

Ex Convict 191

Chapter 191

Was that man the person she loved?

In the end, he did not ask this question.

The current him did not have that right. Perhaps in the future, if he really could succeed, then maybe he would have the qualification to stand before her once again...

Chase Harper started the car and left. Grace walked into her rental home step by step. Before she could even open the door, she saw the lights on in the house.

Before she left, she had clearly turned off the lights. Could it be...

Grace shivered. She opened the door right away, and what entered her field of vision was a room full of light as well as Jason sitting on a chair.

"You-" She walked into the house. "It's so late. Do you have a reason for being here?"

"That's something I should be asking you, Sis. You don't have overtime today, and you don't have to be on duty either, so why are you only back so late?" He lifted his eyes slightly, speaking as he evaluated her.

"A colleague from the company resigned. Everyone went out for a meal together for his farewell," Grace said.

"Which colleague?" he asked.

She hesitated slightly before saying, "Chase Harper." After all, even if she did not say it, he could find out himself.

He raised his eyebrows. "It can't be that he sent you back here today."

Grace did not say anything, but her expression was equal to silent admission.

"Sis, are you still going to say that you don't care about him? If you really don't care, why do you let him send you back again and again?" He stood up, getting closer to her with every step.

She met his gaze. "To me, he's just a regular colleague. From today onward, we won't even be colleagues anymore. It's fine whether or not you believe me. All I can say is this."

His footsteps stopped when he was in front of her. His black eyes sized her up as if he was discerning the truth in her words.

Under his gaze, she unconsciously held her breath. His gaze

seemed to have some sort of pressure. Even her palms breaking out in cold sweat without her realizing it.

She knew she could not show any care for Chase Harper. If she cared for Chase Harper, it would be unfortunate for

Chase Harper.

The more she did not care for Chase Harper, the better it was.

Suddenly, he smiled slightly. The pressure in his gaze vanished. unexpectedly.

“Sis, are you very nervous?” he said, gently taking her hand. He gently pried open the fingers she had clenched into a fist. “There’s a lot of sweat on your palm.”

“Being stared at by you like that just now, it’s hard not to get nervous,” she said, taking her hand back. She put her bag aside and said to him, “It’s very late. I want to sleep now.”

In other words, if he had something to say, he should say it quickly. If there was nothing to say, he should just leave.

“Then sleep well,” he said.

“What about you?”

“I’ll stay here.”

Grace jumped. “You’re staying here?!” Even her voice went a little off-pitch.