

Ex Convict 2281

Chapter 2281

"Stop talking. The doctor told you not to talk so much," said Kyla.

"You're not pushing me away. Is it because you can't bear to see me in pain?" He continued to talk.

"I... I just think you saved my life, so it doesn't matter... if you want to hug me like this for a while," she stammered slightly. His scent enveloped her, making her flustered.

"Really? It doesn't matter... whether you're grateful,

compassionate, or sympathetic. At least... I hold some kind of place in your heart." Instead of her ignoring him even if he stood in front of her.

Having her ignoring him felt awful.

"Martin Weiss, what are you trying to say?" she asked.

"Kyla, you said the words 'my husband' to Neal Reid just now. I... I'm just asking if there's a chance that I can make our marriage more than just a formality. Can I... be your real husband?" he asked, his voice hoarse with a hint of nervousness.

It was as if he had summoned all his courage to ask this.

Kyla was silent. For a moment, she had no idea how to answer.

If it had been before, she would have said without hesitation that it was impossible and that it would be best if they had nothing to do with each other.

However... she hesitated. Her previous words of rejection seemed stuck in her throat, and she could not utter them all of a sudden.

Her silence made him seem happy. "Kyla, I matter to you, don't I?"

She trembled. 'Does he matter to me?'

He used to matter so much to her.

Later, he became the pain of her life, and she tried to drive him out of her heart.

Now, he seemed to have taken root in her heart again, little by little...

'However... can I be with him again? Is there any chance of anything happening between us?'

"I..." She opened her mouth, but her thoughts were in a whirl.

Martin Weiss said, "You don't need to answer me right now. You can think about it. Let me know after you make up your mind. I'll respect whatever decision you make in the end. At least, you didn't reject me right away, which is good enough for me."

At night, Kyla lay in her hospital bed but had trouble falling asleep.

'Can I get together with Martin Weiss again? Can we become a real married couple and form a complete family?'

Something that she had thought would never be possible was now up to her to decide.

Would her choice lead her into the abyss, or could she live a happy life?

Kyla got up, put on a coat, and went to the next ward. When she pushed the door open, the caretaker keeping watch whispered, "Mr. Weiss has fallen asleep after taking his medicine."

"I'll just watch him for a while. I won't wake him up," said Kyla.

The caretaker quietly withdrew from the ward.

Kyla went to the bedside and quietly watched the sleeping Martin Weiss.

After a long time, she raised her hand and gently caressed his bandage-bound neck.

He had cut his neck with a dagger without hesitation at the time.

The scene would probably be branded in her mind for the rest of her life!

All she wanted to do at that time was to get the dagger in his

hand. Her heart kept contracting. She was afraid he would just collapse and disappear from her world forever.

Chapter 2282

She used to hate him so much.

It turned out that the hatred would eventually be healed over time.

"Can we... still be together?" she murmured to herself.

Only silence answered her.

She sighed and was about to leave when a voice suddenly escaped from his mouth, "Kyla... Don't leave me..."

Kyla was surprised. Then, she found out that Martin Weiss was still asleep. Words just slipped out of his mouth while he was asleep.

'Don't leave... Does he know how hard it is for me to make up my mind to say yes to those two words?'

Kyla was discharged the next day. Grace and Lina came to pick her up.

While helping Kyla pack up, Martin Weiss also stood by Kyla's side, even intending to help her get into the car.

Grace ultimately said, "Chairman Weiss, we won't lose Kyla. We'll make sure that we send her to the store safely. Don't worry."

"Alright, I'm going home. Rest well in the hospital. I'll come and visit you," Kyla said to Martin Weiss.

"Okay," he replied obediently like a good student.

However, when Kyla was following Grace and Lina into the elevator, Martin Weiss suddenly hugged her and said in a voice only the two of them could hear, "I'll wait for you."

She froze, and he quickly loosened his arms. "Alright, get in the elevator."

Kyla bit her lip slightly and entered the elevator with her ears burning.

What he just said was like a promise. A... promise that he would be waiting for her!

'But is he waiting for me to visit him in the hospital? Or is he waiting for me to make up my mind? Is he waiting for me to tell him if I want to be with him...'

As the elevator doors closed slowly, Lina quipped, "Kyla, you're blushing. Things between you and Martin Weiss seem a little

different from before.”

Kyla said somewhat sheepishly, “Alright, stop making fun of me.”

“Martin Weiss saved Kyla this time. She must be grateful,” said

Grace.

“Just grateful? Come to think of it. Martin Weiss seems okay. No matter what, he still risked his life to save Kyla,” said Lina.

The three people chatted as they exited the elevator and walked toward Grace’s car.

After getting into the car, Grace asked, “Kyla, what are you going to do about Martin Weiss?”

As her best friend, she could see how differently Kyla treated Martin Weiss now. After all, if Martin Weiss had suddenly hugged Kyla back then, Kyla would have pushed him away immediately instead of blushing.

Kyla hesitated slightly and said, “He... wants to start over with me and become a real married couple. He wants me to think about it.”

She did not keep it a secret from her two best friends.

Lina immediately looked curious. “Kyla, are you going to say yes?”

Kyla said, “I don’t know. After all these years, I don’t know if I should be with him anymore.”

For the first time in years, she was hesitating.

Grace said, “Kyla, you should ask yourself whether you still love Martin Weiss. I think being with someone is never about whether we should or not but whether we love them.”

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Lina said, “Yeah, Kyla. Martin Weiss must really love you, so it all depends on whether you love him or not. If you still love him, you might as well give each other a chance. You can separate if you’re really not right for each other. At least you won’t regret it.”

Kyla smiled sadly. “But I’m scared that... if we separate again after getting back together, I won’t be able to get over it like last time.”

“Are you scared of Martin Weiss betraying you again and causing

you harm?" asked Lina.

Kyla was silent, but the silence meant that Lina had gotten it right.

Lina said, "It depends on whether you believe in his feelings for you. If you do, I think you might as well take a chance. Life has always been a gamble anyway. You never know what your life is going to be like until the end of it. That was what I was thinking when I got together with Hadwin. It's better to just do it than hesitate. At least that's how you won't regret it in the future!"

Kyla looked at Lina with some surprise. It was at this moment that she realized that Lina was far more insightful than she thought.

Among the three of them, Lina seemed to have experienced the least hardships, so she was also the most optimistic. However, compared to Kyla's hesitation and Grace's overthinking, Lina was

the wisest and most decisive person!

Grace said, "Kyla, you said you're scared of not being able to get over it if you two separate again... Doesn't this... mean that your love Martin Weiss? You're even scared of loving him so much. more than you did the first time. That's why you're worried that you can't get over it if it happens again, aren't you?"

Kyla paused. 'Do I... love Martin Weiss?'

She tried to deny it but could not utter the words.

She asked herself if she loved him. If she did not love him, why was she so heartbroken when she saw him cutting his neck repeatedly and lying on the operating table?

Kyla did not answer, and Grace and Lina did not ask any further questions.

Once the car arrived at the store, the two got off with Kyla. Before leaving, Lina said, "Kyla, we won't interfere in whatever you decide. You have to decide what to do with your feelings yourself. But no matter what happens, Grace and I will be here for you. We're happy for you if you're happy. If you're upset, we'll help you vent your feelings. If you're facing troubles, we'll get through them together!"

Kyla's eyes reddened, and her nose felt sore.

family. We'll face everything together, so don't hesitate too much sometimes. Just follow your heart!"

'Follow my heart?' Kyla thought of those words after Lina and

Grace left.

'My heart...'

Just then, Mrs. Corbyn walked over, looked at her daughter, and said, "Oh, you're discharged from the hospital now, so you're finally safe. It's all thanks to Martin Weiss! Jacqueline Bowman is such a mean person. I was even grateful to her before. I thought she was a nice person!"

Kyla gently looked down and said, "She's now in custody in the detention center. The police say that she has a solid case against

her. She'll be sentenced to at least five years in prison if proven guilty!"

"I think five years is too lenient. People like her should be sentenced to life in prison. Otherwise, she might harm someone else again when she's released."

Mrs. Corbyn scolded, and Kyla suddenly said, "Mom, do you think Martin Weiss and I are a right fit? What do you think of me getting back together with him?"

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Mrs. Corbyn stopped speaking, and she looked at her daughter in disbelief, "What... What did you say?"

"I said, is it okay if I get back together with Martin Weiss?"

repeated Kyla.

"You want to start over with Martin Weiss?" Mrs. Corbyn asked urgently.

"Martin Weiss mentioned to me in the hospital that he wants to be a real married couple with me, not just for show or for the sake of the kids," said Kyla as she took a deep breath. She looked at

her mother, who had accompanied her through so many painful years. "Mom, I still have feelings for Martin Weiss. I don't know

whether they've always been there and I've just ignored them, or they just started recently. But I think he has a place in my heart."

Kyla confessed her feelings to her mother.

After hearing that, Mrs. Corbyn said gently, "Since he has a place in your heart and seeing how you two have children together, it's

good to start over with him. You haven't fallen for anyone after all these years. Perhaps you're destined to start over with him!"

"Mother, do you agree to this?" asked Kyla.

Mrs. Corbyn said, "Why should I disagree? I've seen how he's been treating you all these years. If you want him to atone for his sins, he has done it. I just want you to get over it. Do you want to be with him?"

Mrs. Corbyn knew that the biggest problem her daughter faced was the pain Martin Weiss had caused her. Her daughter first

needed to overcome that fear if she wanted to be with Martin Weiss.

Kyla pressed her lips together tightly. After a long while, she finally said, "I want to be with him..."

'Yes, I want to be with Martin Weiss. I want to take another chance to see if I can be happy in this life!'

She did not want to run away and regret it later!

'Perhaps it's like what Lina said. I'll just give it a try. If it still doesn't work out, at least I won't regret it!'

On the other hand, in Martin Weiss's ward. Mrs. Weiss looked at her son on the hospital bed and snapped. "How could you keep such a serious incident from me? I would still be in the dark if my friend in the business world hadn't mentioned it to me. Do you even think of me as your own mother?"

Martin Weiss said hoarsely, "Mom, they're just minor injuries."

"Minor injuries?" Mrs. Weiss's voice shot up instantly. "Are these injuries minor? You've got a broken rib, an abrasion in your head, and several cuts in your neck. You almost died from blood loss!"

Martin Weiss said, "The doctor said that most of them are just skin trauma. I can be discharged in another week. I didn't tell you because I was afraid you'd be worried. Look, aren't you worrying too much right now?"

Mrs. Weiss said, "Are you scared that I'll be worried, or that I'll be angry at Kyla? You suffered all these wounds to save that woman Kyla, didn't you?"

She had had someone look into her son's accident before coming to the hospital.

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Martin Weiss frowned. "She's not some random woman. She's the woman I love most. She got kidnapped because of me. I failed to handle some lowlives who went to harm Kyla! It's only a matter of course that I had to save her!"

Mrs. Weiss said bitterly, "A matter of course? You saved her and almost killed yourself. Did you think of me? Did you think about your own mother? What I should do if something had happened to you? I already lost your father. Do you want me to lose my only son too?"

Guilt flashed across Martin Weiss's face. "Mom, I'm sorry."

"Kyla has gotten you under her spell. Even if you have done her wrong, many years have passed since then. You've even donated her your liver. It should be enough," said Mrs. Weiss.

'Enough?' Martin Weiss smiled wryly. Kyla said it was enough, and even his mother said it was enough, but... "It's not enough. Mom, I love her. I love her so much that everything I do for her won't be enough. Whatever happens, I don't want you to scold her, Mom. I saved her willingly. She never asked me to save her, and she has nothing to do with these wounds!"

Mrs. Weiss looked at her son, who was trying to take all the responsibility, with a darkening face.

Kyla mattered so much to her son that he would even risk his life for her! There was only grave concern in Mrs. Weiss's heart at the moment.

"Mom, think of it as doing me a favor. Please don't be angry with her," said Martin Weiss.

However, the more he begged, the more Mrs. Weiss's heart sank.

When had her proud son begged someone for a woman? However, he was begging her for Kyla right now.

Mrs. Weiss sighed and said, "Forget it. I won't blame her. Don't worry."

"That's great," said Martin Weiss.

"But you can't spare those criminals who hurt you so severely! Especially Mr. Lambert and Jacqueline Bowman. I want them in jail for the rest of their lives!" said Mrs. Weiss.

Mrs. Weiss's voice had a touch of anger in it. After all, he was her most important son! He was so badly wounded that she almost lost him again. How could she not hate those criminals?

“Okay. It’s all up to you, Mom,” said Martin Weiss.

As long as his mother did not blame Kyla!

‘Will Kyla give me the answer I want? How I wish she’ll say yes. I’ll be good to her and use the rest of my life to treat her well!’

When Kyla arrived at the hospital with the food she prepared for Martin Weiss, she happened to see Mrs. Weiss in the ward.

Kyla froze, not expecting to see Mrs. Weiss. However, on second thought, it was only reasonable for Mrs. Weiss to come over after Martin Weiss suffered such injuries.

Mrs. Weiss also froze when she saw Kyla coming over with food.

“Hello, Aunt,” Kyla greeted nervously.

“Hello, Miss Corbyn,” Mrs. Weiss replied politely, showing no displeasure for Kyla. “Miss Corbyn, are you here to see Martin? Thank you.”

“He got hurt because of me. It... It’s only right for me to do this,” said Kyla.

“But if you’re busy with the store, it’s okay to come less often, Miss Corbyn. As long as we know you have him in mind. Now that I’m here to take care of Martin, I’ll prepare the best for him, of course,” said Mrs. Weiss.

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She spoke nonchalantly, and Kyla did not know what to say.

However, Martin Weiss frowned slightly and said, “Mom, I have nothing to worry about if you take care of me, but... I want Kyla to come to the hospital to see me more often. I’m glad she’s here now.”

Mrs. Weiss glared at her son and said, “Why don’t I go to the doctor and ask about your condition? You two can talk.”

Mrs. Weiss left the ward, and Kyla felt as if the pressure in the ward had been reduced.

Martin Weiss said, “Don’t mind what my mother said.”

Kyla smiled. “Your mother cares about you. Why would I mind?” It seemed to her that his mother was cordial to her. At least, she did not embarrass her.

Kyla placed the food on Martin Weiss’s bedside table. “Try the osmanthus rice porridge first. I made it with rice. You can think of it as a gooey drink. It’ll make you feel full too.”

“Okay.” Martin Weiss smiled as he took the osmanthus rice porridge Kyla handed over.

He could taste a hint of sweetness when it entered his mouth,

and all he could smell at the tip of his nose was the fragrance of osmanthus flowers. It smelled good.

"It's delicious," said Martin Weiss.

"I'll make more tomorrow if you like it," she said.

"Won't it be too tiring? It must have taken a lot of work," he said.

"It's alright. Though it takes a little longer, it doesn't need constant observation. I just need to time it right. This is all I can do for you right now," said Kyla.

He gazed at her intently. "But this makes me happy... Very happy..."

Kyla met his eyes in a daze, and a bitter feeling filled her chest.

He used to be such a proud man, but now... he looked so humble in front of her. She had just made some food and visited him in the hospital, yet he... was so happy.

"Martin Weiss, what you asked me to think about... earlier, I..." She opened her mouth hesitantly, wondering whether to say yes.

'I should at least do what Lina said and git a try. I don't want to regret it.'

However, it seemed to take a great deal of courage to tell him.

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Kyla only felt her heart racing at that moment. Her eyes watered, while her lips that his fingers were still pressing against seemed to be getting hotter and hotter.

"I... I'm going to the washroom!" she said hurriedly. However, instead of going to the washroom in the ward, she quickly walked

outside.

She felt that if she stayed in there any longer, she would probably burst out in tears in front of him.

She rarely cried since her imprisonment. She always told herself to be strong. Tears were pointless.

However, she had been pushed to tears several times these days because of Martin Weiss.

Kyla ran to the washroom at the end of the hallway, intending to wipe her face with cold water.

Just then, a voice came from behind her. "Miss Corbyn, can we

talk?"

Kyla looked up, only to see Mrs. Weiss reflected in the mirror above the sink.

She turned to look at her. "Aunt, you want to talk to me?"

"Yeah, there's something I need to talk to you about, but this isn't a good place to talk. Why don't we talk in the empty examination room next door?" said Mrs. Weiss.

Kyla did not refuse and followed Mrs. Weiss to the empty room.

Mrs. Weiss locked the door and said to Kyla, "Miss Corbyn, I know you and Martin have a lot of history and you're now carrying Martin's baby. Just as Martin said, it was only natural for him to have saved you when you were in danger, but... I hope you can let

him go."

Kyla froze, "Aunt, you..."

"I've begged you to be with Martin, but you refused. You said you didn't love him and that your marriage was just a matter of expediency. I beg you to make him give up on you once and for all, okay? Martin can risk his life for you, but there's no way you can risk your life for him. Otherwise, it would have been you in the hospital today instead of him, right?"

Kyla froze. She could not even refute Mrs. Weiss.

"Miss Corbyn, I've lost my husband. I don't want to lose my only son too. You donated him your bone marrow, but he also gave you part of his liver. He has been suffering all these years, and this time, he almost died! Perhaps some people aren't just meant to be. Look, the more involved you are, the more likely there are to be

accidents. Why don't you just make him give up on you for good?

Perhaps he can only start over after giving up!"

Mrs. Weiss sobbed. All she felt at the moment was fear that she would lose her only son.

Therefore, she still had to beg Kyla even if she was dissatisfied with her. She knew it would only work if Kyla was willing to do so. If Kyla refused to let her son go, Martin could never be able to get over this relationship.

Kyla only felt a boulder pressing on her chest. Every word Mrs. Weiss uttered pressed down on her, leaving her breathless.

“Miss Corbyn, I beg you to let Martin live! Your two children are the flesh and blood of the Weiss family. It’s up to you if you want your children to stay with you or let them return to the Weiss family. You can ask for money or assets. I’ll give you anything I can. I just want Martin to be alive and well!”

“I... won’t hurt him. I... I want him to be safe and well too,” said

Kyla.

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Mrs. Weiss said, “But if he loves you too much, he’ll never care about himself! Just like how he risked his health to get his blood drawn and store it in Municipal Women’s Hospital for you. How damaging is that to the body? He happened to use that blood in this incident. I’m afraid that as soon as he’s well and discharged from hospital, he’ll disregard all advice and keep his blood for you again!”

When Mrs. Weiss learned that he was saved by his own blood when he lost a lot of blood this time, she inquired why he had been storing blood.

After finding out the reason, she wanted Kyla to separate from her son even more.

It seemed to her that her son’s love for Kyla had gone too far!

Kyla stiffened. “I... I didn’t want him to store blood for me either. I’ll tell him not to do it!”

Mrs. Weiss said, “But as long as he loves you, he’ll still risk his own safety and harm his health for such a small possibility even if you tell him not to. Miss Corbyn, why don’t you let Martin go? Make him give up completely so that he can stop thinking about you. You can do it if you’re willing!”

Mrs. Weiss was in tears, even wanting to kneel at Kyla.

Kyla hurriedly stopped her. “Don’t, Aunt. Don’t do it. I can’t let

you kneel. I know you’re doing this for Martin. I’ll think about what you’ve said!”

Mrs. Weiss calmed down a little after hearing that.

“Okay, you’re a mother too. I think you should know how I feel,” said Mrs. Weiss.

Kyla was silent.

When she stepped out of the room, Kyla said to Mrs. Weiss, “I’ll go back to the ward, bid goodbye to Martin Weiss, and go home.”

Mrs. Weiss nodded. When Kyla turned around, she said, "Kyla, you're a good kid, but many things that shouldn't happen have happened between you and Martin. Perhaps you two are not meant to be."

'Not meant to be...' Kyla sighed to herself. After getting back to the ward, there was a touch of anxiety on Martin Weiss's face. As soon as he saw that she had come back, he rushed forward and said, "I was about to go out looking for you. Why did you take so long in the washroom?"

"You worry if I take a long time in the washroom too?" asked Kyla.

"No, I was just afraid I said something wrong and upset you," said

Martin Weiss as he raised his hand to her reddish eyes. "What happened? Why are your eyes red? Have you been crying? Tell me if I said something that upset you."

"No, my eyes are red because I saw an open window when I passed the corridor and went over to look outside to get some air, but I got sand in my eyes instead. I have to go back to the store. I'll see you again tomorrow," said Kyla.

She said as she gathered her things and prepared to leave.

He suddenly grabbed her hand. "Are you sure you'll come tomorrow?"

"Of course." Kyla smiled. "I'll visit you every day while you're in the hospital."

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She gently pulled his hand away as she spoke, "Alright, I really must go home. You should rest."

"I'll have someone take you home," he said.

"Your mother has arranged for a chauffeur to take me home, so don't worry," said Kyla.

When she came out of the ward, the smile on her face disappeared.

If Martin Weiss had not stopped her today, maybe she would have told him she wanted to start over with him.

Maybe some things were meant to be missed!

Maybe what she had not said today would never be said again.

Was she to blame for loving him too little? Was he to blame for loving her too much?

Just like what Mrs. Weiss said, Martin Weiss could risk her life for her, but she might not be able to risk her life for Martin Weiss. She had too many things tying her down, and she did not have too much attachment to love.

Maybe it would be better for both of them if it ended here.

He did not need to be so persistent with her and could start afresh.

After this, he would not risk his life nor struggle for her-let alone become so humble for her.

Kyla walked out of the hospital with a bitter smile.

Martin Weiss... and her would eventually go on with their lives as per their original course. What had happened these days was just an interlude.

Kyla would visit Martin Weiss in the hospital every day in the next few days. She would bring him food she made and share photos and videos of Nelson on her phone with him.

Everything seemed so sweet and harmonious.

However, only Kyla herself understood that Martin Weiss's time in the hospital might be their last 'good' time together.

Once he got out of the hospital, it... was time for her to give him an answer.

"Alright, I'm going home," Kyla said to Martin Weiss after packing up her things.

"Why don't you go home after I fall asleep? I want you to stay with me a little longer," he said. He looked a little like a child being affectionate.

No matter how mature he normally was, he could not help behaving like a child in front of the woman he loved.

"Okay," replied Kyla as she returned to the chair beside his hospital bed. "Then lie down and go to sleep."

Martin Weiss obediently lay down on the bed, but his eyes did not close. He was still looking at Kyla.

"What's the matter? Aren't you going to sleep?" she asked.

"It just feels like a dream these days," he said. After all, he had never dared to think that she would be willing to sit beside him and wait for him to fall asleep one day. "Kyla, tell me. Am I dreaming?"

Her heart quivered. "No, you're not dreaming."

A smile appeared on his face. "Do you think I'll get the answer I want?"

She was silent as the hands on her lap clenched slightly.

My Gorgeous Wife is an Ex-Convict!

'Answer... I can never give him the answer he wants.'

He reached out to take her cold hand and said apologetically, "I'm not forcing you. I just long for it. I said I'd wait, and I'll wait however long it takes for you to be willing."

He would wait until she wanted to be with him willingly.

She took a deep breath. "I'll get back to you when you're discharged, okay?"

There was a gleam of joy in his eyes when he heard that. Even his voice became a little agitated. "Okay, I'll wait for your answer on that day."

"Then get a good night's sleep, or the doctor may postpone your discharge again," she said.

"Then I must let the doctor discharge me soon," quipped Martin Weiss. He closed his eyes this time and missed the agony in Kyla's eyes.

'Discharge... The sooner he's discharged, the sooner our sweet days will come to an end.'

Once Martin Weiss fell asleep, Kyla carefully withdrew her hand

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and left the ward.

She saw Mrs. Weiss as soon as she got out of the ward.

"Goodbye, Aunt," Kyla said politely.

"Miss Corbyn, don't forget what you promised me," said Mrs.

Weiss.

Kyla smiled faintly. "I won't forget it. Since I've promised you, I'll keep my word. But..."

She paused and looked straight at Mrs. Weiss. "I'm not doing this because you asked me to. It's only because I... wish him a safe life

too."

With that said, Kyla turned around to leave.

Mrs. Weiss looked at Kyla's back with complicated eyes before finally heaving a long sigh.

When Kyla returned to the store, Mrs. Corbyn said to her daughter, "Didn't you say the other day that you're going to be with Martin Weiss? Isn't Martin Weiss's mother also in Emerald City these days? Why don't I... go to the hospital with you tomorrow and meet his mother to talk about you two—"

"Mom." Kyla interrupted her mother. "Martin Weiss and I won't have any future together. I'll make it clear to him when he's discharged from the hospital. He'll have nothing to do with me.

He'll just be the father of the kids."

Mrs. Corbyn was instantly surprised at that. "How could it be...

You said the other day..."

"It was something I said in the spur of the moment. He injured himself to save me, so I just mistook gratitude for affection. But I've been carefully thinking about it these days. We're not a right fit for each other. Being together with him will only make me think of all the pain from the past. I can't get over it!" said Kyla.

Mrs. Corbyn looked at her daughter with a sorry look. "You haven't been able to get over it after all these years?"

"Yeah, I can't get over it, so... I suppose it'll be best to separate from him," said Kyla.

"Since you've made up your mind, I'll support you no matter what. I'll continue to accompany you and raise your two children with you!" said Mrs. Corbyn.

Kyla looked gratefully at her mother. Without her, she would not have made it to this day.

She owed her mother a great debt!

Kyla lay in bed at night, gently caressing her already bulging belly. Only she knew that what she had said to her mother today was just an excuse.

She had moved on from the pain.

Even so, she and Martin Weiss were still not right for each other! Her feelings for him were too insignificant. They were so insignificant... it was as though she could take them back at any time.

However, Martin Weiss loved her so deeply that he did not care about himself.

