

Ex Convict 252

Chapter 252

When she and Sean Stevens were together, Sean Stevens would always stand up for her if there was any trouble.

As a result, she thought she could depend on this man for the rest of her life. When it came to sticking up for her, however, she realized that his so-called feelings for her were things that could be taken back anytime.

When she suddenly did not have anyone to stand up for her, the kind of despair she experienced could kill anyone.

While she was being tortured in prison, she had, on several occasions, been so desperate that she considered suicide.

If... If Lina had not come to see her and encouraged her often, perhaps... she would already be dead by now.

Her heart was filled with deep gratitude when she thought of her best friend.

Grace sighed, unbuttoned her costume, and was about to take it off when she heard footsteps behind her.

She was shocked and looked back to see that Jason had entered the dressing room.

There was no one in the dressing room because they

filming outside, but... "This is the women's dressing room, you... You get out," she said with her face slightly flushed.

However, he moved even closer and closer to her. He said,

"What are you afraid of?"

Afraid? She was startled and retreated one step, two steps...

However, the further she retreated, the closer he came. It continued until her back was against the closet in the dressing room. There was no more space for her to escape from him.

His hands pressed against the closet door, holding her between him and it. "Why are you afraid of me standing up for you?"

He did not understand this. With any other woman, they would have been glad for him to stand up for them, but when it came to her, it seemed to be an exception.

Grace put her hands subconsciously against Jason's chest. "You go out first, someone will come in soon."

"No one will come in," he said with great certainty.

"Why are you so sure that no one will come in?" she said as she glared at him.

"Because no one can get in," he said. "This door is guarded by my bodyguard. Do you think anyone will come in?"

She was dumbstruck. She did not even notice that he was accompanied by a bodyguard.

"Tell me, why are you afraid?" He asked the same question again, his long fingers slightly pushing the hair away from her cheek.

She had makeup on her face, and it made her look better than usual. However, it did not suit her very well. He could even smell the fragrance of the powder when he got closer.

He liked her bare-faced look more. He preferred the natural faint fragrance from her body. It was more pleasant to smell.

Only her almond-shaped eyes looked almost the same even after having applied makeup. The way she stared at him made him feel that she was adorable.

She bit her lip and lowered her eyes as she denied. "I'm not afraid."

His fingers gently grabbed her chin, forcing her eyes to look at him. "I asked why, not if you are."

In other words, he was convinced that she was afraid.

Grace's heart quivered. Did he see through her fear?

Those extremely beautiful and deep eyes looked as if they could see through her.