

Ex Convict 135

Chapter 135

“So what if that’s so? As long as I wish for it, I can make her comparable to any notable lady in the city!” Jason retorted.

“Don’t forget how your father died!” Mr. Reed spat through ground teeth.

Jason’s gaze darkened. “I haven’t forgotten. Even if I truly want to be with her, it doesn’t mean that I will give her my life. I’m not my father. I won’t die or live for a woman, let alone be controlled by a woman!”

“I’m always the one in control!”

Mr. Reed huffed coolly. “You came to see me today just to say that?”

“No,” Jason replied. “I want you to stay away from her!”

Mr. Reed narrowed his eyes but kept a straight face as

he angrily asked, “What do you mean by that? Are you threatening your grandfather? Can it be that this old man isn’t as important as a woman?”

“Grandpa, I’m just telling you. It’s not a threat,” Jason said with a light chuckle. “I told you to stay away from her. No matter

the relationship between me and her, you are to stay away

from her. Of course, I don’t know how I would react if you laid a finger on her. Why don’t you try?”

Mr. Reed’s expression changed subtly and in an instant, he felt a trembling fear.

“This is the heir I’ve cultivated. He has grown up as I had expected and maybe beyond that but he’s also... increasingly

uncontrollable!”

“What do you like about Grace?” He could not help asking. “There are so many young ladies of note in Emerald City. Plenty of them have both beauty and brains, coming from innocent family backgrounds while some are multi-talented, and yet you only have eyes for a woman who has been to prison.”

“Maybe because she’s a little stupid,” Jason muttered.

“Stupid enough to bring me back to the rental apartment. Stupid enough to speak from the bottom of her heart to a stranger. Stupid enough for me to love her so dearly.

“This woman was imprisoned for three years and yet she hasn’t become any smarter.

“But she said that my eyes were pretty and clean. She didn’t look at them with the Old Master’s disgust nor was she

infatuated like those other women. She had a sense of appreciation and... a feeling of protectiveness.

“She said she wanted to protect the cleanliness within my eyes.

“But does she know that no one had ever used clean to describe me? I am an executioner in the eyes of many, achieving my goals by any means.

“How can someone like me be clean?!”

“All right, Grandpa. I won’t disturb your rest.” Jason smiled and got up to leave.

Mr. Reed stared at the door as it opened and closed, a complicated expression on his face as if deep in thought.

When Jason returned to the patient ward, Grace had already fallen asleep. He walked to her bedside but did not switch on the light. He borrowed the moonlight shining through the window to study her sleeping face.

There were still obvious tear stains on her face. He raised a hand and gently stroked her cheek. “Did she cry when I left?

“How many tears did she shed? She’s not someone who loves to cry. She’s so calm when facing me as if she could only resign to her hardships and yet, she cries when her back is turned.

“What did she cry over? Was she crying over the fact that I lied to her? Or was she crying because I’m Jason? Or perhaps...”

“Grace...” Jason mumbled. “Since you’ve made me fall for you, then you should stay by my side, right?”