

Ex Convict 70

Chapter 70

“Do you think she would still be willing to stay by my side?” Jason asked.

Terrence was slightly surprised. “Do you want Miss Cummins to continue to accompany you?”

Since this was only a game, didn't it mean that the game would come to an end once Mr. Reed told Grace of his true identity?

Or could it be that Mr. Reed's feelings for her... had grown?

Thinking of this, Terrence clutched the papers he held. “Mr. Reed, you...” He opened his mouth in the middle of the sentence, but his words suddenly stuck at the back of his throat.

“What do you want to say? Speak!” Jason ordered.

Terrence frowned. “Mr. Reed, have you fallen in love with Miss Cummins?” Terrence asked.

So, that was why Mr. Reed had always been keen on this game and had secretly done so many things for this woman. It may have begun as a game, but it had morphed into something more. And if Mr. Reed was worrying about the future and whether or not Grace would be with him in it... then his feelings were

strong.

Jason drew in a deep breath.

He had fallen in love? How could that be possible? No. That was not right. And Terrence was a fool for even suggesting it.

How could he have fallen in love with any woman? Was it not enough to have his father as an example? He would never be so weak or desperate, so pathetic as to be at the mercy of some other person. At most, he liked Grace's company. She was kind and uncomplicated. She kept her questions to herself and didn't desire his company for what she could gain. The woman was selfless and patient. Her presence gave him a sense of comfort.

That's all it was.

“Don't say this kind of thing in the future,” Jason said coldly.

Terrence shivered and immediately replied, “Yes, sir.”

Without another word, he bowed and left the office.

The lights were intoxicating.

Patrick Weiss looked curiously at Jason, who was sitting lazily on the sofa. Jason had never liked to participate in these gatherings, but today, he had made an exception.

He leaned over and asked, “Why did you want to come here?”

He and Jason could be considered childhood playmates. They had been classmates throughout middle school and high school.

Of course, he knew that this good friend of his had always liked to keep quiet and did not particularly care for social events.

In all fairness, most of the time Jason would be bombarded by businessmen seeking his company or women vying for his attention with dollar-signs in their eyes.

Jason wasn't a partier. He didn't drink to excess. He wasn't someone who cared about being seen at all the new, cool places.

"Seriously, bro. I invited you only out of habit. I didn't think for a second that you'd actually show. What gives?"

Jason sipped his drink. "Do I need a special reason to come out? Don't you guys ask me all the time to join you?" Jason asked.

Fair enough. But that was the point, really. They did ask Jason to hang out all the time, and he very seldom said yes. What changed his mind tonight?

Jason's answer made sense, but Patrick still felt it was a little strange.

At this moment, a gorgeously dressed woman with exquisite makeup walked up to Jason and tried to start up a conversation

with him.

Patrick thought his good friend would definitely reject her, so it was very unexpected when Jason actually let the woman sit by

his side.

Patrick's eyes almost popped out of his eye sockets, when Jason ordered her a drink.

Why was he willing to let a woman get so close to him today? Had the sun... risen from the west this morning?!

Patrick sensibly stepped away and turned to look at his other friend, Brian Hart.

Brian was of a similar height but bulkier, and while Patrick was light-hearted, Brian gave Jason a run for the money in the serious department. Well, not with women. When it came to girls, Brian was never seen with the same one twice.

Brian stood beside the bar, playing with a silver bracelet on his wrist. "Are you seeing this too?"

Brian laughed. "It appears our boy Jason is in quite a mood this evening."

That was one way to put it. "You think he's turning a corner?"

Patrick shrugged. This wasn't typical behavior for Jason. On the contrary, if anyone was going to go home with random women, that'd be Brian. Brian's dark eyes glittered as if he was glad to see someone behaving the way he normally did.

Brian spun the bracelet on his wrist. Once. Twice. Again.

"What is with you and always wearing that silver bracelet?" As he spoke, Patrick reached out and tried to grab the silver band.

Brian jerked his wrist away, avoiding Patrick's hand. His eyes darkened as he said, "Don't touch it."

Patrick tilted his head and looked at the person in front of him. If Jason was cold, then Brian was pure ice.

For as much as Brian partied and had flings with different women, he was detached. Sometimes, even when they were talking, it seemed like Brian wasn't even in the conversation.

Patrick had never seen a woman who could truly occupy his heart.