

Ex Convict 381

Chapter 381

"You asked me for 50 million dollars. Why don't you just let me help you find out where your mother is buried?" he asked.

She was shocked. He reminded her that she was really stupid. Even if she gave her father 50 million dollars, would her father

be satisfied? Would he not ask for more?

Just like what Jason said, instead of asking him to give her 50 million dollars, she could just ask him to help her find out where her mother's grave was.

She could only say that she panicked, so she did not even notice such a simple thing.

"Can you take me there now?" Grace asked anxiously. She could only calm down once she was sure where her mother

was buried.

"There's no hurry. You need to take a break first. Take a nap if you're sleepy," said Jason.

However, Grace was not in the mood to sleep! She just looked at him longingly.

About 15 minutes later, Jason's phone rang. A moment after

Jason answered it, he replied, "All right, got it. Wait for me over there, and settle everything I told you to do as soon as possible."

With that, he put away his phone. He stood up and said to Grace, "Come with me."

Grace instantly realized that he was going to take her to her mother's grave, so she immediately got up and followed him.

Only after she got in the car did she soon realize that they were not heading in the direction of the cemeteries in Emerald City. Instead, they were heading for a large residential area in the city.

When the car stopped, Grace looked on in surprise. She then turned to look at Jason in confusion.

Right now, his car was parked in an urban village in the city.

"Come on," he said, taking her hand.

Grace followed Jason stiffly, walking all the way to one of the houses. She saw Jason's secretary, Terrence, there.

Other than Terrence, she also saw a few others who looked like bodyguards.

After seeing Jason, Terrence immediately came forward and said, "It's inside, Young Master Reed."

Jason led Grace into the house.

Clearly, Terrence had cleared the house beforehand. Grace walked into it and could see that it was a place for group

rental, but the house was deserted at the moment.

Terrence went ahead and opened one of the rooms. It was a simple room with only a bed and a table. There was nothing

on the bed-not even a bedsheet.

When Grace entered the room, she saw a box on the table.

Apart from this, there was nothing else on the table.

It was... a cinerary casket!

Grace's pupils contracted suddenly as she stepped forward. Her hands were almost trembling as she touched the urn. On the side of the cinerary casket, she could find the small print

inscribed with her mother's name and the date of her death.

This was... her mother's cinerary casket!

Grace only felt her heart trembling. She thought that since her father was going to move her mother's grave, he would at least buy her a cemetery plot so that she could be buried again.

However, it never occurred to her that her father had not even

bought her mother a cemetery plot. He just rented a room in a group rental house to put her ashes!

Terrence's statements also confirmed Grace's speculation.

Chapter 382

"According to our investigation, Miss Cummins's father has paid three months' worth of rent here after taking out her mother's cinerary casket. After a brief visit on the first day, he hasn't been here since. At the same time, Miss Cummins's father has not contacted any cemeteries or made any arrangements to buy a cemetery plot," said Terrence.

Grace lowered her head and looked at the cinerary casket in front of her.

Her father... never really intended to move her mother's grave from the beginning. He did all these to blackmail her.

He would probably just throw the cinerary casket back to her when he got enough benefits from her.

He could even save the money on a cemetery plot!

She wondered how her mother would feel if she knew how the man she had once loved was treating her after her death.

Grace found it funny and sad.

Her nose was a little sore, but this time, her tears did not fall.

Maybe she had cried too much earlier, so she did not have any more tears to shed this time.

"Thank you," Grace said as she looked up at Jason. Without him, she would never have found her mother's ashes.

"If you really want to thank me, you may as well thank me later," Jason said and looked at Terrence. "Has everything been arranged?"

"It's all set," replied Terrence.

Jason once again turned to Grace and said, "Take your mother's ashes. The first thing we should do now is to bury

your mother."

She was stunned as she looked at him blankly.

"Come on. I've made all the arrangements," he said.

It was only a simple sentence, but it inexplicably calmed her down.

It seemed as if with him around, she had nothing to worry about.

Grace followed Jason out of the group rental house and got into the car.

When the car once again stopped, they were already at a famous cemetery in Emerald City.

Because of its location, convenient transportation, and well-planned cemetery, it was difficult to buy a cemetery plot here even if you had money.

Jason took Grace to one of the empty cemetery plots where there were already several people in uniforms waiting as well as a few people who looked like the staff.

Grace looked in amazement at the tombstone with her mother's name on it and her name on the bottom right.

He had prepared all these.

He had helped her to settle everything she could not do right now.

"This is where your mother will be buried. If you don't like it here, you can choose somewhere else," said Jason.

Chapter 383

"No, it's fine here!" Grace said quickly. The cemetery plot he had chosen for her mother was in a separate spot in the cemetery, not in line with the rest.

If one were to describe them as houses, the rows and rows of tombs were apartments while the tomb he had chosen was like a mansion.

It was a small independent space surrounded by a row of trees. There were even stone tables and chairs a few meters in front of the tomb for visitors to rest.

"Great. Then you can put your mother's ashes in," said Jason.

Grace nodded, stooped down, and placed her mother's cinerary casket in the hole in front of the tombstone where the ashes were kept. Then, the workers covered it with the slate and poured cement over it to seal it.

The cemetery staff presented Grace with a contract for the cemetery. It was a one-time contract for 50 years.

However, Grace saw that the cost was a huge amount. Even before her incident, she might not have been able to afford such an expensive cemetery plot.

"Mr. Reed has paid for all the expenses. You just need to sign.

here, Miss Cummins," said the cemetery staff.

Grace knew she owed Jason another big favor.

Biting her lip slightly, she took the pen and signed her name. After all, it was not the time to worry about her remaining

pride.

After the cemetery staff and workers left, Jason asked Terrence to bring out incense as well as the fruits and food for worship.

“You have not paid your respects to your mother today. You can do it now.” As he spoke, he stooped down and laid out the candles, food, and fruits. Then, he took out a lighter and lit the candles. Finally, he lit another bunch of incense and gave her three of them.

Grace took the incense and stared at the tombstone where her mother now laid. Her heart was at last at rest.

Even if her mother had passed away, she now had a resting place.

Grace respectfully bowed three times to the tombstone, putting all her longing for her mother at the bottom of her heart.

“Mom, I’ll visit you again this winter solstice, and I’ll come every day after that. I won’t keep you waiting anymore,” muttered Grace. “Mom, if you’re hearing this, please bless me so I can find out the truth of the car accident and clear my name one day.”

Jason’s eyes darkened when he heard Grace’s last remark, and his hands trembled slightly as he held the incense.

When Grace placed the incense sticks in front of her mother’s grave, Jason followed closely. He held the incense sticks and bowed three times toward Grace’s mother’s grave.

This startled Terrence and the bodyguards who were still in front of the grave.

Was... Was Young Master Reed bowing to Miss Cummins’s mother? Even if it was normal to respect the dead, but... this was Young Master Reed. How many other people in Emerald City had he bowed to?

Grace also looked at Jason in surprise, not expecting him to bow to her mother. “You...” she muttered.

“She’s your mother. Of course, I should pay her my respects,” Jason said, crouching down and planting the incense in front of the tombstone.

If it were not for this woman, she would not exist.

He would never know that there was someone that he wanted so much!

Grace felt as though her heart was filled with an indescribable feeling. The moonlight fell on him as if he had been covered with a silvery chiffon veil.

Chapter 384

Dark hair, moon-white skin, and a sleek neck. From her line of vision, she could see the shape of one of his ears and the profile of his face.

She could not take her eyes off of him. She even felt that his ears looked better than the average man's.

When he straightened up and turned to face her, she felt as if something had struck her heart,

In the moonlight, his eyes were like peach blossom petals that fell on the lake, causing silver ripples. His lips opened and closed. They acted like strings that stirred her heart up.

Just then, it was as if the sky and the earth had disappeared. She could only see him.

Then, she watched as his face got closer and closer to her. His features were exquisite, like God's most elaborate masterpiece.

"What happened?" Her ears finally heard his voice.

She shuddered. She came back to her senses only to discover that she had fallen into a trance just by looking at him.

"No... Nothing," Grace said quickly.

"If there's nothing else, we can go back now. You can always come here when you want to see your mother. Even if your father finds out that your mother is buried here, he won't be able to take her ashes anywhere else," said Jason.

He held out his hand to her as he spoke.

She stared at the hand that was held out to her. She hesitated for a moment before placing it in his hand. "Thank you."

It was the second time this evening that she had thanked him.

The first time was when he helped her find her mother's cinerary casket. This time, he helped her bury her mother.

"If you really want to thank me, you might as well like me more," he said.

She was stunned, and her face could not help turning red. Then, with her head down, she followed him out of the

cemetery.

The two got into the car, and Grace looked out of the car window at the receding cemetery. The burden she had been holding in her heart was finally let go.

From now on, this would be her mother's final resting place. Besides, she would not have to worry that her father would

move her grave again.

These were all thanks to Jason.

Even though she kept saying that she wanted to keep her distance from him and avoid getting involved with him, she kept owing him favors.

He said he wanted her to like him more.

How serious was his affection for her? Could she... really overcome the fear in her heart and the trauma he had given her during those three years in prison? Could she allow herself

to like him?

Grace could not help but look at Jason who was sitting next to her.

"What's the matter? Why are you looking at me like that?" His beautiful, amorous eyes slightly tilted to look at her.

"No... Nothing," she stammered, her heartbeat once again racing beyond the control of her body under his gaze.

Subconsciously, she wanted to turn away to avoid his gaze.

"Are you really all right?" He leaned forward. He grabbed her

chin with his long fingers, forcing her to look at him. "You know what? You're looking at me as if you're conflicted. Why? What did I do to make you conflicted?"

Chapter 385

She would look at him and fall in a trance for a moment as if

they were incomparably close. However, the next moment, her eyes seemed to return to their usual way of desperately trying to get away from him.

What was different from the past was that it now seemed to be a struggle.

For a moment, she did not know how to answer him. Her face turned redder and redder under his gaze.

"Why won't you look at me? I want you to look at me, Sis!" He

leaned close to her as he spoke. It was as if she had been mesmerized by his voice as her eyes fell unconsciously on his face.

This man was looking at her tenderly right now, and there seemed to be longing and attachment in that look.

His bangs were pulled back, revealing his full forehead. In her mind, he was constantly overlapping with Jason in her memory.

Jason used to look at her like that.

“Do you like me in any way?” His voice once again murmured in her ear.

A flash of guilt crossed her face, and she opened her mouth to deny it. However, her words seemed stuck in her throat.

Did... she like him?

Grace asked herself. If he was just Jason, then maybe she would like him. Maybe he would be more than just a brother.

However, he was Jason...

“You like me.” There was a note of certainty in his voice as it floated into her ears.

It was as if her expression had given him the answer he wanted.

A smile rose from the corners of his lips, and it was all over his eyes.

All she was thinking at that moment was that his smile was so beautiful.

Back at Reed Residence, Grace was following Jason into the living room when she suddenly asked, “Well... You helped me so much today. How... How do you expect me to repay you?”

After all, no pain, no gain. It was only normal that he wanted her to repay him.

He paused before turning to her. He asked, "How are you going to repay me? Stay with me forever or sleep with me?"

She bit her lip and took a deep breath. Just as she was about to say yes, his fingers were already on her lips. "Don't you remember that when you asked me for 50 million dollars, I

already said I don't want it?"

She was baffled and looked at him in confusion.

"I may have you, but it's not nearly enough for me, you know? That's not all I want," he said, his elegant voice drifting around.

the living room.

'What does he really want, then?' she asked herself.

"I want you to like me. Not just a little bit, but a lot." He slowly bent down and breathed onto her face.

"I want you to like me

so much that you can't bear losing me, Sis."

Her heart began to tremble, beating so fast that even her blood flow seemed to be speeding up because of his words.

He brushed his fingers lightly over her face. "Yes, I could have you promise to stay with me forever, or I could just have my

way with you, but what's the point if you don't want it?"

Chapter 386

All he wanted from the very beginning was for her to be willing.

However, as time went on, he wanted more.

He wanted her to like him more. He wanted her to like no other man except him.

He could not even accept the possibility that her future would involve another man besides him. Every time he thought of this possibility, he would be filled with a pang of jealousy.

Jealousy... It was because of her that he finally knew what jealousy felt like.

Grace raised her eyes and looked at Jason carefully. His hand was hot against her cheek, and the details of his time with her these days kept coming back to her.

Even though she somehow still feared him, perhaps she liked him as he had said in the car.

Perhaps she liked him when he was Jay.

"Do you really want me to like you?" she muttered.

"Yes," he answered without hesitation.

"What kind of feelings do you have for me? Is it because you think I'm new? Therefore... I'm a good game object?" She plucked up her courage to ask her innermost question.

His eyes darkened, and he suddenly sneered. "If I'm only taking you as a game object, I wouldn't have done all this!"

He grabbed the back of her head with his hand, drawing them closer together. "I haven't had many people to love in my life, except perhaps my father. You're the only one left. Tell me, how should I feel about you?"

Pang! Pang! Pang!

Her heart was beating more violently.

Grace gently raised her hands and put them on both of Jason's cheeks as if to get a clearer sense of his presence.

His body suddenly stiffened. He looked into her eyes with some sort of wonder, vague excitement, and longing.

"I like you, Jay."

It was the first time she confessed her affection to his face after knowing his true identity!

The next day, when Grace opened her eyes, she saw Jason sitting on the edge of her bed.

He was wearing a white shirt and beige pants. The morning

sun fell on him, making him look more clean and fresh, just like the fairytale prince in every girl's heart.

Then, her eyes met his.

"Are you awake?" His elegant voice rang in her ear.

She sat up with a jerk and gawked at him. "What are you... doing here?"

"Because I have something to check with you," he said as he leaned forward, raising his hand to gently pull a few strands of hair from her cheek. He tucked them behind her ear. "That's why I came to your room early in the morning."

"What do you want to check?" Her mouth was suddenly dry, and the visual impact of looking at him so closely was even greater. His eyes, his breath, and his voice seemed to tantalize

her so easily.

"You said you liked me last night, remember?" he muttered.

Her face turned red again, and the memories of last night began to flow into her mind. "I remember..." she muttered as

she bit her lip with her teeth.

Chapter 387

Perhaps she had said those words somewhat impulsively last night, but the things she said were also true. She did seem to have fallen in love with this man without even knowing it... This man was called Jason.

She felt a mixture of fear and affection for him. They were two different emotions, but they somehow mixed well together.

"You also said you want to date me, right?" He added.

"Ahh!" Grace froze suddenly. Then, she remembered that he had held her in his arms after she said that she liked him last

night.

"What do I have to do for you to like me alone and not anyone else?"

When she heard this, she said, "Like you alone... Do you mean as a boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend? Is Sis trying to date me?" he murmured in a somewhat indulgent whisper at her words.

Date? When the word burst into her mind, it was as if her mind had gone blank. Perhaps it was because she had never thought about dating him.

He looked at her with a smile. "Then let's date. What do you think, Sis?"

Grace did not know how to answer Jason's question all of a sudden. Dating? Jason and her?

It was as if the most unfathomable thing was about to happen to her.

"You cannot go back on your word, Sis." Jason's lips were close to Grace's ear, his breath as fragrant as an orchid. He said, "You've said it yourself, Sis, and I won't let you go back on your word even if you want to."

There was a flash of determination in his eyes.

Yes, he would not let her back out. Now that she had fallen into his hands, how could he be willing to let go?

Grace suddenly felt as if her heart was... completely messed

1.

Dating. Was she really dating Jason?

When Grace went to work at the restaurant, she was still a bit stunned.

However, when she got to the restaurant, she did not see Kyla Corbyn there. She only saw Mrs. Corbyn holding Nelson in her arms at the cashier counter.

"Where's Kyla?" asked Grace.

"She has... gone out for an errand. I suppose she'll be back soon," answered Mrs. Corbyn a little awkwardly.

Grace did not notice Mrs. Corbyn's awkwardness. She started preparing for her work at the restaurant. Then, she picked up Nelson and played with him for a while.

The little one loved Grace, so when Grace picked him up, he gave Grace a shy smile.

Grace would also communicate with the little one with her broken sign language, unaware that Mrs. Corbyn's face was full of worry as she watched.

Kyla Corbyn was now standing in a big office, looking at the man in front of her who was known as the prince of the entertainment industry-Brian.

In all those times she had come to see Brian, she never in any way thought that one day she would voluntarily ask to meet him under such circumstances.

"According to my secretary, you've been asking to see me," said Brian as he looked at Kyla Corbyn. He would not have

seen her if she had not mentioned another name to his secretary.

"Mr. Hart, well... I've come to see you today to ask for something," Kyla Corbyn said humbly.

Chapter 388

"It seems that I was right the other day. It was you." Brian calmly glanced at Kyla Corbyn. "Did you come to beg me not to tell Martin Weiss about seeing you?"

Kyla Corbyn's body shuddered when she heard the words

'Martin Weiss' She had not heard anyone mention this name. for a long time.

This was a name she loved and hated with all her heart.

Now, she just wanted to get away from the name completely and live a quiet life.

“Yes, I know I don’t have the qualifications to talk to you. I just hope you can take pity on me and just forget that you ever saw me!” answered Kyla Corbyn after gritting her teeth.

Her tone was so humble that even if Brian asked her to kneel, she would not hesitate to do so.

“You should know he has been searching for you all these years,” said Brian.

Kyla Corbyn pursed her lips and said nothing. The man was only searching for her because he thought she had not

suffered enough and for escaping from the miserable path he had given her.

He was searching for her because she had unexpectedly ‘disappeared’

“Please, Mr. Hart. You must know some of the stories between him and me. I just want to live in peace. I’m not causing harm. to anyone, nor do I want to be hurt,” implored Kyla Corbyn.

“Not causing harm?” Brian gave a lazy chuckle. “However, everyone seems to know that you caused Martin Weiss’s girlfriend to have a miscarriage, killing a human life.”

Kyla Corbyn clenched her teeth and closed her eyes in despair. It was a stamp of guilt that was thrust upon her. Event

though she had said many times over that she did not do it, not one believed her.

The man she loved most sent her to prison himself. When she was taken away by the police, she asked, “Have you ever loved me, Martin Weiss?”

“How can I love you when I had nothing but hatred for you from the beginning? Kyla Corbyn, I want you to live your whole life in pain.”

These were the man’s last words to her.

The man she loved most wanted her to live her whole life in pain. What she thought had been his affection for her was nothing but hatred and revenge.

Then, she went to prison and heard that he was lovingly engaged to his girlfriend whereas she was just that wicked woman who was occasionally mentioned in the news.

"I... did not harm anyone!" Kyla Corbyn said with a trembling voice as if she was using the last bit of her strength to defend her innocence.

Looking at Kyla Corbyn who was in front of him, Grace somehow flashed through Brian's mind.

He had investigated Grace's case and knew that Grace had also been to prison. The car accident back then... What he saw from the documents was that Grace had pleaded not guilty in court.

Chapter 389

'Is there something else... behind Grace's accident?' Brian thought and laughed a little. The one who died in the accident was Jason's fiancée, Jennifer Atkinson. Grace was now with Jason.

Even if there was really something else behind that car accident, Jason would have checked it out. Why did he bother

to worry?

However... "When did Grace start working in your restaurant?"

Brian asked suddenly.

"Huh?" Kyla Corbyn was stunned. After a while, she replied, "About half a month ago. She came to apply as a delivery rider."

"How does she usually behave at your restaurant?" Brian continued asking.

"She's pretty good. She works hard, is efficient in delivering the orders, and doesn't complain..." Kyla Corbyn described how Grace behaved in the restaurant while Brian listened with fascination as he held one cheek in his hand. He was smiling faintly, and his originally indifferent face had a touch of faint gentleness.

Kyla Corbyn could not help but feel surprised. Did Brian have feelings for Grace... How was that possible?!

Brian was the famous prince of the entertainment industry. He was surrounded by all kinds of beautiful women. She noticed that Grace only wore ordinary clothes and was barefaced whenever at work. She even had calluses on her hands, which meant she did a lot of rough work.

Who would have thought that people like Brian would have anything to do with Grace?

When Kyla Corbyn finished telling Brian about Grace, he once again turned his focus on her. "You said she told you she'd been to prison when she came to your restaurant to apply for a job. Why did you hire her anyway? Aren't you afraid that something might happen and your restaurant might get into."

trouble?”

Kyla Corbyn gave a wry smile. “Maybe it’s because I’ve been to prison too, so I felt compassion.” Putting herself in her shoes, she could tell that Grace really wanted a job.

“Compassion...” Brian muttered thoughtfully. After a while, he said to Kyla Corbyn, “All right, I’ll help you. I won’t tell Martin Weiss that I’ve seen you, but I can’t guarantee that no one else.

will tell him.”

Even this guarantee was enough for Kyla Corbyn.

“Thank you, Mr. Hart. Thank you...” Kyla Corbyn thanked him.

again and again. She seemed to understand vaguely that

maybe it was her ‘compassion’ that made the entertainment industry’s prince agree to her request.

The prince might really like Grace... However... Kyla Corbyn had a look of worry in her eyes. Was this good or bad for

Grace?

After all, she had been a cautionary example. Having spent time with Grace these days, she saw her more as a friend than an employee.

Grace’s fate might change if she was involved with the prince, but it was hard to predict her future happiness.

Tony Cummins got a call from his landlord around noon, saying that someone had entered the room he rented yesterday. He was immediately alarmed and hurriedly asked, “Who was it? I’ve rented the room. How can you open the door without my permission?”

The landlord was angered by his question. “You’ve got a lot of nerve to say so. I rented the room for you to live in, yet you put a cinerary casket in it! Besides that, if it weren’t for you, the

police station wouldn’t have come to inspect my house and ordered me to reform it. I’m calling to tell you that I need to reform my house and I’m not refunding the rest of your rent and deposit!”

Chapter 390

The remark infuriated Tony Cummins. When he tried to question the landlord, the landlord had already hung up.

“What’s the matter? Did something happen to the cinerary casket?” Melinda Riley asked her husband immediately.

“The landlord said that someone went there last night and took the cinerary casket!” said Tony Cummins.

“They took it? What about our 50 million dollars? Without the cinerary casket, that wench won’t give us 50 million dollars!” Melinda Riley was worried now. Suddenly, she thought of another possibility.

“Speaking of which, she must have had someone taken the cinerary casket away...”

Frowning, Tony Cummins simply picked up his phone and dialed Grace's number.

Moments later, Grace answered the phone. "Yes?"

"Grace, I've thought about it. After all, we're father and daughter. No matter what, we're still related. If you really can't give me the 50 million dollars we agreed on yesterday all at once, you can give half of it first. I'll tell you where your mother is buried. You've hit it off with Jason, haven't you? The money shouldn't be a problem for him," said Tony Cummins. Although the cinerary casket was gone, he still wanted to try and blackmail her.

If it was not his daughter who had taken the cinerary casket last night, then he could make do with 25 million dollars. He could just buy a cinerary casket and put false ashes in it to trick her.

What he did not see was Grace's disappointed face on the other end of the phone.

This was her father, and he was using her mother's ashes to get money from her. Was he really taking advantage of her mother's death?

"It's all right. I got Mom's ashes yesterday, and I've already buried her," replied Grace.

Tony Cummins hurriedly snapped at that. "It was you! What right do you have to break into my rented house and take

your mother's ashes? You even buried her? I'm your mother's husband. How can she be buried without my consent?"

"So you're aware that you're her husband? I don't think my mother would have been willing to acknowledge you as her husband if she was still alive," replied Grace.

"You... Is this how you talk to your own father? You'd better tell me where you buried your mother right now, or I'll have a

lawyer sue you. Even Jason can't help you. Don't think because you're with Jason now that he will take you seriously. He's just fooling around with you. Unlike Evelyn, she's Brian's official girlfriend..."

However, Tony Cummins's words were cut short by another voice saying, "Oh? Why don't you try and see if I can help her or not?"

The icy baritone caused Tony Cummins to almost choke on his own spit and drop the phone he was holding.

Was that... Jason's voice?!

Jason was with his eldest daughter? Did he overhear their phone conversation?

"Well... Well..." Before Tony Cummins could finish his sentence, the call on the other end of the phone had been cut off.

Tony Cummins could only stare at his phone.

"What happened?" Melinda Riley asked quickly. He had not put the call on speaker, so she did not hear what Jason said.

"What else? That girl is going places! She has Jason to protect her!" growled Tony Cummins. His eldest daughter had Jason as her backup, but he could not get anything out of it. That was what bothered him the most.