

Ex Convict 287

Chapter 287

"It's all right. I'll find a job myself." She refused.

His eyes darkened, and the fingers that clung to her hands tightened slightly. "You don't like me helping you to find a job,

Sis?"

Her body could not help but stiffen. It was as if her surroundings were filled with some kind of pressure.

"I want to find a job myself." She took a deep breath, her almond-shaped eyes meeting his dark gaze.

It would have been much easier for her if he found her a job. The job he would have given her would certainly be one that was easier and paid a lot more.

However, how long... would that last?

When he got tired of the game in the future and kicked her out, all she would have then would be nothing.

Or perhaps, in addition to this scruple, her refusal was to preserve what little self-respect she had left.

Yes. Now, the ordeal of life and the cruelty of reality continued to wear away her pride.

Once upon a time, it had been difficult for her to imagine what it was like to kneel to people, but in prison, she knelt to people more than once, ate food that was overturned on the ground, and had her head trampled by people with their feet...

Why talk about self-esteem when staying alive was hard enough?

Now, she, who was once proud, already had her self-esteem shattered.

She would like to keep what little self-esteem she had left.

The two looked at each other. Even the servant who had come with the medicine and gauze could feel the suffocating atmosphere in the air around them.

As a result, the servant, with slightly shaky hands, left the things on the coffee table. She then quickly retreated to one side, fearing that the boss would be angry. After all, in Emerald City, who dared to provoke Young Master Reed?

Grace stared at Jason with her eyes wide open. She could sense that he was angry. Even his extremely beautiful eyes had an unmistakable hint of anger within them.

A sense of fear pervaded her body. After all, she already had a fear of him.

Only now she did not know where she had the courage to keep

staring into his eyes.

Finally, he gently lowered his eyes and was now smiling a little. "Since you're going to find a job yourself, then find it yourself."

As he spoke, he unwrapped the gauze from her fingers bit by bit. He deftly removed the gauze, reapplied the ointment to her fingers, and wrapped her fingers in the new gauze.

His movements were very gentle. Each of his movements was so careful.

Grace could not help but look at the man in front of her. At the moment, his head was lowered, so she could not see his face, but his gentle gestures seemed so protective of her.

It was he who had been changing her dressing and gauze these days. She said that it would be fine for the servant to change it for her, but he insisted that he would change the dressing for her.

"I don't trust anyone else with Sis." This was the answer he gave.

There were times when she really thought she did not understand him. He would look like he was angry one moment but would gently change her dressing the next.

He was like... a different person.

Or should she say he was... temperamental?

As he once again wrapped her fingers in gauze, he raised his eyes. Suddenly, their eyes collided with each other. The anger in his eyes was gone, and he had a smile on his face.