

Ex Convict 731

Chapter 731

A few days ago, Nelson saw the birthday present she prepared for Grace and asked out of curiosity. Therefore, she told her son that the 22nd of this month was his Aunty Grace's birthday. When the time came, she would give it to her as a

surprise.

She did not expect her son to take Grace's birthday to heart.

Come to think of it, Grace was so kind to Nelson. How could

Nelson not take it to heart?

Children were always simple and direct. They would get close

to whoever was kind to them.

"I want to choose a present for Aunty myself," the little one said seriously.

Kyla Corbyn could not help hesitating as she heard this.

'Grace has given Nelson so much help. Without Grace's help, Nelson wouldn't have gotten such a good hearing aid so soon. It's only normal that he wants to choose a gift for Grace.

'However, the mall is crowded, and we'd be spending a lot of time outside to choose a present.

'The longer we stay out, the more risk there is!

'After all... Martin Weiss should still be in Emerald City these days.

'If we bump into Martin Weiss... Kyla Corbyn's body could not help but tremble at the thought of this.

Even after so many years, even though her heart was already dead, every time she thought of the man, some kind of pain would spread in her body.

The person she loved most had brought her the deepest pain.

Now, she was trying her best to hide from him!

"Mommy!" Nelson looked up with longing in his eyes, and she could see how much he wanted to pick out a present for his favorite aunt.

Kyla Corbyn hesitated for a moment before nodding anyway. "All right, but choose quickly. We have to go home early."

"Sure!" replied Nelson as he nodded obediently.

Kyla Corbyn took her son by the hand and walked into the `mall.

The first floor of the mall was mostly occupied by luxury

brands. Looking at those once very familiar brand names, Kyla Corbyn felt like an eternity had passed.

When Martin Weiss doted on her, he used to buy her many designer clothes and bags.

As long as she liked it, he would not hesitate to buy it for her.

At that time, she thought this was the way a man loved.

However, it turned out doting and loving were not the same. Doting could be done by treating you like an object and showering you with materialistic things at will, but it did not contain any sincerity.

However, it was too late when she realized this.

Nelson took Kyla Corbyn's hand and approached the women's wear counter on the third floor. The little one wanted to pick out a pair of glass slippers for Grace.

That was because when he was in the park, he heard some little girls saying they wanted Cinderella's glass slippers.

"Glass slippers are not for sale, but we can pick out a nice pair of shoes for Aunty Grace, all right?" said Kyla Corbyn.

Nelson's delicate eyebrows wrinkled, then he reluctantly agreed.

However, when they were picking out the shoes, the little one became excited again.

Kyla Corbyn stayed by her son, looking gently at the little creature that gave her the courage to live.

Just then, out of the corner of her eye, Kyla Corbyn caught a glimpse of a figure coming down an escalator not far away.

Her body immediately became as stiff as a board.

Chapter 732

It was... Martin Weiss!

He was dressed in a suit and tie, and his hair was as scrupulously combed as she remembered. His face was cold and handsome. Even his side profile made her heart throb with pain.

Time had been kind to him. Years had passed, and he was as handsome as ever.

However, she was already covered with wounds and was no longer the same person.

As if sensing her gaze, Martin Weiss turned his head in her direction.

Almost subconsciously, Kyla Corbyn immediately picked up her son and ran for the exit passageway in the other direction.

“Hey! Miss, what happened?” the sales assistant shouted at Kyla Corbyn for her sudden change.

Martin Weiss, who was standing on the escalator, saw nothing but a figure running away, flitting across his sight.

However, just for a moment, his face paled. Then, all the people who were following him saw President Weiss, who was known for his calm and composed manner, running speedily down the escalator and toward the exit passageway as if he was crazy.

Martin Weiss’s two bodyguards naturally followed suit.

As for the people still on the escalator, they looked at each other, unable to understand what had just happened.

Martin Weiss ran almost recklessly. Everything around him seemed to have become unreal, and the only thing in his eyes was the direction in which the figure was running.

‘It’s her! It must be her!’

The figure wore dark clothes while their hair was hastily tied up. It was completely different from the figure he remembered.

However, at the sight of their back, his heart started beating so fast as if his body’s instinct was reminding him that it was

her!

‘Kyla Corbyn!’

Over the years, he could not stop thinking about the name.

He thought about her tears and her resolute words!

‘The funny thing is, what makes her think that it’s all over after she was imprisoned?’

‘No, it’s far from over between her and me! I want to get back what she owes me!’

However, after she was released from prison, it was as if she had disappeared from the world. Even though he had sent someone to look for her whereabouts, nothing was found.

He did not expect her to be in Emerald City!

When Martin Weiss ran from the exit passageway to the first floor, he still did not see the figure he was looking for.

What he saw was the bustling crowd on the first floor of the mall.

Martin Weiss's thin lips were pressed into a straight line, and his face looked as though it was covered with ice.

The next moment, he punched hard at the wall beside him, prompting the bodyguards who caught up with him to scream with shock.

"President Weiss, your hand is still hurt from before..."

The scar on Martin Weiss's hand, which he got from breaking the glass at the fair, had only begun to heal over the past two days. However, as he punched the wall, the wound began to open again.

The red blood gushed from his hand.

The two bodyguards rushed forward to deal with the wound, but Martin Weiss did not seem to feel any pain as he merely frowned deeply.

'Since she's in Emerald City, I'll find her even if I have to turn Emerald City over!'

Chapter 733

"Mommy?" Nelson did not call out to Kyla Corbyn until they got into a taxi.

Although he did not know why his mother had suddenly

picked him up when he was picking out a birthday present for Aunty, he had always been an obedient child and knew there must be a reason for her to do that, so he kept quiet all the way.

"I... Saw someone I didn't want to see just now, so... I ran away with you in my arms. How about I bring you to buy a present for Aunty Grace next time?" said Kyla Corbyn.

The little one nodded and asked in a babyish voice, "Is the person you don't want to see a bad person?"

Kyla Corbyn suddenly found her nose to be a little sore. When Nelson was younger, he once asked her where his father was.

Each time he asked, she would say that his father was in heaven.

She wondered when Nelson would understand what it meant

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to be in heaven.

However, she knew that she could not tell him that his father was only a few dozen meters away from them, and she could not tell him that he had actually met his father before. It was just that his existence was never what the man expected.

The man had never even thought of having such a child.

“Mommy, why are you crying?” His tender little hand caressed Kyla Corbyn’s cheek. His pretty little face was filled with a

precocious worry.

Kyla Corbyn finally realized she had burst into tears at some point.

“Mommy, don’t cry. I... I’ll be a good boy. I’ll work harder in learning to speak, to use the hearing aid, and learn a lot of words,” said the little one, thinking that his mother was feeling sorry for him again.

That was because before he could hear, his mother would always hug him and cry before saying something to

Grandma.

He only knew limited lip language, but he knew that his mother and his grandmother were talking about his hearing disability.

He could not hear, so his mother would be sad.

Ever since he put a hearing aid on his ear, his mother would look at him happily every day.

He did not like to see his mother cry. He wanted his mother to laugh happily every day.

He needed to work very hard to learn how to speak well. Then, he would make his mother laugh every day!

Her son’s sensibility made Kyla Corbyn’s eyes feel sorer. “All right, I won’t cry. I want to accompany you to learn to speak a

lot of words.”

‘I want to spend my whole life with Nelson, but... My heart seems to be getting more and more uneasy.

‘Can I really get away with it? Can I avoid Martin Weiss?’

That night after Nelson had fallen asleep, Mrs. Corbyn looked

anxiously at her daughter and said, “You ran into Martin

Weiss today. Did he see you?”

"I don't know." Kyla Corbyn shook her head. She just held Nelson in her arms and rushed to the exit passageway, only thinking about leaving the mall quickly.

"If he does find us, then we..." Mrs. Corbyn said hesitatingly,

"Since he's looking around for you like this, 15 The OTHMAN

Kyla Corbyn knew that her mother was imagining things again, imagining that Martin Weiss would pity her.

However, if he had pitied her at all, he would not have been so cruel as to send her to prison without even giving her a chance to explain!

"Mom, he's looking for me only because he's not satisfied with his revenge. In his opinion, it's too easy for me that I only spent a few years in prison."

Mrs. Corbyn's eyes darkened as she sighed. "Do you have a plan?"

"If he really wants to take revenge, let him do it. However... I won't give him Nelson!" Kyla Corbyn said with determination in

her eyes.

'Nelson means the world to me... Unless I'm dead, no way!'

Chapter 734

Grace stood in front of the hospital's entrance, still hesitating and unsure whether she was making the right choice.

'Am I really going to find out the truth? If it's a lost memory, could it be restored? What happens after I restore it? Will I be entangled with Brian, or will it make Jason feel more insecure?

'Should I restore the memory, or should I bury it forever?

Should I just act as if I know everything and treat my

headache in some other way?

'Or, as long as I can keep Brian at arm's length in the future and not let him stimulate my memory, then the headaches will probably stop, right?'

"Miss Cummins!" Suddenly, a female voice rang in Grace's ear.

Before she knew it, she found herself in front of Dr. Leng's

office, and the one who called her had been the nurse who

was with Dr. Leng yesterday.

"Miss Cummins, something came up with Dr. Leng this

morning, and she had to ask for leave for some time. I'm sorry to make you come here in vain. Dr. Leng took an emergency

leave, and it was so sudden that we haven't had time to

contact you," the nurse said apologetically.

Grace felt relieved at that moment.

'Dr. Leng isn't here today. At least, I don't have to be

hypnotized today and I don't have to worry about restoring

my memory!

'Worry?' She was immediately stunned. 'Am I worried about... Restoring my memory?

'Am I worried because... I'm afraid that restoring my memory will make things more complicated and confusing?

'Perhaps I know that... Not restoring this memory is the best choice?'

Grace kept her head down while thinking as she walked

toward the elevator at the end of the corridor.

Just before her hand reached the elevator button, another hand suddenly grabbed her wrist. In the next moment, she was pulled into the exit passageway next to the elevator.

There was a door between it and the hospital corridor, but it was unlike the corridors where people walked by now and then. It was... So quiet here as if they were two worlds.

"Brian!" Grace looked at the man in front of her in surprise.

The stairway of the exit passageway was dimly lit. They were standing in a position in which he had his back to the light and the greater part of his face was in the dark, so she could not see his expression right now.

"Tell me, why are you here to see a psychiatrist? Even to the point of hypnosis. What are you doing with hypnosis?" asked Brian.

There was a rare urgency in the tone of his voice, which was normally cold.

Grace was stunned, and her eyes widened. She did not expect Brian to know what she was doing here today!

'Therefore, this is... "You had someone stalk and investigate me?" she asked.

He pressed his thin lips together and did not deny it. "Tell me, what on earth are you trying to hypnotize? Is there..." His lips suddenly quivered, and he spat out the second half of the sentence, "Do you need hypnosis... To help you remember something?"

Grace suddenly stiffened. From what Brian said just now, he probably only knew that she came to the hospital for hypnosis. today, but he did not know the details of what she was going to do with it.

Therefore he could only make a guess, but it was a good one.

Chapter 735

Her silence seemed to allow Brian to confirm his speculation further. "Therefore, have you really forgotten something?

Does it have to do with me?"

Grace bit her lip slightly. "Mr. Hart, you have an overactive imagination. I did come here today for hypnosis, but not

because of the reason you've mentioned. It's to treat some of my other symptoms. As you know, I was in prison for three years before, so I have some anxiety disorder or something."

His phoenix eyes were fixed on her as if to distinguish the truth from falsehood in her words. "Is that so? Anxiety disorders?

Do you have them?"

She met his eyes. "How do you know I don't?"

He suddenly moved closer to her, his elegant and handsome

face inching closer to her eyes. "Did you know that when you grabbed my hand at the fair that day, you said the same things as the little girl who saved me?"

"I told you. It was nonsense," she said without flinching.

"Nonsense?" he sneered, "You grabbed my hand and said you

won't let go, that you're going to take me up and want me to

hold your hand tight! Tell me, what nonsense does it take to speak so illogically? Also, take me up?

Where are you taking

me?"

His question struck her in the heart like a heavy hammer, inexplicably making her feel a tightness in her chest. It was almost as if she could not breathe.

As he approached, it made her step back until her back was against the wall.

She unconsciously raised her hand to block the space between them, but his hand pressed both her hands against

the wall.

"Brian, what are you doing? Let go!" Grace struggled.

However, her strength was not enough for her to break away

from Brian's grip.

"Grace, is it so hard for you to admit that you saved me?" He growled at her. As the crown prince of the entertainment

industry, he was often fawned upon and ingratiated. When

had he ever cried in such an aggrieved voice in front of a

woman?

She stared at the man blankly. As he drew near, she saw his

face. His phoenix eyes had a touch of redness, and they were

staring back at her as if she had done something heinous.

His eyes were so aggrieved as if he was an abandoned child.

Suddenly, Grace just felt her chest tighten as the memory of him crying in front of her came back to her.

They all said that the crown prince of the entertainment industry kept changing girlfriends, but they were all

substitutes.

The crown prince was always looking at a small silver bracelet

and was always looking for someone.

Then... It became an obsession.

Her wrists were captured, and the slight pain was pulling her

back to her senses.

If she was the person she used to be, she would try her best to

find out the truth. She would want to know whether she had

lost her memories and whether she had saved Brian when she

was a child.

However... Now, she did not want to find out the truth. Finding out the truth would make her get entangled with Brian and make Jason sensitive and uneasy.

If that was the case, she would rather have it buried forever

and never probe into it-Regardless if... It was her or not.

Chapter 736

Taking a deep breath, Grace stopped struggling and calmed down. "It was Stella who saved you, wasn't it? Mr. Hart, you

found this out yourself, I suppose. Don't you find it amusing to ask me that now?"

Her words were like a basin of cold water, pouring down on him and turning him pale in an instant.

"Brian, don't you find your speculation absurd? How do you think Stella would feel if she was here and heard what you just

asked me?" she asked.

His reddened eyes were still fixed on her, and indeed, all the clues in his investigation pointed to Stella Lindsay.

Those clues were telling him that Stella Lindsay was the one he was looking for.

'But why do I think the woman in front of me is the one? Is it because of her looks? Or is it because of the look in her eyes

that she sometimes showed?

'The look where she retains a trace of pride even though she was trampled on, and the yearning for and pursuit of the so-called justice... It's so similar!'

"Are you... Really not her?" He spat these simple words out of his mouth with such difficulty.

"I'm not," she replied.

He suddenly chuckled. "That's right. You're not. You're not..."

However, this fact made him feel as if he was immersed in ice water. He was cold to the bone.

Why did he feel so bad when she said that she was not her? It was as if his heart was being ripped out of his body.

Little by little, he unclenched the fingers that held her wrist.

Grace was finally free and hurried out of the exit passageway.

Brian seemed to have lost all his strength. He leaned dejectedly against the wall beside him and laughed bitterly.

'She's not her after all. It was all wishful thinking.

'Stella is the one who saved me when I was little. I shouldn't have any more doubts, right?'

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Grace hurried out of the hospital, still having a heavy heart.

She knew that she had made up her mind.

When she said to Brian that she was not her, she had already decided never to find the truth about the dreams and verify whether she had ever lost her memories.

Back at Reed Residence, Grace learned from the servant that Jason was in the kitchen.

This surprised her.

Usually... There seemed to be nothing that required him in the kitchen.

When she got to the kitchen, she found that other than him, there was a chef who was teaching him how to... Pipe!

Yes, pipe!

Grace only saw Jason holding a piping bag, a common tool used by bakers, while he piped buttercream flowers on top of a baked cake.

Holding the tool with his long fingers, he moved around the cake smoothly. He could have been a walking advertisement for the cake shop!

It was a strange feeling for Grace to see rose after rose appear under his hands.

She did not even know he had it in him.

It was not until Jason stopped what he was doing that Grace walked into the kitchen.

Chapter 737

"You're back. How did the doctor's appointment go?" asked Jason.

"It's all right." Grace thought for a while and said, "About that headache. If I get it again over time, why don't you get me another doctor?"

His eyes glistened a little before replying, "Sure.""

"By the way, I just realized that you're interested in making cakes. What made you want to learn it? How long have you been learning?" asked Grace as she looked down at the cake Jason had just decorated.

It seemed well decorated. At least to a layman like her, it looked about the same as the ones in the cake shop.

"Mr. Reed's a quick learner. He got the hang of it with one lesson." The pastry chef nearby praised Jason.

"All right. That's all for today. You can leave," Jason said to the pastry chef.

He nodded and left the kitchen.

Suddenly, only Grace and Jason were left in the spacious kitchen.

“How about you? Did anything happen today other than seeing the doctor?” he asked calmly.

He knew everything. He knew what she had gone to the hospital for today, and he also knew that she met Brian there.

However, he wanted to hear it from her.

Was it pride or self-esteem? Or... Maybe he was expecting her to tell him everything willingly and not keep it from him.

There was a flash of discomfort on Grace’s face, and she quickly smiled. “Nothing special happened. By the way, why are you making a cake at home? Aren’t you supposed to be in the office right now?”

She digressed from the subject.

“You said you wanted a cake for your birthday, so I need to learn ahead of time,” he said. His long lashes quivered a little, obscuring all the gloom in his eyes.

Grace blinked. “Are you... Going to make me a cake for my birthday?”

“Do you like it? However, today is just the beginning. I hope the cake I make for you on your birthday tastes good.”

Grace looked shocked. She knew he loved her, but she really did not expect that he would choose to make a cake for her.

This cake would be more meaningful than any other cake!

“I love it,” Grace said with a smile.

“It may not taste as good though.” Once in a blue moon, Young Master Reed had his moments of worry as well.

“Even if it doesn’t taste that good, I’ll love it. Because you made it for me, Jay!” said Grace.

He looked at her intently and put his arms around her waist.

His eyes looked like they were trying to imprint her into his soul. “Grace, I’ll only bake cakes for one woman in my life.”

She felt a little entranced. It was as if she was about to be captured by the look in his eyes.

“Don’t let me down, all right?” His voice was so faint that she could hardly hear it.

Her body trembled, and she saw the fragility in his eyes.

'Am I the only one who can see his vulnerability?

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'How can I erase his vulnerability and make him believe more in my love for him?'

Grace put her hands around Jason's neck, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him on the lips. "Jason, I'll never betray you. Just as I told you the other day before your father's memorial tablet

that I would never betray you!"

Chapter 738

He stared at her quietly, then smiled softly.

This smile was like the melting snow mountain in spring, so beautiful that people could not look away.

"Grace, I believe you," said Jason as he opened his thin lips. slightly.

He was sensitive and never really believed in anything.

However, he wanted to believe what she said-That she would

not fail him and that she would not let him down!

She hid the incident between her and Brian from him, but... He would believe her again. He would believe her again.

He would believe what she said and believe that there was

nothing between her and Brian! He would also believe that he would not follow in his father's footsteps!

He leaned forward and put his lips to hers.

It was not as soft as when she kissed him, but it was domineering. It was so domineering as if he wanted to take

away all the sweetness in her.

nineering, it had an endless

gentleness.

The gentleness was only for her!

By the time the kiss was over, Grace was barely able to stand and her face was red.

"What's the matter? Do you want more?" He looked at her with

a wide smile.

Her face immediately became redder.

She quickly changed the subject and said, "Did you learn to pipe before? You seem to be moving fluently."

He could see her intention, but he just went with it. "No, I just learned it today, but it's pretty interesting."

Grace was rendered speechless. 'All right, I have to admit that he's a genius, shrewd, and fierce not only when it comes to business but also when making cakes!

"Piping is not that hard. It's pretty easy," said Jason.

'Easy?' Grace was a bit skeptical. After all, what he just piped was a rose, not a regular cream flower where you just needed to squeeze the cream out.

"Why don't I teach you and let you try?" He suggested.

She was a little excited to try it as they had the tools, butter, and everything in the kitchen. They did not need to prepare anything else.

Therefore, Jason demonstrated for Grace again in slow motion. He slowed down every move so that Grace could see it all clearly.

It was not complicated. Jason also explained the key points clearly, and it was easy to understand.

However, knowing how to do it was one thing while actually doing it was another.

At the very least, Grace found her hands completely unguided by her consciousness.

When she was done piping a rose, it did not look like a rose at all. It only looked like a lump of cream.

"It seems... Never mind. I can't do it." She smiled awkwardly, put down the tools in her hands, and unconsciously tried to put her hands behind her back.

For a moment, she had forgotten that her hands were not suitable for such intricate work. Her joints were bent and she

could not control the strength of her fingers.

Grace was about to make an excuse to leave the kitchen when

he suddenly reached out and pulled her hands which she had hidden behind her back.

Chapter 739

Her hands were in his. Their small and large hands stood out

in contrast.

His hands were beautiful, from the shape of the fingers, length, to the joints and nails-They all looked so beautiful.

On the contrary, some joints of her hand looked a little unnatural, and two joints were particularly prominent. They looked just like hands that had done laborious work for many years. If one were to look closely, they could see some scars on

the skin of her hands...

Hands like that seemed very ugly when it was next to his.

"What's the matter? Holding my hand like that..." Grace bit her lip slightly and tried to pull her hand back.

However, he stopped her. "From now on, anything you can't do with your hands, I'll do for you."

She was shocked, and then after seeing the guilt on his face, she seemed to realize something. She smiled gently and said,

"It has nothing to do with you that my hands are faulty. You don't need to feel guilty."

He looked at the smile on her face with a mixed look in his eyes. Grace was probably smiling like that to make him feel less guilty.

However, her words 'it has nothing to do with you' was like a knife that struck him hard in the heart.

'How could the things that happened to her have nothing to do with me?

'If it had not been for my acquiescence, perhaps her hands would still be intact.

'I'll probably carry this guilt with me my whole life!'

"I'll certainly seek the best doctor and cure your hand thoroughly," he said, promising her.

"All right," replied Grace. She did not expect her hand to be completely cured. She just did not want him to feel guilty anymore.

Besides, after the treatments and medication during this time, her hand was much better than when she just got out of prison. At least now there was less pain.

He lowered his head and kissed her fingers deeply. He kissed the deformed joints and the places where there were scars.

The scattered kisses seemed to warm her heart.

Grace stared at the man in front of her. She thought it would be the greatest joy for her to be loved by him all her life.

"What?" Lily stared at her agent in disbelief, almost feeling that she had just heard something wrong.

Her manager said with a reluctant face, "Well... Now they're demanding to drop several commercial deals that we've negotiated, even if they have to pay the damages for breach of contract. That TV show you starred in that was going to be on TV has also been canceled. It might not even be released

online.”

“How can it be?” Lily’s face took on a ghastly expression.

“I asked the two films you were interested in working with today, and they told me that you won’t be considered for the

current cast.

“Besides that, all those TV dramas and commercials you

starred in before are now gone.

“It’s now impossible to find any film or television works related to you on the internet. All of them are deleted. Even the relevant videos of your variety show episodes are gone.”

Bad news after bad news from her manager made Lily’s face grow paler and paler.

“What the hell is going on? How did this happen?” barked Lily.

There was nothing gentle and noble in her face, unlike how she usually looked when she was putting on a pretense. There

was only ferociousness.

“Someone wants to blacklist you in the entertainment industry, which is why...” stammered the manager.

“Blacklist?” Lily felt as if she had just heard a joke. She was the second daughter of the Atkinson family and also the Stevens family’s future daughter-in-law. With the Atkinson family and Stevens family backing her up, who dared to blacklist her?

Chapter 740

“Who is it? Who’s blacklisting me?” she asked bitterly.

However, when she heard the name from her manager’s mouth, her face paled.

Jason!

The one who wanted to blacklist her was Jason!

Jason had never been interested in the entertainment industry. He had never picked on any celebrity in the entertainment industry before, and now... This was the first

time he did so!

As for the reason... Lily’s mind went back to the time at the fair when she humbly apologized to Grace and asked for forgiveness, but Grace refused.

Later, Jason even said, ‘If she won’t forgive you, then no.’

She suspected Jason would do something later on, but she did not expect him to blacklist her in the entertainment industry.

She was almost Jason's sister-in-law in name!

Even though Jason never loved her sister, the Reed family and the Atkinson family were somehow related to each other from an outsider's perspective.

If word got around that she was blacklisted by Jason, then she would be embarrassed in front of everyone and become a joke in high society!

'Is Jason... Going to go that far for Grace?'

Lily's eyes glinted with hatred. However, before doing anything else, she had to solve this immediately.

Therefore, Lily hurried back to the Atkinson family's house and told her parents about it.

Her father, Harold, frowned and fell silent while her mother, Camelia Meyer, was unwilling to see her daughter suffer such a problem. She immediately jumped up. "Jason is way out of line. He tore down our shopping mall and now he's trying to destroy Lily's career?"

Camelia Meyer got more and more infuriated as she spoke.

She was ready to take her bag and talk some sense into Jason.

Lily quickly stopped her mother, knowing that her mother was impulsive. The only person in her family who could solve her problems was her father.

"Now Jason is at the peak of his interest in Grace. He's just angry that I vilified Grace and did something against Grace when she was in prison, so now he's standing up for her."

Lily said aggrievedly, "I'm willing to apologize to Grace. I even apologized in person. I... Can take responsibility for the wrong I've done, but I really don't want my career that I've worked so hard for to be ruined just like that."

Lily became emotional. Her eyes were red, and her shoulders twitched slightly. Her tears were almost pouring out.

"Qirong, do you want to see your daughter's years of hard work destroyed? Also, if word about this gets out, how is she going to face the public? She'd be despised by her husband's family when she marries into the Stevens family!" Camelia Meyer was eager to stand up for her daughter.

Harold finally sighed and said to the mother and daughter, "All right. I'll call Jason and see if there's room for negotiation."

Lily immediately breathed a sigh of relief. When her father said so, there was likely still room to turn the matter around.

Harold took out his phone and dialed Jason's number.

After a while, the call got through, and Harold exchanged pleasantries before jumping straight to the point.

"I know Lily has done some things she shouldn't have, so it's only normal that you would want to stand up for her, Mr. Reed. However, Lily has been in the entertainment industry for so many years, and she has put a lot of effort into it. I, as a father, can't bear to see her years of work go wasted. Why don't I take the piece of land in the south of the city as an apology and give it to Miss Cummins? What do you think of this, Young Master Reed?"