

Ex Convict 205

Chapter 205

In these few days, she had been working and busying herself with knitting the pair of gloves. Early this morning, she got on the bus to rush here and had been busy the whole day.

Hence, it did not take long before Grace unwittingly shut her eyes and fell asleep.

Brian slid a glance at the sleeping Grace and turned the volume down.

After she fell asleep, she looked even more like the person in his memories. She actually looked similar with her eyes open too, but when she had her eyes open, there was a kind of weather-beaten suppression in her expression. It was something that the person in his memories never had.

That person in his memories had clear, bright eyes that seemed to be full of limitless hope.

When Grace woke up, the car was already at the gates of the village she lived in.

She suddenly felt embarrassed and quickly undid her safety belt. "How long was I sleeping for?"

"It's fine. Not long," he said.

Grace quickly got out of the car. She reached for her bag resting next to her on the seat, except she did not grasp it properly. All the contents of the bag spilled over.

She was frantic and hurriedly picked up the things that had spilled from her bag.

Suddenly, a hand picked up her half-knitted glove faster than she could.

"You're knitting gloves?" he asked, a little surprised.

"Uh-huh. I was bored, so I knitted a little." She found a random excuse before quickly taking back the glove from his hands. She said another "thank you" before shutting the car door. In

the next moment, she hastily entered her residential area.

Through the windshield of the car, Brian watched that figure gradually vanish from his vision.

That glove, based on the size, looked like the size of a man's hand. Could it be that these gloves were being knitted for a

man?

For a woman to knit a man something, if they were not family, then it seemed there was only one other reason for it.

Still, that wool was already old wool. He did not know who exactly she was knitting it for either.

Brian started his car once again and drove out of the area...

Grace returned to her residence. After washing up, she then took out her phone and looked at the money in her phone.

Currently, after leaving prison till now, the money she had saved up did not even amount to 5,000 bucks.

She had asked about her grandmother's medical expenses while she was at the hospital. Although she only owed the hospital a few thousand up till now, if the treatment was to be continued, then this money would have to keep being spent. A conservative estimate would be around 50 thousand bucks, and later on, she would still have to see how her grandmother progressed after the treatment.

If it was a quarter of 50 thousand, then that was 12,500 bucks.

She had to get another 7,000 plus.

Thinking about the past, she really did not see 7,000 bucks as something worth noting of, but now... Grace finally experienced the feeling of a penny killing the hero.

Every penny she made from working at the Sanitation Service

Center was worth accounting for. As for other sources of

income, she had a criminal record, so it would be hard for her to find a part-time job.

Grace sighed. Her heart was weighed down the entire night until she fell asleep.

"Hey, don't sleep. We can escape this." W-who was speaking? This voice... sounded like hers. Was she the one speaking?

"My foot... hurts. I can't... Can't move..." Now, whose voice was this? It sounded like a boy's voice.

"Then I'll give you a piggyback ride. I have a lot of strength. I can carry you for sure!" she said.

"That's right. Don't fall asleep. Don't all TV shows show that if you fall asleep, you'll die and never open your eyes again? I'll sing a song for you, okay? I can sing Teresa Teng's songs. You know, my grandmother says I sing very well!"