

Ex Convict 187

Chapter 187

Grace hurriedly got down from the bed. "I'll... go and wash up," she uttered out before rushing into the washroom.

Jason's gaze darkened as he watched the back view of Grace running away.

Inside the washroom, Grace looked at her blushing red face and sighed.

She could not bring herself to believe what Jason told her earlier. 'I... pressed him down and kissed him? 'How could such a thing happen!'

However, she hesitated. Was it truly impossible? Even she did not know what sort of things her drunk self would do.

'If what Jason said is true, then I...'

The possibility of that gave her the urge to bury herself alive.

She hurriedly washed up and exited the washroom to find that Jason was still in her house.

Right now, he was sitting on a chair and gently sipping on a cup of water.

He was dressed in a well-tailored suit. He was a man with

broad shoulders and a slim waistline. He had one leg elegantly crossed over the other. He had a handsome face with a profound contour and delicate features. When his eyelids lowered, those lashes fanned out prettily. One could not help imagining his breathtaking appearance if his eyes.

were fully opened.

Such a person was enough to please the eyes even if he was merely sitting there. He looked like a beautifully painted portrait no matter what he did.

Even if he was holding a worthless and ordinary cup, it did not bring down his value nor reduced the aristocratic aura he had

within him.

'Why have I never noticed this in the past!'

Grace chided herself inwardly once again. When Jason lived here with her in the past, she should have noticed that his every movement-the way he ate, his posture, and the subtle hint of his upbringing in his interactions- was not something a vagabond would have.

At the same moment, Jason's eyelids lifted upward. That pair of exquisitely beautiful peach eyes looked at Grace. All of sudden, she felt as if her whole being was about to sink into his pupils.

"I... I need to get to work." She broke out from her trance with much difficulty. It was already past nine in the morning, and she was late for work by a few hours. She was going to get a pay cut and reprimanded when she got to work.

"There is no need to rush. I've applied for leave on your behalf," he said.

She was stunned for a moment. Subsequently, she heard him ask, "By the way, where are my clothes and things that I used

to have here? Have you thrown them out?"

She pressed her lips but did not say anything.

"Also the pair of gloves that you made for me, have you thrown those out as well?" he stared at her and asked.

She hesitated before replying, "I kept it."

'Throw'. It was a wasteful word for her.

"Why didn't you throw it?"

"It's worth some money... I can still sell it as a second-hand item..."

Before she could finish her sentence, his face went completely dark. "You're so capable of angering someone to death..."

Jason glared at Grace for a moment before saying, "Since you haven't thrown it out, complete the gloves and give them to me."

She was taken aback and stared blankly at him. 'He doesn't have any need to put up a show in front of me anymore. That pair of gloves were knitted from threads of an old sweater. Why does he want it? Is he going to wear it?'