

Ex Convict 275

Chapter 275

"No one can fire you," Jason said with great certainty. "Just take care of your fingers first. Do you think you can lift things and

sweep the floor with the state your hands are in right now?"

Grace kept her head down and was silent. She really could not do anything with her hands.

"Take good care of your hands first. You can do anything you want once your hands have healed," Jason said. Then, as if thinking of something, he said, "Are you going to meet Lina Sweeney tonight? Why don't you take a rain check until the injuries on your hands get better."

A person familiar with Jason would probably be surprised to hear that.

When had the most elusive man in Emerald City ever worry so much about a woman's injuries?

If it was someone else covered in blood standing in front of him with only one last breath left, they would not cause him the slightest concern.

"I must go," Grace answered with great certainty. "It seems that Lina has news of the witness in my case. I'm going to meet her and find out what happened."

She did not notice the slight change in his face as she said S nor how his hands had slightly tightened.

"She has news of the witness?"

"Yes." She nodded. "However, I'll have to ask Lina for more details," Grace said.

"Are you going to find clues by yourself?" He asked, raising

his hand to brush a strand of hair from her cheek. "As I said, I'll reverse the case for you. You needn't go through so much trouble. It may not even come to an end."

"You can't help me find the culprit of this car accident by reversing the case, can you? You can't help me figure out who did this to me. You're just trying to get me out of this by saying I'm innocent until proven guilty. However, even if I'm no longer charged with a criminal offense, people will still think I'm a murderer."

"Are other people's opinions so important?" Jason said, frowning.

Grace gave a wry smile. "If it was anything else, I wouldn't care what people think, but this charge... I want to find out the truth. and let others know that I'm not a murderer!"

She did not want anyone to mention her mother and say that she had given birth to a daughter who took someone else's life.

She knew how great was the power of words.

Jason gave Grace a long look, then suddenly laugh

“Fine, you can let me know any time you want me to help you reverse your case.”

However, there was something dark in his eyes.

Grace spent the afternoon carefully handling the photo album, taking out the photos one by one.

She even took out the half-destroyed photos carefully.

As her hands were still wrapped in gauze, it would be difficult for her to do things like taking out photos.

“Let me do it,” Jason said. With his long, slender fingers, he helped her to take out the photos. Unlike her clumsy movements earlier, he took the photos out with a dexterous and graceful look that was pleasing to the eye.

Right now, however, Grace was in no mood to enjoy this eye-pleasing feast. All her attention was fixated on each of the photos he took out, observing how badly they were burnt.

Jason took out the photos one by one. It was like looking at the memories of Grace and her mother through these photos.