

Ex Convict 234

Chapter 234

Uncle Kwan looked thoughtfully at Grace. There was a hint of surprise in his gaze.

Grace took the initiative to greet him. "Hello, Uncle Kwan."

"Miss Cummins, if you need anything, just let me know." Uncle Kwan smiled.

"You can just call me Grace," she said, feeling uncomfortable at the appellation.

"You are the Young Master's guest, of course, I should call your Miss Cummins," Uncle Kwan said, looking unapologetically polite.

Grace did not insist on it since she would not stay here for long anyway.

"Uncle Kwan, please show her the rooms and let her choose one," Jason instructed.

"Just give me any room," Grace said immediately.

"About this..." Uncle Kwan looked at Jason.

"Take the annex on the third floor, then," Jason said lightly.

"Yes," Uncle Kwan answered.

Grace was a little confused. What was an annex? However, Uncle Kwan soon led her to the third floor, and she did not ask any more questions.

On the third floor, Uncle Kwan opened the door of a room and said to Grace, "Miss Cummins, please come in. I'll have someone send your toiletries and daily necessities over later. If you have any specific brand or other requirements for these, you can also tell me."

"Oh, nothing else," Grace said.

Uncle Kwan left, and Grace looked around the huge room. It was femininely decorated and had a retro feel to it. The

furniture was in a Chinese style, giving the room an elegant and quiet feeling.

Grace gave the furniture lying about a cursory glance. They were probably made from rosewood.

Of course, if they were all rosewood, the furniture in this room would be worth a fortune.

Was this how wealthy the Reed family was?

While Grace was surprised at the amount of rosewood in the room, a servant came in with some toiletries and new sheets.

She changed everything for her and brought up the duffel bag Grace had taken from her rented house.

"Thank you," Grace said.

When the servant left, she took her stuff out of her duffel bag and hung her clothes in the closet.

However, to her surprise, there was a wedding dress hanging in the closet.

It was just that the style of the dress... The wedding dress must have been from a long time ago. It would be difficult to find

one in such a style now.

However, the dress was very well made. It was neatly tucked inside a transparent dust bag.

Did the wedding dress belong to the last person who stayed in this room? Grace wondered. When she turned around, she saw another door on one side of the room.

When she opened the door, all she could see behind it was another room. It was completely different from the room she was in. The room looked cold and oppressive.

Everything was in the hues of blue and black. The furniture here was not made of rosewood. The design of the furniture was modern, concise, and lively.

It was just that the room was so sparsely furnished that it even looked a little empty.

Were the two rooms connected?