

Ex Convict 921

Chapter 921

"Really?" muttered Jason. The scissors were completely in his hand in the blink of an eye.

He looked down at the scissors in his hand, and there was a coldness on his expression. For a moment, he felt the urge to give her his life even if she did want it!

'How did that happen?

'I never intended to give any woman my life. Only I can decide whether I should live or die, right? Isn't that what I was afraid of when I broke up with her?

'Why do I still have such an idea even after we've broken up?'

"Jason, I've never thought about killing you." His silence made her misunderstand. "Even if we've broken up,

it was sad and painful at the beginning,

but it's all over now. I won't kill someone

just because we broke up."

He furrowed his brows. She was only explaining herself, but why did it hurt

him when he heard her say that it was all

over?

"You've never thought about killing me?" He turned his head to look at her.

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"Yes," she said.

"You don't want me to die, then?" he

asked, his dark eyes looking straight into

hers as if he was trying to see through

her.

‘Don’t want... Using those words makes it seem like something is going on between us.’

“I... don’t want you to die,” she said. ‘Yes, even though we’ve broken up, I’ve never wanted him dead or anything. All I want

is for us to live our lives well.’

However, even that seemed hard to do.

“Therefore, you won’t let me die, will

you?” His voice was like the floating clouds in the sky, leading one into a trance.

‘How could I let him die?’ Grace only felt as if the person in front of her was telling a joke. ‘He’s Emerald City’s Master Reed. He has trillions of dollars worth

of fortune in his hands. Is he someone a mere paralegal like me could kill?’

“It’s not a matter of will or won’t,” she said.

“Just tell me, will you... or won’t you?” He insisted on an answer.

She could feel her heart beating faster and faster as he watched her. Almost subconsciously, her lips parted as she uttered the words, “I won’t.”

The corners of his lips rose slightly,

Even his eyes

and slowly, a smile grew. Even his

seemed to be smiling.

“Then you’d better remember what you’ve just said.” As he spoke, he handed the scissors back into her hand. “Alright,

go on.”

By the time the trim was over, Grace felt her hands freeze. Her stomach growled with hunger.

She then had dinner at Reed Residence. It was no different from before, but she would at times have the misconception

that she was still dating him.

She thought that she would be able to go

home when dinner was over, but he kept

her in the study.

Jason was at the large desk in his study having a video conference with the

company's senior executives, while

Grace sat at a small desk, flipping

through the case files she was working

1.

It was the same small desk he had

bought for her when she wanted to

revise the laws and cases.

Grace was confused why Jason wanted to keep her in the study when he clearly

had work to do.

However, when she asked him about it

earlier, he had said, "It's nice to have

you

around when I work. I feel a lot happier."

Chapter 922

Grace was rendered speechless. 'What

does that mean? Am I a mascot?'

Shaking her head, Grace threw the

jumbled thoughts out of her head and refocused on the case files in her hands.

Baldwin's trial was about to begin in a few days. According to the defendant's attitude, it was clear that she wanted

to put it off and not pay them any

compensation.

A year behind bars could wipe out millions in damages which was a bargain for the defendant.

Although she was now 70 or 80 percent sure that the real culprit was the actress

Elise Dean, the evidence she had was not

strong enough!

‘Maybe... by revisiting the route the car took or the crime scene, I might find

something useful,’ Grace thought to

herself. After all, it was all she could do

now.

Otherwise, when the case did come

to trial, even if they won, Baldwin

and his family would not receive any

compensation.

“What are you looking at? Why are you so focused?” Jason’s voice suddenly rang

in her ears.

Grace suddenly realized that Jason’s

video conference had ended and he was

now by her side.

He was bent over with one hand on the

desk while looking down at the files in

her hand.

“Nothing. It’s just a case from the firm,”

said Grace.

“Are you really going to be only a mere paralegal in this firm? Don’t you want

me to help you? I can give you a law

firm. You’re now licensed to take cases

on your own. You don’t have to be a

paralegal at all,” he said.

“No, I just want to gain some

experiences,” said Grace.

“Are you going to say no?” His voice deepened, and the air around them seemed tense again.

Grace bit her lip a little. “Jason, you don’t need to give me anything. I’m thankful enough that you were willing to get someone to protect Kyla and Nelson.”

What she wanted now was independence.

Even if he did give her a firm, it would not be hers. It would be like a castle in the air, gorgeous but unreal.

If one day he wanted to stop giving her things, he could take back those things he had given her at any time. When that

happened, she would have nothing!

His fingers caressed her lip to stop her teeth from biting it. “Why are you so reluctant to call me Jay? You only call

me that when I make you do it. Is it so difficult for you to take the initiative to call me that?”

Grace was silent.

‘Difficult? It’s not difficult. I just have to think of it as a title, but... Maybe it’s because the word ‘Jay’ used to be so special to me.’

However, now he was only Jason to her.

Calling him Jay would probably give her the misconception that he was still Jason.

No, should she say that Jay had only lived in her imagination? She never really knew him. That was why she was so

shocked when he wanted to break

1.

The Jay in her heart was just a creation

of what she wanted, not the real him.

“Call me Jay. I like it when you call me Jay,” he muttered.

“Jay...” she uttered.

“Say it again.”

Chapter 923

She cried out the word over and over

again, but she repeatedly told herself in

her mind, ‘He’s Jason. He’s just Jason.

“I’m just Jay to you.” As he spoke, he wrapped his arms around her.

His scent enveloped her, and a hint of gloom flickered in her almond-shaped eyes.

He would never be Jay to her. Her Jay was already gone when he said he wanted to break up!

In the hotel room, Martin Weiss said to

Paisley Daniels who was on the other

end of the line, “Alright, I’ll be back

tomorrow. I’ll take care of all the rumors

on the internet.”

“Martin, what on earth made you leave without even telling me? I... I’m

not mad at you. I just want to know the

truth.” Paisley Daniels’s voice sounded

somewhat pitiful, and one could not help feeling sorry for her.

“Wait until I get back,” said Martin Weiss

as he rubbed his forehead.

He had hardly slept in the past two days. As long as he closed his eyes, images of

his past with Kyla Corbyn could not help flashing in his mind.

He thought of her laughter, her tears,

the way she had cried when she was pregnant with his child, and how he treated her back then.

He thought of how she had refused to give him a child by stabbing her stomach with a shard of glass when he found her.

‘A child... She has already given birth to a child of my blood.

‘A deaf, disabled child!’

Thinking of the first time he met Nelson, Martin Weiss had an indescribable feeling.

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Back then, he asked what was wrong with the child, but Nelson just stared at him with those eyes that were similar to his. He kept gesturing with his fingers, uttering mumbled ‘Ahhhs’.

It was then he realized that the child was deaf! He could not speak because he was deaf.

Even though he was known as cold-blooded by outsiders, he sympathized with the child.

However... He never expected that the child he sympathized with was actually his son!!

‘My son! I had no idea of his existence until now!’

Suddenly, Martin Weiss got up, picked up his suit jacket, and walked out of his bedroom.

His subordinate, who was in the living

room, got up and asked, “Mr. Weiss, it’s late. Where are you going?”

“I want to go to where Kyla Corbyn is currently staying!” said Martin Weiss. He wanted to take another look at the child.

“Yes!” he replied and followed Martin Weiss out of the hotel.

The car drove to where Kyla Corbyn was staying, and in about 20 minutes, they reached their destination.

It was a small and cheap hotel.

When Kyla Corbyn opened the hotel room door and saw Martin Weiss, her expression immediately changed. She instinctively wanted to close the door, but his hand stopped her.

“Believe it or not, if you close the door now, I have a hundred ways to open it again later,” he said coldly.

Kyla Corbyn trembled. She knew he was capable of it.

Just then, a childlike voice rang. “Mommy, is it Aunty?”

Kyla Corbyn was stunned. The next moment, Martin Weiss had completely pushed open the door of the room and

spotted Nelson who was standing beside

Kyla Corbyn.

Chapter 924

“Uncle!” Nelson cried out with some surprise.

Martin Weiss stepped forward and

rubbed the little one's head.

Mrs. Corbyn came over after hearing the noise. When she saw Martin Weiss,

her face paled and she wanted to rush forward to grab her grandson. However, she could not help shaking after Martin Weiss glanced at her.

After all, this man had done too much damage to the Corbyn family.

When her daughter was detained, she went to beg him not to appear in court and not to testify against Yun, but her

efforts were to no avail. The man had

just looked at her coldly and said, "This is what the Corbyn family owes the Weiss family, and what she owes Paisley! Only a few years in prison is too much of a bargain for her."

Kyla Corbyn knew that her mother

was afraid, so she leaped forward and grabbed Mrs. Corbyn's hand.

Mrs. Corbyn calmed down a little.

"Martin Weiss, let's go out and talk," said

Kyla Corbyn.

Martin Weiss only smiled faintly. "I'm

not here for you today." As he spoke, he

squatted down and looked at the little

one in front of him. "Your last name isn't

Carbyn. It's Ye."

Kyla Corbyn immediately stiffened when he said that. She suddenly understood

what he was here for!

'No! Don't! Don't go on!

'If Nelson finds out...!

She wanted to rush over. She wanted

to remove her son's hearing aid. She

wanted to prevent him from hearing

what Martin Weiss would say next.

However, she was one step too late.

Martin Weiss's voice continued to ring in

the small room. "Nelson, I'm your father."

"No, you're not!" said Kyla Corbyn as she rushed to her son's side and glared at Martin Weiss.

Kyla Corbyn would have pulled Nelson behind her if Martin Weiss had not put a hand on Nelson's shoulder.

"What's the matter? Do you want me to throw the DNA report right in front of you so you can admit it?" Martin Weiss asked coldly.

Kyla Corbyn wobbled a little.

Nelson looked at Martin Weiss in confusion and turned to Kyla Corbyn.

"Mommy, isn't Daddy up in the sky? Why would he say he's my daddy?"

Kyla Corbyn's mouth was full of bitterness. 'What do I do? What should I tell Nelson? His father never even expected him to exist.

He almost could not have been born because of what his father had said.

"I'll take you back to the Weiss family and let you acknowledge your biological family. You don't have to live in such a

small room anymore, and I can get you any kind of toys. No one will laugh at you anymore!" said Martin Weiss.

Martin Weiss could imagine what kind of taunts a deaf child might usually encounter.

Even if his son was disabled, he would not let anyone ridicule him!

The little one's eyes lit up as he heard this. Though he did not quite understand some of the words, he did understand the rest.

"Are you really my daddy?" asked the little one.

"Yes." Martin Weiss gave a positive answer.

Chapter 925

"Will Daddy live with Mommy, Grandma, and me from now on?" Nelson asked with his childlike voice again, full of longing.

He saw in cartoons that family members lived together!

Martin Weiss stared at his son. He was

about to speak, but Kyla Corbyn had already gone ahead and said, "Alright, Nelson, he... Daddy... has something to

do and has to go now. Why don't we say goodbye to Daddy?"

It took her a lot of effort to utter the word

'Daddy'.

"Daddy's not going to stay with

us today?" There was a hint of disappointment in the little one's voice.

"This place is so small. It will be too

crowded... if Daddy stays with us," said Kyla Corbyn as she looked at Martin Weiss almost imploringly.

She only hoped Martin Weiss would stop speaking and not destroy the innocent child's world.

Martin Weiss frowned. The words he

intended to say seemed stuck in his

throat. Under her eyes, he had become somewhat speechless.

'Am I kidding myself? Why should I care

about the look in her eyes?

'I've never owed her anything. She owes me!'

However, despite this, Martin Weiss did not say anything.

Kyla Corbyn quickly said, "Nelson, come and say goodbye to Daddy. It's getting late. You should go to bed now."

The little boy was obedient and waved to Martin Weiss. Then, he once again expressed his hope that his parents could live together.

Kyla Corbyn only felt an indescribable bitterness when she heard this.

When Mrs. Corbyn took Nelson to the washroom to wash up, Kyla Corbyn looked at the man in front of her and said, "Martin Weiss, no matter what happened to me and you, I hope you won't tell the child anything that will upset him or destroy his hopes."

"He'll know sooner or later. What difference will it make?" he said.

"Nelson doesn't matter to you at all, does he? Why do you want to disturb our peace? You said you wanted revenge. Alright, I'll let you take it out on me. Three and a half years in prison and a stab in the stomach aren't enough, so tell me, what will satisfy you? I can cut off my arm or leg," said Kyla Corbyn.

As long as she could keep Nelson, she would do whatever it took.

His expression gradually turned livid.

“Kyla Corbyn, what makes you think cutting off your arms and legs would be enough? I won’t let Nelson follow you anymore. I told you, I’ll make sure you won’t have the right to see him!” His cold voice escaped his mouth.

With that, he turned to leave.

“Martin Weiss!” She suddenly cried out his name, both her hands seized his She just wanted to raise her child and be with him as he grew up! Why was something so simple so hard for her?

Chapter 926

Once Martin Weiss was back in the car, he unconsciously touched the place Kyla Corbyn had just grabbed.

It was the first time she had taken the initiative to grab him ever since they met again.

He felt her hand tremble as she grabbed him.

Even when he pulled her fingers from his arm one by one, he could feel the coldness of her fingers.

They were almost like... the fingers of the dead!

‘Stop thinking about it!’ Martin Weiss closed his eyes and told himself not to think of that woman anymore.

No matter how much that woman pretended to be pitiful, he would let his child acknowledge his family and return to the Weiss family!

Grace wanted to find some useful clues

as soon as possible, so she deliberately followed the car's route on the night of the accident.

She had earlier published a post online asking if any drivers had caught useful footage on their dashcams along the route that had no surveillance footage.

on the night the accident took place

However, after she published it, no one seemed to respond at all.

Come to think of it, it had been so long ago. Even if someone's dashcam captured something, it might have already been rewritten.

Moreover, it was like winning the lottery for this post to be seen by someone who had passed by that night.

As she walked, Grace scanned the road on either side to see if there were any surveillance cameras installed. However, the police had already checked before and confirmed that there was none around the area.

As Grace thought about it, she habitually checked the forum where she had posted to see if there were any replies.

It turned out that someone had responded to her post, saying that they happened to be on the road at the same time that night. They had checked their dashcam as well, and it showed two women getting out of the car.

They then asked for Grace's contact information.

Grace was surprised. 'Am I that lucky to find proof?'

Therefore, she immediately contacted them through a private message and gave them her phone number.

To her surprise, her phone rang in less than a minute. It was an unknown number.

Grace picked it up and heard a stranger's voice. "Are you 'Always Grace'?" he asked.

'Always Grace' was Grace's username on the forum.

"Yes. Are you 'Looking At The Mountain'?" she asked, referring to the driver she had sent a private message to.

"Yes. Where are you? I can give you the dashcam," he said.

"I'm out right now. If it's convenient for you, you can set an appointment and come meet me at the firm," Grace said,

giving him the firm's address. "Of course, if you're busy, I can come and see you.

Which is more convenient for you?"

"I'm out too. Tell me where you are and I'll send it over. I suppose it's important since you posted it online and said it's urgent," he said.

He... was so understanding and warm-hearted.

Grace was anxious to get her hands on the dashcam, so she gave him her current address.

"You're not too far away. I'll reach there in about 10 minutes. Hold on," he said.
warm-hearted.

Grace was anxious to get her hands on the dashcam, so she gave him her current address.

"You're not too far away. I'll reach there
in about 10 minutes. Hold on," he said.

Chapter 927

"Sure," Grace replied with a smile.

It seemed that things were going better than she thought, and she was about to get hard evidence.

Baldwin could get his compensation if they could prove that the actress Elise Dean was the real culprit
and prevent

her from transferring her assets in time!

Grace felt a lot better as she thought of
this.

Within ten minutes, she saw a simple
white van coming her way before pulling
up in front of her.

The door opened. Instead of getting out,
a man in sunglasses and a cap asked
Grace, "You must be Always Grace."

Grace glanced at the driver. He was also
wearing the same cap and sunglasses.

He even wore a face mask.

With an instinctive sense of crisis, she
took a step back, and the next moment, the man who had asked her the question suddenly grabbed her.
He pulled her into

the van and slammed the door shut.

"Go!" the man said to the driver at the front as he grabbed Grace.

The driver stepped on the gas pedal and
started driving forward,

Grace struggled, She had
underestimated the human heart offer
all,

This place doesn't have any surveillance cameras. They probably know this.

That's why they dare to do this!

"This bitch, Let's teach her a lesson so that she'll behave!" the driver in the front row sold coldly

"Can I touch her? It's been a long time since I touched a woman!" said the man who was holding Grace down.

"Sure, but don't kill her. The higher-ups told us to keep her hospitalized for some time," said the driver.

'The higher-ups? Which higher-up?'

The man on top of her had begun to tug at her clothes.

Even though Grace struggled for her life,

her hands were tied by the man with a hemp rope. She was slapped in the face several times with blood oozing from the

corners of her mouth.

"I can give you money if you were hired to do this!" Grace tried to calm herself down. She could only save herself by staying calm.

"Money? How much money does a mere paralegal like you have?" he sneered, not taking Grace's words seriously.

"I... I may be a mere paralegal, but my backup has money. If you inquire about it at my law firm, you'll know that these days... Uh, there's always a Maybach

picking me up.”

She was deliberately ambiguous with her speech. There had been rumors that were hinting that she was having an affair with a rich man these days. She did not pay any attention to it because mere gossip could not hurt her at all.

The man who held her had a change of ideas. “How much can you give us?”

“How much do you want?” asked Grace.

“Can you give us ten million?” the man asked.

“Well... I’ll have to call my benefactor. I don’t have the money, but he does!” she said.

“What do you think?” the man asked the driver at the front.

Chapter 928

“Sure. Ask her to give us the phone number and you’ll make the call. If this woman dares to say anything she shouldn’t say, kill her!” the driver said darkly.

Grace’s face showed fear, but she knew she should not be afraid. If she was afraid, then she could not save herself!

At least there was still room for improvement. It was better than when she was in prison.

Even if she tried everything in prison, she could not stop the others from hurting her.

She had to suffer no matter what she did.

The man fumbled for his phone while Grace gave him Jason’s phone number.

It was sad when she thought about it.

She was desperately trying to keep her

distance from Jason, telling herself that he was now Jason and not Jason.

However, she had to rely on Jason at

such a crucial moment.

Shortly after, the phone was connected and Jason's voice sounded. "Sis?" Grace was supposed to be the only one who

knew this number, but the number Jason's phone showed was an unknown one.

"Is this your brother?" The man was

angry and thought that Grace had

fooled him.

"No. I don't have a brother. My... My benefactor likes to role-play as siblings with me," said Grace.

"That's disgusting! " the man said.

Jason, who was on the other end of the line, realized that something was wrong. He immediately asked, "Who are you?"

"We have your baby sister. If you want to

save her, prepare ten million and transfer it to our designated account,"

the man said.

"Sure, but if you dare hurt her, you won't

get a single cent," Jason replied without

hesitation.

"Just prepare the money!"

"I'm serious. If you hurt her, you'll live

in pain for the rest of your life." His cold voice managed to pressure the man through the phone.

The hand of the man holding the phone

trembled as the device almost fell to the

ground.

"I want to hear her voice!" Jason said

again.

The man reluctantly held the phone to Grace whose hands were tied. "Hey, your benefactor wants to listen to your voice!"

"Jay..." Grace bit her lip and said with some difficulty.

"Are you alright? Are you okay?"

"I'm not hurt," she said.

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"Don't worry, I won't let anything happen to you," said Jason.

It was a short sentence, but it made her feel strangely reassured.

"Alright. That's it! Ten million and not a dime less!" The man pressed the end button and sent a text message with the account they had prepared.

"I didn't expect your benefactor to be so rich. Paying us ten million without a second thought," the man said with a laugh, "When I get the ten million, I'll-"

"Enough. Stop talking. Let's get the money first!" the driver scolded.

The man said no more, and he stopped touching Grace as well.

Grace knew that the two men would not let her go even if they received the money. They would probably still harm her after getting it.

However, she was no longer worried.

Chapter 929

'Is it because of Jason? Because I believe

he'll save me?'

Grace could not help but smile wryly as she thought of it.

She intended to be independent, but now she was dependent on him.

The driver drove toward the south of the city, to an increasingly remote place, They were going to leave the city soon!

Grace did not know what Jason planned to do, but the car suddenly stopped when it was about to reach the highway exit.

"Why did you stop?" the man who was watching over Grace at the back asked.

However, the driver did not answer.

As such, the man glared at Grace. "Be

good!" Then, he moved forward after getting up halfway and poked his head out between the seats to look through

the windshield at the front of the car.

Then, the man stiffened. His face showed a stunned expression while his body could not help trembling.

'What's going on?'

Grace was lying in the car with her hands tied. She could not straighten up at all, let alone see out the front of the car

Just then, a loudspeaker outside blared. "Those in the car, you're surrounded.

Give up and don't hurt the hostage. If you don't follow our orders, you'll only be hurt or killed!"

Grace was shocked. 'We're...

surrounded?

‘Did Jason do this?’

Then, the door was opened by men in police uniforms who quickly took the two men out of the car. Next, a figure caught Grace’s eye.

It was Jason!

Grace stared blankly at Jason’s handsome face. When he saw her current state, his face was so dark as if he was going to kill someone.

“Don’t come over!” Jason said suddenly.

Then, he quickly got into the car, undid the rope that tied Grace’s hands, and took off his suit jacket to put it on her.

“Who did this? Or are they both involved?” Jason raised his hand and gently touched the slap mark on Grace’s face.

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It was no wonder that the two men were shocked as rows of police officers armed with real ammunition and police cars had almost completely blocked the highway.

It was like they were dealing with a nefarious criminal organization or even a major international criminal case.

Ordinary kidnappings would not face such a commotion.

Grace was also shocked. She did not expect Jason to make such a big deal out of it!

The two men who had been handcuffed by the police immediately widened their

Chapter 930

'Is this man... the benefactor... the paralegal mentioned?'

What benefactor could have such power?

Jason glanced coldly at the man who was not wearing a mask. Then, he ordered his subordinate who was following him. "Take good care of this man later and let him know what it feels like to be slapped."

"Yes," the subordinate answered. 'The moment Master Reed asked me to take care of this fellow, he's probably going to suffer," he thought to himself.

The man without a mask trembled. When

he saw Jason trying to carry Grace into a nearby black Bentley, the man suddenly shouted, "Who the hell are you? Is..... Is she really a mere paralegal?"

'How could someone create such a commotion for a mere paralegal who's not even a stunning beauty?

The man just felt like everything was getting out of hand.

He thought he only accepted a deal, but look at how it turned out!

No one answered him as Jason had already gotten into the car with Grace in his arms. Then, the car slowly drove away from the scene.

In the car, Grace said to Jason, "Thank you."

If it had not been for him, she would have suffered today.

"It was smart of you to contact me. Do you know who you've offended?" he said.

She shook her head. She had offended some people, but not enough for anyone to do such a thing. Therefore, for a moment, she could not think of anything.

"That's the second time," he said.

"Second time?" She was stunned.

"Didn't someone try to hurt you near the neighborhood you currently live in? It's the second time now," he said.

"You mean... They're from the same gang?"

"We can find out after checking," Jason said coldly. However, his gaze softened when he saw the messy state she was in.

"Does it hurt a lot?" he asked softly.

"Sort of, but... it's tolerable," she said. The burning pain in her cheeks was less severe than the pain she had

experienced in prison.

He frowned and caressed the trail of blood that oozed from the corner of her lips.

Those slaps had injured the corners of her mouth.

"It's just some blood. I can just wipe it off," she said, trying to take out a tissue to wipe the oozing blood.

However, he held her hand and said, "Don't bother."

'What does he mean by that?' She blinked her eyes and saw his face magnifying before her eyes.

She felt something warm and moist on the corners of her lips.

'He... He's licking my blood!'

Grace suddenly stiffened, and she could feel a terrible burn on the spot he had licked.

She had no idea how long it took, but he seemed to finally clean up the blood at the corner of her lips. He touched his forehead lightly against hers and said with a hint of self-reproach, "I'm sorry you were hurt."

'Does he have any idea how ambiguous this is?' thought Grace, but she could not seem to lift her stiff arm at the moment, let alone push him away.

"It's not your fault... I was hurt. It's good enough that you could come and save me," she said before gulping suddenly.

'It's not my fault?' Jason laughed at himself. "I didn't protect you well. The last thing I want is for you to get hurt."

Grace was silent. She could smell his
scent, and it was so intimate.