

## Ex Convict 6

### Chapter 6

Grace replied, "I don't need your compliments."

Under the influence of alcohol, Assistant Director Curtis rushed towards Grace and slapped her right in her face, then said, "If I want you to drink, then you will drink! Why are you acting all high and mighty when you're just a failure—a f\*cking convict?!"

As he spoke, he grabbed Grace roughly by the jaw. In the next instant, he had the bottle of alcohol and was pouring it into her mouth.

Grace wanted to push him away, but a man's strength was much greater than a woman's, not to mention that Evelyn was helping him from the side. Her sister was holding Grace's arms, so she could only jerk and try not to choke.

The Director paused only to thank Evelyn for her help, saying, "You're still smart," he told her. "I'll talk to the writers and give you more screen time."

Naturally, Evelyn put in even more effort. "Thank you, Assistant Director. My sister isn't smart, so please be understanding."

Grace didn't know how much wine she had been forced to drink. Her alcohol tolerance wasn't good, to begin with, and at that moment, she already felt a little intoxicated. She tried to hold on to the last of her sobriety. "I... I want to go back..."

"Alright, I'll take you back in a moment." The man only relented when Grace wobbled on her feet.

Grace's vision wavered. But she saw the heated look in this man's eyes and she tried to plan a way to escape.

Assistant Director Curtis liked the way his handprint glowed bright red on this woman's face. The woman in front of him did not have sexual charms. She was too thin and plain. He preferred his women with fake tits and hip. But when he thought that this woman had once been Sean Steven's girlfriend, he couldn't help but get excited.

He wouldn't mind f\*cking the same woman as one of the wealthiest men in the city.

He couldn't help but think that it would be prime p\*ssy.

But then his cell phone rang.

And rang.

He silenced it without looking, but then it started up again.

He glanced at the caller ID. It was his brother, the Head Director of this film. He had relied on his older brother to get this position on the set. And he couldn't imagine why his brother would be calling.

However, after picking up the phone and listening to his brother curse and yell, Curtis felt as if he had suddenly woken up from a drunken stupor.

His face turned pale and his breathing quickened.

“How... how could it be? She, she... she is just a sanitation worker with no background. Even if her former boyfriend was Sean, Stevens has a fiancée now, so he has no reason to care about her at all. Otherwise, why would his ex-girlfriend be cleaning garbage?”

“Don’t you dare touch this woman,” his brother yelled. “You have to let her leave safely. You have to know that the boss of the company himself called and warned me. The boss also said that if anything wrong happened to this woman tonight, the entire production crew would be dismissed tomorrow. As for you, you wouldn’t be able to stay in this City.”

“What!?”

“Are you not listening? They threatened you and me explicitly.”

Curtis’s hand shook. “How is that possible? Hundreds of millions of dollars’ worth of investment? Dismissed?” He glanced at Grace. “Who the hell is this woman?”

“How would I know? Either way, you’re the one who caused this mess. If you dare to touch even a single hair of hers, watch how I take care of you!” His brother launched into another rant. “How is she now? She’s fine, right?”

Curtis wanted to cry but no tears came out. He did not dare say that he had slapped Grace and forced her to drink more than half a bottle of wine.

That he’d been about to drag her into the nearest vacant room and rape her senseless.

At this time, Grace staggered to open the door of the private room and went out. Evelyn stepped forward and tried to stop her. Sacrificing her stepsister was nothing as long as she could be famous.

That woman!

Curtis surged forward and caught Evelyn by the arm. He spun her around. And slapped her hard.

Evelyn tripped and almost fell to the ground.

“If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t be in this mess!”

He watched Grace stumble out of the room.

Evelyn cried and held her cheek. “Assistant Director Curtis, what are you...?”

“Are you trying to set me up? Who is your sister? Who is behind her?” he asked sternly.

Evelyn had a blank look on her face. “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about! My sister has no one. Not even her family...”

Grace staggered into the hallway. The effects of the alcohol made her feel like she was walking on air, and her vision became more and more blurry.

“I have to go back...” she told herself. “I have to go back quickly. I will be in danger if I pass out outside!”

She tried her best to tell herself that she was going home, but her body seemed to be a little out of control.

A blurry figure appeared before her eyes.

That figure... gave her a sense of familiarity and made her feel at ease. She felt that as long as that figure was there, she would be safe.

Grace walked towards that figure step by step. With much difficulty, she finally arrived in front of him.

She was outside. The cold air helped sharpened her senses before everything started spinning.

“Jay?”

She raised her head and looked at the figure. The next second, she finally closed her barely-open eyelids, and her swaying body fell down.

He took hold of her falling body with a single arm. Jason stared at the cheeks of the woman in his embrace. His fingers gently caressed the area where she had obviously been slapped. He clenched his jaw and his free hand curled into a fist.

“Mr. Reed!” Terrence put away the phone in his hand and carefully explained the situation that he had just discovered. “Miss Cummins must have been forced to drink some alcohol, and then she was slapped.”

“Is that so? Break the hand of the person that hit her,” Jason said. He picked Grace up and carried her into the limousine.

Terrence was shocked. “Sir, are you sure?” Previously, Mr. Reed had not done anything in retaliation when his fiancée had died, but now, with the perpetrator of the accident, he...wanted to protect this killer?

In the car, Jason couldn't stop staring at the marks on her face. As he looked closely, he thought he saw a second, dimmer bruise on her other cheek. She was obviously just a toy to him, but why was he so unhappy when he saw that she had been injured by someone?

Was it out of pity? But, when had he even felt pity for anyone?

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When Grace woke up, she saw the ceiling of the rental apartment and... a familiar face.

“Jay!” Grace sat up abruptly, but her head throbbed with pain. She took a deep breath and waited for the pain to pass. “How... how did I get back here? I was at that private club...”

The previous scenes in the room replayed in her mind, and her expression darkened.

“I saw you coming out of the entrance to the club, so I brought you back,” Jason said.

“But I didn't tell you that I went there.”

“When you were answering the phone, I heard the address,” he said. “Would you like some water? You’ll probably feel better.”

He handed her a glass of warm water. She took a few sips of it and then felt more comfortable.

“I didn’t do anything strange when I was drunk, did I?” she couldn’t help but ask.