

Ex Convict 71

Chapter 71

Patrick and his group of friends would often bet on whether Brian's new girlfriend would be the one to end his single life, but anyone who took that bet was destined to lose.

The man was living the single life-and loving it.

Brian was the sort of person who appeared to be courteous to others on the surface, but in reality, he never warmed up to anyone. Patrick had known him long enough to know that Brian didn't even like most people. Sure, Brian played the part and his impeccable manners compelled him to make small talk and be seen with all the right people, but Patrick knew that Brian didn't give two shits for the social scene.

For Brian, it was all just a means to an end.

Emily, Brian's latest girlfriend, who was also a rising star in the entertainment industry, approached them. She was stunning -but that was to be expected-and popular, both within their circles and the larger entertainment community.

Of course, this was all thanks to Brian.

Brian was the heir to the largest entertainment company in the country, and it was very easy for him to make anyone a star.

He'd done it several times.

Come to think of it, maybe that was why he had so many girlfriends. Why settle down with one when there was an endless stream of young women seeking fortune and fame?

Was it because of that dynamic that Brian didn't take any single one of these women seriously?

Patrick didn't know.

He did know that Brian had doted on every single one of his girlfriends, but when he stopped caring for them, there was no coming back from the breakup.

And the countless magazines and gossip columns in the city were quick to point that out too.

Maybe it was the challenge that kept the ladies coming.

Patrick shrugged and sipped his drink.

he would not leave them any room to compromise.

"Brian! I'm sorry I'm late," Emily said gently. When she caught a glimpse of the bracelet in Brian's hand, she visibly paled.

It was almost comical how she fixated on that thin, silver bracelet that he was now playing with in his hand, instead of the diamond bracelet and ruby necklace that Patrick saw her wearing-jewelry that Brian had purchased for the young starlet.

The jewels she wore were worth close to ten million.

But that small silver bracelet... for some reason this silver bracelet was taboo.

He wouldn't even allow her to touch it.

Once, when she had tried to examine it, he had stared at her coldly and said, "Believe it or not, but if you dare, you won't be able to use your hands anymore."

At that moment, his sharp eyes had been filled with ruthlessness.

Patrick recalled the event... it had been painfully awkward.

Emily had been so scared that she became rooted on the spot.

Brian had ordered them another round of drinks and doted on her as usual, as if he hadn't just threatened her with bodily harm.

It was one of the more entertaining nights Patrick had experienced in a long while.

Maybe tonight would prove exceptional too. But as he thought it, Brian was tucking the small bracelet back into his pocket.

What did this silver bracelet mean to him anyway? It was small, basically the size of a child's wrist.

Patrick had known Brian for fifteen years, and he still didn't know the significance of it.

After Emily sat down, her gaze landed on Jason, who was not far away. She was taken aback. "That is... Mr. Reed, right? Mr. Reed?" She had only seen him once from afar, so she wasn't certain.

Moreover, Jason seemed to be acting very intimate with another woman. Wasn't it said that Mr. Reed was very cold to women?

"Yes, it's Jason," Patrick answered her. He smiled and then said to Brian. "Why don't we make a bet and see if Jason will leave with this woman later. What do you think?"

"There's no need to make a bet," Brian said.

"Why not?"

Brian did not answer, but his gaze remained fixed in the direction of Jason.

When Patrick turned his head, he realized that Jason had already moved away from that woman without him noticing. That woman seemed to want to get closer, but she did not dare approach again after Jason seemed to have said something.

Then, Patrick saw Jason leave without saying another word.

Outside the club, Terrence looked at Jason and immediately said respectfully, "Mr. Reed."

"Let's go." Jason got in the car.

Did he come here today to prove something? Jason wasn't sure.

He had spent a little time with old friends and business associates. He chatted with several women, and fended off the advances of several more.

It had been made clear before that he wouldn't accept just any woman.

When he had held the striking woman who went up to talk to him today and smelled her perfume, he had been taken aback.

Yes, she was beautiful. Wealthy. Cultured.

But she hadn't stood a chance. When she came close, he had actually been thinking about the faint soapy fragrance of another

woman.