

Ex Convict 341

Chapter 341

He was not in the room.

Then where could he be? Downstairs?

However, when Grace got downstairs, Jason was not there either.

She even went out of the house after not finding him in the main house.

The Reed Residence was very large. Besides the main house, there were the servants' rooms, the garden, other pavilions, and ponds.

After living in Reed Residence for so long, she had never really explored Reed Residence and had no idea how big it was.

It was nearly midnight, and as far as the eye could see, it was dark except for a few lights along the way.

The night wind was a little chilly and Grace could not help turning up her collar. She could not help wondering why she was looking for Jason. Was she afraid that something might have happened to him?

What else could happen to him in Reed Residence?

At last, she could only explain to herself that he had saved her life today and that she just wanted peace of mind.

She saw what looked like a little detached house a little way ahead, and bright lights were shining through its windows.

It was only when Grace approached it that she found the plaque in front of the house. It read 'Mourning Hall'.

Grace got quite a fright. She walked up and gently pushed open the door. What she saw was a spacious ante-chamber with a framed black and white photograph of a man on the wall right ahead.

He was a very handsome man, somewhat bookish looking. He had some gentleness in his eyes. The man looked a little like

Jason, but Jason's beauty was more stunning.

Maybe it was because of their eyes. The man's eyes were more like Old Master Reed's eyes, which were different from Jason's

amorous eyes

Grace had an answer in her mind. This man was probably Jason's father.

She just did not expect that his father was such a gentle-looking man.

She only knew from Jason that his mother had left him and his father. She had not thought much of it back then. After all, she

used to see cases like this all the time at the law firm. This also happened in many case studies.

However, now when she saw the picture, everything felt different. woman ever regret that the man just died like that?

"What brought you here?" Grace jumped when a voice suddenly rang in the quiet space.

She immediately turned her head and saw Jason standing a short distance away, his deep black eyes staring at her.

"I'm... I'm looking for you," she replied.

"Looking for me?" He raised his eyebrows slightly, approached her, and said, "What do you need?"

She bit her lip. There was nothing at all. She was just afraid that something might have happened to him.

"Hmm?" His eyes were still on her, waiting for her reply.

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She hesitated a little before saying. "Nothing. It's just that after you took me to my room, I saw that you didn't go back to your room but headed to the stairs. I wondered if there was something wrong with you. Uhh, If you're all right, I'll go..."

She said and turned to leave.

The next moment, however, a pair of arms encircled her from behind. "Are you worried about me, Sis?"

Grace's whole body seemed to be enveloped in his scent, and for

a moment she did not know what to say.

Worried? Was she worried about him?

She seemed confused. Was it because he saved her tonight? Therefore, instead of thinking of him as Jason tonight, she was taking him as Jason and worried about him?

Grace was thinking about it when suddenly his breathing seemed to fasten in her ear. There was a faint muffled moaning in his throat. His arms, which had encircled her, gradually loosened.

Grace turned around and saw that Jason was now pale with beads of sweat on his forehead. He was holding his hand over his upper belly.

She shuddered, remembering suddenly that she had seen him like

"You seem to remember my old faults, Sis," he muttered, and a smile crept from the corner of his mouth. However, the paleness of his face and the apparent suppression of pain in his eyes somehow made his smile seem vulnerable.

Grace quickly helped Jason up and looked around. There was nowhere to sit, so she went inside. There was a sofa in the room. She helped him to sit down on the sofa. Then, she drew a piece of tissue from the coffee table in front of the sofa and wiped the

sweat on his forehead.

"Is the pain sudden?" she asked.

"I didn't pay much attention to the pain earlier. I thought it would go away soon. I didn't expect it to hurt this much all of a sudden," he muttered. "I didn't expect you to remember my old faults, Sis. It seems that you care about me, don't you?"

Of course, Grace did not answer that question. Did she care...?

She did not even know the answer to that.

"Where's your medicine? Do you have it with you?" she asked.

"I don't like them very much. I'll just wait for the pain to pass and I'll be all right," he said.

"You don't like them? I bought you medicine last time, didn't you..."

"Because you bought it. How can I not eat what you bought?" Come to think of it, he took his medicine on time every day.

Grace was speechless. The problem was that she used to live in an urban village previously and there was a pharmacy nearby. There was no 24 hours pharmacy around Reed Residence at this

time of night!

The servants in the mansion must have gone to bed by now. The only people still awake were probably the security guards here.

“Well, is there security here at night? Is there someone who can take a break and drive out to get some medicine?” asked Grace.

“Are you going to make me take my medicine again, Sis?” Jason asked with some difficulty. The pain in his stomach brought chills to his body. He was also sweating more and more.

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“What if the pain gets worse if you don’t take your medicine?” asked Grace. Suddenly, as if she had thought of something, Grace pulled out her phone and browsed the online pharmacy.

Although the pharmacy was a little far, it was all right if she paid enough service fees. Besides, the medicine would arrive in 20 minutes. That way, it was faster than waiting for the security to buy the medicine.

Grace thought for a moment and decided to place the order through her phone. She ordered the same medicine she had bought for Jason last time. After placing the order successfully, her eyes once again fell on him.

He was already curled up into a ball. His lips were pressed together as if to muffle the murmur that was about to burst from his mouth, but it made his breath sound a little more subdued.

His eyes were now closed. His long fan-like lashes cast a shadow beneath his eyes.

The man who ruled Emerald City looked like a vulnerable and helpless child right now. It was as if he had to stop the pain on his own.

Grace somehow felt a pang in her heart. He was the last person she should take pity on, but right now, she could not control this heartache.

lacked a dead body and corrin.

On a desk right ahead was the same photo that was hung on the wall of the hall. In front of the photo was a spirit tablet, on which ‘In loving memory of Kim Reed’ was written.

Was Jason’s father called Kim Reed? He was just like his name.

His name made him feel like some kind of gentleman.

Next to it was the photo of a woman. The woman in the photo was very beautiful with a pretty face and long black wavy hair. She had gorgeous amorous eyes-they were exceedingly fascinating and charming.

Grace found that the woman's eyes looked a lot like Jason's eyes.

Was this woman... his mother?

There was a great deal of doubt in her mind now, but the pressing task was to find something to relieve his stomachache!

Suddenly, her eyes lit up when she saw the water dispenser in the room. She walked up to it, filled a glass of warm water, and walked over to Jason. "Here, drink some water. Perhaps you'll feel a little better after drinking some warm water."

His eyelashes quivered a little, and he slowly opened his eyes to stare at her. "Do you wish I'll hurt less, Sis?"

She kept her mouth shut and helped him up. She held the glass to his lips. He drank it mouthful by mouthful, though it was not long before

he finished the whole glass of warm water.

Jason slowly closed his eyes after he finished drinking. "But... I wish I can hurt more."

She looked at him in confusion. Then, she heard him mutter, "I'm afraid my pain is much less than what you had suffered. Will you feel better if I hurt a little? If so, will you hate me less?"

Grace looked surprised. She never thought Jason would say such a thing.

Was he... sorry for what had happened to her... in prison?

Just then, her phone rang. It was a call from the deliveryman with the medicine.

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Grace then said to Jason, "Wait here while I go and get the medicine." With that, she hurried out of the mourning hall.

Jason laid on the sofa. Wait here... That was also what she had said previously when she went out to buy medicine for him late at night.

All right. He would wait. He would wait for her to come back...

Grace hurried to the residence's iron gate. There was a street lamp beside the iron gate, which happened to shine on the deliveryman's bewildered face.

The delivery man did not expect to deliver medicine to the entrance of such a big mansion.

"You ordered this? Miss Cummins?" the man asked.

"Yes, it's me," Grace replied as she took the medicine from the man. She thanked him before she turned and ran in the direction of the mourning hall.

The deliveryman scratched his head. He glanced at the huge mansion that seemed endless, still a little bewildered.

In Reed Residence's security room, several security guards

"Oh my God. She got out in one piece?" someone exclaimed.

"Did she order... food?" After all, there was no way to see clearly from the surveillance screen. All they could see was Grace taking a package from the man.

"Young Master Reed did not kick her out, and... is going to eat with her?" Someone was amazed.

Young Master Reed had allowed Grace to move into Reed Residence, so they knew the woman was special to Young Master

Reed.

However, not everyone could enter the mourning hall. Other than the old servant who had been working for the Reed family for decades, only Young Master Reed and Old Master Reed could go

1.

Now, a woman had set foot in it.

When they first watched the woman enter the mourning hall from the surveillance, they joked that she would probably be kicked out soon and that Young Master Reed might kick her out of Reed

Residence tomorrow.

Who knew that the woman had entered and remained there for some time. When she got out, it was to collect her delivery.

What a shock!

Little did Grace know that her status among the Reed Residence security guards had soared. Her only thought was to get back to

mourning hall as soon as possible.

Back in the mourning hall, she looked at Jason who was huddled on the sofa. His eyes were closed and there was no color in his pale face, which contrasted sharply with the deep red stain on his lips.

His lips... As she walked closer, she saw a trace of blood on his lips. He probably bit his lips to endure the pain.

A thin layer of sweat appeared on his forehead.

Grace said, "Yi... Jason, the medicine is here. Now take it." As she spoke, she filled a cup of warm water, then unpacked the medicine and took it out according to the directions.

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He slowly opened his eyes and looked at her. She... returned, panting just like before. Even though she was afraid of him, disgusted with him, and perhaps even hated him, she did not want him to hurt? At the thought of this, it seemed that even the pain in his body had become much less intense.

Jason cooperated by opening his lips and swallowing the medicine Grace fed him.

Her eyes fell on his lips, and sure enough, there were distinct teeth marks on his lips. He must have been in such severe pain that he bit his lips.

"If you look at me like that again, you'll make me think you want to kiss me." Jason's voice rang.

Grace immediately came to herself, her face turning red all of a sudden. "I just saw that you bit your lip. I didn't mean anything."

"It... doesn't matter if you mean anything else. You can kiss me whenever you want, Sis," he said. Though his face was still pale and his forehead was still covered with a layer of thin sweat, he did not stammer as he had before.

Grace turned away from looking at Jason's face to avoid herself

from getting any redder.

Her eyes went to the spirit tablet placed on the table in front of

“Do you want to burn any more incense? The current one is nearly

burnt out,” said Grace. Generally speaking, the burning of the

incense could not be broken until the worship was over.

Tonight... Looking at the burning incense and candles, as well as offerings of food and fruits, he should be worshipping his father.

Jason heard this and made a gesture to stand up, but Grace quickly pressed on his shoulder and said, “Don’t move, I’ll do it.”

With that, she went to the table, picked up the incense, and leaned close to the candle to light it. Then, she held the incense.

as she looked at the man in the black and white photo before

bowing three times. She put it in the incense burner.

Jason’s eyes seemed to flicker with surprise. For a moment, he

looked at the woman in front of him in awe.

He did not expect her to bow to his father. He could see some of her profile from his point of view. He could not see her face very well, but he could feel that she was serious with the three bows.

Did his father... see her? This was the woman he liked, and

later he would tie this woman to his side. He would make her

inseparable from him and make her as dependent on him as fish

was on the water.

He would not repeat his father’s mistake.

After putting in the incense, Grace turned around and caught Jason’s eyes. She immediately felt a little awkward. “Well... Is that

a photo of

your mother?” she asked as she was at a loss for words.

However, she felt a little regretful after finishing the question!

During the time they had spent together, she knew that his mother was someone he did not want to talk about.

She was thinking of hurrying on to another topic when he replied,

“Yes.”

She was stunned as she had not expected an actual answer.

“Do you think she’s pretty?” he asked suddenly.

Grace gave a nod. To be fair, his mother was beautiful and her beauty was absolutely impressive.

“Yes, she is. My father loved her so much that he took her words as imperial edicts. He would do everything in his power to get whatever she wanted,” he said darkly. “However, one day, when the man who could have given anything she wanted ran away from home for her and could no longer give her all those fine things in life, he was nothing but a worthless man to her.”

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He had never said these words before, but as he looked at her standing before his father’s spirit tablet, he just naturally said it.

It was as if he could only get the words out of his heart when he was facing her.

“Speaking of which, my father must have seen a lot of women in his day, and there must have been some prettier ones. What a fool he was to give up everything for a woman like that,” muttered

Jason.

“Your father did not necessarily like your mother because she was pretty. Sometimes looks are not that important when a person likes another person. Besides, they’ll like them whether they’re good or bad,” said Grace.

Jason’s eyes flickered slightly, and his gaze settled firmly on Grace’s face. “Maybe... it’s just like you said. Sometimes looks are

not that important when a person likes another person...”

It was just like how he liked her. He had seen women who were more beautiful, more understanding of a man’s heart, and more accommodating than her. However, he just liked the feeling she gave him.

He liked the calm warmth when she was concerned about him. He liked her to call him ‘Jay’ over and over again. He liked her to hold his hand to sleep at night...

being. She seemed unable to move under his eyes...

It was not until the incense Grace lit for Jason’s father had finished burning that Jason got up and set the photo of his mother on fire. Then, he blew out the candle.

“Why did you burn the photo of your mother?” she asked in surprise.

“I burn the photo every year at this time,” said Jason. “All right,

let's go back."

Grace was stunned and looked at the time. It was just after midnight it was a new day.

"Why burn the photo at this time of year?" she asked, finding it strange. Then, as if aware of something, she hastened to say, "Uh, you don't have to answer that. It was just a... casual question."

She should be thinking of distancing herself from him.

"Yesterday was her birthday. My father would wait for her to celebrate her birthday together at this time of year, no matter how late it was. I burn her photo to let him know that one day I'll find her and take her to his grave."

Jason muttered. It was why every year tonight, he would look at a photo of the woman he was supposed to call his mother. It was

to remind him not to forget what she looked like and not to fail to recognize her someday.

"Come on," he said as he took her hand. Then, they left the mourning hall and headed toward the main house.

In the security room, several security guards who were keeping watch at night gathered in front of the surveillance screen, looking

at the two people who just left the mourning hall.

"They're out. Oh my God, Miss Cummins is safe and sound!"

"Young Master Reed is... He's holding her hand!"

"She's the only one who can go into the memorial hall and come out holding hands with Young Master Reed. If it were someone

else, she would have been killed!"

The security guards chattered, and suddenly, the man on the surveillance screen looked up in the direction of the surveillance camera. It was as if he were looking across the screen at the people watching the surveillance screen.

All of a sudden, the security guards kept quiet and dared not say anything more.

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"What's the matter?" Grace asked in confusion as Jason stopped

in his tracks.

“Nothing,” Jason replied dryly with his head down.

“How are you feeling now?” asked Grace when they returned to the main house.

“Much better,” he answered.

“Even if your stomachache is an old problem, you still have to go to the doctor to get it fixed when you’re free,” said Grace. “Some

illnesses are minor ones that we don’t pay attention to and they’ll eventually develop into something serious.”

“Are you worried about me, Sis?” he said as a smile rose from the corners of his mouth.

She choked and wanted to go upstairs. She was a little

embarrassed. However, he suddenly raised his hand and took her

directly into his arms. “All right, I promise you. I’ll find the time to find a doctor and get my body in order. I’ll also be good and take the medicine you bought me today. Would you like me a little more if I listened to you?”

“What?” She was a little stunned. What was he saying? Did he really just say that? Oh God. How was that possible? How could a man like him say something like that?

that sounded like a double bass, “Would you like me more if I listened to you? I want you to like me.”

Yes, he wanted her to like him. All he wanted was for her to stay with him, but when did he start to get greedy and want more?

It was not enough to keep her by his side. He wanted her to like him. He wanted her to like him alone. He wanted her to have feelings for him.

“Will you?” He sounded just like the devil’s most magnificent enchantment, beckoning her to agree to him.

Grace stared at the man in front of her, her mind seemingly going blank.

The word ‘yes’ almost came out of her mouth...

Grace had a restless night with Jason’s words flashing through her mind every now and then.

It was hard to imagine how he could say such a thing.

She even wondered what it would have been like if she had said.

‘yes’

She only looked at him stupidly and said nothing.

Fortunately, he did not want an answer but said to her, “You can tell me when you’re willing.”

By the time she woke up in the morning, Jason was no longer in the house. It was a relief to her. Grace only had to work half-day

on Saturday.

In the afternoon, Grace collected her things and headed for the place she had agreed with Lina Sweeney.

Once she reached the place, Lina Sweeney was already there. Her friend was sitting on a chair in the dessert shop. She was holding a phone to her ear with a long face, seemingly listening to someone on the other end of the line.

Seeing that Grace had reached, Lina Sweeney beckoned her to sit down and said to the other end of the phone, “All right, all right. I promise to complete the revolutionary task today. Is that all right? Mom, just stop calling me and... How about this? If I come home tonight without completing the task, you can punish me by making me kneel on the keyboard!”

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The call was finally over and Grace said, “What did your mother say to you? You look so miserable that you even mentioned kneeling on a keyboard.”

“What else can it be? Blind dates,” Lina Sweeney said as she rolled her eyes. “My mother said that this man is a good catch. She managed to grab him from the other aunts so that I can have a go first.”

Lina Sweeney was speechless with her mother’s thinking,

Her mother seemed to think that if she could not get married in these two years, she might never get married.

“Then go and meet him. Think of it as an opportunity,” said Grace after thinking about it for a moment.

"No, I'm frustrated enough. I might go crazy if I go on another blind date." Lina Sweeney wanted to vomit blood every time she thought of how her mother pestered her to go on blind dates.

"Why? Is there something else?" asked Grace.

Lina Sweeney looked at her best friend before saying, "Will it surprise you if I tell you I'm dating Hadwin Stephenson?"

Grace almost choked on her own spit. "You're dating Hadwin Stephenson? Didn't you say that he was going to get even with

"Yes, get even." Lina Sweeney nodded.

"Then how..."

"He probably wants us to date first, and after I fall in love with him, he'll kick me aside and give me a taste of falling into hell from heaven. Isn't that what they do on TV dramas?" said Lina

Sweeney.

However, the question was would Hadwin Stephenson take his revenge in such a childish way? Grace was highly skeptical about this. She heard Jason mention that Hadwin Stephenson was cruel. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him, a bastard, to inherit the Stephenson family and become the Stephenson family's patriarch.

Even the lawful mistress of the Stephenson family and her two sons were at Hadwin Stephenson's disposal.

"Do you think so?" asked Grace.

"What else can it be?" Lina Sweeney shrugged. "Anyway, I've decided that it's all right if he wants to take his revenge this way. I'll date him for a few months, then pretend to fall in love with him. When he dumps me, I'll act like I'm heartbroken or something. That way, he'll probably feel better and let me go."

Grace was impressed with her best friend's thinking. Could she fool a man like Hadwin Stephenson by pretending?

The man had probably experienced all the cheating and dirty tricks since childhood and should have a pair of eyes that could

"Didn't it occur to you that he might still be... in love with you?"

Grace hesitated a little before saying. She thought of the first time she saw Hadwin Stephenson staring at her best friend through

the glass window and of the time she and Jason went to the Stephenson mansion to save her best friend.

Although Hadwin Stephenson had 'kidnapped' Lina to his mansion, Lina was unharmed.

If Hadwin Stephenson wanted revenge, then Lina's fate now would have been a lot worse.

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After all... Lina had not experienced too much of the dark side, unlike her who had seen so much darkness in the prison that she sometimes did not even have the strength to cry.

"Poof!" Lina Sweeney spat out the pudding which she had not yet swallowed and quickly took a tissue to wipe it. Then, she said to Grace, "At least joke when I'm not eating, Grace. You're taking the joke too far."

"I mean it," said Grace.

They stared at each other for a long time before Lina Sweeney laughed and said, "We're not meant for each other even if he's

really still in love with me. What kind of family do you think the Stephenson family is? If I get together with him, then the rest of

my life will be one big internal fight in a wealthy family. With my skills, I reckon I'll be beaten to bits in a minute."

Uh, just forget about it. Once she paid off her 'debt' to Hadwin Stephenson, she would be free.

"Let's not talk about it. By the way, you said you got a new job. How is it? Everything all right?" said Lina Sweeney as she

changed the subject.

"Not bad. It's a small restaurant. The salary is 4,000 dollars a month. It's not much, but the owner is nice and I get along well with the other employees," said Grace.

"That's great, but your current job isn't sustainable. You're a brilliant student. Have you ever thought of getting some other certificate so that when the time comes you can get a different

job?" said Lina Sweeney.

Grace gave a wry smile. "I can't even get a job as a receptionist. Even if I do get a certificate, it won't be of any use."

Lina Sweeney was taken aback. After all that was said and done, it was because her best friend had a criminal record. Her best way

out was by reversing her case!

"I'll keep an eye on the witness I mentioned last time. The private detective said that he can help me find something substantial soon. Once we get the evidence, we'll go to S City to get to the bottom of this," said Lina Sweeney.

"All right." Grace looked gratefully at her best friend who had been with her since her accident. Only Lina still thought she was innocent, even when everyone thought she committed the crime.

"What's there to thank? It's my pleasure!" Lina Sweeney then quipped, "I'm still waiting for you to make a lot of money and take care of me after your case is reversed. Then all I have to do is just enjoy."

Grace could not help but smirk at this. "All right, then I'll take care of you and make you fat."

Lina Sweeney propped her face with her hands as she looked at the smile on her friend's face. She could not help saying, "You look great when you smile, Grace. Your smile seems to make

You should smile more."

Smile more? Grace could not help but sigh to herself... Since when did laughter become a luxury for her?

They ate some more and talked. Then, Lina Sweeney's phone rang. When the call was over, Lina Sweeney looked helplessly at her best friend. "My mom called again. I have to hurry and go for my blind date. Let's get together again next time."

"Sure," replied Grace as she watched her best friend leave. She envied her best friend's worries. She did not even have a mother

to urge her to go for a blind date.

Lina Sweeney hurried over to the location stated in the message sent by her mother. At the agreed supermarket door, she saw a man who looked similar to the photo her mother had shown her. He was standing at the door as if he was waiting for someone.

She thought about it and dialed his phone number. Then, she heard his phone ring.

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All right! All confirmed.

Lina Sweeney stepped forward and said, "Are you Mr. Motley, Carl Motley? Hello, I'm Lina Sweeney."

"Hello," he replied as he looked her over.

“Well... I wanted to tell you that I...” Lina Sweeney wanted to

apologize to him. After all, she went on the blind date today. without really meaning it. She just wanted to deal with her mother. She could treat him to dinner later and just become friends with him.

Before she could finish her sentence, he interrupted her. “Why

don’t we take a walk? I saw a small park next to the supermarket. Why don’t we go there?”

Huh? The park?

Lina Sweeney glanced at the already darkened sky and looked at

the time. It was already past five o’clock in the afternoon, and it

was almost time for dinner. “Don’t you want to eat first?”

Her remark was a well-meaning reminder. This was a crowded place after all. By dinner time, people would have to queue for a

lot of restaurants around here. If they went for dinner after taking a walk in the park, they would be just in time for rush hour. By then, they would have to queue for quite some time.

Lina Sweeney followed him to the small park. Then came what Lina Sweeney thought was a stormy bombardment.

His questions were almost all-encompassing. It included everything from her age, family, occupation, and education, which was followed by her university, high school, junior high school,

primary school, and so on. Finally, he even asked for her grades in primary school.

Lina Sweeney could not help but sigh. ‘Do they ask so much on blind dates nowadays?’

“Have you ever been in a relationship, Miss Sweeney?” Carl

Motley asked again.

“Well. Excuse me, Mr. Motley, I...”

Before she could finish, Carl Motley went on saying, “I don’t like my girlfriend to have had too many boyfriends before, Miss. Sweeney. I also don’t want her to have a lot of experience in that field, so I hope you can be honest with me. That way we can avoid any misunderstandings in the future.”

Lina Sweeney was dumbfounded. This... This guy was a little too straightforward. They had just met for the first time. Even if she did not know much about blind dates, at least she knew this was

not the right question to ask now.

A lot of experience in that field... Uh, what field was that?

“Well... I think we’ve got a bit of a misunderstanding here...” Lina

Sweeney felt that even if she was planning to find a partner

through blind dates, she would never feel anything for Mr. Motley who was now right in front of her. They obviously were not on the same page when it came to personal values.

Just then, a voice suddenly rang, interrupting what she was going to say next.

“Well then, I’d like to hear what’s the misunderstanding between. you and this gentleman.”

Lina Sweeney shivered immediately. It was... Hadwin Stephenson!

She turned around instantly. Sure enough, a familiar figure caught her eye. His face was so beautiful that she, someone who was appearance-obsessed, could not help but notice him. Who else. would it be if not Hadwin Stephenson?

“Why... Why are you here?” Lina Sweeney said dumbfounded.

“Did you choose to be here with another man because you thought I wouldn’t be here?” Hadwin Stephenson asked

rhetorically.

Lina Sweeney felt as if there was a burst of thunder hitting her forehead. It hurt badly.

She rarely went on blind dates, and the one time she did, she was caught by Hadwin Stephenson. Was God trying to kill her?