

Ex-Convict! 4359

Chapter 4359 Don't Be Greedy

"I'll apply it later," he said.

Seeing the way Calvert was, Harley knew he wouldn't paint later, so he said, "You might as well paint now."

A hint of embarrassment flashed across Calvert's face. He picked up the ointment, unscrewed the cap, dabbed a bit on his finger, and began to apply it to his face.

He just couldn't see the wounds on his own face, so he could only apply the medicine based on what he felt.

"Isn't there a mirror here?" Harley reminded.

He lowered his gaze, "The previous mirror was shattered when my father got drunk. We haven't bought a new one yet."

In reality, he simply couldn't afford it. For others, a mirror might just cost a few dollars, but for him, it was money he could save.

After all, he didn't think the mirror was that important.

But in the next moment, Calvert suddenly stiffened. This was because Harley had grabbed his hand, the one smeared with ointment, and was gently applying it to the areas he hadn't reached yet.

"Here... and here..." Harley said.

Calvert looked up, staring at her blankly.

Because Harley was helping him apply medicine to his wound, Harley was leaning towards him at the moment. As a result, their faces were extremely close to each other.

Such close proximity made Calvert's heart pound wildly again!

By the time he snapped back to reality, Harley had already let go of his hand: "Done."

A hint of loss subtly flashed through Calvert's heart. On his fingers, the warmth of Harley still lingered, a warmth he felt like he could remember for a lifetime.

"Take a good rest, I'll head back first," Harley said.

"Alright," Calvert responded.

Even though he truly wanted to spend more time with her, he didn't try to keep her around. In such a rundown place, where he couldn't even offer her a cup of coffee, what right did he have to ask her to stay?

For Calvert, being able to spend time with Harley like this was already something beyond belief.

After Harley left, Calvert looked around this incredibly familiar, rundown room, but for the first time, he felt something different.

In the air, it seemed like Harley's unique fragrance still lingered. For the first time, he felt a touch of warmth in this room.

"I shouldn't be so greedy..." he muttered to himself. He shouldn't be attached to this warmth, because once it fades, it will only become colder. He knew this all too well.

Harley returned home and saw his parents in the living room. He walked up to them, gave his father a hug, and then buried his face in his mother's embrace.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Valda looked at her daughter who was clinging to her. Ever since her daughter had grown up, she rarely held onto her like this.

“I just feel so lucky to be your daughter,” Harley said softly. Even though she’s

“Of course, there’s no problem if you want to help someone,” Valda said. “As long as you believe they’re truly worth your help.”