

Ex Convict 9

Chapter 9

After coming out of the hospital, Terrence asked, "Mr. Reed, do you want to go back to the mansion, or...?"

"Back to the Westside," Jason said absently.

The Westside was where Grace lived. Terrence didn't know how long his own superior was planning to stay in that small rental apartment. With that damaged woman.

Then a thought occurred to him... maybe Jason wasn't as calm as he pretended to be. Maybe he indeed intended to seek his revenge and his time spent with this Grace woman was only in preparation for ...something.

On the way to the Westside, at a traffic light intersection, Terrence suddenly noticed something. "Uh, Mr. Reed, Miss Cummins is on the side of the road."

Jason turned his head and saw a slender figure sweeping the garbage with a broom at the side of the road.

She was wearing a fluorescent work suit with a simple ponytail. Because of the cold weather, every breath she exhaled was accompanied by white vapor.

At this moment, an electric bike sped by, trying to catch the green light. It bumped into Grace's leg and made her fall to the ground.

However, the person riding the electric bike didn't stop but simply rode away.

"Mr. Reed, do you want to find out who the owner of this electric bike is and make him take responsibility?" Considering his actions when Grace had gotten drunk and been beaten up, Terrence assumed Jason would stand up for her again.

Jason's gaze fixed on the woman who had fallen to the ground outside the car window.

His grandfather's voice rang out again in his mind: "Remember what you have said today. Do not act like him..."

He would never care about a woman like his father did. It was just a game, and right now he was not Jason Reed, but only some random stranger, so why would he care about a sanitation worker named Grace?

"There's no need to worry about it," he said placidly as he looked away.

Terrence was stunned.

The red light turned green, and the car continued to drive forward.

At this moment, Claire helped Grace to her feet and said, "Grace, are you alright? Do you want to go to the hospital?"

Grace gritted her teeth and checked her injury. There was no bleeding. There were only some heavy swellings where her ankle had been scratched. "No need. It's just a bruise. I'll be fine."

"If the swelling doesn't diminish, go and get checked out," Claire said, and then she swore at the driver who had done the hit-and-runs.

Grace thanked her friend and then resumed her cleaning.

In the evening, at the end of her shift, Grace returned home. As soon as she entered the room, she saw a figure sitting under the light.

"Sister, you're back." The man stood and greeted her.

In an instant, the chill in her body dispelled. It turned out that what she wanted was just a person who would wait for her, even though this apartment was simple and small.

It was having someone that cared about her in it that made this house a 'home.'

"Well, I'm back." She smiled gently. "I'm hungry. Give me a few minutes to wash up and then I'll prepare our dinner."

"Okay," he answered and then watched her limp across the room to the kitchen.

"What's wrong with your foot?" he asked, even though he already knew.

"It's just a scratch. I'll massage it with safflower oil," she said lightly, but her face would change slightly with every few steps she took, and her forehead beaded with sweat.

Jason pursed his lips. "Then it would be better to clean it up now." As he said this, he stretched out his arm and caught her from moving past. Then, he pulled up the cuff of Grace's pants.

She sucked in an unsteady breath.

Immediately, an obvious lump met his eyes, even though it was still covered by her sock.

When he pulled the sock down, he saw the bruise on her ankle which had already swollen to the point of going purple.

He thought that he wouldn't care. Even if she broke her leg, he would still be indifferent. But, for some reason, when he saw her injured foot, it stirred something in his chest.

"It's nothing," she insisted. "Some safflower oil will mend it up."

She tried to pull her ankle out of his hand, but his fingers firmly held onto her, making her unable to move at all.

There was a moment of silence that filled the air.

"Where's the safflower oil?" he asked.

"It's in... the medicine cabinet on the bedside table," she answered.

The next moment, she gasped because he had suddenly picked her up, bridal style. Carrying her, he walked to the bed, put her down, and took out the oil from the medicine box.

He sat on the edge of the bed, pulling her injured right foot onto his lap. Then, he took off her shoes and socks and pressed his finger against the lump. It was a terrible bruise. Hot to the touch and incredibly swollen. He was no doctor, but he pressed down on the spot to feel for any breaks or fractured bones.

She hissed a breath but didn't complain.

"Point your toes," he said. "Now flex your heel. Roll to the right, then left."

She clenched her jaw but was able to make the necessary movements.

There was nothing wrong with the bone. It seemed that it was as she said, only a flesh wound. Jason poured some safflower oil into his palm and began to rub Grace's ankle.

His touch was not light, but she gritted her teeth and her body trembled. The pain would have been intense. Truly, for getting clipped as she did, it was a miracle she wasn't more injured between the impact and her fall.

"Isn't it painful?" he asked. If it had been any other woman, she would have screamed in pain a long time ago.

"I'm fine," she said although she couldn't hide her wince. "This doesn't hurt as much as when I..." She paused but did not say the word "prison". Instead, she said, "It's nothing compared to what I've had to deal with in the past."

Jason glanced at Grace with a thoughtful look in his eyes. He naturally understood what she had not said.

When she had been in jail, even when he had only watched coldly and not taken any action, the Atkinson family had not let her go. Moreover, there were many people there who wanted to be on the Reed Family's good side. Her life in prison had been much worse than that of an ordinary person.

"It seems that my sister has suffered a lot before," he whispered.

"It's all in the past," Grace said. "There," she whispered. "The pressure is already reducing, thanks to you."

He grunted but didn't believe her. It would take weeks for a contusion like this to heal.

"Jay, thank you. You're a really good person." She smiled at him.

"Good person?" His lips curved. Even those who flattered him never used the words "good person" to describe him. He'd done many things in his life, but none of them would qualify him as 'good.'

"Sister, do you really think so?"

He was teasing, but she replied in earnest, "Yes, of course, Jay is a good person." She spoke matter-of-factly as if, at least in her eyes, he really was her good younger brother.

"Then, if one day you find out that I'm not a good person, will you be disappointed?" he asked.