

## Ex Convict 90

### Chapter 90

She bit her lip lightly. "Relying on someone else is not as good as relying on yourself. Only when you rely on yourself can you not be disappointed."

Jason nodded as if understanding. "Ah, I see what you think. And bigger expectations lead to bigger disappointments."

"Yes."

She had learned that lesson well after the accident, when she lost her family, boyfriend, job, and all the friendships she'd had previously.

"But I really want to be your benefactor, sister," he told her. "What should I do?" He arched his brow slightly and studied

her calmly.

"If it's Jay..." She smiled and continued, "Then, all right. I'll wait for Jay to be my benefactor."

"Why would you be willing?" he asked, trying to peel back the layers of what she was thinking and feeling.

"Because Jay would never disappoint me. Because..." She paused and continued, "No matter what, you would never abandon me, right?"

He responded with a low chuckle to her question. "You're right. I would never abandon you, Sister."

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At night, only when Jason saw that Grace was deeply asleep did he step out of the rental unit. He walked toward a house not far from Grace's apartment.

However, unlike Grace's cramped rental, this suite was wider, brighter, and much bigger. The decor was rather exquisitely done as well.

Terrence Klein was waiting for Jason in the room. When he heard knocks at the door, he immediately opened it to

welcome his boss.

Terrence had not expected his boss, who usually paid no mind to anyone, let alone lowering himself to look after someone, would buy a house in the housing estate to look after Grace. Terrence knew his boss did this to manage his workload. This house was essentially a mobile office, allowing Mr. Reed to facilitate handling his business affairs while Grace slept.

Terrence gave an account of the day's company matters. As he rattled off the events of the day and went through his agenda, he couldn't help but wonder why his boss hadn't

brought Grace back to the hospital if nothing more than to gain a few hours away from her.

Jason listened to the briefing while quickly giving out

instructions. He then ordered Terrence to contact the

high-level management of their overseas branches for a web

conference.

Therefore, after just a moment's time, the high-level management of their overseas branch companies appeared on-screen one at a time and they began their meeting.

However, it seemed as if the high-level management were very curious about the backdrop of Jason's current location. After all, despite the exquisite decoration of the room, it was still relative to an ordinary citizen. Compared to Jason's usual location, one could describe the room he was currently in as

"substandard" – and one of the executives even said so.

"Sir, where are you right now? The background...looks like a... unexpected hotel."

That was a diplomatic way of saying it.

Terrence glanced sharply at his boss, wondering how he

would handle the inquiry.

Jason simply replied, "Don't ask such unnecessary questions. Continue with the meeting."

Terrence could only chuckle drily. He knew the reason why

his employer was holding an international meeting in such a place, but what could he say? That it was because a woman had rented an apartment in this small housing estate, so the boss had temporarily moved his entire working location here?

As for the decor that made the room look like a

moderately-priced hotel... Terrence internally shrugged. He'd spent an entire day looking for this house in this small housing estate. Then, he'd offered a price twice its market value to force the owner to sell it and completed all the formalities at the fastest speed possible.

It was a bloody miracle he'd closed on the location, vacated it, cleaned, painted and managed to get any furniture into the space. Let alone handling decorations.

Halfway through the meeting, Jason's phone suddenly rang. However, the phone that rang was not the one he usually used but the one Grace had bought for him.

Therefore, the foreign high-level management saw the man, who was surrounded with such mystery and affluence, suddenly answering a call on an old-fashioned and cheap phone. It appeared as if even the tone of his voice had become gentler.

Of course, the high level management team couldn't actually hear what Jason said because he'd muted. The high-level management could only privately discuss Mr. Reed's purpose in using such a phone and wonder about who he was talking

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Terrence even received private messages from some of the high-level management staff, who were clearly fishing for gossip.

Terrence wanted to tell them that the existence of the phone was already widely known within the company's headquarters in Emerald City. The high-level management at the headquarters had seen Mr. Reed Mr. Reed answer calls on that phone more than once.

Regarding questions related to Mr. Reed's usage of such a phone or the person behind the calls, Terrence dared not share his secrets.