

Ex Convict 233

Chapter 233

She simply packed her luggage, which was just some change of clothes. As for the other toiletries, he only said that they were all available at Reed Residence, so she did not need to bring any with her.

He did not want her to take her clothes there as well, but she said, "I'm used to wearing these clothes. They're comfortable."

He could say nothing more and allowed her to take her clothes with her.

After she was done packing, Grace was about to carry her duffel bag, but Jason picked it up first and said, "I'll take care of it."

They walked out of the rental house with Grace following behind Jason.

Sometimes, she felt that he was unpredictable. He could be gentle one moment, but in the next, he would act as if he could knock you into hell at any time.

Now that she was going back to Reed Residence with him, it seemed that their relationship would become even more ambiguous.

When would she finally have nothing to do with him? Would she have to wait until he got tired of her? As she thought this, she stared at him with her eyes fixed on the scarf around his neck.

She had knitted the scarf with old wool, but she did not expect him to wear the scarf and the gloves at a party attended by so many elites.

In the comments she read online, everyone was wondering if it were new items from some luxury brand, or if they were a renowned designer's handmade accessories. No one bothered to think that maybe the scarf and gloves were made

with old wool by an ordinary person.

Perhaps, as he had said before, it was up to him to decide whether the scarf suited him or not.

Outside the residential building, Grace saw the familiar black car parked in front. Terrence got out of the car and quickly walked toward Jason, taking the duffel bag from him.

Jason turned around and looked at Grace who was still a few feet behind him. "What's wrong? Let's go."
He held out his

hand to her as he spoke.

She bit her lip a little, hesitated, and raised her foot. She did
not reach for his hand.

He frowned slightly and withdrew his hand. As she bent down to get into the car, he bent down in the
same way. His lips.

got close to her ear and said, "You may not want to hold my
hand today, but sooner or later, you won't want to let go of my
hand."

Her body immediately went rigid, and her heart seemed to stop at that moment.

As Grace got into the car, she looked at Jason's hand that was
on her lap.

His fingers were long and distinct, looking very pretty. Did he say, sooner or later, she would not let go
of his hand?

Was that possible?

When they arrived at Reed Residence, the gates opened and

the car slowly drove into Reed Residence. The two sides of

Reed Residence were lined with ancient trees that all had

hundreds of years' worth of history. They were lush and

evergreen all year round. Through the window, one could see

the adjoining buildings. She could not see the size of the entire Reed Residence at one glance.

It was not that she had never seen a wealthy person's mansion before. Sean Stevens's family was
wealthy too, and she often visited the Stevens residence back then. However,

compared to Reed Residence, it was like comparing a villa to a palace.

The car came to the main house and Grace followed Jason out
of the car.

He naturally took her hand and walked into the house. Grace could feel the eyes on her. It was a mixture
of amazement and

shock.

“Young Master.” A man who appeared to be in his 50s or 60s and was dressed as a butler approached Jason and respectfully said, “This is...”

“This is Grace. She’ll be staying here for a few days,” Jason said. He then introduced Grace, “This is Uncle Kwan. He is the butler here. If you need anything while you’re here, you can find Uncle Kwan.”