

## Ex Convict 186

### Chapter 186

"After what they did to you and imprisoned you for so many days, aren't you worried that they will hold a grudge against you and do worse things if they are released?" he asked.

Grace remained silent. She understood the situation very

well. After all that had happened, her uncle was not going to feel grateful to her for helping to release them. Instead, they

would hold a bigger grudge toward her.

"They are people I don't care about. I can't be bothered no matter how much they hate me, or what they think of me," she looked down and calmly replied.

However, such calmness made him inexplicably agitated.

"What about me?" he suddenly asked.

"What?" She was taken aback and could not react on time.

He rested both hands by the bedside and leaned closer. "What

about me? Do you care about me? Are you bothered about what I think of you?"

Grace was stunned. If he was Jason, then she would surely

care. However, he was now Jason...

guess you

care less if I am bothered or not?

"What if I'm bothered about it?" He challenged her.

She bit her lip and took in a deep breath. "I care."

He was shocked to hear her reply. "Reason being?"

"Because you're Jason. You call the shots in Emerald City. A simple sentence from you can change a person's life. Of course, I have to care about what you think of me. You're well aware that I can't afford to offend you."

The price to pay for offending him was going through those repeated tortures in prison. She was afraid and fearful of it!

She was not in a position where she could go against him.

His mood abruptly worsened.

"Can't afford to offend me? If that's the case, why didn't it cross your mind that you would offend me when you said you're not willing to stay by my side!" he coldly chided.

She instinctively crouched lower.

He raised a hand and grabbed the back of her head to draw her face closer to his. He said to her in a flirtatious tone, "Last

night after I brought you home, do you know what happened between us in this room?"

Her expression changed. "You said you wouldn't touch me."

"Yes, I did say that. But even if I did do anything to you, so what?" he asked back.

Her complexion paled as her teeth bit down on her lower lip, almost drawing blood. Her pair of almond eyes no longer looked calm. Instead, the calmness was replaced with anxiety, unrest, and hesitation.

At that moment, Jason felt his mood worsen.

He had said it to punish her for turning his mood sour. However, right now, he did not know who he was punishing.

He abruptly released his grip, stood up straight, and coldly said, "Don't worry. I didn't do anything to you. Unlike you who clambered all over me and wouldn't get off."

Grace was at first relieved when she heard the first half of that sentence, but the second half made her heart pound.

"Impossible!" She denied it right away.

He shot her a cold gaze. "Why is it impossible? You were so drunk that you don't even remember what you did. Shall I help

you remember? I can tell you last night about how you pressed me down onto the bed and kissed me."

With every sentence he said, her face flushed a deeper shade of red.

By the time he completed his sentence, her face was indescribably red.