

Ex Convict 273

Chapter 273

No... No!

She wanted her mother, she wanted her brother!

She cried desperately only to find that she could not make a sound.

Just then, a bell rang as if to pull her out of the nightmare...

Grace slowly opened her eyes. She heard a graceful voice in her ear. "You're awake?"

A pretty face bumped into her somewhat faraway eyes, and the bright eyes seemed to hold an indescribable gentleness within

them.

"Yes..." she replied dully, not yet back to her senses.

It was as if her dreams and grasp on reality were constantly interlacing. It was overwhelming her.

"You answer the phone then," he said, holding the phone to her ear.

Grace froze as she listened to a familiar voice coming from her cell phone. "Grace? Are you awake, Grace?"

Grace suddenly sobered a little. "Lina!"

"Yes, where are you now? Are you with Jason? I called you last night, and he answered the phone. When I called you again just now, he answered the phone too."

Lina Sweeney was speechless. Who would have thought that Jason would pick up both her calls to Grace?

"You called last night?" Grace said in surprise.

"Yes, he said you were asleep," Lina Sweeney said. "What's going on here? Do you live together? What's going on between you and

him?"

A series of questions sprang out of Lina Sweeney's mouth.

Grace bit her lip slightly and looked at Jason who was holding her phone. "It's... It's a little complicated. I'll tell you the next time we meet. What... What do you want to talk to me about?"

“One of the witnesses in your case might be in the neighboring S City, and I wanted to talk to you about it,” Lina Sweeney said.

Grace was stunned and quickly said, “All right, then... Then when are you free? Let’s meet up!”

“Let’s meet up today after I get off work,” Lina Sweeney said. “Are you going to work at the Sanitation Service Center today? Why

don’t I pick you up after work?

“No, let’s just meet at the place we usually meet,” Grace said.

“All right,” Lina Sweeney said.

After the two ended their conversation, Grace tried to sit up, but as she pushed her hands against the bed, a wave of pain passed through her fingertips.

“Ah!” She let out a low, unconscious cry. The next moment, his hands were under her arms, lifting her as if he was sitting up with a

child in his arms.

Grace suddenly felt awkward, but in the next moment, the pain in her finger suddenly reminded her of what had happened last night. Then, her face was instantly tense. “Where’s my photo album? Where’s my photo album?”