

Ex Convict 158

Chapter 158

After a few more days, the scar on her palm would fade away, just like the memory of what had happened between her and Jason. As time passed, it would disappear as if nothing had happened.

Grace gently balled her hands into fists and walked out of the Sanitation Service Center.

Before she could get very far, a silver-grey Porsche blocked her way. A slender figure got out of the car. It was the protagonist who had been being discussed by the girls in the

Sanitation Service Center-Brian.

"Is there something wrong?" Grace asked.

"I want to treat you to a meal to thank you," Brian said. He directly opened the passenger seat door, clearly indicating

that he wanted Grace to get into the car.

"I didn't do anything to help you with your bracelet, so you don't need to thank me," Grace said, raising her foot to try to get past him.

However, just after she had taken a step, he suddenly raised his hand and blocked her way. His phoenix eyes were fixed on

her, but his gaze seemed to be concealed behind a facade, flashing with a kind of look that she couldn't understand.

"I'm not used to owing favors, so I must treat you to this meal," he said in a tone that could not be refused, the look in his

phoenix eyes becoming deeper.

Grace bit her lip slightly. A person like Brian probably hadn't

been rejected by others before. The more she refused, the more likely it was that the other party would become more and more persistent. It was better for her to go and eat this meal.

Anyway, if he really wanted to do something bad to her, he would have already done so last night!

Grace did not say anything else and sat in the passenger's seat.

Brian closed the door, walked back to the driver's seat, and drove off.

Along the way, Grace could not help but smile bitterly as she looked out at the view that was constantly flashing past. Back when she had just graduated from college and become a lawyer, she had felt that everything could be reasoned out.

However, after experiencing so much, she realized that sometimes, it simply depended on whether the other party

wanted to be reasoned with.

If the other party didn't want to listen to reason, then she wouldn't even have a chance to reason with them.

"What are you thinking about?" Brian's voice suddenly sounded from within the car.

"I'm thinking about that silver bracelet. It seems to be of great importance to you," she said casually.

A faint smile appeared on Brian's indifferent face. "Mm, it's very important."

"Since it's so important, will the person who stole it yesterday have a miserable end?" she asked.

He glanced at her from the corner of his eyes and said, "Well, yes, quite miserable."

His voice was very light, but she thought, "I'm afraid that the person who stole from him really will not meet a good end."

The car stopped in front of a restaurant.

Grace knew that this restaurant was rather famous in

Emerald City. However, it was very difficult to book a table,

and the prices were very high. Eating a simple meal would

cost the equivalent of an ordinary person's salary of one or

two years, let alone if one were to order some special dishes. Ordinary people could not afford it at all.

However, for a person like Brian, coming here for a meal was probably an extremely common occurrence.

The two of them entered the restaurant. Brian took Grace into a private room.

"What would you like to eat?" Brian asked.

"Anything is fine," Grace replied.

Finally, it was Brian who ordered. With a full table of dishes, the spread was unusually abundant.