

Ex Convict 289

Chapter 289

He paused slightly as he caressed her fingertips. "Why do you want to go back so soon?"

"I've recovered from my injury. There's no reason for me to live here anymore." She bit her lip slightly.

"Do you want to get out of here?" His face grew cold.

"Yes." She nodded.

"Are you that desperate to stay away from me?" Even his voice had grown cold.

"I'm used to being alone," she said.

He gave a sudden sneer. "Used to being alone? If that's the case, why did you take me home in the first place? It was you who said that you're too lonely, so you wanted someone to accompany you. It was also you who said you want to be with me and want us to rely on each other. Have you forgotten all this?"

Her eyelashes quivered a little. How could she have forgotten that? However, it was all a joke now.

She was silent, and he looked at her steadily. The suffocating pressure was in the air again.

Suddenly, his voice rang in her ears once again. "You said your want to leave because your wound has more or less healed, right?

Does that mean if you were hurt, you would be willing to stay here?"

Startled, she raised her head suddenly and stared at him.

However, he leaned forward in a flash. With his hand on the back of her head, his thin lips were instantly glued to her red lips.

She felt his breath filling the tip of her nose, and before she knew it, the kiss had begun.

He kept on soliciting, and she kept on losing ground. No matter how hard she tried, it seemed that she could not get out of this

kiss.

Just as she felt herself suffocating, she felt a sharp pain in her lips. It was followed by a bloody smell in her mouth.

By the time the kiss was over, Grace felt only a whiff of pain in the corner of her lip he had bitten her until her lips were bleeding!

He smirked and looked at her with a faint smile. However, his bright amorous eyes were now a burst of cold.

He lifted his finger and brushed it lightly over her injured lip. A streak of blood immediately stained his fingertips.

The hues of white and red looked so contrasting.

He smiled, sticking out the tip of his tongue to lick the blood on his fingertip. "You see, Sis. It's easy for you to get hurt, isn't it? Since your injury is not healed yet, you have to stay here."

He was smiling, but it made her shiver. She went cold, and her palms and back were covered with sweat.

This was Jason, a man who ruled Emerald City!

She was like a pawn in his hand. She could not get away no matter what!

Could she still escape from him? Or could she never escape unless he got tired of her?

At that moment, Grace suddenly wondered about her future.

Jason stood up after finishing his statement. He gave her a commanding look and turned away