

Ex Convict 371

Chapter 371

"Is that it?" He asked deeply while looking meaningfully at her face that had gradually begun to turn red.

Ding!

The elevator arrived on the first floor. They walked toward where Hadwin Stephenson had parked his car.

Lina Sweeney was eager to bid him farewell. "That's all for today. Bye-bye!" She immediately turned around to leave.

However, Hadwin Stephenson suddenly reached out and grabbed her by the arm before pulling her into his embrace.

"Ah!" Lina Sweeney shrieked softly as her nose bumped into Hadwin Stephenson's chest.

'That was painful!' Lina Sweeney rubbed her nose. Her nose had experienced similar trauma several times in the past. Nevertheless, even if her nose were made of steel, it would not have been able to withstand that much pain.

Hadwin Stephenson bent down and brought his lips closer to her ears as he whispered, "Didn't you say that as long as I keep my mouth shut about what happened in the hotel, you'll agree to a request of mine?"

Lina Sweeney's ears were tickled by Hadwin Stephenson's breath. She felt her body gradually begin to heat up.

"What... sort of request do you have?" Lina Sweeney licked her rather lips that were rather dry.

"I want you to kiss me and say that the person you like the most is me," Hadwin Stephenson replied.

'Huh?'

Lina Sweeney was stunned. "Here?"

"Yes, right here," Hadwin Stephenson said.

'But the thing is... we're in the suburbs, and it's not even 8 PM. There are so many people walking around. Even if the parking lot were a little secluded and there weren't so many people walking around, it would not be completely deserted either.

Lina Sweeney bit her lip. "Why don't we change locations?"

“Why? Are you embarrassed to be with me? Is that why you don’t dare to go out in public with me?”
Hadwin Stephenson raised a brow.

“That’s not it. This place is too crowded and we’ll be noticed by
others. What if we become the talk of the town...”

Hadwin Stephenson responded with a question, “So what?

Aren’t we a couple now? It’s only normal for you to kiss me.

Even if people want to gossip, let them be.”

‘The problem is, we’re going to break up someday!’

Nevertheless, at this moment, Lina Sweeney dared not speak her thoughts. After all, the conclusion was
silent knowledge

for both of them.

Under the moonlight, Lina Sweeney blinked as she stared at the man in front of her. The moonlight
shone on his fair skin, giving it a soft glow. His pair of beautiful and captivating eyes, straight nose, and
sexy lips. He was without a doubt a temptation in one’s eyes even though he was only standing still
silently.

When they first met, Lina Sweeney was stunned by Hadwin Stephenson’s looks. He appeared handsome
yet beautiful at the same time. Nevertheless, nobody ever mistook him for a
lady.

Now, Hadwin Stephenson seemed much more beautiful than he did back then. His sunny disposition
mixed with gloominess led to his bright aura being toned down. However, it gave him a mysterious air
that prompted others’ curiosity to get to know
him.

Lina Sweeney slowly curled her arms around Hadwin

Stephenson’s neck as she tiptoed gently. A kiss, it was only a simple task for her; she was not against
kissing him. More accurately... she enjoyed it.

Hence, Lina decided to savor the moment and feelings while they were still together. As for the day they
would break up, she would then iron out her feelings and take it as if she had done so to repay her debt
or just casually date someone.

Those were the thoughts in her mind when she kissed his lips.

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When Grace finished work at the restaurant, she said to Kyla Corbyn, her lady boss, “Kyla, may I take
tomorrow afternoon off? I wish to visit my mother’s grave and pay homage.”

Although the following day was Tomb Sweeping Day, a

national holiday, holidays often meant that restaurants would be packed. Naturally, restaurant workers were usually not allowed to take leave on national holidays.

Kyla Corbyn was quite shocked that Grace's mother had passed away. Hence, she said, "Okay, no problem. Since

you're going in the afternoon, ask the kitchen to prepare a few dishes for you to bring to the grave as an offering."

"Thanks but it's alright. I will prepare them myself." Grace wanted to cook the dishes for her mother herself.

When Grace's mother was still alive, she was still a young child. Now that Grace had become an adult and knew how to cook, she wanted to show her skills to her mother.

"Then I shall go home now," Grace said.

"Okay." Kyla Corbyn seemed to have something that she wanted to say, but she kept it to herself in the end.

'Since Grace said that she isn't close with Brian, there is no need for me to drag Grace into this. As for Brian, I'll just have to make a visit when the time comes.

After Grace left the restaurant, she did not return immediately to the Reed Residence. Instead, she went to the supermarket and bought some fish, meat, and vegetables. She then rode her electric bike to a shop that sold prayer items.

"Granny Fan, please get me the usual three sets of incense sticks and ingots." Grace said to the old lady who was well over 80 years and was sitting inside the shop. Each year,

before Grace went to the grave to offer her mother prayers and offerings, she would come to the same shop to buy the same things. This of course was an exception for when she was serving her sentence.

"It's Grace. You're going to the grave tomorrow." Granny Fan flashed an almost toothless smile at Grace.

"Yes, it's me," Grace responded.

"You're going to cook a delicious meal for your mother again." Granny Fan made small talk with Grace as she packed the latter's items. "You never came in the past 2 to 3 years to buy these items. I was just wondering if you'd come this year."

“Before this... um... I had a few matters that prevented me from coming here.” Grace replied as she took the items from Granny Fan.

“It has been so many years, your mother must be resting in peace knowing she has such a filial daughter.”

‘Filial?’ Grace mocked herself internally. ‘How unfortunate. I couldn’t even keep the photo album that my mother treasured.

‘Now... even if I wanted to be filial to my mother, I no longer have the opportunity. All I can do now is keep my mother’s grave clean.’

After bidding farewell to Granny Gan, Grace rode her electric bike back to the Reed Residence. However, after entering the house and heading for the kitchen, a cold voice rang from across the living room, “Why are you late today?”

“Ahh!” Grace yelled. She nearly dropped the incense, ingots, and vegetables that were in her hand. Subsequently, the living room lit up and she saw Jason sitting on the living room sofa.

“Why were you sitting on the sofa in the dark?” Grace asked.

“I was waiting for you.” Jason said as he stood up to approach her. “What about you? You haven’t answered my question.”

Grace pursed her red lips. “After finishing work at the restaurant, I went to buy some ingredients, incense, and ingots. I’m going to visit my mother’s grave tomorrow.”

‘Visit her grave...’ Jason’s gaze landed on the back of the ingots and incense. “Oh yes, tomorrow is Tomb Sweeping Day. It’s time to visit her grave. Unfortunately, I can’t accompany you tomorrow.”

Grace was stunned at first. She was not expecting him to accompany her to the grave, but his words... Grace recalled that his father had passed away as well. Therefore, he was probably going to visit his father’s grave.

One was going to visit their mother’s grave, while the other was going to visit their father’s grave. At times, they seemed like people in similar situations.

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After Grace placed the ingredients in the fridge, she turned around to see Jason leaning on the kitchen’s door frame, pondering about something as he looked at her.

Grace turned away in an attempt to avoid Jason’s gaze. The thing was, if she wanted to exit the kitchen, she would have to face the possibility of being pulled by the arm by him. “You haven’t said goodnight to me,” He said to her.

Grace was taken aback for a moment but quickly replied, "Goodnight."

A smile broke out on Jason's face while he was still staring at her. "Sis, your goodnight seems to be getting more perfunctory."

".." Grace was speechless and did not know how to respond.

"Someone suggested that if I want you to like me, I should try to please you." Jason bent down and looked at the person in front of him at eye level. "What do you think? Would you like me if I pleased you?"

Grace had the urge to bite her tongue. Her eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at him. 'What is he saying? He... wants

to please me?!

'Why would he say such things?!'

Grace's expression seemed to amuse Jason. "Why? Are you that shocked to hear me say that I want to please you?"

At that moment, Grace felt as if all the words she had wanted to say were stuck in her throat.

Jason raised his hand and gently touched her lips. "So, Sis, you should realize how much I want you to like me. Tell me, how should I please you to make you like me?"

Grace's face seemed to flush as her heart pounded rapidly.

She had never imagined that Jason would say such a thing to her? 'He wants me to like him? Even to the extent of pleasing

me?

'How much of his feelings for me are real?'

Nevertheless, Grace did not voice those questions out loud.

On the afternoon of Tomb Sweeping Day, Jason went to the hospital to visit Old Master Reed.

"Have you visited your father's grave?" Old Master Reed asked. A man who was once powerful and almighty had now been reduced to a frail old man, stuck on a hospital bed.

"Yes, I have."

In the past, Old Master Reed would visit the grave of Jason's

father with him. However, ever since the old man's health began to deteriorate, Jason began visiting the grave before

visiting his grandfather.

“How do you think your father would feel if he knew you’re being bewitched by a woman? I think he’d give you a slap to

wake up!” Old Master Reed scoffed.

Old Master Reed did not like the fact that he was gradually

losing control of his grandson.

“Grandpa, are you trying to remind me about something?” Jason raised his brows as he looked at the old man. His pair of

eyes that looked like peach blossoms were so beautiful that

they reminded the old man of Jason’s mother.

‘Those eyes look so alike that woman’s!’

If it had not been for that woman in the past, Old Master Reed would not have been on bad terms with his son. Consequently,

his son would not have left home and died outside.

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“Have you forgotten what happened to your father?” The old man once again brought up the past.

“I haven’t forgotten, and I’ve said it, I won’t walk the path my father did,” Jason said.

“If that’s the case, you should chase that woman named Grace out of the Reed Residence and never let her appear in your life again!” Old Master Reed growled.

“I’m afraid that’s not possible.” Jason’s gaze darkened. His heart tightened momentarily when he heard the old man’s words and rejected the idea out of reflex. He would not even

think twice about it.

“You...” Old Master Reed choked on his breath as he stared at

his grandson.

“Grandpa, I will not walk the path my father did. I’ll make sure that everything is under control. I’ll make Grace so used to my presence that she won’t be able to leave me at all.” Jason had a light smile on his face, but the threat in his gaze was evident. “Therefore, I hope that grandpa will not meddle with my affairs. If you do try to interfere, then I can’t guarantee that I won’t do anything to limit your freedom.”

Old Master Reed was so angry that his complexion turned

red. Only after coughing a few times did he calm down. Nevertheless, it was evident that the old man had been infuriated. “Are you threatening me?”

“No, I’m just reminding you.” Jason stared at the old man. “If anything bad happens to her, then both of us will be standing at different camps!”

Old Master Reed might have been weak, but his gaze was still sharp as he glared at his grandson. He understood that Jason was not humoring him.

“What is so good about that woman that has made you so bewitched by her?” It was something that Old Master Reed could not figure out.

Old Master Reed had asked his men to catch Grace and bring her to him to have a look once. To him, she was a plain Jane that was a huge difference from the ideal granddaughter-in-law he had in mind.

“Because she’s the first woman to have ever made me call her Sis.” Jason smiled. It was because she once said that they could rely on each other from that day onward.

It was her that gave him a sense of home once again after so many years.

Each time he called her Sis, it made him feel that they were indeed family.

He wanted to retain that feeling.

Old Master Reed looked in disbelief at his grandson as if his reply earlier was some joke that had been cooked up on the spot.

Jason casually responded, “Grandpa, you won’t understand.”

Old Master Reed bellowed, “There will come a day when you’ll regret it!”

“So grandpa, perhaps you should try to live for many more years to see if that day when I will regret it will come.” Jason smiled slightly.

“Good... excellent! I await the day to see your face filled with regret!” Old Master Reed challenged in response.

Later that afternoon, Grace exited the restaurant with the dishes she had cooked in the morning as well as the incense and ingots she had bought the night before. She then headed for her mother’s grave.

In the past, when her mother passed away, her father did not purchase a plot of land in the cemetery. He merely buried her in the burial area of his friend’s village.

The reason being it was cheaper.

Back then, her father merely needed to give the villagers a few sticks of cigarettes and bribe his way through. It was way cheaper than buying a plot of land in the cemetery.

Later on, the idea of moving her mother to a better grave. on an auspicious date came across her mind, after all, her mother's grave was merely a simple one in the mountains near the village.

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It was a hassle to visit the grave. Additionally, as time went by, the tombstone began to crack. It cost a huge fortune to repair it. Hence, it was a much better option to move the grave to a proper cemetery.

However, Grace ended up in jail and thus, the idea was put on hold. After serving her sentence, Grace was left with not much money. Hence, not only was she unable to afford to pay for a place in a cemetery, but she could not even afford the labor fee for the workers to help her move the grave.

When Grace arrived at the foot of the hill, she saw that the villagers had set up a registration counter under a makeshift tent. Many people were coming and going to visit the cemetery.

When it was Grace's turn in line, she gave her mother's grave number. To her surprise, the person handling the registration counter immediately responded after hearing the number by saying, "That grave was moved. What are you still doing here?"

"Moved?" Grace was stunned.

"Yes, it was, by a man named Tony Cummins. I think he's the husband of the deceased." The person at the counter looked up the man's information.

Grace suddenly recalled that her father had used the matter of moving the grave to ask her to make a trip home. However,

when she got home, her father and stepmother's main focus was not on moving the grave but on Brian.

Thus, Grace did not ponder on the issue. Nevertheless, she was not expecting her father to have suddenly moved her mother's grave without saying a word.

"Do you know where he moved the grave?" Grace urgently asked.

"I have no idea about that. We only settled the paperwork regarding people moving the grave out. We did not ask where they were moving it!"

Grace bit her lip and asked further, "Could... could I go up to have a look? I'll register and just take a look at the spot. If it

has been moved, I'll come down immediately."

The person noticed how anxious and pale Grace looked and thus did not give her much trouble by allowing her to go.

Grace almost ran up the mountain. When she arrived at the

place that used to be her mother's grave, she was greeted with an empty pit. Not even the tombstone was left. Nothing.

Other than the pit, only a pile of soil could be seen next to it.

'It... has been moved!'

Grace was stunned for a moment before she took out her phone and dialed her father's number.

Only after the phone rang for a long time, did the call finally connect. On the other end of the line, Tony Cummins's voice was heard, "What's the matter?"

"Did you move mum's grave?" Grace got straight to the question.

Tony Cummins impatiently replied, "So what if I did? Why? This unfilial daughter finally remembers her mother's grave?"

"Where did you shift mum's grave?" Grace asked.

"Ha! You're concerned about your mother's grave now? Didn't you say that you don't acknowledge this family anymore? I don't think you need to know where your mother's grave is." Tony Cummins was very irritable.

Grace pursed her lips and took a deep breath. "What do you want before you'll tell me where my mother's grave has been moved?"

"Such an unfilial daughter. Are you begging me now? Back

then, I told you not to seduce Brian to avoid hurting your

sister's relationship, and what did you say? Let me be frank, if you don't have 50 million bucks, don't expect me to reveal the grave's location," Tony Cummins said.

He then hung up the call immediately.

When Grace tried to call him again, he declined her call.

Grace rushed down the mountain and went straight to the Cummins family's house. No matter how she rang the bell or knocked on the door, nobody came to open the door for her.

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Shortly after, the neighbor next door informed her that her father and her stepmother had gone on a vacation and nobody was in. As for Evelyn, according to the neighbor, she had bought a larger house and thus hardly came home.

When Grace heard that, she knew that her father and stepmother had done so on purpose. They knew that she would be visiting her mother's grave today and thus planned to be away at this time.

'50 million. Her scalp numbed at the thought of her father's request.

With her current situation, she had no way of producing 50 million for her father!

After Grace bid farewell to the neighbor, she called Evelyn, "Where are you? I need to meet you."

"I'm sorry, but I've been very busy lately," Evelyn answered lazily.

"I only want to ask you one question, where did dad shift my mother's grave?" Grace asked.

"I don't know." Evelyn's tone was filled with mockery.

"Then where are they having their vacation? You should know."

"Oh, how unfortunate. I don't. Why don't I let them know that you're looking for them once they come back."

At this time, Grace heard a man's voice in the background.

"This lipstick color doesn't suit you."

Grace was taken aback. She recognized that the voice belonged to Brian.

The voice was followed by Evelyn's which imitated the tone of a baby, "I thought you liked this color. I'll change it to another one later."

Evelyn said to Grace over the phone, "Alright, that's it. I still have matters to attend to." With that said, she ended the call.

Grace looked at the phone in her hand and felt an inexplicable feeling.

Just a few days ago, she met Brian. At that time, Brian said to her... yet right now, he was elsewhere, discussing which lipstick

color suited Evelyn more.

For a man like Brian, perhaps he merely wanted to try

something new; that was why he said those words to her as if he had special feelings for her. Nevertheless, it was without a doubt that men like Brian had feelings for many women.

Just like how he had been with his ex-girlfriends and was

currently with Evelyn.

Once such type of men lost their interest, they were the cruelest. Similar to how Grace had witnessed the cruelty he had toward his previous girlfriend.

As for that particular ex-girlfriend, she used to be the hottest celebrity in the industry with a bright future. However, she was now nowhere to be heard or seen.

Grace kept her phone and could not help but feel her heart sink. She could not afford to fork out 50 million. Additionally, she was unable to track where her father and stepmother were.

Even so... if she found them a few days later, would they reveal the location of her mother's grave?

At that time, what price would they expect her to pay?

Grace thought that her life was at the bottom of the pit already, yet she realized that the worst had yet come.

On the other end, Brian watched as Evelyn kept her phone. He casually asked, "Who called?"

"Was looking for my parents. They're on a holiday so the person contacted me instead." Evelyn purposefully said it

casually before going closer to Brian. "Brian, what lipstick color do you like? In the future, I'll only use the color that you like."

Brian furrowed his brows. His gaze once again landed on Evelyn's lips. No matter how he looked at the bright red color, he found it annoying.

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At the same time, another pair of lips that had never worn lipstick before appeared in his mind in its natural color.

That light pinkish tone looked so natural that it made him feel it was the best lip color.

"Wipe it off," Brian plainly said.

"What?" Evelyn was unable to process his words.

"I said, wipe away your lipstick now," Brian said.

Evelyn was dumbfounded. They were now... on the way to an event. She had dressed up to the nines because she wanted to shine amidst the crowd. If she were to wipe away her lipstick, her makeup would lose its attractiveness. Then, she would not stand out in the crowd and instead become the joke of the

town.

“Now? But we’re about to reach the location of the party...”

“Now.” Brian interrupted her. There was an expression of displeasure in his phoenix-like eyes.

Evelyn had no choice as she dared not offend Brian. All she could do was bite her lip lightly, take out a tissue, and wipe her lips.

On the other hand, Brian took out a silver bangle and looked at it. The pulp of his finger lightly caressed it and it was as if he was looking at his lover. Such gentleness in his gaze had never been seen before.

At the very least, Evelyn had never seen such a gentle gaze from Brian before.

Evelyn looked into her pocket mirror as she cleaned off her lipstick and saw the gentle look on Brian’s face. Consequently, she felt a sense of jealousy surge within her.

She finally understood what the bangle represented because she had once taken a peek at Brian’s drawing. The drawing was of a girl wearing a silver bangle on each hand.

She guessed that the silver bangle belonged to that girl.

Within the entertainment industry, it was rumored that Brian had been searching for someone. If anyone could help him find that person, that helper would receive endless amounts of resources within the entertainment industry.

At first, Evelyn thought that the rumors were baseless as such kinds of rumors frequently surfaced and circulated within the industry.

However, from what she observed, the rumor appeared to be true.

The person Brian was looking for was the girl in his drawing! Nevertheless, Evelyn had never asked about nor mentioned the girl she had seen in the drawing. However, she had secretly snuck into his painting room at that time.

That was when her sixth sense told her that he was definitely looking for that girl.

What made her more anxious was the feeling that the girl.

was Grace was seemingly getting stronger. Grace looked very alike the girl in the drawing back. Grace had a childhood photo where she was wearing the same flowery dress as the girl in the drawing.

Was it a coincidence?

If Grace was the person Brian looking for, then... what she had now would turn into ashes?

That was absolutely unacceptable for Evelyn. Even if Grace were that girl, she was not going to let Brian find out!

When Jason returned to the Reed Residence, he heard from the maids that Grace was home.

However, when he got to her room, it was pitch black.

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Jason knew that Grace did not like the dark; even when she went to bed she would always sleep with the lights on.

In the past when they were still staying in a rental house, she was able to sleep with the light off for a while. However, she reverted to the habit of sleeping with the lights on later.

He frowned slightly. Was she not in the room?

However, just as he was about to turn away, he heard muffled crying.

She was there!

There was a sudden pause in his tracks and then his hand reached the wall to turn on the lights. Consequently, light poured into the room.

All Jason could see was a thin figure that was huddled in the corner of the room. She was crouching with her back facing the wall; her face was buried in her knees, and her shoulders were twitching. The low, repressed sobs came from her continuously.

Was she crying?

His black eyes narrowed, and he quickly walked up to her. Crouching down and looking at her, he asked, "What's the matter? What happened?"

Grace was stunned by his voice. Moving her head slightly, she raised it and looked at him with her misty, almond-shaped eyes.

Her eyes were red and swollen, and she had been crying for some time. Her face was wet with tears, and her fragile and painful expression made Jason's heart throb with pain.

He seldom saw her cry, but whenever he saw her do so, he felt helpless.

“Tell me, what happened?” It took him a while to find his voice.

She sniffed as she choked, “I... I can’t find where my mother is.

I can’t find... can’t find...”

The tears in her eyes poured out like an overflowing dam as the words came out of her mouth.

When she reached home, she thought long and hard about where her father would move her mother’s grave. A cemetery? Some burial hill?

Even if she wanted to look, she did not know how to.

No matter how many calls she made to her father and stepmother, or Evelyn, no one answered.

She did not know what else she could do. 50 million dollars?

Even if she sold herself, she would not be able to get 50 million dollars!

Her eyes were suddenly fixed on him.

Come to think of it, maybe her father and stepmother had asked her for 50 million dollars because they thought Jason

had her back. She did not have 50 million dollars but Jason did.

Jason frowned. He could not understand what she was saying. Was her mother not already dead? What did she mean by she

could not find her mother?

“What’s the matter? Explain,” Jason said as he raised his hand and wiped the tears off her face.

Grace’s hand suddenly seized his, a flash of determination in her eyes. “Give me 50 million dollars. If you’ll give it to me, then... I’ll stay with you. I’ll stay no matter how long you want me to stay with you. I’ll do whatever you want me to do!”

If he gave her 50 million dollars, she could find out where her mother’s grave was!

Mom... was like a spiritual sustenance to her.

She had lost so much that she could not stand losing the place to pay respects to her mother! She did not want to lose it.

Jason's eyes darkened as he stared at Grace. "Do you know what you're saying?"

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"Yes," She choked, but she did not know how else to get 50 million dollars.

All of a sudden, Jason chuckled. "I don't want to!"

Grace's body stiffened as a result, and all of a sudden, she looked like a deflated ball. Even the last gleam in her eyes

disappeared.

Yes, of course he would reject her. What made her think that if she stayed with him and granted him everything he asked, he would give her 50 million dollars?

Grace laughed at herself. Was it because she had thought that she was worth that much or because she thought his interest in her was worth 50 million dollars?

Grace lowered her head in silence. Her hand that had been holding Jason's hand seemed to have lost all its strength as it

let go.

Jason looked darkly at Grace and after a moment, stood up and said, "I think you'd better get some rest, Sis. I'll ask the servant to get you something to eat. Eat before you go to

bed."

With that, Jason walked out of the room and Grace was left alone in it.

Slowly, Grace's hands wrapped around herself, and sure enough... she was left alone once more.

It turned out that loneliness and helplessness could really chew up a person's soul. Even if she wanted to sell herself, it was not an easy task.

Jason went straight to the study and called Terrence, "Look up Grace's whereabouts today. What the hell made her so

upset?"

"All right," said Terrence. It took him only over an hour to sort things out before he called again to report everything.

"They moved her grave?" Jason frowned a little.

"Yes, Miss Cummins's father moved Miss Cummins's mother's grave a week ago. Miss Cummins went to pay her respects in vain today. The person in charge of the grave sweeping register of the village said that Miss Cummins was very emotional after learning that her mother's grave had been moved and still insisted on going up the hill. After coming down the hill, she hurried off with her electric bike..."

Terrence went on to inform Jason of Grace's visit to the

Cummins family's house and the conversations she had with the neighbors. He also told him that Grace's call history that day included calls to her father and Evelyn.

"Records show that Miss Cummins later made a total of 38 calls to her family, but no one answered."

Jason's face darkened as he heard Terrence's report.

By then, Jason could guess that the 50 million dollars was the price of knowing the whereabouts of her mother's grave.

However, she was going to sell herself to him in exchange for the whereabouts of a grave?

This woman... Jason felt an indescribable feeling in his heart.

"Where is her mother buried now? Go and find out," said Jason.

Terrence acknowledged Jason's order.

Just then, a knock came from the door of the study. A servant came to report that Grace would not eat anything and would not respond to whatever they said.

"Got it," Jason answered and began walking toward Grace's room.

When he entered the room, he saw a plate of food on the short table. Nevertheless, the thin figure was still the same as when he had entered the room earlier.

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Jason picked up the plate of food, went up to her, and laid it in front of her. "Sis, if you want to know where your mother is buried, you'd better eat this now."

Grace looked up, her red and swollen almond-shaped eyes wearing an expression of surprise.

What did he mean by that? Did it mean... "Do you know where my mother is buried?"

"I'll tell you after you finish this," He said.

When Grace heard this, she felt as if she suddenly had some motivation. She picked up the food on the tray and started to eat.

Jason frowned. She was now gobbling up the food like a beast and was unlike her usual self.

Nevertheless, it proved how important her mother's grave was to her.

Jason furrowed his brows and looked at the tears that had rolled down Grace's face. Her eyes seemed redder and more swollen than when he last talked to her.

Therefore, during the time he had been gone, she had cried.

again?

"Eat slowly. Even if your father buried your mother in the north or south pole, I'll take you there!" said Jason. "If you choke, you're only going to waste more time."

Grace shuddered. Her hand that was holding the chopsticks.

paused for a moment before she began to eat again, this time, at a much slower pace than before.

Jason watched over her until she finished eating before taking some tissue and carefully wiping the corner of her mouth.

"I... I've finished eating. Tell me where my mother is buried," Grace looked at the man in front of her. She was full of

anticipation and... worry.

Grace seemed so afraid that her hopes would be dashed by the fact that he was unable to help her find where her mother

was buried.

Jason raised his hand and stroked her cheek. Consequently, his fingertips became wet with her tears.

"Go and wash your face. Your mother wouldn't like it if she saw you like this," He said.

"However....

"Why, don't you believe me that I'll take you to where your mother is buried?" Jason smirked a little

"I'm the only one your can trust now, and only I can take you there."

Grace's eyes rested on his face for a moment before she

turned around and walked to the bathroom. Then, she turned

on the faucet on the sink

Grace looked at her red, swollen eyes in the mirror and saw

visible tear stains on her face. Even her bangs were in a mess,

and she looked really unpresentable.

If her mother saw the state she was in, she would be upset.

Would Jason really take her to the place where her mother was buried? Would he just help her without any demands?

Grace felt extremely perturbed. However, no matter how perturbed she was, she could only do whatever Jason wanted.

After all, just as he said, he was the only person she could trust for now.

After washing her face with clean water, Grace walked out of the bathroom only to see Jason sitting on the sofa, playing

with his phone.

“Did your father say he wants 50 million dollars for him to tell you where your mother is buried?” asked Jason.

“Yes,” Grace answered with her head lowered.