

Ex Convict 230

Chapter 230

She nibbled her lip and sat down. Her uninjured right hand was holding the chopsticks to pick up the food. She was eating it mouthful by mouthful.

He sat quietly beside her, holding his chin in one hand while looking at her quietly.

Under the lamplight, her eyelashes had a natural curl, which became more obvious when she dropped her eyelids. His hands seemed to be able to cover her palm-sized face completely.

Her delicate nose and her constantly moving cheeks as she chewed her food made her look like a small animal that was

eating. There was an indescribable cuteness about it.

He had not known before that watching a woman eat could be so enthralling.

The more he looked at her, the more he seemed to want to hide her. He wanted to hide her where no one could see find her, where only he could look at her and where only he could approach her.

No one else could covet her!

Grace was eating with her head down, but she could feel Jason staring at her all the time.

The air seemed to be filled with vague embarrassment.

Her face felt hotter and hotter. Even her swallowing became a little difficult. It was not like he had not seen her eating before,

but at this moment, she felt warm. There was no discomfort, but...

Grace sped up, trying to finish her food quickly.

Just then, he suddenly asked, "Sis, do you like Brian?"

Poof!

The food she had not yet swallowed burst out of her mouth. Then, she coughed and looked at the table in front of her... He was covered with the rice she had just spat out.

"I'm... I'm sorry..." she hastily said and hurriedly wiped the grains of rice on his clothes.

He took her hand casually. "Sis, you haven't answered my question. Do you like Brian?"

She looked at him blankly. Did she like Brian? Why would he ask her that? Besides... How did he know she knew Brian? She

had never mentioned it to him!

For a moment, all sorts of doubts filled her mind.

Her silence made his brows twitch. His fingers brushed lightly against her lips.

"Do you like him?" His voice was soft. It was gentle yet dangerous.

"I... I have nothing to do with him at all. Why do you ask?" She wanted to turn her head to avoid his fingers.

His fingers immediately grabbed her jaw, firmly fixing her face. Then, he lowered his head and pressed his lips lightly against hers. "Is there really nothing? If there's nothing, why did he carry Sis to the lounge at the set today?"

She looked at the pretty face before her in surprise. He... He knew!

"Why, is Sis wondering how I know this?" He smiled gently. "Is it strange that I know when so many people were at the scene?"