

Ex Convict 165

Chapter 165

Grace could only grasp at this last straw and make a call to this number.

The ringing tone kept on playing as she waited for the other side to answer, but no one did.

Grace was unwilling to give up and called him again a second time, and a third...

Meanwhile, several senior executives were in Mr. Reed's office at that moment. They were quiet and their eyes were fixed on a cheap, old cell phone.

All the high-level managers in the company knew that Jason had been carrying two phones with him recently. One was the cell phone he usually used, and the other one was this cheap, old-fashioned phone.

As for the origin of this phone, except for Jason, only Terrence knew about it. However, every time they asked him about it out of curiosity, Terrence would smile and refuse to say anything.

Therefore, these high-level executives had done a lot of speculation about this phone in private. In the past, when the phone rang, Mr. Reed had always picked it up without delay.

Today, however, the phone had been ringing for a very long time. Unexpectedly, Mr. Reed simply stared at the phone and did not pick it up. His handsome face was covered in a layer of frost.

The hearts of these executives couldn't suppress their curiosity as they looked at Terrence.

Meanwhile, Terrence, who was standing beside Jason, also looked at the phone that had been ringing, and he was secretly worried in his heart.

Only Grace would make a call to this phone.

However, since the day she had rejected Jason like that, Terrence, who had been working for his boss for many years, had been able to see that Mr. Reed's mood was extremely bad.

At that moment, Grace was calling, but Mr. Reed was not picking up. What did this mean?

"Has Mr. Reed stopped caring for Grace?"

No, Terrence thought that Mr. Reed cared about Grace even more than he had originally imagined.

If he had really stopped caring, he could have thrown the phone away. But even now, Mr. Reed had been bringing the phone with him. Did it mean that Mr. Reed couldn't let Grace go?

This was truly unexpected.

However, who would have thought that a man like Mr. Reed would actually take a fancy to Grace? Yet, she had rejected him.

Finally, after fifteen minutes, the phone stopped ringing.

Jason then looked up lazily and said to the executives in front of him, "Okay, you can continue with your report."

A few of the executives shivered and then quickly continued their report.

Grace gritted her teeth as she stared at the phone in her

hand. She had called five times, but no one had answered. "Had Jason... already cancelled the number?"

Then no matter how many times she called, no one would ever answer it.

"Grace, what's wrong with you? You've been on the phone all this time, and you didn't eat either. The food is getting cold," Claire urged.

"Claire, I... I have something to do. I want to leave at 3 p.m. I'll clean up all the trash on the road first, but you may have to

be a little busier than usual after I leave. Is that okay?" Grace asked.

People like them who swept the road needed to coordinate with each other if they wanted to ask for leave. They needed to find someone who was willing to take their job, otherwise, they couldn't excuse themselves.

"Why would I be not okay? When I asked for leave last time, you helped me do the work," Claire answered straightforwardly.

Grace smiled gratefully. However, her heart was still heavy.