

## Ex Convict 47

### Chapter 47

Grace pursed her lips, finding Sean's offer to be absurd. He...what exactly? Wanted to assuage his guilt by getting her a job? It was his fault she'd been unemployable everywhere else in the city.

She started to walk away from him.

"Don't walk away from me," Sean said angrily. "I'm still talking to you. Seriously, Grace. I'm already taking a risk by offering to help

you!"

"Did anyone ever ask you to take that risk?" Grace asked flatly. "Did you ever hear of too little, too late, Sean? When I needed you most, you abandoned me." She shook her head. "There is no need for this. Moreover, aren't you afraid that your fiancée will hear?"

"Hear about what?" a sharp voice asked. Sean's eyes widened. "What is it that you're keeping from me?"

Sean froze. He released his grip on Grace's arm immediately and turned to look at Lily, who was walking toward him.

"It's nothing," he said quietly.

Lily arched a brow. "Hmm." She swept up to Sean and looped her arm through his. "Sean, darling, why did you stop to talk to this kind of person? Aren't you afraid that Jason Reed will hear about

it? You know my sister is the only woman Jason ever loved. Although my sister has been dead for three years, he has never had another woman..."

Although Lily did not complete her sentence, everyone knew what she meant.

Sean's face paled when he remembered the Projection Ads that had been taken down and Jason Reed's refusal to attend their engagement banquet.

There were far-reaching effects of angering Mr. Reed. Effects neither he nor Stevens Corporation could afford.

His family reckoned that it was because of Grace that Jason had refused to meet them. But now, he didn't know what to think.

"Grace, you're only fit to be a sanitation worker." Lily smiled cruelly. "And you're so good at it!"

Grace's eyes narrowed. She was furious.

Lily's recent actions weren't helping, and for once, Sean wished she would just shut up instead of being so spiteful.

"Do you think Mr. Reed knows that you're already out of prison?" She tapped her chin with her free hand. "He made your life a living hell in there, didn't he?"

Grace shuddered.

"Funny, if he doesn't know it already, he just might recognize you on the news from our interviews today. Maybe you should think about relocating. I believe that before long, you will no longer be able to survive in this city," Lily said. With that, she walked away

with Sean, holding him by the arm.

Grace watched them leave.

She took her tools and headed toward a section of the highway, riding on the bicycle provided by the Sanitation Service Center.

Grace had already buried the feelings that she had had for Sean. Any emotions she had for him, had died long ago. Seeing him, again, while a bit of a surprise, didn't stir anything in her heart. It

didn't even raise much amity. He was just...dead to her.

She didn't feel anything for him. And seeing Sean and Lily holding each other intimately, bah. They deserved each other.

Grace left and went about her work, oblivious to a figure who was standing in one corner, witnessing the scene.

In the news agency, reporter Brian was watching the news about Lily's visit to the Sanitation Service Center to offer her apologies to the sanitation workers.

It wasn't the kind of fluff piece he wanted to cover, but she'd been

the city's darling, and his boss had set him on the story so he covered it.

When he saw a dark-haired woman appearing on the screen, he started to frown. He found this woman familiar, but he couldn't

remember where he had seen her.

“Who is this woman? Why does she look so familiar?”

Brian watched the news footage over and over again, and then he finally noticed that some other details popped out to him.

First, Lily’s hands clenched the gift box and her smile turned brittle when this woman exited the center and approached the press conference.

Second, the woman bore none of the excitement that her coworkers had. On the contrary, she looked positively resentful to be there. Which was odd, considering every employee that participated in the Atkinson Dumpster Fire he laughed at his own pun for Lily’s social media debacle had been thrilled to receive the compensation check and luxury apparel.

Not this woman though.

Then he noticed that in the background, Sean had visibly paled and began to look very uneasy the minute this woman appeared.

“Sean ....” Brian seemed to have thought of something and he started to search through the internet.

After a while, he found a piece of news that had been reported three years ago. A picture of the woman who had received the gift from Lily. Only she looked beautiful, vibrant in a way that he was shocked it was the same woman.

“This is too much of a coincidence!” Brian exclaimed.

Three years ago, that woman had been Sean’s girlfriend. Fast forward to today, and the successful attorney was sweeping the streets? That was a hell of a tumble. And this woman just so happened to be receiving a gift from Sean’s current girlfriend as an apology?

”

Brian rubbed his hands together. If he’d had a mustache, he would’ve given it a twirl. He laughed to himself as his excitement

grew.

There was a story here.

A juicy one.

Where others had missed this one integral detail, he'd seen it. And he was going to toast on it.

He dug into forming his story and drafting it.

Although there were more salacious ways to capitalize on the direction of his thoughts, he kept to the facts. With a story like this... it wouldn't matter. He was fine to let the public speculate.

That would just encourage more people to read.

When he handed his work to the editor, the editor rejected it and told him to rewrite it.

"Why must I re-write it?" Brian asked unhappily. To be frank, he was offended. He'd done a damn good job catching this anomaly and building out the story around it. "Seriously, why do you want it rewritten? This is a slam dunk. You have to see that this is headline-worthy."