

Ex Convict 891

Chapter 891

Upon hearing the servant entering, Hadwin Stephenson turned to look at her and shouted coldly, "Get out!"

"Yes, yes!" The servant quickly put down the bowl of soup and left the living room.

Only Lina and Hadwin Stephenson were left in the large living room.

"Lina, get up!" said Hadwin Stephenson.

"No!" She was drunk, but she could still yell out the word clearly.

"Stop that now. Drink the soup first." He was so patient that his subordinates would have been shocked if they saw him like this.

He had never wanted to open his heart to anyone, not to mention coaxing a woman like this. She was the only exception.

"Hadwin Stephenson... What do I do? I seem... I seem to like you... Uh... More and more..." she mumbled.

He knew she was talking drunkenly, but he felt as though there was a hard pang to his heart. "If you really like me, why did you go to that show and grab other men's clothes?"

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"I was helping Grace... to blow off some steam. Hehe... Besides... they're pretty handsome... However..." She belched

again before taking his face in her hands. "I'm... just looking at them... You're... the only one I like... I like you so much, so so much..."

As she spoke, she kissed him on the cheek like those drunken perverts in movies and TV shows.

However, he could not bear to push her away and allowed her to do whatever she liked to him.

He could smell alcohol in the air.

He would have hated it if it had been anyone else, but she could never annoy him.

She said 'I like you so much' again and again as she kissed him repeatedly.

"Lina, tell me you love me," said Hadwin Stephenson. It was as if he could only feel at ease when she said so.

She raised her head slightly, and her round eyes seemed intoxicated.

Then, she grinned, revealing her cute little canine teeth that tugged at his heartstrings.

"Of course... Uh... I love Stephenson!" she said.

you, Hadwin

His large hand grabbed the back of her head as he kissed her hard on the lips. He wanted her to love him and be more

affectionate with him than anyone else.

She was his suffering and fluke. He only hoped he could grow old with her!

The ringtone of Lina's phone woke her up. When she opened her eyes, she caught sight of Hadwin Stephenson's handsome face and... the way the two of them were wrapped in the sheets.

"You..." She was startled, then pain shot through her head. She let out a whine.

"Does your head hurt?" His voice rang in

her ear.

“Yeah,” she mumbled pitifully.

Then, a pair of large hands touched her head as long fingers began to rub gently at her temples.

After a while, Lina felt more comfortable. She glanced over at Hadwin Stephenson’s body. Although both of them were still wrapped in the sheets, it did not prevent her from looking at his body that was exposed.

‘His muscles... Tsk, tsk... They make my mouth water!’

‘Did we... have sex?’ Lina blinked.

However, she was a grown woman. She could see what had happened without Hadwin Stephenson telling her.

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However, she regretted it a little. ‘I was drunk, so I can’t remember exactly how we did the deed. It looks like I have to try a little harder and have another memorable time with him.’

Suddenly, as if remembering something, she cried out, “Ah, where’s Grace? Wasn’t I with Grace yesterday?”

Hadwin Stephenson was annoyed when she mentioned this. “So you remember you were with Grace? What did you tell me yesterday? You said you had to work on a project. Then what happened? You took Grace to a place like that to watch a Lina winced guiltily. “I just wanted to help

Grace blow off some steam and not get sick. I did work on my project during the day. That's why... I only went to Grace in the afternoon!"

"What about the clothes you grabbed? I've never seen you grab my clothes, yet you would grab some stranger's clothes."

He snapped, but his movements were gentle and careful.

"I... I got it... for Grace!" Lina immediately used Grace as an excuse.

'Well, um, I did say I was going to give it to my best friend.'

"Oh, yes. Where's the vest?" She remembered suddenly.

"I threw it away," Hadwin Stephenson said as he curled his lips, 'Am I going to save it for the new year if I don't throw it away now?'

Lina blinked and said with a distressed expression on her face, "Why did you throw it away? Do you know that if I sell it online, I could at least earn 2,000 to 3,000 dollars from it?!"

Her heart ached at the loss!

"Is that all? I'll give you the money later!"

He rolled his eyes at her.

"If you give me the money, that means I didn't earn it. It's much more satisfying when you spend the money you earn! Hey, rub a little harder. A little more to the left... Yes, there it is. Rub a little more.

It feels good here," she said.

Hadwin Stephenson was getting pissed off by this girl!

He was the one questioning her at first, but she ended up commanding him instead.

"Did you send Grace home yesterday?"

Was she drunk too?" asked Lina.

"She was drunk, but it wasn't me who sent her home. It was Jason," said Hadwin Stephenson.

Lina was surprised and instantly widened her eyes before turning to look at Hadwin Stephenson. "Jason? He went to the bar too?"

"Yeah, he even saw you two dancing and singing!"

"What was he doing there? Didn't he break up with Grace?"

"Why don't you go and ask him that?"

Hadwin Stephenson raised his eyebrows.

Lina was rendered speechless. After considering the way Jason behaved, Lina thought it would be better to ask Grace.

Suddenly, she remembered one thing and quickly picked up her phone that was left on the bedside, ready to make a call.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm making a call. I didn't go home all night. My parents should be worried." She could imagine her parents lecturing

her for a long while after going home today.

"I've already told your parents. They won't worry anymore," he said.

'What?' Lina blinked before reacting.

"You told them... I was staying at your

place for the night?”

“You tell me,” he replied, raising his eyebrows.

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“Then... Then don't they know that we... Gosh!” whined Lina. ‘My parents are the most conservative type of people. If they know that someone has had their way with me... Uh, no... That I had my way with someone, would they punish me by making me kneel on the washboard

after I go home?’

“Is it embarrassing to sleep with me?” His expression sank. She looked as if he was a mortifying secret that she needed to keep.

“No, no! There's nothing more honorable than to sleep with you! I'm just afraid

that my parents won't accept it because they're conservative,” Lina said hurriedly.

Hadwin Stephenson only felt that every time he was about to be pissed off, this woman would then amuse him. “All I

told your parents was that you had a few drinks and slept in the guest room I arranged for you.”

“Whew!

Lina was relieved.

“Alright, get dressed and go down for breakfast. Have some soup for your hangover. It'll make you feel better,” he said. She never had the chance to drink the soup the servant prepared last night.

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“Alright, get dressed and go down for breakfast. Have some soup for your hangover. It’ll make you feel better,” he

said. She never had the chance to drink

the soup the servant prepared last night.

“Okay!” replied Lina. She then watched Hadwin Stephenson get out of bed and give her a set of new clothes before taking his clothes out of the closet and putting them on.

Lina kept staring at Hadwin Stephenson. She only found the image of him putting on his clothes supremely pleasing to the eyes!

‘It’s a pity that... I have no memory of last night!’ She was again mourning her drunken stupor of the night before. Otherwise, she could have had more ‘pleasant’ memories.

“What’s the matter? Why are you looking

prer

at me like that?” asked Hadwin

Stephenson as he looked at Lina.

There was a mixture of admiration and regret in her eyes.

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“No... Nothing.” Then, she started putting on her clothes. She picked them up and looked at the label. ‘It’s a luxury brand. This set of clothes cost more than my

annual income!

‘But... Um, they’re clothes from my boyfriend, so I’ll still wear them!’

Lina washed up and followed Hadwin Stephenson downstairs for breakfast. After breakfast, she drank the soup for

her hangover.

However, the soup tasted pretty bad.

Lina did not want to drink it, but Hadwin

Stephenson coaxed her until she finished

1.

Hadwin Stephenson then drove his car

and sent Lina to the design firm. “Don’t

go to such places again, got it?" he said
as she stepped out of the car.

"Got it," replied Lina. She only took Grace
there out of curiosity because she saw
someone mention it online.

Once she entered the firm, she quickly sent her best friend a WeChat message.

[How were you yesterday? I heard from

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[How were you yesterday? I heard from

Hadwin that Jason took you out of the
bar.]

Grace did a double take after receiving the message from Lina.

She was in her bed when she woke up this morning. Everything in the rental house was as usual.
However, there was a box of hangover pills on the bedside
table.

She thought it was Lina who had sent her back to the rental house, but it turned
out to be... him.

Grace: [Nothing. I didn't see him when I woke up this morning. What about you? What happened to you
yesterday?]

Grace was in a daze about what

happened last night. All she

remembered was the atmosphere

hyping up, and before she and Lina knew

it, they had already drunk too much.

Then, she and Lina sang and danced together.

She felt as if she could vent out all the bitterness pent up in her heart, so she became more and more relaxed, hoping to release all her anguish.

It was as if she could only relax in this way.

Chapter 894

[I'm alright. Hadwin Stephenson took me to his mansion for a night's rest.] Lina was embarrassed to say that she had 'slept' with Hadwin Stephenson again.

During breakfast, Hadwin Stephenson had said in all seriousness, "You've done it to me again. You're dead meat if you don't take responsibility."

She was speechless. 'Don't women suffer more? I should be the one to say these.'

"Will

you take responsibility?" he asked as he stared at her.

"Uh... Sure." She nodded her head under his intense gaze.

Lina felt speechless yet sweet as she thought about what happened this morning. 'It feels pretty good that Hadwin Stephenson is forcing me to take responsibility!'

After chatting with Grace for a short while, Lina put away her phone, turned on the computer at her desk, and got ready to work.

On the other hand, Grace had put away her phone and was lost in thought as she looked at the case files spread out on her desk.

In the afternoon, Lawyer Carter asked Grace to sort out the information about the accident, especially the questionable points.

“Go see the witness Chase Harper and verify the questionable points he said the other day. Then get him to sign to show that he willingly expressed them. I’ve talked to the police, but it would be hard to re-open the case for investigation. However, they’re going to look at it again, so that’s good news,” said Lawyer Carter.

‘That’s indeed good news!’ thought Grace, hoping that the police could find new strong evidence and re-open the case for investigation.

Grace then sorted out the information and set out for Chase Harper’s dealership.

The dealership was actually small and remote, so Grace had to take two buses to get there.

When she arrived at the car dealership, she only saw Chase Harper talking with a staff member. He was pointing at the parts of a car beside him from time to time, using some jargon.

Chase Harper had a serious expression on his face right now, which was completely different from the shy and honest person he usually was. He indeed looked like a director.

Even ordinary people could impress others when they were doing something they were good at.

Chase Harper only noticed Grace after he was done talking to the staff. He immediately scratched his neck shyly

and said, "I... I was so focused on my work that I didn't notice you. I'm sorry. I... I'll make you some tea!"

Grace said, "No thanks. I'm not thirsty. Besides, I'm the one disturbing you."

"No, no!" Chase Harper welcomed Grace into his office and poured her a cup of tea.

Grace looked around the small office.

Although it was small and had a lot of things, she could see that Chase Harper probably spent a lot of time here. There was also a folding bed in the room.

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"It's a little messy." Chase Harper smiled awkwardly.

"It's only normal when you start your own business. I actually envy you for starting your own business," Grace said.

She had thought of starting her own business at the beginning, thinking that she would open her own law firm after accumulating enough experience.

However... She was only working as a paralegal now.

She could only sigh that things were ever-changing.

"Go through this document. I've typed out the questionable points you've mentioned. Sign your name if they're all right," Grace said as she handed Chase Harper the document in her hand.

She had already called Chase Harper to explain her intention before coming over.

Chase Harper took the document, went through it, and signed it.

Grace took it, picked up the pen, and also signed her name on the document. When she looked up, she found Chase Harper looking at her.

“What’s the matter? Is there a problem?”

she asked.

“You... must have... suffered a lot in...”

he muttered. He did not utter the word ‘prison’, but Grace knew what he meant.

“It’s all in the past now.” She smiled faintly.

It was as if the past had faded into thin air.

However, Chase Harper felt sad when he saw that smile. He had seen her signing her name earlier. Her finger bones had a slightly unnatural bulge as if they were badly injured and did not heal completely.

She wrote slower than ordinary people.

‘Is this the wound she got in prison?’

Even though she had rejected him several times, he still could not help wanting to care for her.

Just as Grace was about to get up and leave, Chase Harper said suddenly,

“Well... Are you free later? I have a gift for Nelson. Can you go with me?”

Grace was stunned a little. “You bought a gift for Nelson?”

“Yes, he’s a lovely boy.” Besides, he was deaf, so he felt a little more sympathy for the little guy.

“Alright, we’ll go together later.” She wanted to see Nelson and Kyla too.

They would be moving to G City in a

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few days, and Kyla had already sold her small restaurant. Everything was ready.

Kyla was doing all this just to avoid

Martin Weiss.

When Grace and Chase Harper arrived at Kyla Corbyn's current residence, they found several bags of luggage in the room. The things in the room were much less than what she had seen during her last visit.

When Nelson saw Chase Harper, he called him 'Uncle Harper' happily. Although Nelson had become more outgoing after installing the hearing aid, he did not get close to just anyone. He was only close to those he was familiar with.

However, Nelson clearly liked Chase Harper.

When Chase Harper brought out his gift, a toy bubble gun, Nelson was even happier.

Bubbles would come out from the muzzle of the toy gun when you pulled down the trigger.

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Children of Nelson's age loved bubbles, especially toys that were shaped like a gun.

Before long, there were bubbles all over the house.

Looking at the bubbles inside the house, Chase Harper felt a little embarrassed. "I... Well... Maybe I'll take Nelson outside to play for a while. I'll bring him back later."

"Yes. Thank you," Kyla Corbyn said with a smile.

"No worries. I enjoy playing with Nelson," Chase Harper said.

Nelson was excited to play with the bubbles outside, so he went out with Chase Harper happily.

Then, Kyla Corbyn asked Grace, "Why did you come here with him today?"

"I had to see him for some work and he happened to have gotten Nelson a gift, so we came together," said Grace. Then, she glanced at the luggage. "What about you? When are you going to G City?"

"In three days. We found a moving company to ship some of the furniture. I'll take the high-speed train with my mother and Nelson," said Kyla Corbyn.

"What time is your train? I'll come to see you off," said Grace.

"No thanks. It's not a weekend, so you have to work. Thank you anyway. I'll tell you when we've arrived in G City.

Besides, if you come to see me off, Nelson might not want to leave," said Kyla Corbyn.

Grace smiled. "Then I wish you a pleasant journey!"

"Thank you. I hope we'll have a pleasant trip." Kyla Corbyn smiled. "I hope my move to G City will bring me the peace I want.

'I hope... I never see Martin Weiss again!'

"Martin, what do you think of this necklace?" Paisley Daniels raised her chin slightly to reveal the diamond necklace on her neck.

The brilliant diamonds sparkled under the lights.

Martin Weiss glanced at it and said, "It's nice. Buy it if you like it."

"It costs 80 million though." Paisley Daniels sounded hesitant.

"As long as you like it, it doesn't matter how much it costs," said Martin Weiss.

Hearing that, Paisley Daniels smiled.

Her delicately made-up face seemed to grow more attractive.

She actually wanted a diamond ring rather than a diamond necklace!

However... Even though he had promised to announce their wedding date at the party in a few days, he had yet to give her a diamond ring.

There was a nagging fear in her mind that something might happen.

Paisley Daniels looked at the other jewelry casually before deliberately exclaiming, "Wow, this ring is beautiful."

"This is our latest limited-edition

wedding ring. The diamond on it is the Mermaid's Tear that made the news last year. Our company won its bid to create this limited-edition ring," said the sales assistant.

Paisley Daniels picked up the diamond ring and examined it carefully.

At first, she was just trying to lead the conversation to her wedding ring, but

the more she looked at the ring, the better it looked.

“Martin...” Paisley Daniels bit her lip

slightly and looked at Martin Weiss. “This ring is so beautiful. Why don’t we... make it our wedding ring?”

Martin Weiss’s eyes fell on the diamond ring. It was named Mermaid’s Tear because the diamond’s original shape resembled the shape of a teardrop.

The tear reminded him of the last tears that the woman had shed for him.

Those eyes that were once full of love and hate turned into serenity as tears silently streamed down.

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Martin Weiss once again felt breathless at the thought of Kyla Corbyn.

“No!” He rejected without thinking. “Marriage should be a happy event. A teardrop-like diamond sounds ominous!”

Hearing that, Paisley Daniels was unable to say anything more. She just said,

“Well... Let’s look at something else, then.

Martin, what kind of wedding ring do you like?”

“We’ll see. Why don’t we take our time

picking out the ring after we announce the wedding date?” said Martin Weiss.

Hearing that, a touch of disappointment flashed in Paisley Daniels’s eyes, but she managed to put on an understanding smile. She said, “Then we’ll just take

our time to pick out the ring after announcing the wedding date.”

Paisley Daniels then picked out another pair of diamond earrings before leaving the jewelry store with Martin Weiss.

“Ask the driver to take you back later,”

said Martin Weiss.

“What about you?” Paisley Daniels was surprised.

“I have a few things to take care of. I’ll call you later,” said Martin Weiss.

Paisley Daniels could only nod her head,
but as she stepped into the car, she
asked nervously, "Martin, are we really
setting our wedding date... on that day?"

"What's the matter? Didn't you say it was an auspicious day? The elders have already made their plans,
so of course, we'll set it on that day," said Martin

Weiss.

'Yes, the elders in our families have
confirmed it. I have nothing to worry
about!

'I will marry Martin and become the mistress of the Weiss family!'

Paisley Daniels smiled, responded gently,
and got into the car.

'The wedding date is set for six months
later. I'll get everything I want... in six
months.

'I don't have to worry about Kyla Corbyn!'

After Paisley Daniels left, Martin Weiss walked along the road alone until he
came to a church.

It was a small church. Although it was
located in a downtown corner, it was a sharp contrast to the hustle and bustle of
the city.

He went in and saw that the church was
deserted at this hour. It was very quiet.
Inside the chapel, he walked to a statue
of Virgin Mary, quietly looking at the kind
Virgin Mary with a baby in her arms.

The woman had once stood in front of
the statue for a long time, even shedding

tears.

Back then, he had wondered why she

cried.

She said, "Because... I thought about Jesus's fate afterward... I'd be distressed if my child had to suffer someday. I think

I'd kill to protect my child."

He was baffled, not knowing why she would think of this and even cry about it.

'Are women so sentimental?'

If it were someone else crying, he would have been impatient, but her tears would only make him feel distressed.

Even then... he had deliberately

approached her. Everything was only a

lie.

He thought that he and she would never

have children.

However, later on, she told him she was

pregnant.

Chapter 898

'It was only her last attempt at taking advantage of my remaining affection.

'However, she was wrong, I have no

feelings for her at all!

'Yes, I have no feelings for her!'

Martin Weiss once again said to himself,

'But why... did the day she hurt herself keep appearing in my mind these days?

'It's as if she refuses to have anything to

do with me.

'I've finally found her, and if I never saw

her again...!

Martin Weiss only felt his heart throbbing with pain again as he thought of this. 'I haven't gotten my revenge. Only a few

years in prison isn't enough!

Persuading himself with this argument, he picked up his phone and made a call. "It's me. Get someone in Emerald City to keep an eye on her. Inform me if something's wrong."

'I won't allow her to disappear from my sight again no matter what.

'Even in hell, she hopes to never meet me again. However, I won't let her get what she wants!'

After leaving Kyla Corbyn's place, Chase Harper drove Grace back to the rental house.

On the way, Chase Harper asked, "Are Nelson and his family really moving to G City?"

"Yeah," said Grace.

"I thought I could visit Nelson more often in the future," said Chase Harper. He liked Nelson.

"Just because we're in a different city, it doesn't mean we won't meet again," said

As she spoke, a car suddenly came

from the other side of the road and

approached Chase Harper's car. They were clearly forcing them to stop.

"What's going on?" Chase Harper turned

the steering wheel quickly while stepping on the brakes. He abruptly stopped the car by the roadside.

Chase Harper was now angry. He

unbuckled his seat belt and said to

Grace, "I'll get out of the car and see what's going on. It's probably some rich kid driving recklessly!"

Chase Harper recognized that the car

that stopped them was a limited edition

Bentley, which probably cost more than

ten million dollars.

However, before Chase Harper could get out of the car, Grace suddenly took hold

of his hand.

Chase Harper was shocked. She usually kept her distance from him and would never have any physical contact with him like this.

However, now...

Chase Harper turned to Grace who was sitting in the passenger seat and found her staring at the Bentley in astonishment.

Grace had already recognized the car as Jason's.

Therefore, that meant... The one in the car was Jason!

Her pupils immediately shrank. Then, she saw the figure who got out of the driver's seat. It was the Reed family's driver!

The driver walked up to Chase Harper's car and respectfully tapped on the passenger door.

Grace opened the door with a stiff hand.

The driver said to Grace, "Miss Cummins, Mr. Reed would like to invite you to his car."

"Mr. Reed?" Chase Harper looked on strangely before asking Grace, "Do you know the man in the car?"

'How could I not?' Grace took a deep breath and said to Chase Harper, "I'll go over. You can go home first. Don't worry about me."

She then unbuckled her seat belt.

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Chase Harper hesitated and held Grace's hand back. "Why don't I go with

you? What if..."

"It'll be alright." She smiled at him and patted the back of his hand. "I know him."

Chase Harper let go of her hand reluctantly.

Grace got out of the car and followed the driver to the black Bentley.

The driver opened the backseat door and Grace got in. Chase Harper could only vaguely see a man in a suit sitting in

the back seat, but he could not see his face.

Bang!

The door closed and the Bentley sped off.

Sitting alone in the car, Chase Harper had many speculations in his mind.

'Who the hell... is that man in the back seat? What is his relationship with Grace?'

Grace looked at Jason who was sitting beside her. There was a playful smile on his face, but his eyes were cold.

"What's the matter? Do you like that man named Chase Harper? Do you enjoy being with him that much?" he seemed to say nonchalantly, but in her ears, it was like a heavy hammer to her heart.

"It's none of your business," said Grace.

"Really? Chase Harper runs a pretty small car dealership. A car dealership like this could cease to exist overnight," he said.

She stiffened immediately. 'Is he implying that he'll do something to Chase Harper's car dealership? Chase Harper started the car dealership. I don't want to cause Chase Harper any trouble because of me.'

She bit her lip slightly and said slowly, "I don't like him."

"Really?" His dark eyes were fixed on her as if he was examining the truth of her words.

"If I liked him, I would've dated him when I was working at the Sanitation Service Center," said Grace.

Sometimes she wondered if she had fallen in love with a man like Chase Harper, then she would probably be happy with an ordinary but honest and sincere man like him.

"That's best," said Jason before suddenly reaching out and grabbing Grace's right hand.

She was stunned and saw that he had taken a piece of paper towel to wipe her hand gently. "You touched Chase Harper with this hand, didn't you? If you want what's best for him, don't touch him anymore."

He said it so gently as if it was just a kind reminder.

However, Grace immediately felt goosebumps all over her body as a chill ran up her spine.

A man like him could take Chase Harper down easily!

In Emerald City, he could control others' life and death at will!

"Your hands are so cold," he muttered, rubbing her hands lightly against his like

how he used to warm them in the winter.

However, she felt nothing warm.

“Jason, don’t... do anything to Chase Harper,” she said dryly, her lips severely dry.

“Are you worried that I might harm Chase Harper?” he said with a chuckle.

“Would you?” Her almond-shaped eyes looked straight at him.

The smile on his lips faded a little. “Are you that worried about him?”

“I... just know what it feels like to have someone control your life and death,”

Grace said bitterly.

Chapter 900

“People like you probably don’t feel that way, but I do. We’re all human beings, but some people are superior to others and can easily control them. Some people are ordinary, so they have to be the inferior ones. They can’t even take charge of their destiny and can only be fooled by others.”

‘If... I were not the daughter of an ordinary family but the daughter of a rich and powerful one, then I wouldn’t have to be blamed for the car accident at all.’

‘The people who framed me would never have dared to let me take the blame.’

Every day in prison, she lived like a soulless body. How she spent her day was at others’ disposal. Others could decide freely whether she was going to be beaten that day.

All this depended on only one word from their superior.

Jason’s dark eyes looked at the woman in

front of him.

“How do you know I don’t feel that way?”

he whispered, a wry smile creeping out of the corners of his lips.

‘Does she know that the reason why I broke up

with her and the reason why

I want to stop loving her is that I don’t want her to control my life and death?

‘Once I love her too much, it’s no different from letting her take control of everything!’

Doubt flashed in Grace’s eyes when she heard Jason saying that. ‘It’s as if he knows what it was like.

‘However... he’s the high and mighty Master Reed of Emerald City. Who could control his life and death?

“You must be joking, Mr. Reed,” she said lightly.

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“I told you to call me Jason.” He frowned a little. “You were calling me Jay when you held me last night.”

Grace’s eyes widened as she looked at

him in disbelief. All she had to do was to exclaim ‘That’s impossible!’

“You don’t believe me? Why don’t I call Terrence for you and you can ask him yourself? He heard it yesterday. Otherwise, you can also ask Hadwin Stephenson,” said Jason.

Grace looked embarrassed. “I... was drunk yesterday.”

“So?”

“I spoke nonsense because I was drunk.”

“In wine there is truth.”

Grace almost choked. 'In wine there is truth? What did I say when I got drunk yesterday?'

As if he had read her mind, he continued to gently rub her cold hands as he said, "You said you liked Asian men with black hair and that I have the most beautiful black hair.

"You also said I was good and you liked "You said you're my Sis and you would protect me."

The more Jason spoke, the more Grace

lowered her head. Her head was almost lowered to her chest. 'Gosh, why would I say that?'

"Don't... Don't take me seriously!" Grace said quickly.

"What if I want to?" He took her hand to his lips and huffed out air as if it would warm her hands. "I don't take what other