

## **Ex Convict 2271**

### Chapter 2271

When the police car arrived at the hospital, Martin Weiss was sent to the emergency room. Kyla was in better condition. The two wounds in her neck were not deep, and the baby she was carrying was not affected much. All she needed was to have her neck wounds tended.

Martin Weiss was being rescued in the emergency room.

Not long after, Grace and Lina rushed over.

"Kyla, are you okay? Is the baby alright?" Grace asked in panic as she ran into Kyla's ward.

"The baby and I are fine. I just suffered some minor injuries," said Kyla.

"That's great!" Grace and Lina breathed a sigh of relief.

"Is Martin still in the emergency room? I... I want to wait outside," Kyla said worriedly.

"With your condition, you deserve a good rest. You don't have to worry about Martin Weiss. Jason and Hadwin have gone over. If anything happens, they can deal with it," said Lina.

Kyla bit her lip, still wanting to go and take a look at the situation.

She would not be at ease if she did not.

"Why don't we let Kyla go over? I'll ask the nurse to bring a wheelchair. Kyla can go there in the wheelchair so that she won't have to exert any effort," said Grace. Kyla probably would not rest well in the ward if they did not let her go over.

Lina could only nod at that.

After asking for a wheelchair, Grace wheeled Kyla over in the wheelchair while Lina followed.

The three went to a room connected to Martin Weiss's surgery room.

From the room's French window, one could see the surgery in progress. Several specialists were watching from the French window.

There were also digital screens in the room that gave a more visual view of the surgery's current progress and what the doctor was doing.

Jason and Hadwin Stephenson were currently there.

Grace looked at the digital screen. It was a close-up of Martin

Weiss's wounds. She could see the doctor treating him, and it was a bloody scene.

Therefore, she hastened to warn Kyla, "Kyla, stop looking.

"Yeah, stop looking. It might cause discomfort instead," said Lina, also trying to block Kyla's view.

"Lina, get out of the way. I... want to see," Kyla pushed her away.

"But..." Lina hesitated.

Kyla said again, "I should've been the one to suffer these injuries, but he suffered them for me. I want to see and know what injuries

he's suffering for me!"

Lina fell silent at that. Moments later, she got out of the way.

It was because she knew she would insist on watching too if Hadwin ever suffered such injuries for her.

The bloody wounds on the screen instantly came into Kyla's view.

Kyla looked silently at the wounds. The wounds... would probably be branded in her mind for life. It would tell her what price he had paid to save her!

She watched the doctor clean and stitch up the wounds...

His wounds were not only on his neck but also where he had hurt himself with the wooden stick. This included his hands, head, and other areas that were covered by his clothes.

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Kyla walked up to the French window and looked at Martin Weiss on the operating table.

From her point of view, he was surrounded by doctors and nurses in the distance. All she could see was his profile.

His eyes were closed, and some of his hair had been shaved off. His pale face was so obvious.

She had a terrible fear that he would continue sleeping and never open his eyes again.

"Kyla, don't worry. Nothing will happen." Grace gently pat Kyla on the shoulder and said, "There are many experts here, and Martin Weiss has always been in good health."

Kyla replied in acknowledgment as she continued to stare at Martin Weiss.

After about ten minutes, a voice suddenly came from the surgery room. "The patient has lost a lot of blood and needs more blood, but his blood type is rare. There's no such blood type in the hospital's blood bank, so we need to go to tMason Swansonty's blood bank to get it."

“You can take my blood. I have the same blood type as him!” Kyla

spoke almost without hesitation.

Lina said quickly, “Kyla, you’re pregnant. How could they draw your blood? Even if you’re willing, no doctor will dare to do it!”

Kyla froze. She just realized that she was pregnant and could not give Martin Weiss her blood.

He gave his life today to save her, yet she could not do anything for him.

Grace also said, “Kyla, don’t panic. They’ll get it from the blood bank immediately.”

Jason contacted Emerald City’s blood bank, but moments later, he frowned slightly.

Grace asked, “What’s wrong?”

“The blood bank only has 400ml of this rare blood type in stock, which is not enough,” said Jason.

Kyla suddenly seemed to recall something. “There should be blood in Municipal Women’s Hospital. It’s Martin Weiss’s own blood!”

“Municipal Women’s Hospital?” Grace froze.

Kyla had no time to explain. She only said to Jason, “Please contact Municipal Women’s Hospital and ask them to send the

blood Martin Weiss stored there previously!”

Jason then asked his staff to contact Municipal Women’s

Hospital. Moments later, the reply they got was that Martin Weiss had 1,000ml of blood stored in Municipal Women’s Hospital. The

blood was on its way now.

Kyla was relieved to hear the news.

Although Grace and Lina had many doubts, it was inappropriate to ask about it in the current situation.

Martin Weiss’s surgery lasted for three hours. When Martin Weiss was wheeled out of the surgery room, he was still in a coma.

Kyla insisted on accompanying Martin Weiss to the ward.

Martin Weiss's ward was next to hers, and the two wards seemed to have been deliberately arranged this way.

"Kyla, the doctor said Martin Weiss's wounds are a little serious, but he's not in any danger and the injuries are nothing serious. They've given him a blood transfusion for his blood loss. He should wake up in a minute, so why don't you get some rest too? Martin Weiss has caretakers and nurses looking after him." Grace tried to advise Kyla.

Kyla shook her head. "I'd like to stay here for a while. Why don't you go home first? Thank you for today."

"Then you..." Grace said worriedly.

"My mother will be here with Nelson later. Besides, you said there are caretakers and nurses here, so I'm just going to sit here," said Kyla. As if afraid that her best friend would worry, she added, "I won't exhaust myself and disregard the baby in my belly!"

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Grace nodded at that. "Okay, then!"

Before leaving, Lina said to Kyla, "Kyla, call me and Grace if anything happens! Don't make yourself a stranger!"

"Okay, I won't." Kyla smiled gratefully, warmth welling up in her eyes again.

She knew that the police could find her so quickly this time because the Reed and Stephenson families had helped!

It was great to have such friends!

Once Grace, Lina, Jason, and Hadwin Stephenson left the ward, Kyla looked at Martin Weiss and murmured, "Martin Weiss, do you know by doing this, you'll only make me owe you more and more? How am I supposed to repay you?"

Things were a mess between them, and every time she thought they were going to sort things out, they just got messier and messier.

The white gauze on his neck, chest, and hands stung her eyes.

Perhaps, it would never be even between her and Martin Weiss!

When Mrs. Corbyn brought Nelson to the hospital, she saw her daughter sitting by Martin Weiss's bed in a daze.

Perhaps Mrs. Corbyn already knew what had happened before

she came, so she was not very surprised. All she felt was sorry.

Nelson Corbyn looked blankly at Martin Weiss, who lay in a coma in a hospital bed.

“Mommy, is Daddy unconscious because he’s hurt?” asked Nelson Corbyn.

“Yes, Daddy had surgery, and it’s gonna take some time before he wakes up,” said Kyla.

“Why does Daddy have so many injuries? Were the bad guys tough?” asked Nelson Corbyn.

Kyla rubbed her son’s head gently. “It wasn’t that the bad guys were tough but your daddy was just too protective of me.” He would not have been so seriously injured had it not been for this.

Nelson Corbyn looked intently at Martin Weiss after hearing that. Then, he hugged Kyla. “I want to grow up faster. I can protect Mommy and my sibling too once I grow up.”

Kyla wanted to say something, but Mrs. Corbyn interrupted by saying, “Alright, stop talking. Isn’t your neck hurt too? Don’t talk till

you’re better!”

Kyla had to stay in the hospital for observation for another two days because of her wounds. Due to her neck wounds, Kyla only had some porridge for dinner. Nelson Corbyn and Mrs. Corbyn only went home after seeing Kyla finish her dinner.

However, before leaving, Nelson Corbyn ran to Martin Weiss’s ward again to say goodbye to him, even though Martin Weiss was

still in a coma.

Mrs. Corbyn looked at her daughter. She had learned from the police what had happened during the rescue.

“We owe it to Martin. If it weren’t for him, you might have suffered even worse things. Even the baby in your belly wouldn’t...” She was still frightened by what she had heard from the police.

If the police had come a little later, her daughter would not be in front of her right now.

“Yeah,” replied Kyla.

“Think of it. Few people in this world are willing to do this for another person. He made a lot of mistakes, but... it should be enough now,” muttered Mrs. Corbyn.

She hated Martin Weiss too, but she felt more sympathy for him now.

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The most important thing was that when she had just arrived, she saw her daughter sitting beside Martin Weiss's bed, staring at him

blankly.

If her daughter had no feelings for Martin Weiss, how could she have looked at him like that?

There were struggle and obsession in the bottom of her eyes.

Mothers knew best. Mrs. Corbyn knew that Martin Weiss would probably be imprinted in her heart forever!

Even if her daughter kept saying she did not love him, she had feelings for him. She just... would not admit it.

After Mrs. Corbyn and Nelson left, Kyla remained in Martin Weiss's ward.

He slept soundly. The doctor said he would probably be asleep for a while even after the anesthesia wore off due to the severe blood loss. He could wake up a few hours later or maybe longer than that.

'When will he wake up?'

His face still looked pale with a sense of vulnerability.

It was as if he was going to disappear at any moment.

Kyla's heart suddenly quivered. She raised her hand almost subconsciously and caressed his pale cheek as if to make sure that he was still alive and breathing.

His cheek was so cold that she drew a gasp as soon as the palm of her hand touched it.

It was so cold that... it was as if he was dead.

How much had he done and how much blood he had shed for her today?

The coldness made her heart ache in bouts like it was stabbed by a needle.

As if feeling the warmth of her palm, Martin Weiss's eyelashes quivered slightly as he moaned.

Kyla froze instantly as she watched Martin Weiss slowly open his eyes. She even forgot to withdraw her hand that was still on his cheek.

Martin Weiss stared at the face before his eyes and felt the warmth on his cheek. He even thought he was dreaming. Otherwise, why was he seeing Kyla guarding his bedside and even watching him so intently?

She would have desperately tried to distance herself from him.

However, the next moment, he seemed to recall something when

he saw the white gauze wrapped around her neck. He made a sudden attempt to sit up as a hoarse voice came out of his throat. "Is your neck okay? What did the doctor say?"

"I'm alright." Kyla hurriedly pressed Martin Weiss down, preventing him from getting up. "Don't speak. You just underwent

an operation. Lie down. I'll call the doctor." However, his hand seized her wrist when she tried to get up.

Kyla stiffened. She did not break free from the hand that was wrapped in gauze.

He injured himself with a wooden stick and dagger with his own hands to protect her. How could she shake off his grip on her?

Kyla hesitated for a moment before suddenly leaning toward Martin Weiss. Their two bodies were getting closer and closer. Then, she used her other hand to press the nurse call button at the bedside.

After pressing the bell, Kyla looked down and saw Martin Weiss on the bed. His eyes happened to meet hers too.

At that moment, Kyla's heart suddenly felt like it had skipped a beat. She was somehow at a loss.

The two stared at each other. The silence was broken when the

ward door was pushed open and the nurse came rushing in.

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Kyla quickly stood up straight and said to the nurse, "He... He's awake."

"I'll call the doctor and have them come and examine him," the nurse said.

After the nurse left the ward, Kyla looked down at the wrist he was holding. "Will you... let go for a while? The doctor will examine you in a moment."

However, Martin Weiss kept holding her as if it was the only way to make sure she was safe. "Are you... really alright?"

"I'm fine. The baby's fine too. Thank you for saving me... and our baby," she said.

There was a flicker of surprise in his eyes that she used the word 'ours.' It was as if she and he were one, not separate individuals.

"It's great... that you and the baby are... okay," he murmured. His already hoarse voice sounded more broken due to the lump in his throat.

"You hurt your neck. Don't talk so much!" Kyla said hurriedly.

The wounds on his neck were far more serious than hers.

He obediently closed his mouth, but those dark eyes of his were still looking at her. The hand that held her never loosened its grip.

Even when the doctor came to check on him, he still held her hand.

Martin Weiss was doing okay after the surgery. The most serious injuries he suffered were the ones on his neck, so he had to speak less and eat liquid food for three days.

"Mr. Weiss, you lost a lot of blood this time. Fortunately, most of the blood we transfused to you is your own blood, so there's no problem. But we learned that you've been getting your blood drawn every month. In your current condition, you won't be able to get your blood drawn for at least half a year," the doctor said.

Martin Weiss's expression changed. He ignored the doctor's previous instructions to speak less. "I got my own blood transfused to me?"

"Yes, your wife told us you had blood stored in Municipal Women's Hospital. Fortunately, we got the blood in time. Otherwise, you would've been in a dangerous situation as the blood bank didn't have enough of your blood type due to its rarity," the doctor said.

However, Martin Weiss's face turned increasingly pale.

'I was keeping that blood for Kyla! But they've used it on me. What

do I do when she gives birth? What if she needs blood and we don't have enough...

'Why... Why would they use that blood on me?

'That blood should have never been given to me!'

Martin Weiss became filled with despair. The hand holding Kyla's hands also loosened unconsciously.

The doctor and the nurse left. Kyla tried to tuck Martin Weiss in when his voice rang out abruptly.

"Why..."

"Didn't the doctor tell you to speak less? You can say whatever you want after three days," said Kyla.

However, Martin Weiss continued saying, "Why did you mention the stored blood? That blood shouldn't have been used on me."

"The blood is yours, and it's only right to use it on you, no?" asked

Kyla.

"But you know that blood is..." He wanted to continue, but her fingers pressed against his lips and stopped all his words.

"Martin Weiss... Enough. That's enough. You've done more than enough for me," she said gently. Her voice was not indifferent and distanced like usual but with a touch of sorry. "Besides, the reason you lost so much blood today was to save me. If you hadn't used the blood, I might have been the one who had to use

Chapter 2276

However, there was a pang of self-reproach in her dark eyes even as she said so.

Her pain seemed to influence her as she suddenly hugged him.

The abruptness of her gesture even surprised her.

It were before, she would probably never think of hugging Martin Weiss again one day.

However, she was really hugging him right now!

'Is it guilt? Am I just feeling sorry? Or... is it something else?'

"Martin Weiss, enough is enough... You don't have anything to blame yourself for, alright? I was even glad that the blood existed when it was transfused back to yourself. If they hadn't done that and if something had happened to you, then I..." Her voice broke. She was almost unable to go on.

"Fortunately, you got off the operating table safely."

Martin Weiss was stunned. All he could smell was her.

She was hugging him... How long had she not hugged him of her own volition?

It seemed to be a long time ago when she loved him and would always hug him voluntarily. She would ask him coquettishly to love her more and more.

What she said back then was... "It isn't enough. I want you to love me more. Martin, I'm a greedy woman. If you can't give me a lot of

love, I will never find it enough."

Now, she was saying, 'Enough. That's enough!'

Martin Weiss closed his eyes and opened his arms to gently hug the person in front of him. He was afraid that this hug was just his imagination and that it never existed at all.

Kyla stiffened slightly, but she did not push Martin Weiss away. Instead, she continued to say gently, "You've done a lot for me. If I had fear and doubts for you before, then... they're all gone now. I know that you'll give your life to save us no matter what danger our children and I face!"

When she watched him lay on the operating table, all she wanted was for him to be safe!

She also found out today that her heart ached for this man.

After a while, Martin Weiss's hoarse voice muttered, "Aren't you afraid of me anymore?"

"No, not anymore," she muttered. All she was afraid of was that he might get even more seriously injured.

"Kyla... Kyla..." he kept mumbling as he buried his face in her chest. His voice was breaking.

Even though every word he said now hurt his wounds, he could not help uttering her name.

It was the name that had been on his mind for so long...

Kyla found herself lying in Martin Weiss's hospital bed when she woke up.

She felt awkward.

Martin Weiss's ward was a VIP ward, and the bed inside was larger than an ordinary hospital bed. There was still room even if two people lay on it. However, it was still... awkward.

What was more awkward was that she opened her eyes to meet Martin Weiss's.

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Those deep black eyes stared intently at her. Looking at his gaze, it was as though he wanted to look at her forever.

Kyla froze for a while before quickly sitting up. With her face slightly red, she said to Martin Weiss, "I... I'm going back to my ward first. You... You should continue getting some rest."

With that, she quickly got out of bed and left.

Martin Weiss's eyes were on Kyla until her figure disappeared from the ward. Then, he slowly looked down at his hands.

His hands were still wrapped in gauze, and he had injuries all over his body. However, his heart was jubilant.

She had laid down by his side last night, sleeping peacefully with him. He had been longing for this all these years.

He cherished it even if it was only done out of sympathy.

Even after she fell asleep, he kept his eyes open, looking at her. He was afraid that all this would disappear if he closed his eyes.

He had been telling himself not to expect anything. All he had to do in this life was to silently protect her and not disturb her life.

However, a faint sense of hope vaguely rose in his heart again.

The hope seemed to grow stronger, especially at the sight of the blush on her face.

Could he... expect more?

Was she not entirely indifferent to him? Did he still have a place in her heart?

"Kyla... will you give me another chance? Just one more time... I'll live up to it this time, no matter what happens," his lips murmured

almost silently.

Just one more time... All he wanted was one chance!

Kyla ran back to her ward next door and arrived at the bathroom.

The mirror above the sink reflected her slightly flustered expression, and the blush on her cheeks seemed to be telling her something.

Kyla took a deep breath, quickly picked up the towel, and washed her face.

'What's wrong with me? I unconsciously fell asleep in Martin Weiss's hospital bed. I'm so flustered right now.'

This panic was not only because she spent a night in Martin Weiss's ward but also because... Kyla raised her hand to her

heart. She could feel that her heartbeat was far more intense than usual.

Martin Weiss had negotiated with the police to suppress the incident, so the kidnapping was not reported in the news.

The police also came to the hospital to take Kyla's statement.

Kyla found out what had happened from the police. Mr. Lambert had confessed to everything, and it turned out that Jacqueline

Bowman was involved.

The amulet that Jacqueline Bowman gave her was why she fell unconscious in the car. It contained a fragrance that could induce

coma, especially in a confined space.

It was why Jacqueline Bowman made up an excuse and left her alone in the car after giving her the amulet.

Kyla was not too surprised that Jacqueline Bowman was involved.

After all, she had already thought of the possibility earlier.

However, she still felt disappointed after getting a definitive answer from the police.

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After all, a person who once helped her had now become someone who had hurt her. Such a transformation could make one emotional.

Mrs. Corbyn would visit her daughter every day after Nelson finished school, bringing her food.

Martin Weiss could only eat liquid food these days because of the wounds on his neck. The hospital would prepare his meals for him, so Mrs. Corbyn did not have to prepare additional food.

On the third day, when Martin Weiss could get out of bed and walk, he often went to Kyla's ward to watch her eat. He communicated with her in sign language.

Kyla knew sign language because of Nelson.

Although her son now had a cochlear implant and could communicate freely under most circumstances, Kyla had not forgotten sign language.

However, she did not expect Martin Weiss to know sign language either. He was quite fluent too. At least, they had no problem communicating.

‘He... probably learned sign language because of Nelson,’ Kyla

thought to herself.

It had done a lot over the years, but... she had no idea since he never told her.

It was just like how he learned sign language for Nelson and how he secretly stored blood in the hospital for her labor...

Watching Martin Weiss gesturing with sign language, Kyla fell into a trance. The man seemed to start holding more importance in her heart.

She thought she had forgotten him over the years, but it turned out that making someone important to you again was such a quick process.

Martin Weiss raised his hand and waved it in front of her eyes, then asked through sign language, ‘What’s on your mind?’

Kyla instantly came back to her senses. “N-Nothing. I’m just thinking of my discharge tomorrow. Did the doctor say how many more days you have to stay in the hospital?”

He signed the words, ‘A week. I can be discharged if I get better after a week.’

‘One more week...’ She looked at the bandages that were still on his neck and hands.

He suffered all these injuries because of her.

“What do you want to eat when you’re discharged? Why don’t I make it and bring it to you? Did the doctor say when you can start eating normally?” asked Kyla.

He replied in sign language, ‘I’m guessing tomorrow.’

“Thank you for keeping the baby and me safe this time,” she said.

However, he seemed guilty after she said this. After a few moments of silence, he raised his hand again and gestured to say, ‘I didn’t do a good job at protecting you. I should have known that Mr. Lambert wasn’t a good person. I should’ve expected him to do

something.'

Perhaps all this could have been avoided if he had been more careful and sent someone to protect her in secret.

Just then, someone was shouting outside the ward, "Let me in. Let me see Mrs. Weiss! I want to speak to her!"

"Sir, please leave. The patient needs to rest. Please follow the normal registration process if you want to see the patient! We'll let you in if the patient agrees to see you." The nurse's voice rang out afterward.

"I want to go in. Let me in! Mrs. Weiss, I'm Neal Reid. I want to see you!" The man's voice grew louder.

Kyla froze. She remembered that Neal Reid was the man who was

with Jacqueline Bowman.

Martin Weiss frowned and gestured to Kyla in sign language, 'I'll have someone make him leave.'

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"No thanks. I... want to know why he's here looking for me," said Kyla.

Therefore, Kyla asked the nurse to let Neal Reid into the ward.

After entering the ward, Neal Reid was not as arrogant as he was before. Instead of looking like a noble businessman, he was haggard. Even the suit he was wearing was a little wrinkled. He looked so down and out.

Neal Reid said uneasily, "Uh... Mr. Weiss, Mrs. Weiss, what Jacqueline Bowman did this time has nothing to do with the Hunter family. I knew nothing about it, nor did I participate in it. It was her idea alone! I broke up with her long before she did anything to Mrs. Weiss! You can look into it."

"I don't understand why you're telling us this, Mr. Wu? If you're afraid of being implicated, you should be talking to the police, not us," said Kyla.

Neal Reid was groaning inwardly. The police did not arrest him because he had nothing to do with the case.

However, even though he was innocent, many people in the business circle knew that Jacqueline Bowman was his lover. Now that Jacqueline Bowman had been arrested, many businessmen

in Emerald City knew about it even though it was not reported in the news.

Therefore, some people who had business dealings with him had recently started to distance themselves from him, saying that he had offended Martin Weiss and might end up like the Yu family.

At the thought of the Yu family and Mr. Lambert's fate, Neal Reid could not help shuddering.

"Mrs. Weiss, my... my business has been greatly affected by Jacqueline Bowman's incident. Everyone is saying that I've offended the Weiss family and will probably be in trouble. Please be the bigger person and let me off. I... I'm innocent." All Neal Reid had left to do was kneel.

"If you didn't participate, the Weiss family won't do anything to you," said Martin Weiss, but his voice was utterly hoarse.

"But... But no one dares to do business with the Hunter family now. I wonder if you can release a statement or something to clarify this matter, Mr. Weiss," said Neal Reid.

Martin Weiss sneered. "Neal Reid, who do you think you are to have the Weiss family clarify this matter for you?"

Neal Reid felt a chill rising on his back as his hands and feet broke

out in a cold sweat. "Mister... Mr. Weiss, I... I'm really innocent!

That b\*tch Jacqueline Bowman not only troubled you but she

troubled me too! We're both victims!"

"

Kyla was afraid that talking too much might affect Martin Weiss's wounds, so she hurriedly said to Neal Reid, "Mr. Wu, your business has nothing to do with the Weiss family. How you explain it to your friends in the business circle is your business. My husband is still sick and needs rest. Please leave."

Kyla told him to leave, and Neal Reid's face instantly turned pale.

Martin Weiss froze because of the words 'my husband.' Then, his eyes glowed with joy.

It was the first time she had ever referred him as her husband to

an outsider!

Did that mean she... was willing to accept him?

How could Neal be willing to leave like that? After a moment's hesitation, he finally bit the bullet and said, "Mrs. Weiss, I... I went to see Jacqueline Bowman at the detention center before I came here. She said she wants to see you and that she has something important to talk to you about. You'll regret it if you don't go."

Jacqueline Bowman had indeed asked him to pass the message.

He did not want to pass the message along at first because he was afraid that the Weiss family would think that he still had relations with Jacqueline Bowman. If that was the case, he would be implicated.

However, at this point, he had to make every possible effort.

Chapter 2280

After all, when Jacqueline Bowman asked him to pass the message, she had said quite confidently, "As long as you pass this message to Kyla, I have a way to get myself acquitted once she comes to see me. When others see that I'm acquitted, they won't think that you've offended the Weiss family. You can go on living

as before!"

However, Neal Reid doubted Jacqueline Bowman's words. She committed such a great crime this time. Could she be acquitted?

"Mrs. Weiss, you... you'll meet Jacqueline Bowman, won't you?" Neal Reid was expecting Kyla to go.

As long as Jacqueline Bowman was acquitted, his business would not be affected any longer.

"Mr. Wu, it's up to me whether I want to see her or not. You can leave now," Kyla asked him to leave.

"But..." Neal Reid wanted to say something more, but Martin Weiss's cold gaze silenced him.

If he continued speaking and upset Martin Weiss, the Hunter family would probably collapse faster.

Neal Reid could only leave reluctantly.

Martin Weiss said to Kyla, "Don't go. You don't have to see Jacqueline Bowman again. I'll put my lawyers in charge of this case. Take care of the baby, and don't worry about these things."

Kyla replied in acknowledgment.

She did not want to see Jacqueline Bowman, but she could imagine how much Jacqueline Bowman wanted to see her. Perhaps she wanted to use her to get away from her crime or

something.

'Will I regret... not going? What could be important between Jacqueline Bowman and me?'

Perhaps Jacqueline Bowman wished to use the matter of her helping Kyla in prison as leverage again? However, Kyla no longer wanted to see her.

If Martin had not rescued her, she would probably have met a miserable end. She would have even lost the baby in her belly.

The police told her that Mr. Lambert confessed that Jacqueline Bowman suggested having the two young men rape her and kill her baby. Mr. Lambert just wanted to use the kidnapping incident to claim credit.

She felt her heart sinking coldly when the police told her that.

It turned out that Jacqueline Bowman had such malicious

intentions when she was smiling and showing great concern for

her.

“Alright, why don’t you go back to your ward and rest? The doctor said you need to get plenty of rest,” said Kyla.

Martin Weiss got up but did not return to the ward. Instead, he spread his arms to hug Kyla.

Kyla stiffened, and she could hear his hoarse voice saying, “You can push me away if you don’t want me to hug you like this.”

She bit her lip and pressed her hands on his chest, but she did not push him.

She knew that his body was still bandaged under the hospital gown. He got injured after beating himself with a wooden stick to save her.