

Ex Convict 131

Chapter 131

"Am I right? Sister?" he exhaled and called her "Sister" like before. The slightly raised intonation at the end seemed to carry a kind of attachment.

However, she felt as if mountains were pressing down on her chest, making her almost breathless.

Grace returned to the ward with Jason. As soon as they entered the ward, Jason asked the nurse to leave.

Suddenly, there were only the two of them.

Grace was sitting rigidly on the chair, her head lowered. She didn't know what he was going to do. If he felt that she wasn't miserable enough after she was released from prison, and wanted to give her another stab, then why did he save her on Thanksgiving?

As long as things continued to develop, she would become more miserable, wouldn't she?

However, no matter what he wanted to do to her, she was

powerless to resist. After three years of imprisonment, she had carried a heavy burden. She understood the cruelty of fate and her insignificance.

In the eyes of those lofty people, she was just a minor figure who could be easily manipulated.

"Sister, don't you have anything else to ask me?" An elegant voice broke the silence in the room.

Grace's body trembled slightly. His voice was so pleasant. In the silent night, it was like a melody rippling in the night breeze, and exuded a sense of elegance.

She slowly looked up and saw a beautiful yet noble face-a

complexion like clouds, a straight nose, thin lips with a slight smile, and a pair of amorous eyes full of shimmering light.

He stood in front of her and looked down, as if everything about her was in his control.

Grace unconsciously bit her lip. She had bitten too hard, but she didn't feel any pain.

On the contrary, he frowned and reached out to pinch her lower jaw. He said softly, "Don't bite your lips. It hurts."

This gentleness was as if he was still her Jay, and not the Jason that she was afraid of.

She looked at him in a daze, and unconsciously stopped biting her lips.

His finger gently brushed past her lips, leaving behind a heat so hot that she thought her lip might burn.

She jerked her head away and leaned back. "Mr. Reed,
exactly when will this game end?"

His eyes dimmed slightly. "Is that all you want to ask?"

Apart from that, what else did she have to ask? In taking revenge, as to the extent of her misery, it was all up to him. She, on the other hand, could only bear with it.

Three years ago, it was like this. After three years, would there be any difference?

She didn't say anything.

He held her hands and clasped them in his own. "Your hands are a little cold," he said while rubbing her hands to warm

them up.