

Ex Convict 1861

Chapter 1861

However, he kept deceiving himself over and over again. He would rather believe her lies and that what she said was true.

When it came to making a choice and running into such a test, the seemingly fragile lie stopped him from lying to himself.

"Go home. I want to be alone and not have anyone disturb me tonight," Jason said coldly.

However, a pair of arms instantly wrapped around him from behind. She pressed her face onto his back.

He instantly stiffened and heard her say, "I won't plead for Mrs. Watts, but my mentor and his wife are kind to me, Jay. You don't understand how helpless I was when I lost my memory and was struggling in a big city with a child. I had no past and could only fight to keep myself and my daughter alive. It wasn't until I met my mentor and his wife that I finally felt like I could take a break."

After a pause, she hugged him a little tighter as if that would give her the courage to continue speaking. "I know you want Mrs. Watts to pay for what happened back then one way or another, so why don't we do it with the law's help? Why don't

we let the court decide what to do with her for her negligence

in causing you a serious injury and for her actions in causing your father to choose death?"

She did not want his hands to be stained with his own mother's blood. It was not the way it should be.

Sometimes, hating a person too much also revealed... one's reluctance to let go!

Jason slowly turned around. He looked at Grace and said, "What if I don't want to? It's too easy for her just to be judged by the law. Can her years in prison pay for my father's life?"

Grace froze. She could not help biting her lower lip. "Then what do you want to do to her?"

"Since it's a life, then she should pay with a life, shouldn't she?" he asked coldly.

Her face paled, and under the moonlight, her face was even paler. There even seemed to be fear in her almond-shaped

eyes.

"Do... Do you want her dead?" she asked in a mutter.

"Shouldn't I?" he asked, feeling a sting in his chest from the frightened look in her eyes.

'Is she... afraid of me? Is she going to stay away from me too?'

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"It may seem right to you, but I think we have no right to decide whether another human lives or dies." She shook uncontrollably as she said this. "Jay, don't decide whether your mother lives or dies, okay? And don't get blood on your hands. That shouldn't happen to your hands."

She took his hand as she spoke. They were fair, clean, and defined. The contrast was even more striking when compared to her hands, which had slightly crooked knuckles.

“Jay, I’ve suffered... the feeling of having someone else decide whether I live or die. It made me... really miserable. I... I almost died in that car accident that Lily arranged. If I had climbed out of the car a little later, the car would have exploded and I would have died!”

Her body trembled as her hands shook. He could feel all of it.

Jason’s eyes flashed with pain and remorse.

The case was a source of great pain for her, and it was the same for him.

He did not answer her, and she stubbornly kept him company as they stood at the place his father died. She held his hand tightly as if afraid that he would leave again and not let her

find him.

THE?

Jason and Grace returned to the who

Chapter 1862

Grace’s skin that was exposed outside her clothes was now cold. Jason said, “Take a nap. I’ll wake you up when we reach Reed Residence.”

“You won’t... go missing again, will you?” she asked worriedly as it was only by chance that she managed to find him this

time.

He said, “No, so go to sleep.”

She was reassured, and she was indeed tired after this long day. Grace slowly closed her eyes and fell asleep soon after.

Jason looked at her sleeping face with a thoughtful look in his dark eyes.

The car drove slowly toward Reed Residence and soon arrived.

Instead of waking her up, Jason carried her straight back to their bedroom and gently put her on the bed.

“Grace, I can’t let that woman go, so don’t plead for that woman anymore, okay?” he muttered in a voice that sounded like a warning and a plea.

When Lina saw Grace, all she saw was her best friend’s sad face. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

After all, in Lina’s opinion, her best friend was now the mistress of the Reed family and Jason was so in love with her. Besides, she had also found her child. One could say that everything was going well for Grace right now. She should have nothing to worry about!

"I'm facing some troubles," Grace said as she hesitated a little.

"Can't Jason help you solve them?" asked Lina.

Grace smiled bitterly, "Someone has always been kind to me, but that person offended Jay and Jay won't let that person go. They did something really bad to Jay, and I'm not sure whether to plead for them or not."

Lina also frowned after hearing that. "It seems to be a real dilemma. Is this what it means by not being able to have it all?"

"What about you? How are you doing now?" Instead of talking about her troubles, Grace changed the subject.

"Not bad. I eat good food and sleep well every day. I don't

have morning sickness that much anymore. I guess the baby is being considerate of me," Lina said with a smile as she patted her belly.

"What about... Hadwin Stephenson? Are you sure you won't contact him? Is he really ignoring you and the baby?" asked Grace.

Lina suddenly felt a little guilty. "Uh, he... probably doesn't know that I'm keeping the baby."

"What do you mean?" Grace froze.

"I... said I wanted to have an abortion in front of him, so he probably thinks the baby is gone," said Lina.

Grace was immediately speechless when she heard that. "In other words, Hadwin Stephenson thinks that you aborted the baby when you didn't?"

"I... guess so," muttered Lina.

Chapter 1863

"But if you do this, have you ever wondered what if Hadwin Stephenson insists on wanting the baby back if he learns about their existence one day?" asked Grace.

Lina immediately said, "The baby's mine. I won't give them to anyone!"

Grace said, "But he can sue and get the baby's custody. Didn't Martin Weiss also sue to take Nelson's custody from Kyla?"

Lina instantly turned pale, and she also stopped eating her dessert. "Could he... get custody?"

"If he really wants to do that and hires the best lawyers, there's a 50-50 chance that he can get the baby's custody after they turn two," said Grace.

Lina gritted her teeth as she clenched her hands.

Grace sighed. "Lina, if you ever get to that point, I'll help you.

But... how did you and Hadwin Stephenson get to this point? Didn't you say you were going to start over with Hadwin Stephenson that day?"

Lina said bitterly, "He and I can never start over. Maybe he

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never really loved me. I thought he broke up with Katherine Jackson because he never loved her. I thought he did it due to *Mason Swansonrcumstances and he wanted to get justice for me, but it turns out that the breakup was just a sham."

"What do you mean?" Grace asked in confusion.

"I went to see Hadwin Stephenson that day but saw Katherine Jackson enter Hadwin Stephenson's mansion. She didn't come out until the next morning. The security guards at Hadwin Stephenson's mansion also said Katherine Jackson had come to the mansion several times after her public breakup with Hadwin Stephenson. She always spent the night and would only leave the mansion the next day."

It was painful for Lina to talk about this matter again.

"Could there be a misunderstanding?" Grace asked after pondering about it.

"What kind of misunderstanding? Why would Hadwin Stephenson let Katherine Jackson spend the night at his mansion? I... can't take it even if he's doing it for his career. Maybe we do share different opinions. He has never really loved me. Perhaps I'm just more of his type among the many women he has met, or..."

She paused, and her voice was dry. "It's probably because of regret. He broke up with me for his career and didn't get me,

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so he wanted to get back together with me when the chance arose. But that's all there is to it. He can never give me what I want."

Grace had a feeling that something was vaguely wrong when she heard this.

Hadwin Stephenson's eyes were full of indifference when he brought up Lina's name at the airport before, but logically speaking, there was no reason for Hadwin Stephenson to let Katherine Jackson spend the night in his mansion.

If he had feelings for Katherine Jackson, he would not have gone through so much trouble to have a public breakup with her. If he wanted to break away from the Jackson family's control and even turn against them to get the Jackson family's assets, he had already achieved his goal. The Jackson family was already a sitting duck.

Speaking of which, it seemed that two days after Lina went to look for Hadwin Stephenson, Stephenson Group announced the acquisition of part of the Jackson family's assets. However, the strange thing was that Hadwin Stephenson had offered them a good price. Judging from the Jackson family's current situation, you could say that they got a good price.

'Why did Hadwin Stephenson do that, then? Does Katherine Jackson have something on him? Or is there something else. going on?'

"Grace, what's on your mind?" Lina's voice made Grace come back to her senses.

"I was just thinking that maybe there's something wrong with Katherine Jackson," said Grace.

Lina said indifferently, "It doesn't matter. I just want to give birth to the baby and raise them. If Hadwin Stephenson really wants to fight with me for the baby, I won't give them up no matter what!"

Chapter 1864

"Alright, don't overthink it. If it does come to this, I'll help you with the case," said Grace.

After sending Lina home, Grace dialed a phone number. It was an experienced private detective she knew and also a connection she made when she was a lawyer in L City.

"Please investigate Katherine Jackson from Jackson Group. I want to know her contact with Hadwin Stephenson after she officially broke up with him at the press conference and what she's doing now," said Grace.

Grace needed to look into Katherine Jackson before she could feel at ease.

Grace did not ask them to look up the whereabouts of her mentor and his wife. If Jay wanted to hide people from others, she would not find anything even if she hired a private detective.

Grace came to Reed group's building. When she was reaching Jason's office, she saw Terrence walking toward the door with a stack of documents.

"Terrence!" shouted Grace as she stopped him.

2/3 Terrence stopped in his tracks and looked at Grace in surprise. "Young... Young Madam? What brings you here?"

Grace said, "I'm here to see Jay. Are you going to look for him for work?"

Terrence's expression changed slightly. Then, he smiled faintly and said, "It's not urgent. I'll come back to look for Young master Reed later."

With that said, Terrence turned around to leave, but Grace suddenly pulled on Terrence. "Terrence, how are my mentor and his wife doing?"

When Grace pulled him, his hand holding the documents trembled. They instantly fell to the floor.

Grace saw this and quickly said, "I'm sorry!" she bent down to pick up the documents on the floor as she spoke.

Terrence immediately shouted. "It's alright..."

However, it was too late. Grace had already picked up the scattered documents and seen their contents.

She stared at the file in her hand. It was a report on her mentor and his wife. It listed the time they ate every day, the time they went to bed, and what they did.

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There was a photo of Mrs. Watts lying on a tattered bed. She did not look very well, and beside it, her temperature was listed as 38.5 degrees!

'Is Mrs. Watts having a fever?'

Considering that Mrs. Watts had gone through so much after having an operation on her leg and was now living in a seemingly harsh environment, it would be strange if she did not get sick.

"Where are they?" Grace asked Terrence in a panic.

Terrence said with a face of reluctance, "Young Madam, I... can't tell you without Young master Reed's permission. If you really want to know, why don't you ask Young master Reed?"

Grace also knew she could not get any answer even if she asked Terrence again, so she turned around and walked into Jason's office.

In the office, Jason was reviewing the documents in his hand. He looked up at Grace after hearing the noise. "What are you doing here?"

Chapter 1865

"Where on earth are you keeping my mentor and his wife?" asked Grace.

"What's the matter? Have you come to question me?" His eyes instantly turned cold.

"Mrs. Watts has a fever. At her age, a minor fever may cause all kinds of diseases. Jay, even if you want Mrs. Watts to atone for her sins, get a doctor for her first," said Grace.

Jason got up and walked over to her. "What's the matter? Do you think I locked them away?"

"Didn't you?" she asked.

"I just found them a place where that woman can repent. Your mentor can leave whenever he wants. As for the person I once called my mother, she can also leave if she wants to-but her only option outside is prison."

As Jason said this, he bent over slightly and stared at Grace with a half-smile on his face as if he was mocking her.

Grace froze, suddenly realizing why her mentor had not left. He was afraid that if he did leave to get a doctor or report to

the police, Jay would send Mrs. Watts straight to prison.

Jay's legal team could win the case easily. After all, there was a lot of evidence about what had happened that year. Even though her mentor was a big shot in the legal world, they would lose the case anyway.

"Will you tell me where they are?" asked Grace.

Jason suddenly sneered. "Didn't you promise that you'd stand by me and not plead for that woman? Or did you not mean

them?"

"Yes, I did promise I wouldn't plead with you for them, but let me see them at least. Don't keep me from knowing where they are!" said Grace.

"But Grace, so what if you know where they are?" Jason raised his hands and gently embraced Grace.

His movements were very gentle, and his voice seemed to be muttering sweet words. However, what he said made her heart sink.

"I won't tell you where they are. They made the decision to stay there. Stay out of this. Since you said I matter the most to you, are you willing to hurt me again?"

Grace only felt her heart sinking deeper. It was as if there were two forces in her body tugging at her.

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"Jay, is making your mother atone for her sins really what you want? This has burdened your mother over the years. There's an unnamed memorial tablet in my mentor's house. Mrs. Watts takes care of it. My mentor said it was because she did someone wrong and hasn't had a day of peace in the past 20 years. Mrs. Watts has always regretted it. She turned vegetarian and prayed to Buddha, hoping that person can rest in peace. I think it's probably your father. Mrs. Watts--"

"Stop!" interrupted Jason as he slowly released his arms. He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down at her, saying, "Don't say another word if you don't want to hurt me!"

His gaze made her throat dry. It was as if something was blocking everything she wanted to say. She could not say a word.

It was as if one more word would break a taboo and cause an irreparable rift in their relationship.

His gaze was telling her silently that he hated his mother very much.

The hatred was so overwhelming!

Chapter 1866

Someone seemed to be sobbing in the dark.

'Who is it? Who's crying?'

She tried desperately to push through the darkness and finally found a child sobbing non-stop.

It was a beautiful child with fair tender skin, black hair, and delicate features just like her favorite doll when she was little. Those beautiful peach blossom eyes were especially attractive.

'Is this... Mick? No, it's not Mick. It's Jay. Was this Jay when he was little?'

Jay was wearing the same outfit she once saw in his photo album!

She ran up to him as fast as she could and held him in her arms. "Stop crying. Jay, stop crying!" She heard her voice say, then she heard the young voice saying...

"Ouch! It hurts!"

'It hurts?'

"Where does it hurt?" she asked immediately. Then, she saw a

great surge of red seeping out of the clothes on his chest. The bloodstain only grew bigger.

It was blood! He was bleeding!

Almost subconsciously, she pressed her hands to his chest, trying to keep the blood from seeping out so quickly but her hand began to be covered in blood too.

Just as she became terribly anxious, the scene changed again. Jay disappeared. Now, her mentor and his wife were smiling kindly at her.

"Grace, you can leave your child with us if you're busy with work. We'll take care of Jasper for you."

Then, the scene changed. She was sorting out case files under

a lamp. Mrs. Watts held out a bowl of soup and handed it to her. "Grace, come and have some soup. I've been cooking this soup for hours. It's nutritious!"

"Mrs. Watts, thank you!"

"What's there to thank me for? Your mentor and I have

no children. You and Jasper are like our daughter and a granddaughter."

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At that moment, she only found Mrs. Watts's eyes so gentle.

The scene changed again. She was ill in the hospital. Mrs. Watts had a bad leg but was limping around in the hospital. She helped her get water, go to the bathroom, and clean her.

Mrs. Watts said, "Just focus on getting better. I'm an old woman, but I can take care of you. All you have to do is get well and be safe."

She had not recovered her memories and remembered her past at the time, but Mrs. Watts felt like a mother to her.

The scene continued to change, but now, Grace saw Mrs. Watts lying weakly on a broken bed. She had a high fever and was babbling while her mentor took care of her in a fluster.

She desperately wanted to get close to her mentor and his wife, but there seemed to be an invisible wall that prevented her from getting close.

"Mentor, Mrs. Watts... are you two okay? Mrs. Watts!" shouted Grace. Suddenly, she shuddered and opened her eyes. She was greeted by darkness.

It was a dream... She had a dream just now. She had a dream about Jay as a child, and she had a dream about her past with Mrs. Watts.

In her last dream, she saw Mrs. Watts lying on a broken bed... It was probably because of Terrence's report during the day.

Chapter 1867

Mrs. Watts had a fever! However, Grace had no idea what was going on, let alone where her mentor and his wife were!

Just then, a voice suddenly rang in her ears. "Did you have a nightmare?"

Grace instantly froze, only feeling a shadow approaching her. She stared blankly at the person in front of her. It was Jay!

However, the room was dim at the moment. She could only see his figure but not his expression.

"What did you dream about?" he asked.

"N-Nothing. I don't remember much," she said vaguely.

'Really?' His eyes glimmered in the dark. He raised his hand to gently stroke her cheek. He knew what she had dreamt about.

She dreamed of him, that woman, and her mentor.

He could hear her calling his name, her mentor's name, and... that woman's name in her dream!

"I'm sorry I woke you up. I'll go wash my face," said Grace as

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she threw off the covers and went to the bathroom.

She closed the bathroom door and looked at the mirror in front of the sink. Looking at the reflection in the mirror, she was ghastly pale.

Maybe she should be glad it was dark enough that they could not see each other's faces earlier, or maybe she would have had a real breakdown.

Mrs. Watts's kindness to her flashed through her mind. The person she once considered her mother was the one who hurt Jay the most!

What should she do to get the best of both worlds?

She seemed to be stuck in between them.

"Ah..." She instantly burst into tears. She bit her lip and tried to suppress her crying, fearing that Jason would hear her from outside.

"Boo-hoo... Boo-hoo..." The sobs and repressed cries rang out in the bathroom. Grace leaned over the sink as she shed tears. It was as if she wanted to vent all her struggles and pain over the past few days.

"How did this happen... What should I do... What on earth should I do..." she kept saying, but there was no answer.

What she did not know was that Jason was leaning against the bathroom door outside, frowning slightly as he slowly clenched his hands at his sides.

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'Does she care that much about that woman? Does she know even if she's not pleading, every look she gives me and every time she tries to speak but ultimately stops herself is like a plea?'

"Grace, are you going to betray me?" he murmured.

When Grace came out of the bathroom, the lights in the room were on. Jason was sitting on the couch next to their bed, talking on the phone.

"Let her lay there. Take her straight to the police station if she takes one step out of there. Otherwise, she deserves it even if she dies there," Jason said coldly.

Grace froze and asked urgently, "Is Mrs. Watts's fever getting worse?"

Jason glanced up at Grace, tapped the end call button on his phone, and said lightly, "Didn't we agree not to talk about these things again?"

"Jay, how is Mrs. Watts doing?" asked Grace as her eyes turned red. She had managed to wipe the tears off her face in the bathroom, but now they seemed to come pouring out again.

Chapter 1868

"Are you worried about her?" he asked instead of replying to her question.

"She used to take care of me and cared a lot about me. I can't be indifferent," said Grace.

He raised his hand and brushed it gently over her swollen eyes. "But what's the point even if you know how she's doing now?"

"Jay, if you really want to take revenge on Mrs. Watts, at least get her a doctor. Otherwise, at her age, she'll probably die if the fever gets serious," said Grace.

Jason suddenly chuckled. "She'll 'probably' die, but what about my father? He did die! Grace, do you know what real revenge is? She's only having a fever now. I haven't had her mutilated, her tongue cut, or her eyes gouged out. I didn't even break her arms or legs. I've been nothing but merciful. What else do you want from me?"

He would probably have made the woman more miserable if it had not been for Grace!

Grace gasped and looked at the man in front of her in shock.

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Jason gently stroked the hair beside her cheek. "Did I scare you?"

"I..." Her throat felt utterly dry.

"But Grace, this is me-the real me." He showed her his dark side. "But you never have to be afraid of me. I'll never hurt you!"

Grace stared at Jason for a long time before murmuring, "I know you won't hurt me, but Jay, are you sure you can't let me see my mentor and his wife?"

He said, "It's unnecessary. If they want to spend the rest of their lives in prison, that's their choice, isn't it?"

Due to Mrs. Watts's guilt and remorse, she probably would not avoid this punishment, and her mentor would probably accompany Mrs. Watts.

"Alright, it's late. Let's rest early," Jason said to Grace, and she replied in a low voice.

The next day after Jason left, Grace went to a cabinet. She opened the drawer and took out a small box inside, which contained a talisman.

The talisman was the one Brian gave her when he came to the hospital to visit her before leaving Emerald City.

Brian only said that she should open the talisman if she ever came across any trouble.

However, she did not pay much attention to what he said at that time. She only thought that Jay would help her if she were ever in trouble. She would not even need Brian's help.

It was recently when she opened the talisman that she found an address and a small flower carved out of amethyst.

Grace bit her lip slightly as she squeezed the paper containing the address and the amethyst flower in her hand.

Looking down at tMason Swansonty's landscape, you would feel as if you were on top of the world and were trampling everything else under your feet.

Brian looked down at everything outside the French window. He had been high and mighty, overlooking everything since he was a child.

He thought he could get everything he wanted, but it turned out that he could get many things except what he wanted the most.

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'Should I say Jason is lucky, or that I'm unlucky?'

Chapter 1869

He regretted the mistake he made countless times. He constantly wondered whether their fate could have been

rewritten if he had helped her when she came to ask him for help.

Perhaps... it was like what Grace said. The one she loved would always be Jason no matter what he did.

Just then, Brian's phone rang. He picked it up to look and frowned.

This number rarely called him, unless...

Brian answered it and heard a voice on the other end of the line saying, "Young Master Hart, someone came with the amethyst flower and asked us to track down two people."

Brian's hand clenched slightly as he held the phone. He ordered the person, "Give that person whatever she wants."

"Yes, I understand, Young Master Hart." The call ended.

Brian looked down at his phone with a flicker of thought in his eyes. He had left the address just in case Grace would

encounter any trouble.

However, he did not expect her to go there so soon.

'Is Jason unable to help her track down the two people she's looking for? What happened between her and Jason?'

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Brian looked up and said, "Come in."

The office door opened, and the secretary led a young Asian woman into the office. "President Hart, the person you wanted to see is here."

"Okay, you can leave first," said Brian.

The secretary left the room, and the Asian woman looked anxiously at Brian with a faint look of anticipation on her face.

Brian quietly peered at the person in front of him. She was thin and had long black hair. Her hair was not in a ponytail like when she first met him but a trendy wavy hairstyle.

The woman had exquisite makeup on her face and wore bright red lipstick as if she was trying her best to show off her

beauty.

However, in Brian's opinion, the woman looked better without makeup. It was because the makeup had destroyed her quiet

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elegant charm, especially her eye makeup. She had almond-shaped eyes similar to Grace, but it was now almost impossible to make out any resemblance after she did all this.

Brian said indifferently, "You don't have to wear any makeup in front of me. And have you gone through the contract my secretary gave you?"

"Y-Yes," the woman whispered as she blushed slightly.

"You can tell me if there's anything you're dissatisfied with," he said.

"No, I have nothing to complain about," the woman said quickly.

"Okay, we'll go to the lawyer's firm and sign this contract tomorrow. I'll find the best gynecologist here to carry out the in vitro fertilization procedure. If there's any damage to your body, I'll compensate you as per the contract," said Brian.

"Well... it doesn't have to be so troublesome. I can just..." The woman's face turned a little redder. She was trying to say something but stopped. However, it was clear that she did not want to undergo a medical procedure and wanted to get pregnant in a more traditional way.

After all, it was how she could get more intimate with the man in front of her.

Chapter 1870

At first, she was driven to a corner by her family's debt and almost sold herself in a nightclub. However, someone suddenly approached her and told her she could make a fortune if she gave birth to a child through in vitro fertilization to an important man.

Not only would it pay off her family's debt but it would also be enough for her to live a wealthy life. It was so much better than making a living in a nightclub.

She was intrigued and began to contact the middleman.

She thought the man who wanted her to carry his baby must have some flaws, but the man who appeared before her was a tall, handsome man. Besides, she also secretly found out online that the man was the crown prince of the entertainment industry!

It seemed like a dream that the crown prince wanted to have a baby with her, so she agreed to be his surrogate. She had

specially dressed herself up today just so she could climb up the social ladder.

What she wanted was not just to be a surrogate but to be able to take this opportunity to get to the top.

However, to her disappointment, Brian just looked at her indifferently. It was as if he had seen through her conspiracy.

"I'll repeat myself. I only need a child, and it doesn't matter who the mother is because I won't have anything to do with her. The baby will solely be born through IVF, and you won't have anything to do with them," Brian said coldly.

The woman's eyes glimmered. He spoke as if he was just using her as a living tool.

'Am I just supposed to be a surrogate like what the contract says? I can't accept it! I finally have a chance to turn my life around and change my fate. Why would I be willing to settle for that?'

Looking down, the woman carefully hid her thoughts. "I... I see, Mr. Hart. I won't have any funny ideas anymore."

"Then you can leave. Tell the secretary if there's anything else you need. I'll send someone to take you to the firm tomorrow,"

said Brian.

Once the woman left the office, he raised his hand and rubbed his brow.

The Hart family needed an heir, after all. He... had no plans to marry any woman other than Grace. Therefore, this was the most direct way to get a child.

He recalled how his mother had looked at him like he was a lunatic when he told her his decision. "You're never going to marry? Are you going to save yourself for Grace for the rest of your life?"

"I can't marry someone I don't love," he answered his mother.

"Love? Many marriages are without love! What's more, you can take your time to develop feelings for each other," his mother said.

He chuckled. "If I had never met Grace, I wouldn't have minded marrying a woman I didn't love if she was worthy of the Hart family, provided I didn't hate her. But Mom, I've met Grace, and I know what it's like to love someone."

How was he going to spend the rest of his life with a woman he did not love?

His mother did not go on after hearing what he said. She only covered her face and burst into tears. He could not say anything to comfort her.

After losing Grace, he had no intention of ever getting married. However, the Hart family needed an heir, so this might be the best way to get a child who would carry the Hart family's bloodline.