

## Ex Convict 133

### Chapter 133

"If you wish to put me on a pedestal and then let me fall, you don't have to go through so much trouble. I'm already miserable. I'm just a sanitation worker with little money to my name and I was kicked out of my house. Or do you want me to kneel before Jennifer Atkinson's grave and ask for forgiveness? Or do you want me to take my life, a life for a life..."

"Enough!" He interrupted her. "She would rather believe I did these things to avenge Jennifer Atkinson and not the fact that I like spending time with her?" He then continued, "Listen to me. Jennifer Atkinson is not worth me doing such things. All you have to do is stay by my side."

As he spoke, he lowered his head to look at her hands that were clasped in his. "Although I've spent half a day rubbing her hands, they are still very cold.

"I know I lost my temper just now. It seems as if she can always trigger my emotions easily.

"The closer I am to her, the more my emotions are under her control. And yet, I can't help but get close to her."

"I think you should rest well tonight. Don't say such silly things.

in the future." Once Jason was done talking, he left the room.

Only Grace was left in the spacious patient ward.

Grace bowed her head and stared fixedly at her trembling hands. "Am I scared? I'm scared of Jason and afraid of what

will happen to me.

"Surely it doesn't mean that it will be as he said; that I stay by his side? But... can I live through that? All the pain I endured in prison, my near-death experience in there, and those nightmarish three years were all because of him.

"Because of my past, my heart fills with fear and terror

whenever I see him.

"Just now, when he was rubbing my hands, they couldn't be warmed because the moment his hands touched mine, it was as if my entire body was in an ice cellar. It was bone-piercingly cold.

"Why is Jay and Jason the same person? Why is he Jason, the one who I imagined that we could rely upon each other for life and even saw him as my salvation?

"Why? Why?"

Grace questioned herself repeatedly as she tried to hold back the tears but they flowed freely down her cheeks and acted as

a catharsis.

“Is it fear, unease, or... attachment?!”

“I once said, ‘Jay, you’re so nice!

“His lips were curved into a smile back then as he said, ‘I hope you remember that, Sister. I hope you won’t regret saying this in the future!

“Maybe he was already hinting at me then.

“And yet, how did I reply to him? I said, ‘I will not regret it!

“Meeting him was like a fantastic dream and now, I’ve finally woken up from that dream.

“But his game is still continuing...

In the car, Terrence studied his boss’s darkened expression and instantly felt a sense of terror. “I don’t know who provoked Mr. Reed. He was with Miss Cummins in the hospital so he should be in a good mood.

“Could it be... that Miss Cummins was the one who provoked Mr. Reed?” Terrence shivered at the possibility. “If that’s true then I should be more careful. I don’t want Mr. Reed to vent his anger on me.”

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The car moved slowly and Jason closed his eyes. “I didn’t expect her to find out about my identity like this.”