

Ex Convict 288

Chapter 288

Grace's face could not help but turn a little red. Subconsciously, she wanted to turn away.

However, his fingers were under her chin the very next moment. "Sis seemed to be watching me intently just now. Why? Do you think I'm good looking?"

She choked. How was she supposed to answer? Should she say that he was good looking? Or that he was not?

Either one did not seem like a good answer! Grace felt her face burning and tried to avoid his gaze, but she was unable to do so.

The servant who was on the side tactfully looked down, but the mere sound of their conversation roused a tempest in her heart.

Young Master Reed treated Miss Cummins differently. Was it true that Miss Cummins would someday be the mistress of the Reed family as some people had said?

However, did Miss Cummins not work as a sanitation service worker at the Sanitation Service Center?

Was it possible for... Young Master Reed to marry such a woman?

At night, Grace laid in bed. She was still awake and looking at her fingers wrapped in gauze under the light of the moon through the window. Jason had been changing her dressing himself these days.

He was more attentive toward her than Sean Stevens was when he was dating her, and sometimes, she could not help but be absent-minded for a moment.

If... If he was not Jason and was someone else, maybe she would fall in love with him.

After all, there were few women who would not be charmed by a man who pampered them and was a feast for the eyes.

However, because he was Jason and because there was a lingering fear of him in her heart, she would constantly remind herself to wake up when she found herself distracted.

'After the wounds on my hands get better, I'll leave immediately,' thought Grace.

The next day, she began using her phone to search the internet. for food delivery rider jobs and created her resume.

The threshold for food delivery riders was relatively low, but all of them required a health certificate. Grace found herself having to get a health certificate before she could work in the industry. This meant that she needed to make a trip to the hospital.

Come to think of it, she seemed to end up going to the hospital quite frequently these days.

It would cost her some money to get a health certificate and to do basic tests. As her money got lesser and lesser, it became more and more precious to her.

Two days later, Grace's fingers were no longer wrapped in gauze.

However, there were faint scars where she had been burned.

Jason held up her fingers and stared at the scars on her fingertips.

"I'll ask the hospital to prescribe some medicine to remove the scars. It shouldn't be a problem to remove them."

"It doesn't matter even if they can't be removed," Grace said. She was happy to trade the scars for half the album.

"You may not mind, but I do," he muttered. The scars on her fingertips seemed to remind him of his mistake.

If he had insisted on going with her to her house that day, she would not have hurt her hand.

"I want Sis to be perfectly fine and not an inch hurt," he muttered.

She was suddenly tempted to laugh. Not an inch hurt? However, she had already been so badly hurt when she was in prison!

"My hand is pretty much healed now. When can I go back to the rental house?" she said, changing the subject.