

Ex Convict 691

Chapter 691

Jason looked at the photos on his phone. They were all photos of Brian pulling Grace into a car.

Although they had just been posted online, it was already a hot topic.

Many were even speculating about the relationship between Grace and Brian.

Terrence looked fearfully at his boss who was staring darkly at the phone in his hand. Then, he finally mustered the courage

to say lamely, "Well... Mr. Hart had appeared too quickly. The bodyguards who were in charge of secretly protecting Miss Cummins didn't even have the chance to..."

His bright eyes just stared at the photo on the phone while his fingers tightened.

"Get rid of these. I don't want to see them online anymore," Jason ordered coldly after a while.

"Yes," Terrence hastily replied and got out of the president's office.

In the quiet room, Jason's finger gently caressed Grace's figure on the phone screen. Finally, it landed on the spot where Brian was holding Grace's wrist.

Brian was leading her forward. The scene looked like a painting he had seen before.

He still remembered that when he was a child, he accidentally entered Brian's studio and saw the paintings Brian painted. Those paintings all consisted of a little girl and a little boy.

There was one where the little girl walked with the little boy in the dense forest, leading him by the hand. There was also one where she carried him on her back. These paintings were like Brian's treasures. He would not even allow a second look.

However, in the painting, the little girl was holding the little boy's hand as they walked forward. In this photo, Brian walked forward while holding Grace's hand.

It was like history repeating itself.

'Or is the bond between these two really inextricable?... Even if they've missed each other again and again? Even if they don't know about it? Would fate still bring the two of them together?

'No! By hook or by crook, I will never let that happen.

'Grace can only be mine and will only be mine!"

Jason's eyes flickered with ruthlessness and determination!

When Grace returned to Reed Residence, she almost jumped out of her skin as soon as she walked into her bedroom and switched on the lights.

Jason was sitting on the couch in her bedroom, looking at her with those beautiful eyes.

"Why didn't you switch on the lights?" The bedroom curtains were drawn now, so the room was dark.

"I was thinking about something." Jason smiled, stood up, and walked slowly over to Grace. He took the two law books she was holding from her hand and asked, "Did you buy them today?"

"Yes. I'm going to brush up on my knowledge and also learn about the latest laws and case studies," said Grace. In particular, local laws would change almost every year, so even lawyers needed to constantly absorb the latest content.

"Are these all you bought today?" Jason's voice became even softer.

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"Something happened when I was buying the books in the bookstore. Then, I met Brian," Grace said without hiding anything

After all, she did not want someone else to tell him and cause him to misunderstand.

His eyes rested on her face. "Then what?"

"People were filming me with their phones and there were a lot of people looking on. Brian helped me by taking me away in his car. He stopped the car a few hundred meters away from the bookstore, and I got out to meet Lina."

She gave a rough account of what had happened.

"Jason, I don't want you to misunderstand anything. It just so happened that Brian passed by today," said Grace.

If she felt differently about Brian, it was only because her strange dreams had made her wonder.

His eyelashes quivered a little, then he stretched out his arms to embrace her. "I won't misunderstand anything because I know I'm the one you love most, right?"

"Mmm," she replied softly, leaning against his chest and feeling his cool body temperature. "Jason, you're the only one I love."

There's no one else."

His hands that were wrapped around her tightened slightly. "Grace, you mustn't fall in love with anyone else. I won't stand it."

"How can it be?" Grace smiled, lifted her chin, stood on tiptoes, and took the initiative to kiss him. "Do you think there's anyone in the world who loves me more than you?"

"No, I'm the one who loves you the most!" he answered, grabbing the back of her head with one hand and kissing her back hard.

His kiss almost took her breath away.

"Um... Jay... That... That's enough..." She turned away almost in a fluster to take a breath, but the next moment, his lips kissed hers again.

"Grace, not enough... It's not enough..." he murmured, kissing her more deeply.

He could not seem to kiss her enough. He wanted to own all of her, to brand her with his breath and his mark.

Jason picked Grace up horizontally, his bright peach blossom eyes full of lust.

Grace was shocked. 'No way. He's not going to...' "It's not evening yet." She blushed as she gasped, her chest heaving. She did not

know her bashful look was more likely to provoke desire.

He lay her gently on the bed, trying hard to resist the urge.

He would probably frighten her!

She had no idea how badly he wanted her.

"So what?" he asked with his breath fragrant like an orchid as he lowered his head. His lips came close to her ear as he breathed softly. His fingers tugged her hair before slipping down to her collar.

Grace's face immediately turned redder. She knew what he was trying to do.

His eyes, eyebrows, and the expression on his face seemed so full of temptation now that she could not take her eyes away from his face.

"Grace, say you want me," he said, his voice cold and hoarse with emotion. "All I have is you. Say you want me, all right?"

She felt as if she was sinking into his eyes. His voice... 'How could I not want him?'

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"Jason, I want you," her red lips said the words as he had wished.

The next moment, his body covered her...

Stella Lindsay looked at her phone and could not find what she had seen before.

The news of Brian holding Grace's hand suddenly broke out on the internet, and she only found the photos on the news offensive

to the eye.

'In Brian's mind, I should be the one who saved him! Why did he have to rescue Grace in public and even drag Grace into his car?'

In the photo, the way he looked at Grace... Was as if... He cared more about her than anything!

'If Brian knows that Grace is the one he's looking for...' Stella Lindsay did not dare to think more about it.

Just then, a voice suddenly rang out, "Hey, why is someone still staring at their phone? The latest gossip about the crown prince has long been removed from the web. He must've done it to protect the woman!"

Then, another voice said in agreement, "That's right. Someone thought she could get into a rich and powerful family because she saved the crown prince when she was little. Who does she think she is?"

"Exactly. Does she think she's cultured just because she got into a university? She couldn't have stepped into this university if it weren't for the crown prince."

Stella Lindsay turned around to look and saw that the ones speaking were her university classmates.

She had asked Brian to get her into this university.

This was a famous aristocratic university in Emerald City, and

those who could study here were either rich or aristocratic.

However, it also made her look a little out of place.

Even though she wore designer clothes and carried a

limited-edition bag worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, she was still just a country bumpkin in her classmates' eyes.

Of course, she did not dare to do anything about it, so she tried her best to show off her relationship with Brian in front of her classmates. She had also asked Brian to pick her up from the university several times before.

Brian did not refuse her request and went along with her wishes.

He picked her up from the university, which made her popular.

Supposedly, he was coming to pick her up today. As such, she slipped her tongue on purpose to let the whole class know.

Of course, she received a bunch of envious and jealous glances.

However, who would have thought that when the time came, Brian did not show up. Instead, she saw the news about him and Grace on her phone and was ridiculed by her classmates.

“Why, are we wrong?” One of the classmates raised her chin in triumph when she saw Stella Lindsay looking over. “Who does she think she is? Does she think she can be the crown prince’s girlfriend?”

Stella Lindsay bit her lip, ran out of the university, and stopped a taxi. She got into it and told the driver the address of Brian’s private mansion.

At the mansion’s gate, the servant opened the door to let Stella Lindsay in.

In the living room, Stella Lindsay saw Brian sitting on the couch with an empty wine bottle and another half-empty wine bottle in front of him. In his hand, he was holding a goblet filled with wine the color of blood.

His body was leaning precariously against the couch, the front part of his shirt wide open to reveal his chest.

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His hair, which had always been neatly combed, was now a little messy. A few strands of hair hung before his forehead, and his handsome face was not as indifferent and estranged as usual.

Instead, it was showing some blurry decadence.

In his other hand, he held a small silver bracelet.

Those phoenix eyes kept staring at the bracelet.

Seeing the bracelet, Stella Lindsay felt even more complicated.

Instead of giving her the silver bracelet after she assumed Grace’s identity, Brian kept it by his side.

Even when she was with him sometimes, he looked at the bracelet as if he was looking at something through it.

'What is he looking at? Is he thinking of Grace when she was younger?' The idea sent Stella Lindsay into a frenzy of jealousy.

"Brian." Stella Lindsay bit her lip and pretended to be wronged. "Why didn't you come to see me at school today? Instead, you're drinking alone. You don't know how worried I was about you. I was afraid something had happened to you."

Raising his phoenix eyes lazily, Brian looked at Stella Lindsay and smiled a little, but it seemed to be a self-deprecating smile.

"I forgot. I'm sorry I worried you," he said.

However, his words made Stella Lindsay feel even more uncomfortable.

He was always so unaccustomed and polite to her that he never even took the initiative to take her hand.

However, the picture she saw online today was of him taking the initiative to pull Grace into the car.

"Has something happened that's making you drink like this? I know I may not be able to help, but at least I can listen to you...

Just as how you confessed to me when we were little," Stella Lindsay said with fake concern as she came forward.

Of course, this was all what Grace had said to her when they were younger.

She was mentioning it now to remind him of the affection he had felt as a child and to treat her better.

"When we were younger..." Brian murmured. Then, he got up with a slight wobble, put down the wine glass in his hand, and approached her step by step.

There were already signs of intoxication in his phoenix eyes.

As he stood still before her, he suddenly murmured, "Why you? Why not her?"

Stella Lindsay was stunned for a moment. She did not quite catch what he meant by that.

However, the next moment, as she saw him looking at the small bracelet again, her blood suddenly froze.

'What he means is that... Why am I the one who saved him when he was younger and not Grace?'

"I..." She tried to say something but found her throat to be dry. His glance made her feel terrifyingly guilty.

“All right, you can leave. I’m okay, just a little tired. I want to be alone,” Brian said lightly. He sat back on the couch and lowered

his head to stare at the small bracelet in his hand.

It was as if the bracelet was the whole world to him!

Stella Lindsay’s eyes were full of jealousy. ‘Given time, I’ll be able to take Grace’s place in his heart completely!’

She would make him completely transfer the feelings he felt for Grace as a child to her!

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Having not read such professional law books in nearly four years, Grace thought she would be rusty and might not even be able to

remember the legal provisions.

However, she seemed to remember them as easily as before. She was even like a sponge, looking at all sorts of case studies and absorbing the experience of her predecessors.

Perhaps it was the brain’s instinctive desire to fill in the gaps left by the last four years.

Grace enjoyed the two thick law books.

In the study next to Jason’s desk, another desk had been set aside for Grace.

Grace read carefully, and if she had any doubts, she would habitually mark it in the book before using the internet to look up the relevant information.

Absorbed in her book, Grace did not notice Jason who was sitting on the other side. He was looking at her with his deep eyes.

He had never seen her as a lawyer, and he had not bothered to glance at her even when she was a prisoner.

The first time he met her, she was wearing a fluorescent sanitation service worker uniform and looked awkward.

He had seen much of her since, but only now was he seeing her so absorbed in something.

He could almost imagine her at her desk when she was still a lawyer, absorbed in the cases she was working on.

Right, she said she liked her job as a lawyer.

Her rapt attention at the moment seemed to prove what she said to be true.

It was as if all she saw were the case studies, legal provisions...

His eyes could not help being attracted to her. He only found her seemingly more beautiful at this moment. It was not like the usual serenity, but there was some persistence against the wind and snow.

It was like a blooming plum blossom raising its head alone amid the strong snowstorm.

'Is this... The woman I love? No matter what kind of torture she has suffered, she still carries persistence in her heart and loves her career loves so much.'

Jason only felt some kind of shock in his heart.

At that moment, he even wanted to hide her so that only he could look at her this way and no one else could.

After Grace was done reading the case study, she looked up only to find Jason staring at her. "What's wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I just think you look very beautiful when you're absorbed in your reading," he replied.

Her face turned red immediately, and at that moment, her phone rang. Grace answered it and heard a soft female voice coming from the phone. "Is this Miss Cummins? We're XX Hospital. You've made an appointment with Dr. Guzman earlier. Are you coming at the appointed time tomorrow?"

Grace hurriedly replied, "Yes, I'll be there on time tomorrow."

"All right. Sorry for bothering you. Goodbye," the lady replied politely.

Grace put away her phone while Jason's voice rang in her ear. "What? Where are you going tomorrow?"

She bit her lip slightly, looked up at him, and said, "I'm going to the hospital. I haven't been sleeping well lately, so I want to consult a doctor."

Ultimately, she did not tell him the cause of her bad sleep was the series of dreams, lest he would think too much of it.

If she had amnesia and those dreams were of her meeting Brian when they were younger, then... That meant Brian had not

mistaken her for someone else previously!

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However, what was going on with Stella then?

If it turned out that her dreams were not related to memory loss

but she might have dreamed it because she heard Stella talk

about it as a child, then she was merely thinking too much.

If she told Jason, it would only rouse his suspicions.

At least... She would only tell him when everything was settled.

"Why don't I find you an expert?" asked Jason.

The experts he spoke of were of course top-notch.

"I've made the appointment for tomorrow, so no thanks for now. Let's talk about it after I consult the doctor," said Grace.

"I'll go with you tomorrow," said Jason.

"No thanks. It's not a holiday tomorrow. I can go by myself. I'm just checking out my headache. You don't need to accompany me," Grace said hurriedly. After all, she was going to the doctor tomorrow to ask about her dreams, so it would be rather inconvenient if he was there.

His eyes glistened a little, and his long lashes dropped slightly to

hide the look in his eyes. "Be careful, then. I'll ask the driver to take you there tomorrow."

"Sure," she answered softly.

The next day, Grace arrived at the hospital's outpatient clinic at the appointed time.

When facing the doctor, she talked about her symptoms one by one, including her dreams and the occasional headache which was accompanied by some broken images.

However, she could not see what the images were.

After listening, Dr. Guzman pondered for a moment and said, "It could be that the memory is impaired and because of some stimulus, it has started to recover locally."

Grace was shocked, vaguely recalling that she started having these dreams and headaches when Brian told her about his

childhood.

Only at that time, she thought she had the dream because she was thinking about it all day and night.

‘Could it be that what Brian said was... A stimulus to me?’

“Has your family ever mentioned that you’ve lost some of your memory?” asked Dr. Guzman.

Grace shook her head. At least her father and stepmother had not mentioned this before, and as for Grandma... Now that Grandma was dead, she could not ask even if she wanted to.

“Of course, memory loss is one possibility, but it could also be something else. If you want to know if it’s amnesia or fantasy, you can find out by hypnosis,” said Dr. Guzman.

“Hypnosis?” Grace did not expect the doctor to say the same thing as Lina Sweeney. “Can hypnosis confirm whether it’s amnesia?”

“Yes, but it needs to be done by an experienced psychiatrist. An experienced psychologist can make a judgment based on your reaction. If you need anything, I can refer you to a psychologist. Of course, you can decide whether to go or not,” replied Dr. Guzman.

As Dr. Guzman spoke, he took a note and wrote the psychiatrist’s name as well as contact information on it.

Grace took it and said thank you.

Coming out of the outpatient clinic, Grace was a little preoccupied.

‘Hypnosis...’ Hypnosis was the quickest way to determine whether the events in her dream were imaginary or part of a lost memory.

She had set her heart on finding out what the dream was all about.

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However, when she got to the point of hypnosis, she was a little hesitant.

‘If that’s my memory, am I really the one Brian is looking for? What should I do? Tell Brian I’m the one he’s looking for?’

‘Will it only create more trouble?’

‘However... If I don’t get to the bottom of this, then...’ Her heart felt empty like it had no bottom. It was as if imagination and reality were constantly interlacing, making her feel uneasy.

As she was thinking about this, her phone rang suddenly. It was a call from Jason. Grace answered and heard a familiar male voice from her phone. “How was your trip to the hospital? Have you seen the doctor?”

“Yes, I have,” replied Grace.

“What did the doctor say?”

“It’s... It’s nothing serious. I’ll keep it under observation for a while,” she said somewhat guiltily. After all, she had always felt that partners should be honest with each other, yet now she was lying to him.

“Great. There’s a trade fair tomorrow. Come with me. I’ve told jewelry you like,” said Jason.

“Sure,” replied Grace.

When the call ended, Jason, who was on the other side of the line, looked coldly at Terrence. “What did Dr. Guzman say other than suggesting that she do hypnosis?”

“He gave Miss Cummins the name and contact information of a psychiatrist.” As Terrence spoke, he passed over a note that would surprise Grace if she came across it here.

This was because the name and contact number on the note were the same as the one she had gotten from Dr. Guzman.

“Keep an eye on this. If Grace does go to this psychiatrist, I want to know right away,” Jason said coldly.

“Yes,” replied Terrence.

As a private secretary, he could not understand why Young Master Reed would watch Miss Cummins so closely when she was only seeing a doctor.

Of course, what confused him more was... The doctor on this note was a psychiatrist.

‘Is Miss Cummins going to see a psychiatrist?’

However, Terrence was wise enough to never inquire about what

he should not ask, and that was why he was able to stay in this position for so many years.

Joy Color was a well-known shop in Emerald City. However, Joy Color was only popular in high society. After all, those who could enter the shop were either rich or aristocratic.

Grace had visited Joy Color once when she was dating Sean Stevens.

Otherwise, she would not even know what Joy Color was.

The driver drove Grace to Joy Color’s entrance. The manager

of the shop had apparently been informed. As soon as Grace appeared, he respectfully stepped forward and said, “Hello, Miss Cummins. I’m the shop’s manager. My last name is Wang.

You can call me Manager Wang, Miss Cummins.”

Manager Wang led Grace into the gown section, then passionately and respectfully introduced some gowns that were suitable for Grace.

The other staff were also extremely respectful toward Grace as they would hold the gowns to show her and brought her various shoes as well as bags to look at.

The treatment was simply a VIP-level treatment.

Grace remembered faintly when Sean Stevens had brought her here the previous time. The staff merely gave her a curt reception before moving on to the socialites.

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All she was left with was embarrassment back then.

She had not been here since.

She knew the staff’s respectful attitude toward her was not because she was Grace but because the man behind her was

Jason.

This was the reality of it. Many people in this society would climb on the bandwagon.

However, she hoped that one day, people would look her in the eye not because of who was behind her but just because of herself.

In the end, Grace chose a purple gown. This gown was very simple in design. Although the design was relatively conservative, it gave people a sense of elegance and demure. The combination of crushed diamonds and lace at the waist

and skirt brought out a sense of etherealization that helped the gown from feeling too rigid.

One of the staff was about to say something when Grace chose the gown, but Manager Wang stopped him with his eyes.

Only when Grace entered the fitting room did the staff say,

“So what if she fancies it? It’s not hers. Besides, the crown prince hasn’t acknowledged Miss Lindsay’s identity, but this. one...” Manager Wang tutted. “Young Master Reed ordered us to entertain her well and to let her buy whatever she likes.”

Hearing this, the staff immediately fell silent.

After a while, Grace came out of the fitting room wearing the gown, lighting up the eyes of everyone there.

The gown was a great foil to Grace's disposition. The purple color's elegance and calmness seemed to mix well with her water-like serenity.

She had a comely face with no makeup on, and her hair was simply tied up. Although she was just standing there and looking at people quietly, the others could not help but put their eyes on her.

Immediately, Manager Wang seemed only too eager to use all his praises on Grace.

Naturally, Grace would not take Manager Wang's

exaggerated praises seriously, but... The gown was indeed nice, and it fit her just right.

"I'll take this one then," said Grace.

"Sure, Miss Cummins. Please come this way. Mr. Reed told us
to

reserve some jewelry so that you can see which set you'd like," said Manager Wang.

Therefore, Grace followed Manager Wang out of the fitting room and was walking down the corridor when Grace stopped in her tracks suddenly because the two people walking toward her happened to be her acquaintances.

'Brian and Stella Lindsay!'

Stella Lindsay's eyes immediately widened at the sight of the gown Grace was wearing as she immediately shouted, "Why are you wearing my gown?"

"Your gown?" asked Grace as she raised her eyebrows.

"Yes, I had my eye on it!" Stella Lindsay now looked at Grace with envy in her eyes.

She thought the gown looked elegant. She specially brought Brian here today hoping to impress him by wearing the gown in front of him.

She did not think she was any worse than those female celebrities!

However, she did not expect Grace to be wearing the gown and... She looked so beautiful!

"Grace, you're not going to take my gown, are you?" asked Stella Lindsay.

Grace turned her head to look at Manager Wang. "Is this gown hers?"

Manager Wang was moaning and groaning to himself right
now.

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In his opinion, Stella Lindsay was only rumored online to be the crown prince's next girlfriend, but the prince never admitted it, had he?

Therefore, he was not afraid to offend Stella Lindsay.

However, unexpectedly, the crown prince actually accompanied her here, which made him look like he was concerned about Stella Lindsay.

‘Is Stella Lindsay really the woman the crown prince likes?’

One was the crown prince’s woman, and the other one was

Young Master Reed’s woman. Manager Wang only wished he could pass out immediately so that he would not have to face such a difficult problem.

Brian only stared at Grace blankly. She stood still, waiting for the manager’s reply.

The lights from the corridor fell softly on her, making her look

gentle and quiet.

However, there seemed to be tenacity in those apricot eyes. The woman may look gentle, but it seemed as if nothing could

crush her.

pain could not erase the tenacity and clarity in her eyes.

Stella Lindsay looked at the way Brian looked at Grace and felt even more jealous. Therefore, she bit her lip and pretended to be aggrieved as she said, “Brian, I wanted to wear the gown to show it to you. Didn’t you say you liked the color purple when we were younger? You said you were going to give me a purple dress someday.”

Brian pursed his thin lips slightly. When he heard Stella Lindsay say these words, his heart seemed to start throbbing

again.

The person who attracted all his attention was not the one he was looking for. The one who was with him when he was younger was Stella Lindsay!

‘Why must it be Stella Lindsay? Why can’t it be Grace?’

However, there was no solution to this!

“Just choose another one. This isn’t the only purple dress,” said

Brian.

After hearing Brian’s words, Manager Wang felt a little

relieved. He felt like he was alive again.

Stella Lindsay’s eyes were full of resentment.

Just then, Grace suddenly said, “Sis, since you like this gown, I’ll give it to you” Then, she turned her head to Manager Wana

said, "Let's go back to where we were. I'll just choose another dress."

Stella Lindsay was stunned, not expecting Grace to give in to her.

However, this did not make her happy. Instead, she thought she was just picking up what Grace did not want.

She was the one who asked for the gown, so now, she could not say no.

"What are you giving?" A graceful male voice rang out.

Grace looked up and saw Jason coming over. "Why are you here?"

"I took care of whatever was at hand and came over to see you," he said, a flash of amazement in his eyes.

Her water-like serenity complemented the composed and mysterious purple color. She seemed to be getting more and more beautiful before she knew it.

There was gentleness and vigor in her eyes that had replaced the lethargy during their first meeting.

He was getting more and more worried that his Grace would inadvertently attract other men, just like... Brian who was here right now!

Chapter 700

Jason glanced at Brian out of the corner of his eye.

Brian seemed to notice and turned his eyes to meet Jason's.

The two men's eyes met in mid-air as if engaged in silent competition.

Suddenly, Jason put a smile on his lips. He put his hand on Grace's shoulders and bent down. Placing his face close to her cheek, he softly asked the question again, "What did you say you were going to give?"

Brian only found it irritating.

'Jason... He's doing that on purpose!

'Is he deliberately showing off his intimacy with Grace to tell others not to make any more attempts at her?'

Brian felt a tingling in his mouth.

When had he gone after another man's fiancée?

For his part, he had never lacked women, nor did he care to make any attempts at a woman who already had someone else in her heart.

relationship.

However... Grace seemed to be an exception.

Was it because she was too much like the girl he had in mind?

Grace only felt as if she was surrounded by Jason's scent.

He was so close to her. She lifted her eyes and could see his eyelashes. "Sis has already had her eye on this gown and specially came over to try it on today. In that case, she can have it. I'll just choose something else."

Grace blushed as she spoke. Jason finally straightened up and said with a half-smile, "All right."

Grace went up to Stella Lindsay again and said, "Sis, I'll go and change out of this dress later."

Stella Lindsay could not help but clench her teeth. She got the gown, but now she felt like a failed ragpicker.

'Growing up, I couldn't beat Grace no matter what. Now, it's the same even with a dress?

'One day, I'm going to let Grace pick up what I don't want!'

Just as she thought so, Grace's voice suddenly rang again. "However, did Brian really say to you when he was little that

he would give you a purple dress someday?" She emphasized

the

word 'you'

With that, Stella Lindsay immediately felt a chill running down her back. She felt as if the hair on her arms was standing on

end.

There was a look of horror in her eyes, but she stubbornly retorted, "Of course." However, there was a quiver in her voice

as she said these two words.

Grace said nothing more but turned her head toward Jason and said, "Jason, will you go with me to choose another

gown?"

"Sure," Jason said gently, holding Grace's hand.

Manager Wang hastened to lead the way, grateful that he

survived this.

Brian looked at Jason's hand that held Grace's with mixed

feelings. Just as she had said so easily that she could give the gown away, his heart suddenly ached as if she was going to give him away just as easily too.

'Give?

'Why do I feel that way?'

Clearly, Grace's relationship with him was far from 'giving.