

Ex Convict 178

Chapter 178

Her body went stiff, and she instinctively looked away. She did not want him to see her current expression.

“But have you ever considered that it’s precisely because I’m Jason that I was able to make your old schoolmate kneel and apologize to you when she humiliated you earlier? With me around, you no longer needed to worry yourself with anybody else’s attitude toward you, I can easily make those who look down on you to humble themselves in front of you,” he said ever so casually.

“So what? That kind of power is not mine to begin with.”

“Why isn’t it good? I can let you abuse my power. What do you think?” He lazily leaned on the back of the chair, looking at her as if he was discussing the weather.

Grace looked at him. No matter how she tried, she was unable to read him. She thought that when she had gone to beg him the other day, the way he rejected her meant that they would now move on with their lives separately. She thought that they would no longer have any contact with each other.

After all, a proud man like him would never allow himself to be rejected by a woman.

Unexpectedly, he suddenly appeared at her rented house tonight, and... even brought her here.

Furthermore, he purposely made Maria Martin kneel to

apologize to her. It seemed like he wanted to show her what Jason truly represented.

The arrogant Maria Martin could only apologize shamefully in front of him.

“What do you want to do exactly?” she questioned him.

His eyes traveled around a little. ‘What do I want to do... To be honest, I’m not too sure myself. Perhaps, I just want to take another look at her.’

He had wondered if she would come to beg him again after the last time.

Unfortunately, she did not.

Even at this moment when he was just in front of her, she had not begged him for a second time.

“Now that you mentioned this, are you not planning to beg me again on behalf of your relatives?”

She was taken aback for a moment. She gradually widened her eyes. “If I beg you again, will you get the police to release them?”

“If you never try, you’ll never know,” he said it with a

mysterious look.

Unrest flashed across her expression. 'Does he mean that he plans to let me taste rejection again if I beg him a second time? Or perhaps he will really let Uncle and the rest go?'

Grace gripped her hands into tight fists. For her

grandmother's sake, she would have to try even if the chances were slim.

"Then... I beg you, please. Can you let the police release them?" She decided that even if Jason made her kneel or wanted to humiliate her, she would humbly accept his orders.

Unexpectedly, Jason abruptly stood up, walked over to her, and reached for her hands. He released her tightly gripped hands, finger by finger.

"Sis, how can you forget that your hand is still injured. Although a few days have passed and the wound on your palm has dried and crusted, it'll still be painful if you grip it so tightly." His magnificent, music-like voice carried a sense of gentleness. It made Grace stiffen her body.

The wound on her palm... She had purposely hurt herself when she tried to maintain her consciousness while inside the Miller residence.

It was also that night when he rescued her from the brink of despair.

"I notice that your hands are always so cold. Shall I warm them for you, Sis?" he gently asked.

She stared as his large hands grabbed her pair of unsightly hands. The warmth from his hands gradually started transmitting over to hers.