

Ex Convict 189

Chapter 189

In order to rush her work, Grace simply took her half-knitted gloves and the wool with her. She could knit a little during the

afternoon break.

When Claire Watts saw Grace's knitted gloves, she said curiously, "Are you knitting these for yourself to wear? It seems a little too big, though."

Claire Watts asked, "Is it a gift for someone?"

"Uh-huh," Grace answered.

"This doesn't look like your size. Are you knitting it for someone else?" Claire Watts guessed.

Grace nodded again.

"You haven't gotten yourself a boyfriend, have you?" Claire Watts spoke again.

"No." She hastily denied.

"If you don't have one, why are you knitting so earnestly? You're even using your afternoon break to knit." Claire Watts

obviously did not believe her words.

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Grace could not do anything about it either. What could she say? She could not say that it was because she was knitting this for Jason that she wanted to finish it as soon as possible, right?

If she really said this, she predicted Claire Watts would think that her brain had short-circuited.

"Speaking of which, it's such a shame that Chase Harper is about to have his heart broken." Claire Watts was a little

regretful. "Chase Harper isn't all that bad actually. He's got a house, and he's an honest fellow. Marrying a man like that will ensure a lifetime of stability."

Indeed, if she really married Chase Harper, the rest of her life would indeed be very steady.

Only, when that car accident happened that year, it was destined that she would not be fated with 'steadiness' in this lifetime.

Grace hoped Chase Harper would be able to find a woman who could truly love and care for him for the rest of their lives.

"Still, I heard someone say that it seems Chase Harper wants to resign. I don't know if it's true or not. The work in this Sanitation Service Center is admittedly a little low-grade, but Chase Harper is lucky to have a permanent position. When

others want to find a job that has been budgeted for, it's not so easy."

Grace stilled. "Chase Harper wants to resign?"

"That's what I heard," Claire Watts muttered. "It's a permanent position that others can't get even if they beg for it, yet he actually wants to resign. It feels a little impossible."

Grace's brain was a little muddled up.

Was Chase Harper's desire to resign related to her? Was it because of the things she said to him that night? Was it because she had dissed him for not having money?

Her original intention was only to make him not waste any more time on her, but if he was really quitting his job...

Grace did not ponder on it any longer and got up immediately. She headed to the office of the transportation fleet to look for him.

When she found Chase Harper, he was in the middle of a hand over with the people in the transportation fleet.

"Can we talk alone for a while?" Grace opened her mouth and asked.

Chase Harper glanced at Grace, then muttered a few sentences to the colleague by his side. He turned to Grace to say, "Alright then. Let's talk in my office."

Here in the Sanitation Service Center, Chase Harper had an office to himself.

Grace nodded, then walked into the office after Chase

Harper. "You're going to resign?" she asked directly.

Chase Harper stilled, then immediately seemed a little ill at ease as he scratched his head. "Even you know of this matter now. Uh-huh, I am planning to quit. I've handed my resignation letter to the superintendent."

“Is it because of what I said that night? Actually, you don’t have to mind what I said. Your job now in the transportation fleet is a very good one. Moreover, if your qualifications grow in the future, you can even go up in ranks,” she said.