought about moving his family

away.

As he spoke, Mr. Lambert cut his dagger across Kyla's neck once more.

"Ah!" Kyla bit her lip firmly, refraining from crying out in pain. She was scared that Martin Weiss would agree to Mr. Lambert's request if she did.

However, how could Martin Weiss ignore it when her neck was bleeding?

"Okay! I'll do it. You can cut me as much as you want as long as you don't hurt her," said Martin Weiss.

"Awesome!" said Mr. Lambert as he asked one of his thugs to take a dagger and hand it to Martin Weiss.

Martin Weiss took the dagger and was about to cut himself in the neck when Kyla suddenly shouted, "Martin Weiss, I already told you that we owe each other nothing. I don't need you to save me like this! Even if you hurt yourself, this man will still hurt me. Whatever you do is pointless!"

Martin Weiss looked intently at Kyla. "You were the one who said we owe each other nothing, not me. And I told you I would protect you and our children no matter what."

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After saying this, Martin Weiss moved the dagger in his hand and cut a wound in his neck.

Mr. Lambert laughed at the sight of it. "Good, good! Chairman Weiss, you're such a sentimental person! But Kyla has two wounds on her neck. Shouldn't you cut yourself one more time?"

Martin Weiss pursed his thin lips, and a second wound instantly appeared on his neck.

The tears in Kyla's eyes finally could not help falling. 'He knows Mr. Lambert is up to no good, yet he did it anyway. What a fool!

'Isn't he a businessman? Isn't he supposed to be calculating?

Why...'

Her tears made him panic. "Don't cry. I'm not in pain."

However, the blood on his neck kept running down.

"Martin Weiss, since you don't feel pain, cut your neck a little deeper to see how much it takes to make you feel pain! If you don't do it, I'll cut this woman's neck!" Mr. Lambert shouted arrogantly.

Martin Weiss raised his hand and left the third cut on his neck.

The red blood made his face look paler.

“Martin Weiss, I forbid you from doing that again!” Kyla shouted as she wept, the pain spreading in her body.

It turned out she would be in so much pain seeing him get hurt!

However, it was no use. Her voice had no effect.

There was a fourth wound on his neck now.

“Martin Weiss, that’s enough! If you’re sorry and guilty, you’ve done enough to make it up to me. It’s enough!” Kyla shouted at the top of her lungs.

Martin Weiss looked at Kyla, smiled slightly, and said nothing. His eyes seemed to be telling her silently that he was not doing all these things out of feeling sorry for her or regret.

It was just because... he loved her!

He loved her, so his life would always be at her disposal.

He could do anything to make her suffer less. It did not matter how humiliating or torturing it was.

With more and more wounds on Martin Weiss’s body, Mr. Lambert laughed more and more complacently. He did not notice the two young men beside him exchanging a look. Just when Mr. Lambert

got carried away and the dagger he held was slightly farther away from Kyla’s neck, one of the young men suddenly attacked Mr.

Lambert.

The other young man pulled Kyla aside.

Martin Weiss and the police also rushed forward. Martin Weiss immediately protected Kyla.

The police quickly subdued the three men.

The two young men shouted, “Mr. Weiss, Police, we made up for it! Mr. Weiss hinted that we could have our sentence reduced if

we helped!”

“Of course, we’ll write it down and pass it to the court as evidence!” a policeman said.

Another policeman came over with gauze and hastened to stop Martin Weiss and Kyla’s bleeding.

Martin Weiss's face was ghastly pale because he had lost a lot of blood. He looked like he was going to faint at any time.

Kyla nervously asked the police tending to Martin Weiss's wounds, "Is he okay?"

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"We can only find out after a thorough examination in the hospital." The policeman quickly helped Kyla and Martin Weiss

into the car as he spoke.

In the car, Martin Weiss was still worried about Kyla. "Are you... okay?" However, his voice was hoarse. Even uttering a simple

sentence was hard for him.

Kyla shook her head, her tears still flowing.

Martin Weiss raised his hand and gently wiped away her tears. "Don't cry... Kyla. Stop crying. There's no more danger, and I won't let this happen to you again."

He thought she was crying because she was scared. He had no idea that she was crying because her heart was aching.

When did her heart begin to ache over the injuries he suffered for her?

"Martin Weiss, why did you do it? Why did you cut your neck when Mr. Lambert asked you to? I'm... not that important!"

He said, "It's not up to you to determine whether or not you're important to me. It's... up to me. Besides, if I didn't do whatever he told me to, then... Mr. Lambert wouldn't have let his guard down either."

"Stop talking. The bleeding will only get worse if you do," Kyla said hurriedly.

"Okay, I... won't talk. You shouldn't talk either..." he said that because she had wounds on her neck too.

The car immediately fell silent.

Kyla and Martin Weiss's hands were clasped together. It was now hard to tell who was holding whose hand.

She had many doubts in her head. For example, when did Martin Weiss hint to Mr. Lambert's men? Was it when one of them handed him the dagger?

Also, if Mr. Lambert had not gotten carried away and let his guard down, would Martin Weiss have continued to hurt himself and

leave more wounds on his own body?

The answer was clear in her mind.

‘He would’ve! He would’ve definitely done it!’

She... knew how much he valued her and how much he cared about her.

The man would die for her! It was why he insisted on getting his blood drawn and stored for her regardless of the risks. It was why

he risked his life and hurt himself again and again just to save her!

It was just that she had been deceiving herself and trying to distance herself from him. She kept ignoring what she felt to cut off all her feelings for him.

Looking at his increasingly pale face, Kyla only felt the unspeakable pain in her heart intensifying.

When his hand grew colder and his lips took on a grayish hue, Kyla was suddenly scared that something might happen to this man. She was scared that he would no longer exist in her world.

Martin Weiss only found his eyelids drooping more and more. His body was getting increasingly colder as well. It was so cold that it felt as though he could not hold on any longer and was about to fall asleep.

‘At least Kyla is safe for now.

‘At least, I did what I promised. I... protected her and the baby.

‘So just let me sleep for a while. Just a little while...

‘It’s great that Kyla and the baby are safe...’

Martin Weiss blacked out and fainted. He never got to see the worried look in Kyla’s eyes and hear her scream despite the pain in her neck, “Martin!”