

Ex Convict 2611

Chapter 2611

"How can I believe you? Don't forget. You told me countless times that you didn't love me," said Martin Weiss. He wanted to push her away as he did not want to see her eyes that were full of tears.

It was as if one more glance would add to his heartache.

However, his hand had only touched her shoulder when she lowered her head and kissed his lips.

Her kiss was quick and hard as if she was trying to convince him of all the unexplainable emotions with one kiss.

'How can I convince him that I love him?

'And how can I grow old with him? He used to be so in love with me that he could give up his life and health for me.

'But even convincing him that I love him has become a challenge!'

Kyla kissed him with all her heart as she slowly closed her eyes. Tears poured out of her eyes before trickling down his cheeks and merging with the kiss.

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Martin Weiss stiffened. All his blood seemed to rush up to his lips.

He gradually became confused, and his hands that rested on her shoulders became weak.

He could push her away with a little bit of effort, but he did not do that.

Was he reluctant?

He could not help getting lost in her kiss.

Her fingers caressed his cheek before going down the back of his neck, his collarbone...

When the kiss was over, he heard heavy panting and could not tell whether it came from her or him.

His blood seemed to move with her fingers.

Even without those feelings, his body was so honest. She could

easily seduce him.

"Martin Weiss, I love you," she murmured as she sprinkled kisses on him.

Absentminded, he exhausted his last perseverance to gain some clarity. "You love me, but what can you do for me? What

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will you sacrifice for me? Children? Family? Friends? Or your life?"

She stopped her actions instantly, not knowing how to answer him.

Her silence cooled the heat in his body. "Kyla, how can I believe you love me if you won't sacrifice anything for me? Are you just saying the words? That's just the cheapest lie."

His hand pushed her body away as he got up. He said as he had his back against her, "Don't use this trick on me next time. Perhaps it used to work on me, but I now have no interest in you."

Kyla was instantly alone in the room again.

Kyla looked down as she wrapped her arms around herself. It turned out it was so difficult to make another person believe in her.

What could she sacrifice for Martin Weiss?

Even if she used to love him so much that she could sacrifice her life for him, she now wanted to cherish this life because it had not been easy for him to snatch her life from the hands of death!

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Grace came to the bookstore to pick up some books and buy some stationery for Nelson. Kyla had gone to L City, and Mrs.

Corbyn was taking care of the two children alone. As the two little ones' godmother, she was going to take better care of them during this period, of course.

Thinking of the three-month bet that Kyla had told her, she could not help but worry. She did not expect Kyla and Martin Weiss to make a deal like that.

Three months. If Martin Weiss did not lift the hypnosis, it would be difficult to make Martin Weiss fall in love with Kyla again in only three months.

"You should've asked for more time, like three years or something." It was what she said to Kyla on the video call.

"If I asked for three years, maybe he would just file for divorce.

I think three months is as far as he can go."

"What if he still insists on divorcing after three months?"

"Then we'll get a divorce."

"Then you'll..."

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"I'll raise Nelson and Trista myself. Maybe that's fate and we're not meant for each other, but I want to give my best in these three months so that I won't regret it."

Thinking of Kyla's resoluteness during the call, Grace sighed

to herself again. She went to the children's book section and selected a few books and some stationery. Just as she was about to pay, she saw Brian.

Brian's eyes were looking around as if he was looking for something.

He felt her gaze and looked toward her. He calmed down as those phoenix eyes gazed at her.

His glance instantly made her realize that he had probably been looking for her.

After a short pause, Brian strode toward Grace.

"There you are!" he said as he stood in front of her.

"Were you looking for me?" she asked in surprise.

"I passed the bookstore and saw your car outside, so I came in to try my luck," he said while glancing at the books and stationery in her hands. "Why did you buy these..."

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"They're for Nelson," she said as she walked toward the cash register.

Brian knew Nelson Corbyn, so he said nothing. He walked beside Grace and stared at her bulging belly. His eyes glimmered as if he was thinking of something.

When Grace paid the bill and walked to the door, she said to

Brian, "I gotta go if there's nothing else."

"Wait!" He could not help stopping her.

"Huh?" She stopped and turned to look at him.

"Are you determined to have this child?" he asked in a murmur.

She smiled at that. "If there's a chance for this baby to be born safely, why won't I have them?"

"But the price you'll pay for having them..." Brian could not help saying.

"It won't cost me my life!" Grace interrupted him and said, "What I need to pay is only some physical damage, but what I'm getting is a new life. I think it's worth it!"

Brian looked blankly at the woman in front of him for a long while before murmuring, "If Jason were the one persuading

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you today, would you still insist on having the child?"

"He wouldn't persuade me for this," said Grace.

Brian smiled bitterly. "It's because he understands you, right?"

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Grace said nothing, but her expression seemed to be agreeing tacitly.

The bitterness on his face thickened. "Yeah, I don't understand you. I never... understood you."

If he understood her, how could he have recognized her so late and believed others when she needed help the most?!

He did not understand her and missed out on her!

“Brian, stop your obsession with me. If you’re willing to get over it, you’ll have a new beginning. I believe you’ll meet a

woman truly worthy of your love,” said Grace.

“But that woman won’t be you. Is that what you mean to say?” he said hoarsely.

Grace said, “Yes, that woman won’t be me and shouldn’t be

1. If you want what’s best for me, you should get over me. I don’t want Jay to misunderstand.”

Getting over someone was not that easy! However... looking at the person brimming with happiness in front of him, what he said was... “Okay, I’ll get over you.””

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If it would make her happy, he would do it.

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Even if he was unwilling and was only acting, he would do it!

Looking at the faint smile on Brian’s lips, Grace’s heart ached.

However, Brian then walked past her and got into a nearby car.

The car slowly drove out of her sight, and Grace gently looked down.

She could not give Brian any response because the person she loved had never been him.

After stopping by the store and giving Nelson the stationery and books, Grace returned to Reed Residence.

Back in the bedroom, she was about to change into her

loungewear when a pair of arms immediately wrapped around her from behind. Then, she felt hot kisses on the back

of her neck.

There was a familiar scent in her nose, and Grace froze before saying, “Jay!”

He was the only one who could do such a thing to her at the Reed family’s house.

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“Yes...” he answered softly, turned her body around, and kissed her on the lips. The possessive kiss almost left her breathless.

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It was a long time before he ended the kiss and pressed her hard into his arms. “If you weren’t pregnant, I’m afraid...”

He did not finish his words, but the meaning was clear.

Grace’s face reddened. “Why did you suddenly...” As if recalling something, she suddenly said, “Do you know that I

met Brian today?”

After all, he had assigned bodyguards to protect her in secret.

She knew that.

“Yes,” he muttered.

“Jay, Brian and I... only had a chat. Besides...”

“Besides what?”

“Maybe he’ll get over me,” Grace could not help saying when she recalled what Brian had said today.

Although Brian had said it indifferently, she seemed to feel how determined he was when he said it.

“Maybe?” Jason snorted gently. What followed were more

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passionate kisses. “Even if he can’t get over you, he won’t have any chance. Grace, you’re mine and only mine!”

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The domineering possessiveness was only because of her!

She was the only one who made him possessive of her. He did not allow anyone else to covet her.

His kiss almost drowned her in it. She managed to cling to a sliver of reason. “Jay... Don’t... Don’t go on. I’m not in the right

condition to...”

"I know. I'm not going to do anything. Grace, I just want to kiss you and let you know how much I love you!" His magnetic

voice was alluring. His breathing, eyes, and embrace was enchanting her.

She was drowning increasingly deeper...

He said... he would get over her. He said that earnestly.

It was because he wanted her to be happy.

Since it was her repeated wish, he would make every effort to fulfill her wish. Even if the fulfillment... was only an illusion, he wanted to make it happen!

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The so-called illusion was that all the people around him

thought he had moved on. Of course, she thought so too.

Moving on... Perhaps not moving on no longer held any meaning. Moving on was the best thing to do.

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However, it meant nothing to him. Her existence had become some sort of spiritual support for him for so many years. If he moved on, what would he have left?

Brian drove aimlessly. When the car stopped, he found himself in front of the noodle shop where Grace used to work.

However, the noodle shop had become a small restaurant, and the name on the signboard outside had changed.

He had once asked Grace to be a substitute for the woman he was looking for at the noodle shop entrance. It was ridiculous that he had asked the real deal to become a substitute.

She told him that she would not become anyone's substitute.

He kept on looking for substitutes, but they could never replace the real deal.

She was right about that. He was only repeating the same mistake by finding so many substitutes.

Even when he went abroad, he met Whitney Cooper who

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looked 70 percent similar to her.

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However, the closer he got to these women, the more he felt that they were not her.

Brian parked his car in front of the small restaurant and walked in.

It was almost dinnertime, and the dining tables in the restaurant were occupied.

The owner enthusiastically walked forward, asking if he was willing to share a table with others.

"Okay, I'll share a table," Brian said indifferently.

Therefore, the man led him to a dining table where only one person was occupying it.

Brian sat opposite the person and randomly ordered a donburi.

He did not want to eat anything. He only wanted to come in and sit down.

"Huh. It's you." A clear female voice rang.

Brian looked up and saw a round apple-shaped face.

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She had a pair of deer-like round eyes, and her hair was in a ponytail. Her small nose and pink lips made her look amiable.

There was something familiar about the face, and Brian's eyes narrowed slightly.

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"It was raining that day and we talked while you were in the rain. Do you remember?" Valda Theller said.

His eyes gleamed a little as he remembered the woman who had held an umbrella over him when he was in the rain.

He did not expect to see her here again.

"You don't remember?" His silence could not help making Valda Theller slightly awkward. After all, they had only met once. It was natural if he did not remember.

"I remember," he said.

She breathed a sigh of relief. "I thought you forgot me. That

would be embarrassing.”

He looked down gently. “It’s the first time anyone thought I was going to kill myself. It’s hard to forget.”

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Her relaxed expression instantly changed to embarrassment,

“I’m sorry. I just thought you seemed to be experiencing something sad and misunderstood you. Do you feel better?”

‘I’ll never feel better! Brian ignored her but gracefully pulled a pair of disposable chopsticks out of the chopsticks holder on the table and broke them apart.

The donburi that Brian ordered was soon served, and he ate it slowly.

Valda Theller could not help looking at the man in front of her.

He wore a crisp suit and was sitting elegantly. He was only eating, but he gave others an air of elegance.

People like him should not be eating donburi in a small restaurant like this. Instead, he should be eating French cuisine in a fancy and high-class restaurant.

However... for some reason, during the two times she met this man, she only found him indifferent. It was as if his world had been closed off to others, and he did not allow others to approach him. He had no interest in anyone else.

There was a deadly silence.

Why did such a man give off such a deadly silence?

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Valda Theller had already finished her meal, but she still looked blankly at Brian as she sat in her seat.

“Are you done?” His cold voice rang suddenly.

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“Oh, I’m sorry. I was rude.” Valda Theller apologized hurriedly.

‘Gosh. Am I doing it again? I keep staring whenever I see a good-looking person!

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Even her best friend, Mian Mian, used to nag her from time to time. "Hey, Valda. You should get rid of that bad habit. At least don't stare so blatantly. People who know you know that you look at beautiful and handsome people for inspiration. But strangers would think you're up to no good!"

As a cartoonist, especially a romance cartoonist, Valda Theller could not help looking at good-looking people and wondering what they would look like when drawn with a pen.

However, she had rarely stared at someone like this over the years.

Rather, she had drawn many beautiful and handsome people over the years that it was relatively difficult to catch her eyes no matter how good-looking a person was.

However... the man in front of her was different.

He was undeniably beautiful, giving her an impulse to draw

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him. However, compared to his looks, what attracted her more was the deadly silence from his body.

She could not help wondering what had happened to the man that his body was filled with this cold deadly silence.

'Stop wondering about it. It's none of your business!' Valda Theller told herself. What she ought to do now was bid

goodbye and leave.

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However, she hesitated. Moments later, she grabbed her bag and took out a post-it note and a pen.

With her head down, she drew a cartoon on the paper and handed it to Brian. "Here, take this. I hope you'll feel happier."

Brian glanced at the post-it note in front of him. Although the cartoon on the paper was made up of only a few strokes, it captured the characteristics of his appearance. Especially those phoenix eyes, which made people know it was him at a

glance.

The cartoon was beaming, but... it had been a long time since he laughed.

"I don't know what on earth you're going through. But when you get over it and look back at it, you'll find that it's nothing."

'It's nothing?' He pressed his thin lips together slightly. 'She has no idea what I'm going through!

'But I have no choice but to get over it!'

His dark phoenix eyes stared at the woman in front of him. If it was not Grace, it did not matter who it was.

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"Will you be my girlfriend?" the melodious voice rang in the air.

Valda Theller was intending to leave as she got up and grabbed her bag, but she was so stunned by the question that she froze. Her round eyes blinked. She was seriously wondering if she had heard wrong.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" his voice continued asking.

She shook her head in a trance.

"Is there someone you like, then?" he asked again.

She shook her head again.

"Why don't you be my girlfriend? You can tell me whatever you want in exchange for that," he said.

She felt as if something was stuck in her throat. 'Did I... hear that right? Does he really want me to be his girlfriend? But the problem is, does a guy like him lack women? With his looks, he just has to shout and many women will want to become his girlfriend!

"Why do you want me... to be your girlfriend?" she asked blankly. The way he looked at her eyes was indifferent and estranged. There was no love in those phoenix eyes.

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"Because it makes no difference to me who I choose to be my girlfriend. If you're unwilling, you can refuse," he said calmly.

It was as if it made no difference to him whether she accepted or rejected.

Her heartbeat raced. 'Should I refuse him?'

Any person would refuse, but the refusal seemed stuck in her throat. She was unable to utter it no matter what..

Valda Theller returned to her studio from the small restaurant, still in a trance.

'Have I... become that person's girlfriend?'

She became his girlfriend the second time they met. She would be considered to have lost her mind if she told anyone

about this.

She even wondered if his family had been urging him to get married, so he wanted to find a girlfriend suddenly. However, the man replied, "My family's indeed urging me to get married, but I wouldn't get a girlfriend because of that."

My Gorgeous Wife is an Ex-Convict!

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"Then why did you do it?" she could not help asking.

His eyes were dark. It was... a refusal to answer. He did not allow her to inquire.

"I just want a girlfriend. At the minimum, we must appear affectionate in front of people. If you ever meet someone you truly like, you can dump me for whatever reason you want," he said.

She figured out from the man's speech that he had no intention of falling for her. Dating seemed to be an act of necessity.

"So, will you be my girlfriend?" His dark phoenix eyes stared at her as his elegant voice asked.

At that moment, she heard her voice saying... "Yes."

'How could I agree? It's obvious that this man only wants a relationship in name, but I agreed to it!'

Valda Theller could not help raising her hand and knocking herself on the head at the thought of it.

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'Was I charmed by his beauty? I said yes to such a ridiculous offer because he was so good-looking.'

Just then, the phone rang. Valda Theller picked up her phone

and tapped on the answer button. Her best friend Camille Strickland's voice came from it. "Valda, when are you free? Let's discuss the theme for your new comic."

Valda Theller replied, "Okay, I'm free tomorrow. Let's do it tomorrow morning."

“Okay, I’ll come to your studio tomorrow morning,” said Camille Strickland. As an editor at a comic magazine, she had always been in charge of her best friend.

“Okay,” replied Valda Theller.

“By the way, accompany me to a blind date tomorrow night after we discuss the theme,” said Camille Strickland.

“You’re going on another blind date?” Valda Theller was speechless.

“Yeah. My blind date said he’d bring a friend and asked me to bring a friend too. Maybe it’ll lighten the mood. Besides, the friend he’s bringing is also single. You can give it a try if you click with that friend,” said Camille Strickland.

Her best friend had been single for years after getting hurt in

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her previous relationship. She sometimes wondered if Valda shut herself off from relationships because she was so badly

hurt back then.

However, Camille Strickland’s worries shattered when she heard what her best friend said next.

“No thanks. I already have a boyfriend,” said Valda Theller.

“What?” The startled voice exploded on the phone. Going out of tune, Camille Strickland shouted, “What did you say? You

have a boyfriend?”

“Yeah.”

‘I guess I have a boyfriend.

“Really? What does he do for a living? How did you know each other? Why haven’t you mentioned him before?” Camille Strickland asked a series of questions.

Valda Theller then realized she seemed to have no idea what he did for a living. However, the man was dressed in a suit and tie. Maybe he had to wear a suit for his job.

“I’ve only met him twice... Uh... I forgot to ask what he does for a living,” Valda Theller said lamely.

Camille Strickland was speechless. “You agreed to date him

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without even knowing what he does for a living? Do you not know your boyfriend's name and where he lives?"

Valda Theller was even speechless. She seemed to really...

have no idea!

She was too shocked and confused. She only heard him say, "Okay, that's settled then." After that, the man left the small restaurant, and she followed suit.

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When Camille Strickland came to Valda Theller's studio the next day, she could not help taunting, "You must've been pranked!"

When she heard about what happened in the restaurant from her best friend, the first thing that came to her mind was that

her best friend had met a fraudster!

"He doesn't look much like a fraudster," Valda Theller explained in a low voice.

Camille Strickland said, "Do fraudsters have the word 'fraud' engraved on their faces? He would have at least told you his contact information if he was serious. You don't even have his contact information right now. Tell me, how are you going to date each other?"

Well, Valda Theller could not argue about this point.

'Was that man only pranking me? But I somehow think his tone and eyes at the time were serious.

'But... I have no idea if we'll ever see each other again if I don't have his contact information.'

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"By the way, why did you agree to date him?" Camille Strickland asked.

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"It's probably... because he has good looks," Valda Theller said a little guiltily. However, there were other reasons too.

There was this sense of dead silence about the man. It was as

if he would fall into the abyss if someone did not help him.

She was the same too. She still remembered the feeling of falling into an abyss when she realized that her feelings were just a game to someone else.

If Camille had not helped her, perhaps her life would have turned out differently.

"But if that guy is only pranking me, maybe he doesn't have to find a girlfriend to solve his problems. That would be good too," Valda Theller said after breathing a sigh of relief.

"Don't be naive. If that man is as good-looking as you said, would he have trouble finding a girlfriend? You're just too gullible that that bastard Raymond Bowman..." Camille Strickland suddenly stopped talking as an apologetic look appeared on her face. "I'm sorry. I..."

"Why are you apologizing? You're right. Raymond Bowman is indeed a bastard." Valda Theller faked a relaxed smile before raising her hands to hug her best friend. "Camille, thank you

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for helping me and stopping me from giving up on myself."

"What are you talking about? Alright, accompany me to the

blind date tonight. Maybe the friend he brought is a nice

man!" Camille Strickland said with a smile.

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At night, Camille Strickland took Valda Theller to the restaurant where she had agreed to meet her date. However, Valda Theller's expression instantly changed when they reached the dining table.

There were already two men sitting on one side of the dining table. One of them was wearing a white shirt. This man with the handsome face was once a prince to many women!

It was... Raymond Bowman.

Valda Theller did not expect to meet him here. Camille Strickland was also dumbfounded as she exclaimed, "Raymond Bowman, what are you doing here?"

"Huh, do you know each other?" Keith Sharp, Camille Strickland's blind date today, asked.

"Yes, we do. We studied in the same university but were in different courses," answered Raymond Bowman.

"What coincidence. Here, have a seat. You can order anything you want." Keith Sharp warmly asked them to sit down.

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Valda Theller knew Camille had a good impression of her blind date. The two had been chatting online for almost two weeks, and it was only now that they were meeting for the first time.

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"Valda, why don't we..." Camille Strickland wanted to propose that they ditched the blind date and go home first.

After all, she had witnessed how Raymond Bowman had hurt Valda. She would be hurting Valda if she let her sit down for a

meal.

However, before Camille Strickland could finish, Valda Theller said, "Camille, let's have a seat first."

"But..."

Valda Theller gave her best friend an assuring look as she quietly squeezed her hand, implying that it was fine. She also pulled her best friend and sat down.

After ordering the food, Camille Strickland pulled Valda Theller away from the dining table with the excuse of going to the washroom.

"Valda, you don't have to worry about me. I didn't know that Keith Sharp was friends with Raymond Bowman. If I had known..."

Valda Theller interposed, "You wouldn't have asked me to

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come. But it doesn't matter. Raymond Bowman hurt me, but

won't it mean that I still care about the past if I keep avoiding

him? Camille, I don't want to avoid him. Besides, Raymond

Bowman isn't worth me running away from, is he?"

Camille Strickland suddenly realized that her best friend was stronger than she imagined. Her eyes were clear and honest. It seemed that Valda had really gotten over the man.

"Yeah, he's not worth it." Camille Strickland smiled..

On the other side, at the dining table, Keith Sharp looked at Raymond Bowman and said hesitantly, "Mr. Bowman, did you already know that they were the ones coming today?"

Keith Sharp somehow had that feeling.

Raymond Bowman was not his friend but a CEO his company had suddenly sent over. It was said that he was going to join the headquarters' board of directors, and the branch was only a stepping stone for him.

Raymond Bowman had seen a photo of Camille Strickland on his phone by chance and chatted with him. Then, he asked him to ask her to bring another friend after the chat.

He was confused at the time, but he dared not refuse due to the man's identity.

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The scene earlier made him think that Raymond Bowman

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had already guessed that Valda Theller would be the one Camille Strickland would bring. It was as if he had anticipated

everything.

Raymond Bowman smiled. "Regardless, I'm your friend. I'm only here to accompany you on your blind date, aren't I?"

He glanced in the direction of the washroom as he said this.

After so many years, he finally saw Valda again, but... he thought that perhaps she would turn to leave without saying anything after seeing him. However, she sat down calmly without the fascination she used to have when she looked at

him...

After dinner, Keith Sharp tried hard to lighten the mood in the process, but it was still weird.

"Camille told me that you're a comic artist. I wonder what kind of comics you draw? I'd like to read them if I have the chance," said Keith Sharp.

"They're romance comics. You can ask Camille for the details. She's in charge of my editing and knows my comics best. But such comics might not be your cup of tea," Valda Theller said with a smile.

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Keith Sharp laughed dryly. "Do comic artists like you you come up with the plot?"

"There are comic artists who work with writers, but I come up with the plots for my comics," said Valda Theller.

"Is it hard to come up with the plot?"

"It depends on your inspiration. Sometimes, it's not that hard when you're inspired."

"If you're uninspired, is it easier to get inspired by dating?" Keith Sharp asked.

“Not really. I just watch more films. Other people’s comics and novels can also inspire me.”

“Camille said you’re thinking of a new comic theme right now?”

“Yes, we were discussing it for a long time today but haven’t reached a conclusion,” said Valda Theller.

Camille Strickland also complained, “I know, right? Oh, everything’s difficult at the beginning. I’m miserable every

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time we have to decide on a theme and outline.”

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“Miss Theller, will you get inspired if you have a boyfriend?” Keith Sharp glanced at Raymond Bowman out of the corner of his eye when he said this.

Raymond Bowman’s expression remained unchanged as if he was only casually listening to their conversation.

However, what Valda Theller said next made Raymond Bowman’s expression change.

“I have a boyfriend.”

“What? You have a boyfriend?” Keith Sharp was shocked, but Camille Strickland hesitated slightly before saying somewhat ostentatiously, “Yes, Valda’s taken!”

Camille Strickland’s words were directed at Raymond Bowman. After all, Raymond Bowman had embarrassed her best friend and made her the laughing stock at school back then. Now, it felt like they had gained an advantage.

“But didn’t we agree on bringing a friend who doesn’t have a boyfriend...” Keith Sharp cast an uneasy glance at Raymond

Bowman.

After all, it seemed to him that Raymond Bowman had deliberately set this up today to meet Valda Theller.

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Before Camille Strickland could answer, Valda Theller said,

“Sorry, Mr. Sharp. I took the initiative to ask Camille to bring me here because I wanted to see what kind of person her

blind date was.”

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Keith Sharp gave a wry smile. It did not matter to him, but CEO Raymond Bowman...

“You have a boyfriend?” Raymond Bowman asked Valda Theller as he stared at her.

Valda Theller met his eyes and said, “Yes, I have a boyfriend.”

“Impossible!” his thin lips said.

Camille Strickland was unhappy with that statement. “How could it be impossible? Valda has many pursuers. Raymond Bowman, you wouldn’t think that Valda has no pursuers, would you?”

Raymond Bowman suddenly got up, leaned over, and grabbed Valda Theller’s wrist. “Do you really have a boyfriend?”

The burning gaze was suffocatingly pressuring.

Valda Theller frowned. “Raymond Bowman, let go!”

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“Tell me. Do you really have a boyfriend?” He clung to the question.

“I...” Valda Theller had just opened her mouth when a voice suddenly rang out.

“Are you in trouble?” The elegant voice sounded estranged, but it stunned Valda Theller.

She looked up instantly and caught sight of a cold, delicate face. He had a straight nose bridge, sexy thin lips, and was dressed in a light gray suit. He looked just like an elegant gentleman, and those deep phoenix eyes were staring at her.

It was... the man she had only met twice!