

Ex Convict 65

Chapter 65

The cold glint in Jason's dark eyes sent shivers down Sean's spine.

"What gave you the impression you were permitted to ask questions?" Terrence remarked. "When you shouldn't ask something, don't." Terrence shoulder-nudged Sean toward the door. Beneath his breath, he muttered, "How can you not understand this, Mr. Stevens?"

Sean's face went pale and he left feeling embarrassed.

That one question could've been a serious misstep on his behalf.

Sweat beaded on his brow as Terrence opened his car door.

Jason leaned against the back of the sofa and took out a cheap mobile phone. There was only one number in the contacts list.

He pressed that number. After a while, a gentle female voice sounded from the other end of the phone.

"Sister," he said slowly. "What do you want to eat for dinner? I'll bring it back for you," he said softly. The coldness in his eyes was replaced with tenderness.

At night, Grace was wiping the photo frame that held her mother's photo with a paper towel. She had gone to buy a small desk just to house this photo and she made it a point to dust it

every few days. All of her mother's belongings had been left with the Cummins Family. This photo was the only item she had left with which to reminisce about her mother.

As she wiped the photo frame, Jason sat to one side, looking at her quietly.

"Oh, right. Jay, it's almost Thanksgiving. Do you have a... uh, a bus ticket?" Grace asked. In the past two days, many of her colleagues from the Sanitation Service Center had been struggling to get tickets for the journey back home to celebrate Thanksgiving with their families.

"No, I don't have a ticket."

"Okay," Grace said. She nodded once. "I can pick one up for you tomorrow."

Jason's brows drew together as he suddenly realized what she was trying to ask. "I don't need to buy any tickets."

"You don't have to go home?" she asked in surprise.

"Aside from here, I don't have a home." Even though he had stayed in the Reed Residence for so many years, he had never felt at home there.

She then remembered how he had said that he had no family, but... didn't people normally have relatives or something? People would usually go visit their relatives during the holidays.

When she voiced her doubts, he smiled faintly and said, "I do

have some relatives, but I don't need to go around visiting them." As for the old head of the Reed family, although they were grandfather and grandson, family affection was something that didn't exist in the Reed Family. The only thing that his grandfather was interested in was an heir.

As long as he was good enough and powerful enough, grandfather wouldn't care about anything else. But if he ever disappointed the family, even if he was grandfather's grandson, he would still be kicked out.

What's more, half of the blood in his body came from that woman's.

It could be said grandfather even felt disgust for him because of it. He remembered how when he was a child, grandfather had looked at him in disgust several times and said with a ferocious expression, "Why do you have that woman's blood in your body? You shouldn't exist at all!"

At that time, Jason had been beaten by his grandfather many times already. The infractions ranged from a less than perfect score on a school test to speaking out of turn.

It was only after he had grown up and begun to show his capabilities in the boardroom that grandfather's attitude towards him had slowly changed.

However, the fact that he had that woman's blood in him was a fact that could not be changed.

Grace hesitated for a moment and could not help but ask, "What about your... parents? They are..."

Jason's face changed slightly. He looked at her with his extremely beautiful eyes. It seemed that his eyes were covered with a layer of silk, making no one able to see what he was thinking at the moment.

Grace bit her lip. "If you don't want to tell me, just pretend that I didn't ask."

"Would you really like to know?" he countered, his voice carrying a hint of unintended coldness.

Grace twisted her hands together. It was one of her tells, when she was nervous. Her fingers pained her a lot she knew, so when she did that, she was usually feeling especially anxious.

"Why do you ask, Grace?"

Her big, pretty eyes batted up to his. "I just wanted to know more about you. However, if you don't want to talk about these things, then let's not talk about them. In any case, the past isn't important. We just need to look ahead, right?"

He appreciated her giving him an out. But that was Grace, wasn't it? Always thinking of others before herself.

"My father died. The day you met me was my father's death anniversary. On that day, he died in the spot where I was sitting by the road."