

Ex Convict 298

Chapter 298

He... was naked from the waist up!

"You..." Her face was red, and her eyes were still closed. She did not dare to open them for fear that she would see something she should not see.

"Won't you open your eyes, Sis?" His breath was fragrant like an orchid, and his murmur sounded like the deepest enchantment.

Grace, however, kept her eyes closed. She was blushing while urging, "Quickly change your clothes!"

"I'd rather you look at me," he said. "Besides, I did Sis a favor today. Won't you even look at me, Sis?"

Grace stiffened, and her teeth unconsciously bit her lip. She let out a low cry as she touched the spot where he had bitten her.

She heard his low chuckle in her ear. Then, she felt his fingers stroking her lips. "You know what? You looked so cute just now."

Cute?

Before she had time to react, she suddenly felt some pressure on her lips. It was soft with a touch of warmth. It was his... lips!

He was kissing her!

Grace immediately opened her eyes and stared at the face before her. They were so close that she could not see his whole face. All she could see was his bright eyes that were like blooming peach blossoms. They were so beautiful they looked like they could capture people's souls at any time.

"Umm..." She subconsciously wanted to open her mouth and say something, but it only made him kiss her deeper.

Grace accepted the kiss passively while she laid her hands against his chest. Her hands seemed to burn as if they were about

to catch fire.

After a while, the kiss was over. Grace panted and blushed.

Jason was calm and even smirking a little. "Is this how I can get you to look at me?"

She choked. What he said carried some serious ambiguity, but she did not know what to say right now.

She was about to close her eyes again when he said, "I've helped you and you won't even look at me?"

She pursed her burning lips. "Get dressed, and I'll look at you."

"I like Sis to look at me this way," he muttered as if he was showing her his good side. "It's as if I'm the only one in Sis' eyes."

Grace stared at the man in front of her. When others had seen a man like him, it might be difficult to see anyone else again.

Now that he was without a jacket, his lean figure was a lot more visible, but the scar on his chest had put her in a trance.

She had seen the scar before when they were in the rented house, but when she asked him about it, he only replied, "It's just a small injury."

However, even if the scar had gotten lighter, it looked nothing like a 'small injury'.

He suddenly took her hand and put it on his scar.

She was shocked, instinctively wanting to withdraw her hand, but his fingers seemed to be made of steel. They gripped her hand, forcing her hand to press on the scar.

"Weren't you looking at the scar?" he said.

"No... Let go of your hands first," Grace said quickly.