

Ex Convict 78

Chapter 78

Grace found the name 'Jay' in her contact list on her phone and called his number. After a while, the call connected and

Jay's voice came from the other end of the line. "Hello."

"I have something to do. I'm afraid that I will be back late today. You... you can prepare dinner for yourself," Grace said.

"What do you mean 'you have something to do'?"

"Just tell him that you're in the hospital right now," Lina interrupted.

"What does she mean you are in the hospital right now?" There was a pronounced change in Jay's tone.

"I took a fall, and now I'm waiting for X-rays."

"In the hospital?" Jay said as if confirming.

"Yes." Grace sighed.

"Which hospital?" Jay asked. "I'm coming now."

"You don't have to come. Lina is here with me. Just wait for me at home," she said in a hurry. "I'll be there as soon as I can."

The other end of the phone was silent. After a long minute, Jason repeated his previous question, "Which hospital?"

Grace bit her lip and replied, "First City."

Chills wracked her body and her stomach dipped at the thought of inconveniencing him. She had lost her mother

when she was a child and her family had kept her at arm's length for most of her adolescence. Prison, that had shown her that she was truly on her own.

Grace really didn't feel comfortable troubling others for anything. No one owed her anything. And she was capable of handling life's issues on her own.

Well, mostly.

If it weren't for Lina, she would have come to the hospital alone without saying a word to anyone. It wasn't that she thought she'd broken any bones, but she'd hit her head really hard. Everything ached and she was terrified that she was internally bleeding.

"I'm coming now," Jason said.

Jason hung up the phone and immediately dialed his secretary Terrence. "Investigate what happened to Grace today."

"Yes, sir. As you wish," Terrence said.

"Also, check who the most skilled orthopedic doctor is at First City Hospital. Make sure he is on call and have him check

on Grace's condition," Jason said. "I expect a report before I arrive there."

"Understood sir," Terrence answered again.

After this call, Terrence looked at his mobile phone in a daze. Mr. Reed's feelings for this woman were escalating.

His instructions were precise and he knew Mr. Reed's moods. and tone well enough to interpret that Jason was deadly

serious.

There would be hell to pay if his instructions were not followed to the T.

Terrence thought of the way Mr. Reed had initially reacted to Grace Cummins. He'd helped her-much as he would any stranger on the street. Then he'd accepted her kindness, and

spent the night with her. He gradually spent more time at that apartment until he'd virtually moved into that economy rental.

Where first, when Grace had been hit by an electric bike,

Jason had been slightly shaken, now, he was calling in every favor and demanding to know every detail of her accident

and her treatment.

And that wasn't counting the slights against her that Mr. Reed had retaliated on her behalf.

Indeed, he was waging an all-out war with anyone who dared to hurt this young woman.

The same woman who'd killed his fiancée.

It was... unsettling.

Mr. Reed was calculating. Cold. He didn't exhibit any strong emotions for anyone or anything. Not his former future wife, not even his family.

His behavior now... was most interesting.

Just as Grace was waiting for the results of an X-ray scan, a nurse suddenly came over and wheeled her out of the shared

space in the ER and to a private wing of the hospital. The rooms were single bed, spacious and the entire look of the area reflected a higher quality.

Grace asked, "Why have you brought me here? Dr. Haan was already treating me."

The nurse just shrugged. "I was told to bring you to Dr. Craigge." The young man smiled. "He's the best there is, so I wouldn't complain. You're lucky. He's usually off today."

Grace was rolled into a nice room with a big window.

Everything was white and bright and looked very modern and clean. A large television was up on one wall and two couches

on the opposite side of the room.

The hospital bed had scarcely stopped rolling before a middle-aged man entered the room and grabbed Grace's chart off the rack at the foot of the bed.

"Hello," he said, although he was looking at the chart, not at Grace.

"Hello Doctor," Grace said carefully.

The nurse smiled and left the room.

Dr. Craigge had been awakened by the hospital director and ordered to return to the hospital immediately. He was the senior attending physician and he knew that such a call would not have been made lightly.

There were plenty of other top orthopedic surgeons-he should know, he'd interviewed and hired them.

While under the guise of reading the chart, Dr. Craigge took stock of his patient.

Her clothes were simple. Cheap even.

They'd removed her top and put her in a hospital gown, but her pants and shoes were worn. Not dirty, just showing signs

of use. The fabric faded.

The woman herself was of average weight and height. Her eyes were clear and her hair clean, if not simply styled. She wore no makeup. No jewelry.

Her chart revealed disturbing things.

Hmm. Interesting.

'Don't make any mistakes,' the hospital director had said. As if, Dr. Craigge would. He didn't need a threat to inspire him to bring his A game.

He'd been called in like this a few times before, for politicians and business chairmen. The girl didn't appear to be anyone of

consequence.

Not that it mattered.

She was his patient now.

As a doctor, he did not care about whether the patient was important or not. Wealthy or not.

There was an injured human in front of him, and he'd do