

Ex Convict 168

Chapter 168

"I'm only hoping that you can get the police to release them.

This is only a piece of cake for you," she anxiously said.

"It is a piece of cake, but... so what?" He looked at her stoically, a stark contrast to her anxious demeanor.

Her arms that were hanging by the sides of her body stiffened a little. She took a deep breath and looked into his eyes. "What do you want to exchange before you release them?"

His gaze darkened as he put down the pen that was in his hand. He stood up and slowly approaching Grace.

He gently cupped her hands. "Sis, your hands are so cold."

Her body immediately stiffened. Her hands were indeed much colder when compared to his.

He looked down, took both her hands, and placed them on his palms. He slowly rubbing them, trying to give her warmth with

the friction.

He was doing it as if he was used to do it all the time. His eyes carried gentleness with a hint of caution as if she was his precious babe.

'My God! What am I thinking!' Grace immediately chided

herself inwardly for thinking nonsense when she heard his murmurs ringing in her ears once again.

"Sis, are your hands warmer now?"

Üm... yes they are." She wanted to withdraw her hands from

his grip, but he held them tightly in his.

"There's no rush. I'll rub them a little longer to make them warmer."

Grace was perplexed by the man in front of her. His current gentleness was a stark contrast from his earlier aloofness and mockery. It was as if he was two different persons.

Her hands may be warmer now, but her heart was becoming more uneasy.

"What do you want before you let them go?" Grace could not help but ask once again.

"Sis, why did you suddenly change your mind and want to let them go?" He answered her question with another question.

"My maternal grandmother had fallen ill and is hospitalized now. I do not want her to be worried about these matters," she answered truthfully.

"Is that it? Looks like your grandmother holds an important position in your heart. For her sake, you're willing to come here and beg me." His voice was so gentle, like a low-tone cello that was gently strumming along.

Her senses were filled with his scent. Her blood seemed to all flow toward her hands that were being warmed by him.

"What about me? What position do I hold in your heart, Sis?" He suddenly looked up. That pair of beautiful eyes were now staring sternly at her as if trying to see through her.

She began to tremble as her almond eyes met his dark gaze.

Within his pupils, she could see her anxious look being reflected.

He bent down as his face inched closer to her. His warm. breath blew against the skin of her face. "I don't think I'm in the most important position. If I was, you wouldn't have left without any hesitation back then. I guess I hold some insignificant position in your heart."

Her hands may still be warm, but her body was feeling colder by the minute.

Grace remained stunned as she looked at this handsome face that was just inches away from her. The expression on his face

looked so gentle, even his actions of warming her hands were done so gently. However, the gaze he held in his eyes was icy cold.

At that moment, she seemed to have understood something, but she was not ready to give up yet. "Will you... let them go?"

"No." He gave a short answer.

She felt her heart falling deeper into the abyss. 'How can I forget? He is Jason. I'm guessing he had never been rejected by any woman before!