

Ex Convict 254

Chapter 254

“Well, then I won’t touch her,” Brian said. “She’s not the one I’m looking for, anyway.”

However, it was hard to deny that she looked a lot like the person he was looking for. Sometimes, when he looked at her, he imagined that she was what that person would grow up to look like.

Nevertheless, she just looked like her. She was not her.

“What if she’s the one you’re looking for? Will you do something then?” Jason asked, raising his eyebrows.

Brian’s face remained still, but his phoenix eyes seemed to be rippling with something no one could see even if they wanted to. “If she is, I won’t let go even if I have to compete against you.”

Jason squinted. “So it’s a good thing she’s not, right?”

“Yes. Fortunately, she’s not,” Brian said and turned away.

Fortunately, she was not her. If she really was, then it would probably be difficult to deal with.

Brian thought and unconsciously reached into his pocket to feel for the bracelet. How long would it take before he found her?

Finding her had almost become an obsession.

When Grace walked out of the dressing room, there was no one outside except Jason and a bodyguard.

“Are you done?” Jason saw that Grace was now wearing her usual clothes with her hair in a normal ponytail. She had removed her makeup and her face was now bare, but it looked so much more flattering.

“Yes,” Grace responded.

“Let’s go, then,” Jason said, naturally reaching out to grab Grace’s hand.

She withdrew her hand almost subconsciously.

He raised his eyebrows slightly, his black eyes fixed on her. “Why, you don’t want to?”

“I... can walk by myself.”

“I prefer to hold your hand,” Jason said, reaching out again to grab her hand. “Sis can’t go anywhere if I hold you like that.”

His chatty tone struck a shudder through her heart.

It was as if he had woven a dense web around her to take control of her life.

She did not want her future life to involve a man like him. She could not see through people like him, let alone figure out what was in his mind.

If she accidentally annoyed him, her fate then would probably be worse than her three years in jail.

Grace wanted to pull her hand out of his fingers.

Her hand had only moved a little before his fingers clasped hers more tightly.

“Oh,” she exclaimed. Her eyebrows could not help but furrow together. She felt a pain on the back of her hand.

“Did I hurt you?” he said softly, his fingers slightly loosening. He had placed his fingers on the back of her hand, forgetting that there was a wound there that was not completely healed.

She bit her lip slightly. “It’s all right. You can let go of me now.”