

Ex Convict 391

Chapter 391

He probably should have been nicer to her if he knew that she was this capable, but there was no use for Tony Cummins to

regret it now.

After hearing her husband's words, Melinda Riley could not help but scorn. "How did Jason take a fancy to an ex-convict like her? It was Jason's fiancée she killed!"

"How would I know?" grumbled Tony Cummins.

"Hey, she'll probably be kept a secret no matter what," said Melinda Riley. "Unlike Evelyn who is official... Evelyn can marry into the Hart family. Wasn't it Evelyn who gave us the money

for this trip?"

Tony Cummins felt a little better at the thought of his youngest daughter. He could only pin his hopes on his youngest

daughter now.

Jason handed the phone back to Grace with a fierce look in his eyes. "What do you want me to do to your father?"

He asked her with a smile, but she understood the fierce look in his eyes.

Grace knew that whatever she wanted to do to her father, he would do it for her once she told him.

However... "It's alright. It's good for me and him to end up like this," said Grace. What her father had done was only to kill the last shred of affection in her heart.

She thought her father would at least have some affection left for her mother. After all, her parents married for love, and her mother married her father at his worst.

Now she realized that it was only her own wishful thinking.

Time was the worst of them all. No matter how in love they were, not a bit was left after so many years.

Jason could not help frowning. She lowered her eyes. There was a hint of sarcasm and sorrow on her gentle face. It was as if something was slipping through her body and he could not grasp it no matter what.

Suddenly, almost unconsciously, he held her in his arms, trying to hold on to her. Now that she was warming up to him, he did

not want to let her go.

Grace stood still for a moment, feeling herself falling into his wide embrace. A moment later, he held her body with his hands so tightly that she was almost out of breath.

"Jason..." She could not help but cry.

Her voice made him tremble, and he loosened his arms.

slightly. However, he still held her in his arms and did not let

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"Call me Jay. I love hearing you call me Jason," he muttered. With a touch of hoarseness, his elegant voice traveled through her eardrum and crept into her heart.

She pursed her lips and seemed a little hesitant, but at last, she uttered, "Jay."

There was a smile on the corners of his mouth. "That sounds so good."

She stared at the smile on his face incredulously. A simple cry from her could make him happy and satisfied.

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She could not help thinking that he... really did like her. However, how long could this affection last?

Her mother must have thought that her father loved her very much when she married him. However, there was not a shred

of affection left for her mother in his heart.

What had been an unforgettable love was now only a joke as time passed.

Had she not previously been in a loving relationship with Sean. Stevens too? She thought she had found someone worthy of her life, but he just turned away and kept his distance from her!

"Do you think I'm just fooling around with you too?" Jason asked suddenly.

Grace was stunned, not knowing how to answer him all of a sudden.

That thought had crossed her mind several times now. Even if he was not fooling around with her now, how long could his so-called affection last? She did not have much confidence in this regard.

Maybe a year, two years... Maybe only a few months.

"Tell me, what do I have to do to convince you that I'm not fooling around?" He stared at her, and the words his thin lips spat out next almost made her jump off the sofa. "Why don't we get married, then? Will you believe that I'm serious?"

Grace felt her heart skip a beat. "Get married?" Was he kidding? How could he just utter those two words so casually?

"Yes, get married," Jason said confidently. "I never want another woman in my life, which means you are the only woman I'll ever have by my side. In that case, what's wrong with marrying you?"

"But..."

"Or do you have no intention of marrying me, Sis?" His fingertips brushed lightly against her cheek.

She was bewildered and could only feel her heart racing. Her cheek that was being touched by his fingertips was also burning.

She had never thought of marrying him. They had just started dating so suddenly too! She never even thought that they would be boyfriend and girlfriend one day.

Her expression immediately told him that she had never thought of it. Jason did not know whether to laugh or cry.

If it was any other woman, they would have fantasized about marrying him long ago. Many women had approached him, thinking of marrying into the Reed family.

She, on the other hand, had not thought of it at all.

"Didn't you agree to date me on the condition that we'll get married? Or are you going to play with my feelings and get rid of me, Sis?" he said as he stared at her with those bright, amorous eyes.

Grace almost choked. Play with his feelings... None of these words seemed to fit him, let alone 'get rid of him.

"Or you're already thinking of breaking up with me?" He pressed further.

She was stunned and tried to open her mouth to speak, but his lips settled on hers before the words could escape her mouth.

He kissed her hard, so hard that he pried open her teeth and swallowed all she had to say.

"Umm..." She subconsciously wanted to turn away to avoid the kiss.

However, his fingers grabbed her chin to keep her from moving.

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The kiss was so intense that it almost choked her. When it was over, Grace felt a little weak. Half of her body was being propped by his arms.

“You’d better not even think about breaking up,” muttered

Jason with endless persistence in his bright eyes. “Now that you’ve promised to date me, I’m the only person you can date

from now on! I, too, will only date you.”

His voice was silky and lovely. It was like an invisible net

grabbing her tightly!

When Grace finally finished her lunch in Jason’s office, she looked at the time, hurriedly cleaned up, and left the office.

When she got out, she met Terrence who was polite and somewhat reverent as he said, “Are you leaving, Miss

Cummins?”

“Yes,” replied Grace.

“Be careful on your way back,” said Terrence.

After Grace got into the elevator, a mid-level executive beside Terrence could not help but ask, “Who... is she, Terrence?”

After all, the woman was dressed in cheap clothes and did not look like someone from the company.

However, Young Master Reed’s private secretary was treating the woman so reverently.

After all, there were very few people in the company whom Terrence would treat respectfully.

“She’s...” Terrence somewhat thoughtfully said, “someone we cannot mess with.”

She was the one Young Master Reed treasured! If anyone messed with her, they would probably be doomed.

Grace went back to the restaurant and continued with her deliveries.

Jason would always order a lot of food. Then, he would ask her to deliver them to Reed Group and ask her to stay for lunch. She felt guilty for doing this. It was as if she was doing something personal at work.

However, she could not refuse Jason’s orders. After all, the food he ordered every day was a good income for the restaurant.

"Hmm. Where's Kyla? She's not back yet?" Grace finally realized that Kyla Corbyn was not in the restaurant after delivering a few more orders. It had been Mrs. Corbyn taking care of the cash register.

"Nelson has a cold. Qianyun took him to the community health center to get some medicine," said Mrs. Corbyn.

In the afternoon, Kyla Corbyn came back to the restaurant with Nelson on her back. The boy was heavily asleep on his mother's back. Grace immediately carried the little one down and asked, "Is Nelson okay?"

"It's just the common cold, not a big problem," said Kyla Corbyn as she forced out a smile.

Grace looked at the exhaustion on her face and could not help saying, "You look tired. Do you want to go and have a rest? The restaurant is empty now anyway!"

Kyla Corbyn shook her head. "I'm alright. I'm just worried about Nelson. I'm scared that he doesn't know how to express his discomfort. After all, some things are harder to express through sign language than speaking. Plus, he's still young and does not know much sign language. I just hope he doesn't get sick again before he gets a cochlear implant."

Grace looked at Nelson who was fast asleep. "Will he get a

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cochlear implant in two months?"

"Yes." With that, Kyla Corbyn finally smiled a little. "Although it's a cheaper model, he can hear things and learn to speak after having the implant. I'll get him a better one when I get rich in the future. This is pretty much what the rest of my life will be, but I do hope that he can live a good life."

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"It will be. Besides, Kyla, you have a great deal of life ahead of you. That's such a pessimistic thing to say. Maybe it'll get better in the future," said Grace.

Kyla Corbyn looked at Grace in surprise. "You seem to have changed a little."

"Changed?" Grace was confused.

“Yes, when you first came to my store, you seemed depressed, as if life was crushing you down. But look at you now, your depression seems to have dissipated. It’s like you have hope. for the future,” said Kyla Corbyn.

Did she... have any hope for the future? Grace was stunned. Was it because Lina was helping her look into the case? Was it because... there was a new beginning between her and Jason?

That night, when Grace came out of the small restaurant, she saw a car parked not far from the restaurant. It was Jason’s

car!

She stepped forward. The door was already open. Jason was sitting in the back seat as he said to her, “Get in.”

“I’m going back with the electric bike, or it’ll be a lot of trouble for me to come here tomorrow morning,” she said. Who asked him to live in a place where his family owned so much land and property that there were no buses nearby? It was a long way from Reed Residence to the bus stop.

He looked at her with a smile as if he had heard a joke. “I’ll send you here tomorrow morning.” With that, he took her by the hand and pulled her into the car.

Grace was a little speechless. Considering that she only earned 4,000 dollars a month, how could she take a Bentley to and from work?

It was like when she saw the news about driving a BMW to sell oranges.

“When did you arrive?” asked Grace. She was looking for a topic to talk about so that the atmosphere in the car was not too awkward.

Although she was dating Jason, she did not know how to get along with him.

“About half-past six?” he answered.

She was shocked. Half-past six? It was already nine o’clock, which meant he had been waiting outside for two and a half hours?

“You just waited in the car?” She looked at him in shock.

“Yes,” he replied, taking her hand and gently rubbing it in his.

Although the weather was starting to warm up, he seemed to

like the way it kept his hands warm.

He wanted to get his temperature on her hands.

"You could have gone back first. You don't need to wait outside for so long," said Grace. She thought he had gotten off work late and stopped by to pick her up.

"I wanted to see you sooner." As he spoke, he lowered his head. and gently kissed her fingertips.

When he was in the car, he saw her going in and out of the restaurant to deliver food. He even wondered why she chose. such a tiring way of life when she could have chosen a simpler and more relaxed lifestyle.

"Are you sure you don't want me to get you another job? You rejected me earlier because you didn't want to get involved with me. How about now? I want to help you. Will you reject me this time too?"

"I'm doing quite well in this small restaurant, and I get along with my boss and the other staff. Besides..." Grace took a deep breath. "I know you'll find me a good job, but I want to be independent.""

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Perhaps because of her experience, she always refused to depend on others easily.

Once the person she was reliant on was gone, it would be like. another mountain collapsing on her.

Jason stared at Grace. After a while, she dropped her eyes. slightly. "It's fine if you want to keep working here. Just let me.

know when you want to change your job."

"Sure." Grace nodded. She did not turn down Jason's offer this time.

"By the way, if you've been waiting outside for so long, have you eaten dinner?" Grace suddenly thought of this.

"Not yet," answered Jason.

"Why didn't you just go in and eat?" exclaimed Grace. It was a small restaurant, but at least there was plenty of food that he could have ordered.

Grace did not give much thought to whether it suited his appetite. After all, when Jason and she were living in the rented house, he ate even the most humble meals with her.

"All right, I'll go in next time," replied Jason.

"..." Grace suddenly felt as if she had said something wrong. If Jason went into the restaurant, the restaurant's vibe would probably change.

The car arrived at Reed Residence and the two entered the house. The chef had already prepared Jason's dinner, so Grace joined him for some.

Of course, for Grace, it was a late-night supper.

Over dinner, Grace talked about the restaurant. Being a food delivery rider was really not that tiring. She would only be busy around noon and in the evening. She was relatively free for the rest of the time.

"Kyla is quite nice to me. She'll say yes and help me out when I need a day off or something. I'm grateful that she hired me despite my past," said Grace. Then, her face suddenly darkened.

"What's the matter? Thinking about your case?" Jason frowned and asked. "Do you need me to intervene?"

"Not for now. Lina is helping me with the evidence." Grace bit her lip a little at this. "I didn't drink and drive and I didn't crash into Jennifer Atkinson's car. It was... her car that seemed to lose control and crashed into mine. Do you believe me?"

As she said the last four words, she looked at him, a little nervous. Since when did she care whether he believed her or not?

At least, she did not mind whether others believed her or not.

She would let the law clear her name.

However, before that, she wanted him to believe that she was innocent.

The dining room's lights fell on his face. Even those beautiful, amorous eyes of his seemed to be blended with the dim yellow light, making his eyes look misty like they are covered with a layer of chiffon. It made it hard for her to guess what he was feeling.

His eyelashes quivered a little. His hand that was holding the chopsticks tightened. After a while, his lips slowly parted as he uttered what she wanted to hear.

"I believe you."

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Grace's heart instantly burst with a feeling called joy. It turned out that his trust could make her so happy.

Jason stared at the woman in front of him while he continued to mutter out, "Believe me, if I had met you earlier and if I had known I would love you so much, I wouldn't have let you suffer so much."

Grace was stunned. Was he referring to the fact that those people had maliciously attacked her to please him when she was in prison?

"Yes," Grace answered with a whisper.

No matter what happened between them, maybe it was time to let it go.

Since she wanted to get along with him, she should let go of her fear.

By the time the meal was over and the servants had cleared the table, Grace seemed to have suddenly thought of something. "By the way, do you know any experts in cochlear implants?"

"Why do you ask?" asked Jason.

"Well, Kyla's son, Nelson, may need a cochlear implant someday. I was just wondering if we can get Nelson an expert

on this, and... Although Kyla can only pay for the cheapest cochlear implant now, is it possible for us to get a better cochlear implant for Nelson?"

Grace said a little uneasily. She had learned about it herself online and knew that there was a huge price difference between the good and average cochlear implants. According to Kyla, she only had enough money to give Nelson one cochlear implant. It would be better if they could install two for him.

"It's funny that you'll ask for my help for an outsider, but not for your own problems," quipped Jason.

"It must be fate. I like Nelson. He can't hear, so he can't learn to talk. If he gets a cochlear implant, he'll be able to live like a normal child," said Grace. Every time she saw him speaking sign language with his tiny hands, she would feel a pang of sorry for Nelson.

The attachment and intimacy Nelson showed her made her unconsciously want to be nice to him.

"You like children?" asked Jason.

"They're not too bad. I didn't think I liked children much before, but then..." Her voice stopped in the middle of her sentence, and her hand, which was at her side, unconsciously touched her lower abdomen. A flash of pain passed over her

eyes.

“What’s the matter?” His eyes glistened as the pain in her eyes stung him like a sharp knife. “Just tell me if you have any problems. I’ll take care of even the biggest problems.”

If only her eyes would stop showing so much pain.

“Are you serious about dating me?” asked Grace as she looked up at Jason.

“Yes.” His answer was so resolute and unswerving.

“But I...” She took a deep breath and bit her lip. It was like trying to speak out the most unspeakable part of her that was buried deep in her heart. “My body may not be fertile at all. If you’re with me, you may never have children of your own.”

Her body was so broken that it could not even bear a single life.

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He was the Reed family’s owner. It was not unusual for the children of the Reed family to inherit the Reed family’s fortune and assets. Was he going to kill off the Reed family tree because of her? Grace thought that she was naive for forgetting to think about this before impulsively dating him.

For how long though?

Even in the cases she had dealt with before, in such a powerful and wealthy family, the existence of an heir was far more important than in ordinary families.

“What happened? Your body...” he said, frowning at her.

She lowered her head, resting her eyes on her flat belly.

“Once... I was beaten so badly that I ruptured my... uterus. I eventually recovered, but the doctor also told me that my uterus was so badly hurt that I might not be able to conceive in the future.”

It was a little difficult for her to say these, and it was her deepest sorrow.

A flash of gloom passed over his eyes. She was beaten? When was she beaten? Was it when she was in prison? How much pain would that have caused her?!

almost choking him.

The more she had been hurt, the more he regretted it now.

If he had a little pity for her back then, he would not have let the others hurt her at will.

"If... If you want to break up now, then..."

She spoke in a low voice, but he interrupted her before she could finish.

"I thought I told you not to even think about breaking up." He put his hand around her waist and drew her into his arms.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, unconsciously looking up. Her eyes could not help bumping into his dark eyes.

"The person I want is you, the person I love is also you. It has nothing to do with whether you can bear my children or not. Even if I'll never have children of my own, I still won't let you go." His forehead touched hers, and his cold voice confidently said, "Remember what I said. Now that you've fallen in love with me, you'll have to love me forever!"

She was completely stunned. Her nose was filled with his scent while his voice rang in her ears.

Did he know what he was saying? It did not matter whether he would have children? Was he serious?

As though he had read her mind, he muttered, "I mean it. I never thought it was important to have children. I don't plan to have any children with another woman if she's not you."

He used to be indifferent about the idea of having children. If the old man wanted an heir for the Reed family, he would have just chosen a woman the old man liked to be the mistress of the Reed family and give him an heir.

He just did not want to get into trouble with the old man on such a trivial matter.

Yes. Marriage and children, which mattered a lot to the others, were trivial matters to him.

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However, it was different now. As his love for her deepened little by little, he found some things unacceptable now. If he could not have her as his wife, then he would rather not have children at all!

Grace stared at the face before her and heard him say, "I'm the only person you can depend on for the rest of your life."

With that, he kissed her on the lips. It was a tender kiss but was vaguely overbearing. She had no power to resist it.

Depend on him... Could they?

That was how her relationship with Jason began, which was somewhat unexpected for Grace. However, it was not causing any discomfort for her.

Sometimes, it even made her feel like she was back with him in the rented house.

It was as if he was Jason again. She could forget about her burden and pain. She could relax in front of him.

“Great. Thank you, thank you!” Kyla Corbyn’s voice on the phone made Grace look at her even her eyes seemed to glisten with tears.

“What happened, Kyla?” asked Grace.

Kyla Corbyn excitedly held Grace and said, “It’s a call from the hospital. They have an assistance program that helps deaf

children from poor families. They hope they can help Nelson.

I’ve always wanted to make an appointment with an expert

in cochlear implants, but I couldn’t. Now the hospital said that the expert can examine Nelson. They also said that if Nelson fits their conditions, they can replace his ordinary cochlear implants to more advanced ones for free.”

Kyla Corbyn felt like she was in a dream. She could not believe that this would happen to her.

It felt like she had hit the jackpot.

However, Grace knew that it was Jason who made this happen. Watching Kyla Corbyn so happy, she knew that Nelson would get better treatment. Nelson’s deformity could be gradually remedied.

In the evening, when Grace returned to Reed Residence, she looked at Jason and said, “Thank you.”

“What are you thanking me for?” He leaned on the sofa with his chin in one hand. He looked at her with eyes brimming with charm.

“Thank you for helping Nelson,” said Grace.

“I’ll do anything you want, Sis,” he said, putting his hand around her shoulders. She had been standing near the edge of the sofa when she was caught off guard and fell into his arms.

“You can like the boy, but not too much, Sis. I don’t like it when there’s someone more important than me,” he said. His unique domineering quality was now completely exposed.

He was just like a child! Grace's hands subconsciously pushed against Jason's chest. She was trying to stand up.

However, he was wearing a thin silk night robe, and as she did so, her palm was separated from his breast by only a thin layer of silk. His body temperature immediately passed through the silk to her palm.

She blushed and instinctively withdrew her hand, but he held her hand to keep it firmly against his chest.

"You're blushing because of this? You don't need to blush even if you're touching my entire body right now. You can touch every inch of my body, Sis," muttered Jason.

Grace felt like her nose was about to bleed.

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God, did he know how evocative his words were?

"Do you want to touch me?" His voice and the way he tilted his chin slightly back seemed like the most intense form of

seduction.

"No... No thanks..." stammered Grace. She felt her blood pressure spiking again.

"Is that so?" He smiled a little, though there was a hint of disappointment on his face. Suddenly, he changed the subject.

and said, "By the way, you have Saturday afternoons off, right?"

"Yeah, why?" she asked.

"Make yourself available this Saturday afternoon. I'll take you to the hospital for a physical examination," said Jason.

"A physical examination?" Grace was a little surprised.

"You haven't had a physical examination in years, so go down and get one this Saturday. It's always necessary to have an annual physical examination," he said.

She bit her lip slightly, then nodded. "All right. Her company used to arrange physical examinations for the employees

When she thought about it, there was nothing wrong with getting a physical examination.

At night, when Grace was about to go to sleep, Jason said he wanted to sleep in the same room with Grace.

Grace's eyes widened immediately. "You... You're going to sleep here too?"

"Is there a problem? Didn't we sleep in the same bed when we were in the rental house?" he said calmly.

The question was would it be the same? Back then, she looked at him as if he was her brother. Now, he was her boyfriend!

Grace blushed and glared at Jason. "I'm used to... sleeping alone."

"Nonsense. You told me you like the feeling of me sleeping with you." He caught her lie straight out.

She was speechless and could only scold herself for saying such things.

Grace had no choice but to go straight at it and say, "We...."

We've only just started dating, and I'm not ready for that yet, so... So let's..."

"Ready for that? What do you mean by that, Sis?" A chuckle escaped from his mouth. "Do you mean you want to do the things couples do with me?"

He lowered his body as he spoke, his face close to hers.

Grace blushed harder and tried to say something, but her voice seemed to be stuck in her throat.

His fingers caressed her cheek. "Sis, you can rest assured that I'm just sleeping with you like how we used to at the rental house. I won't force you to do anything if you don't want to, but..."

His voice paused as his lips moved close to her ear. His breathing was fragrant like orchids. "You can do whatever you want with me anytime. If you want me, you can have me."

Grace could only feel her heart go into a frenzy.

"May I, Sis? I just want to be as close to you as before. Besides, we're boyfriend and girlfriend now, aren't we?" he muttered in a voice that seemed to have some kind of pleading-like coquetry.

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It was impossible to say no. By the time Grace came to herself, she was already in bed with Jason.

Grace sighed. 'All right, let's just sleep together. It was not like they had not slept like this before.

However, as she laid in bed, she was not sleepy because of his presence.

Therefore, Grace could only find something to say, "Why do you still call me Sis?"

"Don't you like me calling you that?"

She hesitated. "Not really, I just think... Uh, it seems a bit weird. to call me that since we're already dating." If outsiders who did not know about their relationship heard him call her that, they might think that she was his sister.

However, she was already used to it. After all, he had been calling her this since the beginning.

"What if I call you Grace in front of people? As for the term. Sis... it'll just be between you and me," he said.

"You... You seem to like calling me Sis," she said.

She was suddenly embarrassed.

"When I call you Sis, it's like there's a constant connection between us," he said.

A flicker of doubt came into her eyes as she did not understand what he meant by constant connection. However, he made no further reply. He only said to her, "Now, go to sleep."

She responded and closed her eyes without making any intention of turning off the lamp at the bedside.

He glanced at the bedside lamp, and there was a flash of complication in his expression.

When they were in the rental house, she used to sleep with the lights on because turning off the lights would make her feel

afraid and remind her of some bad memories.

Of course, he knew the bad memories were the things that had happened to her in prison.

However, for a while, she was able to turn off the lights and go to sleep.

Back then, she said, "I'm not that scared anymore because I have you by my side, Joy."

Now she had reverted to sleeping with the lights on again.

Was it

because his identity once again frightened her?

Did that mean if she went to bed with the lights off, her heart had once again accepted him?

Although she was now dating him and she even said she liked him, he was not sure how he ranked in her heart.

He was probably not as important as her best friend, Lina

Sweeney.

His heart could not help but feel jealous at the thought of this.

“When am I going to be the most important person in your life, Sis?” His gentle voice was low and drifted through the room. while his eyes gazed silently at her face under the light of the

lamp.

Every time he called her Sis, it was like they were really family. It was as if they could not be separated no matter what.

He was giving himself an extra layer of security, fearing that one day, they would not be related at all.

Whether she thought of him as a lover or a family member, he

wanted to be someone she could not let go of.

This was because he knew what abandonment tasted like. He

was once abandoned by his own mother. This time, he would

not let her abandon him.