

## **Ex Convict 87**

### Chapter 87

Sean wanted to repent before Jason had a chance to do anything more damaging to the Stevens family.

But he didn't get the opportunity to meet him.

He placed multiple calls to Jason Reed's assistant, Terrence.

But that went nowhere.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that Jason Reed was dodging him.

But Sean couldn't let it go.

He had to protect his family.

In a bold move that he acknowledged could blow up in his face, he went to Grace's apartment, and stood by the

entrance.

When Sean noticed a Bentley parked not far away from the property and a figure getting out of the car, he hurriedly got out of his Ferrari to approach the man.

"Mr. Reed, the incident that happened before was because my sister did not have any sense of propriety. But I have

compensated Miss Cummins and will make further

reparations. Please show your moral superiority by being merciful and letting the Stevens Family be," Sean pleaded.

"Let the Stevens Family be?" Jason snorted lightly.

"If you have any conditions, please list them. I will accept any request that I am capable of fulfilling."

Jason's dark eyes were cold and there was none of the mercy that Sean had called upon. Sean's blood seemed to congeal in

his veins.

"Come to think of it, I owe you a favor," Jason said suddenly.

"A favor?" Sean was stunned. And wary. "When would you, Mr. Reed, have a need for a favor?" He laughed nervously. "But of course, whatever you might need."

"How about this? I'll let the Stevens Family off the hook, as long as Zoe does not attend your engagement dinner," Jason

said calmly.

Sean waited a few seconds to see what else Jason Reed would require. "Is that all?"

Jason only stared at him.

Sean let out a sigh of relief. Keeping Zoe away? That wasn't

such a big deal. Sure, there would be a lot of ruffled feathers both with his parents and sister, but ultimately, even if Zoe wasn't there, they could all save face.

"Thank you, Mr. Reed," Sean said hurriedly. "I'll see to it."

"Don't thank me. I should be the one thanking you instead." Jason placed a hand on Sean's shoulder, slowly tilting his body to be within earshot and speaking in a low voice that only the two of them could hear. "I should thank you for breaking up

with Grace so thoroughly back then. If you hadn't broken up with her, I'm afraid I would have had to put more effort into it

now."

Jason's statement was relayed gently, as if he was taking part in an appreciative chat between friends.

Jason Reed strolled away after that. His hands in his pockets and nary a care in the world.

Sean stood rooted to the spot.

What had just happened? And what did Jason mean?

If I hadn't broken up with Grace in the first place, then would I have been Jason's current target?

What Jason had said sounded less like something to be

thankful for and more like a threat.

Meanwhile, Zoe was in a high-end club waiting for her

friends to come and distract her from her boredom. She still

couldn't believe her brother could be such an asshole as to

pin the bank rejecting the loans on her. As if offending Grace Cummins meant anything?

Grace had no contacts. No friends of prestige.

Hell, her own family had nothing to do with her, if the gossip

was to be believed.

How could it be possible that that road sweeper Grace would have any connections with the bank and be able to persuade

them not to loan money to the Stevens Family? That was

ridiculous!

Just as she was pondering it, the private room door was pushed open. However, the people who entered were not the friends that she had been waiting for but a group of strange

men.

“Who... are you?” Zoe asked carefully.

They closed the door behind them, and one of the large men blocked it.

She felt a trickle of terror and she reached for her phone, intending to call someone, maybe the police. Actually things

were happening so quickly, she wasn't really thinking so clearly.

“What do you want?” she asked, keeping the panic at bay.

Maybe these were new bouncers.

The leader walked toward Zoe and calmly said, “Miss Stevens, begging your pardon. Can you please confirm that the person in the video is you?”

As he spoke, he played a video on his phone. It was the surveillance video of Zoe intentionally extending her leg to trip

Grace.

Zoe was suddenly taken aback. She'd paid an obscene amount of money to get those surveillance tapes wiped clean.

How the hell did these people get a hold of them?

“What...what do you want? Are you trying to blackmail me with this? Let me tell you something, I'm Zoe Annabelle Stevens! If you dare to blackmail me, the Stevens Family will not let you get away with it! You'd better delete the video now...”

The man smiled wickedly. “I'll take that as confirmation. Thank you...” Then he stepped toward her.