

## **Ex Convict 235**

### Chapter 235

Grace thought to herself as she crept up to the bedside table, only to be shocked when her eyes fell on the picture frame on it. She stared at the picture with her almond-shaped eyes wide in disbelief.

It was a picture of her!

The problem was that she did not remember ever taking a picture like this, and if she looked at her eyes in the picture, they were not facing the camera.

Who took this picture? Why was it here? Whose room was this...

Click.

Someone pushed open the door of the room and Grace looked up. It was Jason.

“Well, looks like Sis already knows that the two rooms interconnect with each other without me telling you.” Jason walked forward with a smile. His eyes were on the picture

frame Grace was holding in her hand. “What do you think of this picture?”

“How come there’s a picture of me here?” she asked.

“I was the one who took it, of course,” he said, taking the frame out of her hand and putting it back on the bedside table. “I miss you so much when I can’t see you.”

His tone slightly raised at the end of the sentence. There was a hint of ambiguity.

As if thinking of something, she suddenly said, “Is this your room?”

“It’s my room.” He nodded.

Grace bit her lip. “In that case... Get me another room.”

“Why? Didn’t you say you can take any room? Why does Sis mind now when one of us has slept on the bed while the other one slept below the bed? There wasn’t even a door in between us,” Jason said.

Grace bit on her lower lip as her face turned slightly red. She could not help imagining the old days when they lived together in the rented house. Back then, she could just look down and she would see him lying below her bed.

Even the cold room felt warm.

At that time, she could approach him so freely, but now...

“Sis...” He suddenly bent down. There seemed to be a look of gloom in his eyes. “Do not simply show an expression like that to a man, all right?”

She was startled and instinctively started to move back, but his hand slipped around her waist to stop her.

“It’s... It’s late. I’m going to wash up and go to bed,” she said. Her body was stiff, afraid that he might kiss her as he did back

in the rented house....

“Is it?” He fixed his gaze on her.

His eyes seemed to hold her entire mind. She quickly lowered her head to keep her eyes from his.

His eyes were so beautiful that they seemed to be able to suck her soul and will.

Suddenly, he let go of his hand and said with a smile, “It’s late, Sis. Go wash up.”

Grace then heaved a great sigh of relief and hurried out of his room. She went back into the next room and headed toward the bathroom.

In the bathroom, Grace looked at herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were flushed, and her lips were so red and juicy as if they were dripping water. There was a hazy and delicate look in those almond-shaped eyes. No wonder Jason asked her not to look at a man like that.

Grace suddenly tossed her head and turned on the tap, cooling her now hot cheeks with cold water.

What was wrong with her?! Even though she could not resist Jason, she did not have to blush like that.