

Ex Convict 84

Chapter 84

That night, Jason was awakened by Grace's muffled scream.

She tossed and turned and mumbled in her sleep.

He couldn't make out what she was saying but her pained whimpers and trembling made him think she was in fear or pain.

"Sister," he called to her. But she didn't respond.

When he touched her head, he frowned. Her head was hot, and her slight body was slicked with sweat.

Jason hurriedly wrung a towel soaked in cool water and wiped Grace's forehead.

But her eyes remained shut and she was still muttering something.

No matter how he called her, she wouldn't wake up. A flash of panic crept over him. He didn't know what to do-and he hated feeling inept. He hated it almost as much as realizing how worried he was about her. Which meant he was in way

over his head.

No. This was just a reaction given her medical history and their circumstances.

Nothing more. Nothing less.

He took out his phone and immediately dialed Terrence. "Get me a doctor. And send them to the apartment."

"Now?" Terrence asked.

"Yes, now," Jason ordered.

"Yes, sir." There was a pause.

"What is it?" Jason asked irritably.

"What is the severity of the situation, sir? Should I instead call an ambulance?"

It was an intelligent question and it lessened Jason's annoyance slightly. "No," he said. "No ambulance." Then: "I

don't think so."

"I'm working on this now, sir."

But where Jason normally would've hung up, he spared a second to offer some explanation because no doubt any doctor they called would want to know more details of the situation too. "She has a fever. It's high."

"I have a doctor on the other line," Terrence said. "I'll relay today's events and the medical data from her earlier hospital visit."

"Good." Jason smoothed Grace's brow and wrung out the washcloth to cool down her face and neck again.

"Do you want me to stay on the line, sir?"

Jason was too busy with Grace to realize he hadn't hung up the phone. "No."

"Ok, sir. See you soon."

Terrence had noticed many changes in his boss in the time since Mr. Reed saved Miss Cummins. Mr. Reed was engaging in a way that suggested more than work or business obligation. And given this woman's background and what had transpired surrounding Mr. Reed's fiancée's death, it was rather incredible.

If asked to predict these events, Terrence would've said, 'No. Not in a million years would Mr. Reed act like this.

But here he was. In a shanty of an apartment, with a woman who'd killed his former lover.

And Jason wasn't just here... he was present.

But that realization was one he would keep to himself. It was not his place to question or inform Mr. Reed of his emotional attachments-or lack thereof.

Terrence used the Reed Group name to enlist the services of one of the best physicians in the city. Then he woke the doctor up and collected him from his house.

Terrence was especially careful when knocking on the door. After all, his employer did not want Grace to discover his true identity.

Terrence kept to the side in case he should retreat without being seen. But when the door was opened, Jason immediately stepped aside and gestured him into the small room.

"Come in," he said, ushering the doctor into the house.

Terrence took a quick survey of the room.

He'd known these studio apartments were small. But this was a fraction of the size of Mr. Reed's office. The kitchenette was perhaps ten feet long with enough room for the sink, stove, refrigerator. A small dinette table for two was at the center. One armoire. A single bed. A pile of pillows and blankets on the floor. One door, presumably to a bathroom. No windows

save the one over the sink.

Terrence tried hard to mask his shock.

"Take a look at her," Jason said. "What's wrong with her? I kept calling her just now but I couldn't wake her up." Jason stood beside the bed.

Terrence sensed his employer had lost his usual calmness.

Jason's expression was anxious and his posture was tense.

The doctor glanced at Terrence briefly as if for confirmation. Terrence nodded.

Dr. Raunfield immediately went to work, checking Grace's vitals, all while Jason stood by, looking on the verge of something dangerous.

"Sir," Terrence said gently. "Dr. Raunfield is one of the best general practitioners in the city. And we can have

Miss Cummins airlifted at any time, if the doctor deems it necessary."

Jason nodded, but his eyes still had the wild look of a man about to come unglued.

"I was told she suffered a fall earlier today," the doctor said as he took her pulse and then listened to her heart.

"That's correct. Down an escalator."

"Hmm." He probed around Grace's abdomen and lifted her shirt to check her ribs..

Terrence made certain to avert his attention, spinning to face the opposite side of the room.

"Her breathing is steady. And I don't see any signs of swelling in her spleen or anything to suggest internal hemorrhaging."

After a long while, he concluded, "There's no major issue. It's

possible that due to the injury today, the inflammation caused a fever. It's not unusual for a patient to run a fever or to lose body temperature if they're going into shock."

"What do you prescribe?" Jason asked.

“Aspirin to lower the fever. If the fever still persists tomorrow, take her to a hospital for further examination.” The doctor looked at Jason then Terrence sharply. “I was told she was already treated in a hospital today. Did they run blood work?”

“Full panels,” Jason said.

“Hmm. And you don’t want to bring her back to the hospital now?”

Jason frowned. “She doesn’t want to go.”

“Then give it a little more time. If her blood work came back okay, then this is likely a reaction to the severity of the trauma.”

Jason nodded.

Dr. Raunfield wrote some notes down. “This is my cell phone, and Terrence knows how to reach me. If her condition doesn’t improve in the next few hours, call.”

Once the doctor was done, Terrence walked him outside. Jason remained in the apartment and poured a glass of water for Grace to drink with the medicine. She was unconscious, but he propped her up, whispering words of encouragement to try and get her to take a sip.

Watching this, Terrence was speechless.

Jason had never been so caring with any other person. And his expression, his features etched in concern and affection.

Mr. Reed might not realize it, but he was clearly attached to this woman. And Terrence would go so far as to say his boss. was deeply in love.