

Ex Convict 321

Chapter 321

Coming out of the company after another interview, Grace could not help but give a wry smile.

She thought she was mentally prepared and was even willing to work as a rider with no basic salary, which some companies had, but even then, she was turned down.

Seeing that it was almost noon, Grace found a small restaurant by the side of the road and ordered a bowl of noodles that cost ten

dollars.

This was already the cheapest bowl of noodles in the shop.

There was also an old television set in the shop. The news was playing on the TV and it was replaying yesterday's news. Grace listened casually at first, only to look up sharply at the mentioning of a familiar company.

It was... the company where she first interviewed for the rider job. It was also their boss who called Jason and told him about her

interview.

Jason had previously said he wanted to get rid of the company.

Now, the news said that the company was facing a capital chain rupture. The money that was earmarked for investment was suddenly canceled, and many civilians who partook in the company's private financing were protesting in front of the

reporters.

Grace watched and was secretly horrified.

Did Jason do this? He could make a promising company turn into

such a mess in just a few days?

If so, then Jason was indeed capable. If not, then... Were there

such things as coincidences?

Grace thought as she ate her noodles. Suddenly, she felt something clutching her shin. She looked down and saw a little boy around 3 years old, dressed in some dirty old clothes. Even so, he was a beautiful child with delicate features and fair, soft skin. She could not help but want to pinch his chubby cheeks that

only children had.

Right now, the little one's dark, round eyes were looking straight at

her.

Grace looked strangely at the little boy before looking around. It was now lunchtime and there were several tables occupied. For a moment, she did not know which table the child was from.

She picked him up, only to find his eyes staring straight at the noodles in front of her.

“Why, do you want some noodles?” she asked.

However, the little boy seemed unresponsive as he ignored her, his eyes still fixed on the bowl of noodles.

the boy, but first, she needed to find his family.

Just as she was about to ask around, a modestly dressed woman in her 30s rushed up to her, apologetically saying, “I’m sorry my son bothered you. It’s my fault for not keeping an eye on him. I’m sorry. I’m sorry...”

The woman apologized profusely.

Grace recognized the woman as the cashier of this restaurant.

She saw her when she ordered her noodles.

She heard the man in front of her calling the woman ‘boss’ earlier. She did not expect her to be the little boy’s mother.

Chapter 322

“He didn’t bother me much. Your son is cute,” said Grace. “However, he seems to crave noodles. He keeps staring at it.”

“If you give him noodles, he may or may not eat it. He just likes to join in the fun,” the woman said and started to gesticulate with both hands in front of the little boy.

Grace was stunned and immediately noticed what the woman was doing... Sign language!

“He...” she blurted.

The woman said, “He can’t hear, but he already knows some sign language, so he understands simple gestures.”

The woman said and continued to slowly say, “Apologize to Aunty,” while signing.

Then, Grace saw the little boy bow in her direction as if to express his apology.

Grace could not help rubbing the little boy’s head. He was so young, but he could not hear. Was all the sound in this world non-existent to him?

The woman carried the little boy away while Grace continued to eat her noodles, but it left her with a heavy heart.

when out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of a job posting on the door.

They were looking for riders to deliver takeouts.

Grace then turned around and headed to the cashier desk, asking the boss, "Are you looking for riders?"

"Yes." She nodded.

"Well... Can I apply?" Grace asked.

The boss looked at Grace, a little confused. "As a rider?"

"Can't I?"

"No, it's just that you're still young. Women your age usually don't want hard jobs like riders," said the boss.

"It's hard enough for me to have a job, I..." Grace hesitated a

little and told her truthfully, "I've been to prison and I have a criminal record. It's hard to find a job when that car accident killed someone. If possible, I want this job."

When Grace said she had been to jail, the boss' eyes flickered a little and she seemed a little surprised. "However, the salary is fixed. You'll deliver food during rush hours and when you're not delivering food, you'll have to help out in the restaurant. You'll only get 4,000 dollars a month. Would you like to do it? However, I'll provide you with two meals a day-lunch and dinner. You'll start work at 9.30 am and finish at 9 pm. The hours are also longer."

For Grace, 4,000 dollars was nearly double of what she used to earn as a sanitation service worker. As for hard work, it would be nothing when one's survival was in question.

"Sure!" Grace said immediately.

The boss looked at Grace and smiled as she said, "Then you can come to work tomorrow. We have an electric bike for deliveries.

You don't have to buy an electric bike if you don't have one. Just use the one we have."

"Thank you!" Grace said gratefully. "I'll be here on time tomorrow."

She did not expect her job hunting to take a new turn.

Chapter 323

"By the way, my name is Kyla Corbyn. You can call me Kyla. What's your name?" the boss asked.

"I'm Grace. Kyla, you can just call me Grace," said Grace, and all at once, it seemed as if the gloom in her eyes was dispelled.

Kyla Corbyn looked at Grace, her eyes flickering.

Grace left after leaving her name and contact information. A woman in her 50s went over to Kyla Corbyn. "What were you talking about with that woman?"

"She just applied to be our food delivery rider, and I agreed to let her come to work tomorrow," said Kyla Corbyn.

"A woman her age applying to be a rider? There must be something wrong with her. Don't girls like her usually get an office job?" This rider job paid low wages, and only people in their 50s were asking about it these days. However, they resented the low pay and long hours, so they refused to join.

"She has a criminal record for killing someone with her car," said Kyla Corbyn. "I think she's nice. She was kind to Nelson, so I don't think she's a bad person. The car crash must have been an accident."

"You!" Upon hearing this, Mrs. Corbyn could not help scolding, "Haven't you suffered enough? Why do you trust people so

record work here. If she killed someone while delivering orders, are we supposed to pay on her behalf?"

Kyla Corbyn sighed. "Mom, I just want to give her a chance. It seems to me that she really needs the job."

"A chance? Didn't they give you a chance? Nelson still needs to cure his ear, and we're short of money!" Mrs. Corbyn said angrily.

Kyla Corbyn gave a wry smile and said, "It's exactly because no one gave me a chance before that I... want to give her a chance all the more. After all... I've been to prison too."

Mrs. Corbyn could not help sighing at this and said nothing more.

Her daughter's sentence to jail had been their family's pain until now!

In the evening, Grace said to Jason, "Well... I've got a job, but I'm afraid I'm going to finish work late and disturb you, so... I think it might be better for me to move back to the rental house."

Jason raised his eyebrows slightly. "Are you trying to move out again?"

Not move out, but move back. His choice of words made it seem as if this was her home.

However, a giant mansion like Reed Residence would never become her home.

She did not even know if she would ever have a home again.

"It's too big, and I'm not used to living here. Maybe a small place like the rental house will suit me better," she said tactfully. "Besides, I've paid the rent. It would be a pity not to live there."

"Then you'd better get used to it, Sis," Jason said calmly. "As for the rent, I'll pay for it."

"No, I..." She wanted to say more, but his eyes were suddenly cold.

"Sis, if you are really afraid of disturbing me by leaving work late, you can quit your new job and find another one. Isn't that better?" He stared at her and said, "Or do you think this job is more important than me?"

Grace immediately had a hair-raising feeling.

Chapter 324

Grace's first reaction was that Jason would go after the small restaurant. An up-and-coming company that others said had a bright future was currently in doubt and would probably be rid of, not to mention a small restaurant.

"I... I hadn't thought of it that way," she muttered. She did not want anything to happen to Kyla's small restaurant because of her. After all, she could see that Kyla was a nice person. With a deaf son, she must be heavily burdened.

"It's best if you hadn't. You can stay here in peace," Jason said

with a smile.

Grace pressed her lips together and said nothing.

Jason took Grace's hands and pressed her palms against his cheeks. "Since you're determined to find your own job, have it your way, but no matter how late you come back every night, you must bid me good night, all right?"

She was surprised that he would make such a request.

Bid him good night... That was what she used to say to him every night in the rental house. He was her family back then, someone she thought she could depend on.

Were... they still family now?

smiled. It was as if he was in perfect comfort.

She only felt her palms getting hotter and hotter until they were burning hot...

Grace took her credentials the next day and went to the small restaurant as agreed. Kyla Corbyn checked Grace in, briefed her, and assigned her an electric bike.

"You can ride this to and from work. By the way, do you know how

to ride this?" Kyla Corbyn suddenly thought of this question.

"Yes, I've ridden it before, but I haven't ridden it for years. After a little practice, I should be able to ride it," Grace said truthfully.

"Then you can practice later," said Kyla Corbyn. "You know that you've got into a car accident before, so you need to be careful when you're riding the electric bike. Don't go over the speed limit. or anything just because you want to be fast. It's all right if you're late. Better safe than sorry. It's for the benefit of you and the others."

Grace responded by telling Kyla Corbyn, "Yes, I know. I'll be careful not to speed."

Kyla Corbyn smiled. "Well, that's it. Your salary will be paid on the 15th of every month. I'll pay you basic Social Security. You can ask me if you have any questions."

"All right," said Grace. Suddenly, she felt something clinging to her. She looked down and saw a young beautiful face.

Grace remembered that Kyla called the child 'Nelson' yesterday.

"Come here, Nelson," Kyla Corbyn said to the little one as she gestured.

However, the little one held on to Grace's legs and looked up at Grace curiously, ignoring his mother.

Kyla Corbyn stepped forward, intending to pull her son away.

Chapter 325

However, instead of obediently returning to his mother's arms as he had done yesterday, he tightened his hold on Grace's legs.

Kyla Corbyn said, "Sorry, Nelson's not usually like this. He seems to like you."

"It's all right. I like Nelson too," said Grace, picking up the little one as she spoke.

The little one did not struggle and was remarkably submissive. He even grinned broadly at Grace after she picked him up.

The smile had a trace of timidity and ingratiation that made Grace strangely sad. "Hello, Nelson," said Grace, raising her hand to touch the little one's head.

However, the little one could not hear her voice at all. He did not know what she was saying. He only looked at her in confusion.

Kyla Corbyn looked at her son and then at Grace. Suddenly, there was a flash of gloom in her eyes. Did Nelson... mistake Grace for that person? Was that why he was so unnaturally close to... If so, it was such a shame... They could never see that person again.

"Can you teach me some sign language one day, Kyla? I want to learn to communicate with Nelson," Grace said to Kyla Corbyn.

Kyla Corbyn came to herself and quickly said, "Sure, of course."

Grace interacted with the little one for a while, but because she did not know sign language, the interaction was not that smooth. She needed Kyla Corbyn to help with sign language.

By noon, Grace started delivering food.

She found time to practice riding the electric bike, and it was not too big a problem. The electric bike was like a bicycle. Once you knew how to ride it, even after a few years of not riding, you could still get the hang of it immediately.

However, when Grace was delivering food, she tried to control the speed and drive more slowly to get used to it.

The small restaurant had more orders for food deliveries at noon, but after half-past one, there were fewer orders for food deliveries.

It was almost two o'clock before Grace was finally free for lunch.

"Are you tired?" Kyla Corbyn asked.

"I'm doing just fine," Grace said as she smiled. As far as she was concerned, it was not easy to make money.

"It's just that sometimes the restaurant can get busy, and you can't eat on time," Kyla Corbyn said. Just like Grace, she had to wait until she was free to grab a bite.

“By the way, how old is Nelson? Doesn’t he have to go to kindergarten?” said Grace, looking at the little guy as he ate his fruit.

Kyla Corbyn gave a wry smile. “He could have gone to kindergarten this year, but because of his hearing disability, the kindergarten wouldn’t take him. Although there are kindergartens that cater to special children, the tuition is expensive, and children like him need cochlear implants. Plus, a parent has to accompany him. With my current condition, there’s nothing I can do.”

“Nelson doesn’t have a cochlear implant yet?” That was when Grace realized that she had not seen the little one with a cochlear implant in his ear.

“I’m saving up for it. Maybe another two or three months and I’ll have enough money to get him a cochlear implant,” said Kyla Corbyn. It was as if the subject had given her hope again. Her face radiated thick maternal love as she tenderly looked at her son. “Once he gets the cochlear implant, Nelson will be able to hear and learn to speak.”

Grace could see that Kyla Corbyn loved Nelson very much.

Although she was the owner of a small restaurant, she only wore cheap, old clothes. She did not wear any jewelry, and her hair was always tied up casually.

Chapter 326

Besides, as the boss, she handled the cashier, served the dishes, cleaned the tables, and seemed to do a little of everything. When the business was busy, she had no time at all.

Her abilities might be limited, but she gave her son the best that she could give.

At about three o’clock, the restaurant received another order, which included pineapple buns and milk tea.

It was only when Grace saw the address that she was distracted.

“What’s the matter? Is there a problem?” Kyla Corbyn had prepared the order for Grace only to find her staring blankly at the order receipt.

“It’s nothing,” replied Grace, taking the pineapple buns and milk tea.

The address of the order was clearly the law firm where she had previously worked at. Now that she was going to deliver food

there, she would naturally meet her former colleagues.

Back then, she was such a splendid person in the office, Perhaps in a moment, she would be very embarrassed.

Grace felt a hint of bitterness in her heart, but now that she had chosen this industry, these situations were inevitable.

destitute, could she not face those people?

'I just have to get used to it!' she thought to herself, then put the food on the electric bike and drove away.

The closer she got to the law firm, the more familiar the roads became to her. When Grace came to the law firm's entrance, she parked the electric bike and looked up at the modern building.

When she first came to this building, she had been in such high spirits that she thought with enough experience, she would one day set up her own firm!

However, now, everything seemed insubstantial.

Grace took the order and pressed the floor button.

Once Grace stood in front of the firm's two glass doors, she dialed the number on the order, and out came a young woman who looked like she had just graduated from college. This person was presumably a new hire for the firm.

"Thank you," she said as she took the order.

Just then, the receptionist of the firm recognized Grace and suddenly cried, "Hey, isn't this Grace? You..." She glanced at her co-worker's food delivery, then seemed to say in surprise, "Are you delivering food?"

"Yes," Grace responded.

The one who collected the food delivery asked the receptionist,

"Do you know each other?"

"Of course, Grace used to work here. She's famous for..." The receptionist stopped in the middle of her sentence. The way she looked at Grace also changed from surprise to sympathy.

Grace smiled and turned to leave. When she walked into the

elevator, she caught sight of the receptionist and the new colleague chatting, presumably about her.

Grace was only glad that she did not see many of her former colleagues today, so it was less awkward for her.

It was already past ten o'clock when Grace got back to Reed Residence after a long day's work.

Grace wanted to go straight to her room, but she remembered what Jason had said earlier, so she knocked on his door as she passed Jason's room.

Since he wanted her to bid good night, so be it!

Moments later, the door opened and Jason stood by the door, looking at Grace. "You're back."

"Yes. Well... Good night," she said, turning to go back to her room.

Chapter 327

However, her arm was caught the next moment. Then, with a jerk, she fell into a wide embrace.

She unconsciously wanted to break away from his arms, but his hands closed around her and held her closer.

"What a perfunctory good night, Sis!" he muttered as his lips were close to her ear.

Her body trembled a little, and she could feel his breathing on her ears. Her whole body seemed to be enveloped in his breath.

"You... Let go," she said, her face turning red.

"Why don't you tell me about your first day at your new job first?" he asked.

"It's just a regular delivery job. Someone orders something, and

I just deliver it to them," she said, feeling her heart beating faster and faster. Even her blood flow was a lot faster.

"Is that so? Did you have a good meal today?" His voice once again rang in her ear.

"Yes, I ate with the boss. She provides two meals a day." Her face was heating up as if it was going to burn. The strange sensation made her panic. All she wanted now was for him to let go.

"Are you nervous?" he said suddenly.

"No... No." She denied.

"Your face is so red." He laughed softly. Then, he bent down

and softly pressed his lips against her cheek. "Are you blushing because of me?"

"I... no." She was so stiff that she stammered a little.

"You're lying." He hissed, but his voice sounded more like he was spoiling her.

She bit her lip, trying to push him away, but her hands that were pressed against his chest seemed powerless.

Was it fear? Was she afraid that she could not bear the consequences of pushing him away? Or was there something else?

For a moment, Grace could not tell why but her mind was in a blur.

After a long time, he finally let go of his grip. He gently stroked her lips and smiled as he said, "Well then... Good night, Sis."

Grace almost ran for the hills.

When she got back to her room, she put her hands over her burning cheeks. She could not tell whether her face or her hands were hotter.

What was wrong with her? He would often hug her like this, but her reaction to it was completely different from before.

At first, she had thought of him as family. After knowing his true identity, she began to be frightened of him and would tremble when he held her. What about now? What was this?

Could it be that... she had fallen in love with him and had feelings for him?

No, it was unlikely!

She shook her head and tried not to think of that. She and Jason would never get anywhere.

Men like Jason were unpredictable. No one could guess what he was thinking. He might look like he was in love with her now, but how long would this illusion last?

Chapter 328

In the wee hours of the day, when Grace was fast asleep in bed, the door between the two rooms opened slowly. A tall figure

walked in.

Those normally cold, amorous eyes were looking at the woman on the bed. At this moment, his gaze was full of attachment.

“Good night, Sis.” A low and elegant voice spilled out from his mouth, it was tinged with attachment, and at the same time there was also an unspeakable desperation.

When Grace went to work the next day, the store received a large order of more than 30 at noon.

Normally, she would only deliver 7 to 8 in one go. All of a sudden, there was an order of more than 30. It was pretty much what the small restaurant would deliver in one afternoon.

Kyla Corbyn hurriedly got the order ready and said to Grace, “Thank you so much for delivering these.”

“What about the other food delivery orders?” said Grace. After all, once she went out to deliver this, she might not be able to deliver the others.

“It’s all right. I’ll ask my mother to take over the cash register for

The order was a big business for her today. She was happy that she would be able to earn a profit of hundreds of dollars after this.

However, when Grace got the address of the order and looked at it, she was silent. This was the address of... Reed Group.

The name and phone number on the order were unfamiliar though. They did not belong to Jason.

It was a slight relief to her. It must be a coincidence.

Once Kyla Corbyn was done packing the orders, Grace put them on the electric bike and headed for Reed Group’s headquarters.

30 or so food items were not exactly light, and Grace could not carry them all at once, so she planned to make several trips after

she parked the electric bike.

What she did not expect was that when she was parking the electric bike, a security guard approached her and asked, “Excuse me, are you Miss Cummins?”

“Ah, yes.” Grace was stunned, not expecting the security guard to call out her name.

“You can put these on the trolley. It’ll be easier to get them in,” the guard said as he called two more guards to come over.

The two security guards wheeled a movable stainless steel trolley to Grace’s side and quite automatically placed the 30 or so orders on it.

Grace was stunned. She could tell that the security guards had been prepared and knew she was coming.

“Thank you... but how do you know my name? Who told you to prepare this trolley?” she asked.

“Terrence told us, and it was he who told us to prepare this trolley,”
said the security guard.

Terrence?

Grace was skeptical. Was it Terrence, Jason’s secretary? She had met Terrence several times when she was in the hospital.

She subconsciously bit her lip at the thought of this.

As Grace nervously pushed her trolley into the Reed Group building, another security guard came up to ask the one who had first spoken to Grace.

“Captain, why did Terrence tell us to keep an eye out for this delivery girl? What’s her relationship with Terrence?” After all, there were a lot of delivery riders these days. There was a delivery man who delivered 100 cups of milk tea last time, but Terrence

never told them to do so.

“Don’t pry too much into the higher-ups’ business,” said the security guard who was called ‘Captain: “Anyway, just don’t think of her as a regular delivery girl if you ever see her again.”

Chapter 329

After Grace walked into the building with the trolley, the

receptionist greeted her, asking only for her name. She did not even ask her to register and offered to help her press the button

for the elevator.

All this led to Grace’s speculation to drift in one direction. When she arrived at the address listed on the order, a tall woman in a business suit came over. “Miss Cummins? I ordered the food. You can just leave these here, and please take these two to the president’s office.”

Grace’s heart dropped for a moment, and her speculation earlier began to come to light.

The president's office... Jason was the president of Reed Group.

Were these two for Jason's office?

Grace picked two up and walked toward Jason's office. Standing in front of the dark wooden door, she took a deep breath before

knocking twice.

"Come in." A voice came from inside.

Grace pushed the door open and walked in, only to find Jason sitting at his desk. He was reviewing the papers with his head down.

"I'll leave your order on the coffee table," said Grace as she he got up and walked around the desk to her.

"I have to go back to the restaurant and deliver the other orders," she said.

"Have you had lunch?" he said out of nowhere.

She blinked in a daze, not knowing how to react all of a sudden.

"It seems you haven't eaten. Then you can eat with me. I'd like to try the food from the restaurant you're working at, Sis," he said as he grabbed her. Then, he put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her down on the sofa.

She subconsciously wanted to stand up, but the force on her shoulders made it impossible for her to do so.

"You..." She glared at him.

"Why? You don't want to dine with me?" he asked with a smile.

"I'm really in a hurry," she said.

"Is that so?" Danger seemed to creep into his eyes. "In that case, I might as well return all of this."

Grace was shocked and suddenly realized that the person in front of her was Jason!

How could someone like Jason accept rejection so easily? If all these food were returned, Kyla would have a lot to lose.

Besides, Kyla's small restaurant might go out of business if he wanted to do something to it after canceling the order.

"Just one meal?" she asked after she calmed down.

Jason smiled. "What else is there to do?"

He said as he removed his hands from her shoulders and turned to open the food's packaging on the coffee table.

He had long fingers and well-defined joints. Even the shape of his nails was pretty.

Even though he was just removing a plastic bag, a pair of hands like his could make people feel its beauty and attract their attention.

He took out two lunch boxes and helped her break off the disposable chopsticks before handing them to her.

Chapter 330

Grace took the lunch box and quickly began to eat with her head down. All she wanted now was to finish it quickly and leave.

"Are you eating so fast because you're eager to leave?" Jason's voice rang softly in the office.

"Ahem..." Grace choked, nearly spitting out her food. All she could do was hold her hands and cough with difficulty. Soon, her face

became extremely red.

Finally, she stopped coughing, but the palm of her hand, which was over her mouth earlier, had some grains of rice on it. Thus, she decided to take a tissue and wipe her palms.

However, before she could take the tissue, his fingers grabbed her hand and drew it toward himself.

She uncomfortably twisted her wrist but did not break free. "My hand is dirty, I need to wipe it," she said.

"Dirty?" He chuckled with amusement. "I don't find it dirty at all." As he spoke, he lowered his head. His lips clung to her palm while the tip of his tongue licked the grains of rice off her palm.

Grace stiffened. Her palms felt terribly hot, and his licks seemed to touch the nerves in her palms and spread it through her body.

The burning sensation of her palm seemed to follow her blood

"All right." His voice rang, seemingly reluctant to part with it.

Grace was shocked. Then, she came to herself and found that he had licked all the grains of rice on her palm.

However, he held on to her hand while his beautiful, amorous eyes gazed at her. "The grains of rice on your palm are sweet. I wish you had more."

She felt as if her heart skipped a beat. It was almost as if he was implying something, and his eyes were full of desire.

She quickly lowered her eyes and did not look directly at him. His gaze seemed to have some magic power that haunted her heart.

It was a good thing he did not plan to hold her hand all the time. His fingers loosened, and her hand was free at last.

Grace quickly continued to eat the rest of her meal.

A moment later, his voice rang in her ear. "Dining with you makes me feel like I've gone back in time."

She paused a little.

Go back in time. They could no longer 'go back in time, which seemed like a dream, and everything belonging to 'Jay' was

buried deep in her heart.

By the time Grace got back to the small restaurant, it was almost one o'clock. Kyla Corbyn did not seem suspicious that it took her nearly an hour to deliver the order, but Grace said, "Sorry it took so long."

"It's nothing. You probably had to make several trips to deliver so much food by yourself. Thank you for your hard work," said Kyla Corbyn. "They didn't say anything, did they?"

As the proprietor, of course she was most worried about receiving complaints after delivering the food.

"No." Grace felt a strange sense of guilt.