

## Ex Convict 282

### Chapter 282

His eyes were fixated on her. "Does it matter whether I believe it?"

She looked shocked before laughing at herself. "Yes, whether he believes me or not has nothing to do with me. But why do I get nervous when I look at him?"

"I'm going back to my room," Grace said, trying to walk past Jason toward the stairs.

However, he suddenly pulled her arm when she had only taken two steps. The next moment, she pretty much crashed into his arms by the pull.

"I believe you're innocent." He bent down and his voice rang deeply in her ear. "Do you think you'll find anything if you investigate it yourself? Investigating a case from three years ago now... Did it ever occur to you that the truth you want might not have existed in the first place?"

Grace opened her bright, almond-shaped eyes and looked back at Jason. Then, she smiled a little. "Even people as rich and powerful as you think I can't reverse the case on my own, but a little nobody like me still thinks that maybe one day I'll be able to clear my name."

Her smile gave him a piercing feeling. It was as if his heart had

been stung by something. After a while, he said, "What if I'm

willing to help you? What if... I can help you find out the truth you want?"

She stared at him, wondering why his attitude had changed so suddenly.

"If I say I can help you find out the truth if you can just stay by my side and accompany me, will you say yes?" he muttered. His warm breath seemed to envelop her entire body.

All at once, her heartbeat became so intense that it almost seemed as if it was about to leap out of her throat.

She knew that if she said yes now, she could clear her name and face the world with a clean slate.

However, this "clean slate" was exchanged with her freedom, maybe even her body. Was it really what she wanted?

She was no longer a little girl. She could only think, in some measure, of what might happen if she said yes.

If she said yes, her mother would not be happy to see her daughter give up her innocence to prove another.

"I'll find out the truth myself," Grace said, effectively rejecting Jason's offer.

"Is that so?" He muttered. He then slowly straightened himself up.

His beautiful eyes seemed to be covered with mist. "Then you can come and tell me when you're willing to say yes."

He said and let go of his hand that held her arm.

Grace bit her lip slightly and headed for the stairs.

Jason stared at Grace's back until she was out of his sight. Then,

he sat back on the sofa and pulled out the photo of Grace in a floral dress out of his pocket.

"Is it you?" he asked in a low voice as if asking the little girl in the photo across time and space.

It was the quiet air around him that answered him.

In his mind, the photo in front of him overlapped with a painting he had seen before. The little girl in the painting looked similar to the girl in the photo and was wearing a similar floral dress too.

Could this be a coincidence? Jason's eyes turned cold, or was she really... the little girl in the painting?

If she was, then...