

## **Ex Convict 145**

### Chapter 145

"Yes," Terrence quickly replied. He followed Jason as they left the Reed Residence for the hospital.

When Jason walked into the ward, he saw Grace sitting on the sofa in a very upright and proper manner.

Yes, 'proper' was Jason's first impression. Her back was straight and she had placed her hands on her knees. It was a textbook sitting position.

"Do you want to leave the hospital?" Jason asked.

"Yeah," she hummed in reply, her gaze subconsciously falling to the scarf around his neck. That was the scarf she had personally knitted for him. At that time, she had been afraid that he would be cold and hoped that in winter he would be

able to be a little warmer.

However, in fact, she hadn't needed to do this at all. He had no lack of scarves or ways to keep himself warm, so he didn't

need her scarf at all.

"I can give you another chance to make your choice. Think carefully before you answer. Do you really not want to stay

with me?" he asked.

In the past, he had never given anyone a second chance. However, she... seemed to be an exception.

She looked up at him and there was a kind of suffocating pressure in her eyes. Even the air around them seemed to be filled with low pressure.

At this moment, she suddenly felt a sense of crisis, as if once she answered wrongly, there was a chance that she would be doomed eternally!

"Yes or no?"

As long as she stayed by Jason's side, her fate would change.

But... after he got tired of the sister-brother game, what kind of fate would await her? Would her life be even more tragic

than before?

Besides, he was Jason, the man who had been like a nightmare to her. While she had been in prison, whenever she heard his name, she would tremble instinctively in fear.

It had only gotten slightly better after she had been out of prison for a while. But if she were to stay right by him, then the fear might follow her like her own shadow and she would have no way to escape it.

She swallowed the saliva in her throat and replied, "Mhm, I want... to be alone, and I don't want to stay with anyone."

Suddenly, his face became a little darker, and the cold light in his eyes seemed to freeze her to death. "You won't regret it?" There was a sense of danger in his voice.

Her body couldn't help but tremble again. "No."

As her voice fell, he suddenly pulled her over and threw her down on the bed.

"Ah!" She cried out in alarm and struggled to get up subconsciously.

But in the next moment, he was suddenly pressing down on her. His hands gripped her wrists tightly, reminding her of the last time he had pressed down on her in the hospital bed in the same way.

"Jason, what... what do you want to do?" Grace cried out.

"I regret it. I shouldn't have given you a choice," he said in a low voice. His lips touched her cheek and he kissed her face.

His kiss was very gentle, as if he was kissing a rare treasure.

However, the ten fingers that were holding onto her wrist were exerting so much force that she could not struggle even a little.

"No!" She started to shake her head in a struggle to avoid his kiss.

However, the kiss was like a shadow following her body. There was no way to avoid it at all.

"Have you forgotten? If I wanted to, you wouldn't even have the right to say no," Jason whispered. At this moment, his cold voice seemed to be filled with emotion, making it extremely alluring.