

Ex Convict 421

Chapter 421

These days, he would lie on the same bed with her inside. the bedroom overnight. Even though the two did nothing in

particular, it seemed that sleeping in the same space had become an unconscious habit.

Grace had to have the lights turned on to sleep, so she said euphemistically, "You can't seem to get used to me constantly

turning on the lights to sleep. Perhaps you should go back to your room and sleep there."

Consequently, Jason replied, "I want to sleep with you, Sis. I

feel more comfortable sleeping with you. It doesn't matter to me if the lights are on."

Hence, Grace decided to keep the next few sentences to herself.

However, the words Jason had uttered were... somewhat

coquettish! Did he not know that such words were capable of causing inappropriate reveries?

"Are you going to sleep?" Jason asked as he watched Grace walk toward the bed.

"Yeah," Grace responded with a flustered face.

Grace lifted the quilt and got on the bed. Jason's arms were readily wrapped around her waist as he hugged her tightly. He buried his face into her chest as if he was a child, acting spoiled around an adult.

The current him seemed slightly childish, and he was not the

same as usual. Nevertheless, Li Grace inexplicably fancied Jason's childishness.

"By the way, what did Brian say to you today? Were you guys arguing?" Grace suddenly thought of the matter.

"Which sentence?" Jason asked; he felt that holding her in such a manner was really addictive.

Once he attached himself to her, it was hard for him to let go. He wanted to keep on doing so and become surrounded by her air.

"When he said that he didn't want to be your enemy," Grace continued. After all, she remembered that Brian had a good relationship with Jason; those words would have made one feel like they were rivals instead.

Suppose the Hart family and the Reed family were really enemies. In that case, Grace could already see the financial and film circles in Emerald City experiencing a crisis.

"He meant it literally," Jason responded.

"But, there's always a reason for such things." Grace curiously asked, "Are you two competing for a business deal?"

"No, we're competing for you," Jason retorted.

Grace almost choked on her saliva. They were competing for her? That could not be it! He had to be joking, right?

Jason slowly lifted his head and gazed into her eyes. As usual, his dark pupils seemed to blend in with the endless night. "He's interested in you and wants to steal you away. So, I told him that if he actually dares to make a move, I'll make him an enemy of mine. When that time comes, I will not hesitate to tear him apart."

Grace looked at Jason in a dazed manner as if a stormy sea had been set off inside her heart. "Are you really... going to do that to Brian?" Grace asked naively because she knew very well what the price he would have to pay was a fall-out

occurred.

"I've told you before. I love you. You're as important to me as my own life, did you think I was joking when I said that?" Jason asked in response.

Grace bit her lips with her teeth, and her vivid, almond-shaped eyes widened at this moment. It was as if she had been put in shock.

What she was unaware of was that the expression she was wearing on her face was enough to make one's heart skip a few beats. Not to mention, give one the urge to possess all of her.

That was when Jason's finger gently stroked her lips.

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"But, even if Brian wants to snatch you away, he can't, right? Because the person you like is me, and the person you are destined to fall in love with in the future is also me, right?"

Jason murmured out loud with his warm breath that then brushed her face. As soon as his voice fell silent, a kiss also landed on her lips.

He would never let anyone else have her, and she would only

be his!

When Grace woke up the next day, Jason had already gone to work. After Grace had her breakfast, she began to prepare lunch for Jason.

Lunch boxes and ingredients were readily available in the

Reed Residence. Additionally, there was a chef nearby that had received instructions as well. If Grace were to face any

difficulties or needed help, the chef would lend her a hand.

After Jason's lunch boxes was made, Grace took a look at it and felt that her craftsmanship seemed to have improved.

Grace brought the lunch boxes along na needed

Reed Group. However, because she was sent there by the

Reed family's driver that day, the security guard at the

company's entrance was stunned when he saw it was Grace

who got out of the car.

Although not very few people in the company had spread

information about the mysterious takeout rider, it was likely

that she was not merely that. Otherwise, how could the rider

have upgraded from a small electric bike to a private car so

quickly!

Especially that car... Several security guards recognized that the vehicle belonged to the president's household!

Additionally, the driver was also the president's household's

driver!

For her to be picked up by the president's driver— No one would believe it if one said that nothing was going on between her and the president!

In fact, Grace was well-acquainted with the security guards. When she passed them, she even took the liberty to greet

them first. "Good afternoon."

"Good... Afternoon..." several of the guards replied.

Grace took the lunch box and went up the lift to Jason's floor.

No one on the floor was unaware of Grace's existence and

most of them knew that although she looked like a takeout rider, the relationship she had with the president was not at all ordinary.

“Uh, is Young Master Reed in the office?” Grace asked.

“Yes,” a secretary replied.

“Then, is anyone in his office now?” Grace asked to be on the safe side. After all, she did not want to bump into the top managers of the company inside his office. The scene would be all too embarrassing for her.

“No, there’s no one else in Young Master Reed’s office,” the secretary replied.

Only then did Grace walk toward Jason’s office.

After knocking on the door twice and pushed the door open, Grace saw Jason sitting at his desk. However, she then noticed

that he seemed to be... conducting a video conference!

Grace was flustered for a while. This was... well, he was alone, but he was in a meeting. The fortunate thing was that the camera was not facing her, and she did not need to worry about showing up on the screen.

“You’re here. Wait for a bit, the meeting will be over soon,”

Jason said.

“Okay,” Grace’s reply was as quiet as a mouse.

Grace walked toward the coffee table. However, just as she was about to place the lunch boxes on the table, she heard in the video conference say, “Oh, Jason, is that the woman we saw during the last meeting?”

“It could be someone else,” said someone else.

“I don’t think so. I haven’t heard Jason speak in such a gentle tone to any other woman.”

The people of the video conference conversed in English as they discussed whether or not she was the person that had shown her face in the meeting before.

Grace’s understanding of English was considerably fluent, so she could follow the conversation they were having.

Since she was able to follow the conversation, she became even more embarrassed.

Consequently, Jason responded, "It's her."

"Oh. What's going on between you two, Jay? Are you lovers?" Foreigners were known to be more straightforward with their way of phrasing things.

If it were any other domestic employee, they would not have dared to ask Jason such a question in such a direct manner.

Then, Grace heard Jason respond in English, "She's the person I love the most."

In an instant, Grace felt as if her heart had been clenched tightly by an invisible hand. Not only that, but her heartbeats became stagnated.

After the video conference was over, Jason walked toward Grace. "What's wrong, why are you blushing?"

"No... It's nothing," Grace quickly replied.

Nevertheless, Jason held onto Grace as he persistently looked at her blushing face. "Is it because of the words those people said earlier?"

Grace did not respond, but it seemed to be the case anyway.

"Next time, I'll take the opportunity to introduce you to them," Jason said.

"Introduce?" Grace exclaimed out loud.

Jason raised his eyebrows slightly. "Why? You don't want me to?"

Uh... It was more like she felt taken aback by the matter. At this moment, Jason's passionate gaze seemed to glare out a sense of oppression. It was as if Grace would be set on fire like a fuse if she refused to do what he wanted.

Grace thought it over and said, "I just think that we started dating recently, and they're the senior executives of your company who are overseas. Isn't it a bit too early... for you to introduce me to them?"

"Is it?" Jason's thin lips showed a smile, and his fingers stroked her blushing face. "I think it's going a tad slow. But, Sis, if you think it's a bit too fast, then I'll wait until you're ready to be introduced to them."

Grace heard his words and finally heaved a sigh of relief.

“Then... then you should put your hands down for now so that

you can have your meal,” Grace replied as he had not stopped. touching her face throughout the entire ordeal.

“I really don’t want to let go. Your face is soft, and I like touching it,” Jason muttered, “It’s as if the longer I touch it, the

more addictive it gets.”

Grace was speechless. ‘Is that considered a compliment?’

Ultimately, Jason refused to let go. He only put his hand down after a while longer. Grace was then finally able to eat as well.

Grace had prepared three dishes along with soup for the day’s lunch. They were all usual home-cooked dishes. However, because of the guidance Grace received from the chef of the Reed Residence, the dishes turned out to look

extraordinarily better than take-out meals.

“Did you make these, Sis?” Jason was slightly surprised.

“Yeah, but your house’s chef was there to guide me,” Grace added.

After Jason took a bite, Grace looked at him expectantly and asked, “How is it?”

“They’re good.” Jason replied with a smile.

“But, they’re still not as good as your chef’s, aren’t they?” Grace asked again.

“No, I prefer the ones you made,” Jason replied, “It doesn’t matter what you make, I’ll like them more.”

‘That’s... merely sweet talk, right?’ Grace thought to herself. At

this moment, her mobile phone rang, and Grace looked at the

caller ID. It was a call from Kyla Corbyn, thus Grace answered

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On the other line, Kyla Corbyn’s voice was heard, “Grace,

Nelson’s surgery went well. The doctor said that once Nelson

stabilizes in the next two days, he can start with systematic

training to recognize voices.”

“That’s great.” Grace was ecstatic to hear the news. “Alright,

I'll come over to visit Nelson this afternoon."

With that said, Grace asked about the specific ward Nelson was in before ending the call.

"Is it about the child who has hearing problems?" Jason asked while looking at Grace.

"Yeah, Nelson's operation went well. I'm free this afternoon, so I'm planning to go to the hospital to see him," Grace replied.

"Then, I'll go with you," Jason said.

"You want to come with me?" Grace was bewildered and her eyes were wide open. "But... don't you still have work?"

"I'll just ask the secretary to postpone this afternoon's affairs a little bit. Furthermore, they're not urgent," Jason said indifferently.

However, Grace was well aware that as the president of such a large group, everything was exceptionally urgent.

"What is it? Don't you want me to come with you?" Jason asked.

"No... that's not it." Jason's willingness to keep her company surprised her slightly, but it also made her heart flutter.

"Then, it's decided." Jason lowered his head and continued eating.

Grace saw this and lowered her head as well to continue

eating. Then, just when she was about to finish her meal, his voice suddenly rang in her ears, "Sis, can you continue to

make me more meals in the future?"

Grace was taken aback for a moment. As she raised her head, her eyes met Jason's dark pupils.

Jason smiled softly, raised his hand, and wiped the corner of her lips; only then did Grace realize that there had been rice grains around her mouth.

Instantly, Grace's face became flushed once more.

It was as if she could blush easily in front of him.

"Would that be okay?" Jason asked once more, waiting to hear her answer.

“My cooking is too ordinary, and it’s not as good as your chef’s,” Grace answered.

“So, what about it? I like to eat what you cook for me,” Jason replied.

Doubt flashed across her eyes. Even if he was not picky with food, there was no need for him to like her cooking so much

until the point he wanted to eat ordinary dishes all the time.

After all, the professional chefs in the house were much better at cooking than her.

Perhaps, he was only saying such things to make her

happy? Was it all hypocritical flattery? It was akin to the saying, ‘beauty is in the eye of its beholder. After all, he had mentioned before that he would fancy anything she made.

As if Jason was able to see the doubt in her eyes, he moved his thin lips and said, “I like it when you’re busy because of me,

Sis. When you cook such dishes for me, there’s no doubt that

you’re thinking of me in your mind, right? So, when I eat the

dishes made by Sis, I feel ecstatic. It’s because Sis made them especially for me...”

The possessiveness Jason was showing Grace had begun getting deeper and deeper. It was to the extent that he was

terrified of himself as well. Jason wanted to have all of her,

including the food she cooked.

Nevertheless, Jason’s voice was like a stone that had plunged into the lake of Grace’s heart as ripples continued to appear. His gaze, voice, and words seemed to continuously express how much he loved her.

It seemed like... She was the only one...

It seemed like everything random that she offered to him, he would ecstatically accept it with open arms.

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Grace could not help but think, ‘Was she really that important in his heart? They had only known each other for six short months now; could his feelings for her really be that deep?’

However, it seemed like Jason had no reason to lie to her.

She had nothing to offer, so there was no use in deceiving her, right?

“Would it be okay, Sis?” Jason had a magnetic voice that carried an unignorable desire as he asked the same question the third time.

"Then... I'll cook more when I have the time." Grace returned to her senses and felt that her heart was beating intensely.

"Okay," Jason chuckled lightly.

Grace hurriedly lowered her head and cleaned up the lunch boxes on the table. However, just when she was about to close their lids, she hissed out and subconsciously pulled her fingers back. She heaved out a pained breath.

"What's the matter?" Jason asked anxiously.

"It's nothing, it's just my nail. I chipped it accidentally. I'll trim it when I get back," Grace replied. Although she usually trimmed

her nails often, the priority for her to do so had diminished the past few days. Hence, her nails were slightly longer than

usual.

"Let me have a look at it," Jason said as he pulled her hand closer. He carefully looked at her nail that had been slightly chipped earlier. "Is this the one?" Jason gently held the index finger of Grace's left hand and noticed that the edge of the nail was slightly cracked. It should be fine after some trimming.

"Yeah." Grace nodded.

"Wait for a while," Jason said. Then, he picked up his cell phone and dialed the secretary's number. "Do you have a nail clipper there?"

Grace heard this and almost choked on her saliva.

The other one who was almost choked on her saliva was the secretary who answered the phone. She had not expected the president to call her and ask her for— nail clippers?!

Was the president planning on trimming his nails? The

secretary was confused and baffled. Nevertheless, she took

her pair of nail clippers to the president's office. That was when she noticed Grace sitting on the sofa with Jason.

"Young Master Reed, here are the nail clippers you wanted." The secretary respectfully handed it over to him.

"Alright, you may leave now." Jason said as he took the nail clippers from her.

The secretary then quietly exited the president's room. However, when she was about to close the door to the office, she heard the president say in an extremely gentle tone, "Don't move."

This voice... and that tone... the person who is speaking... Is that Young Master Reed?

The secretary could not help but look in the direction of her boss. What she saw next was the president — carefully trimming Grace's nails.

She was right. Young Master Reed was trimming a woman's nails. The expression on his face was just as gentle as the tone he had used earlier; it was akin to calm water.

The secretary had worked in the company for several years, yet she had never seen such a gentle side of the president.

There were rumors in the company that this woman often came to the company to deliver food. It was very likely that she was the president's new girlfriend. Nonetheless, she had always thought that it was impossible.

After all, if she were his new girlfriend, why would the president let his girlfriend deliver food to him every day?

However, the scene made her feel that the rumor was perhaps true.

Furthermore, judging from their level of intimacy, she could not just be his girlfriend; they were probably lovers.

The secretary left in a perplexed manner, while Grace, whose nails were getting trimmed, tried to guide Jason through the process, "Hey, not too deep but not too far out either. A little deeper in and don't forget the side... Yeah, cut a little bit more there...

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After a while, Grace was finally done with guiding Jason through her nail trimming process.

Consequently, Grace felt tired from the whole ordeal, and it would have been much easier for her to cut her nails on her

own.

However, the other party seemed to have gotten addicted to trimming nails as they looked at Grace's other fingernails before starting to trim them one by one.

After everything was done, Jason said in an unsatiated tone, "When your nails grow in the future, I'll help you trim them. again."

"..." Grace felt somewhat speechless for a while.

It was still noon, and if Grace went to the hospital to visit Nelson, it would still be a tad bit too early.

Hence, while Jason returned to his desk to deal with his

company's affairs, Grace took out her mobile phone and began to scroll through information on a web page.

Out of the blue, a trending topic caught her attention; it was about Evelyn, and it touted her as a winner in life as she had

obtained both love and a successful career.

It also stated that Evelyn had decided to attend the GF dinner that would be held in Emerald City with Brian. The people who would attend the dinner were the top CEOs in Emerald City. Therefore, the news was also a means to state that Evelyn had dispelled the rumors about her breakup and her relationship with Brian was actually still standing strong.

In the trending topic, several pictures of Evelyn endorsing products as well as photos of her as the cover girl of fashion magazines could be found.

It was undeniable that the amount of support Evelyn had was strong, but... Grace's eyes turned gloomy unconsciously. Anyone could tell that the support Evelyn was getting was all coming from Brian.

Once Brian broke up with her, her future would certainly not be as bright as it was now. Additionally, people like Brian hated being pestered.

At the very least, Grace had seen how ruthless Brian could be when she saw the way he treated his ex-girlfriend after being harassed by the latter

Where would Evelyn end up in the future?

Grace scoffed at the thought of it. Whatever that would

happen to Evelyn, whether it was her rise or downfall, it had

nothing to do with her. Evelyn had treated Grace as a sister before and used to help her find ways to gain support in

her career. However, when Grace was imprisoned, she no

longer received the same affection because of how her family

treated her.

Grace continued to scroll through the webpages and she

skimmed through them. After a while, she began to feel slightly drowsy. Thus, she leaned her body against the sofa

before gradually closing her eyelids.

When Jason lifted his head, he noticed Grace lying on her side.

on the sofa with her eyes closed; she was asleep.

Therefore, Jason stood up and tiptoed toward Grace. Her sleeping face at that moment was quiet and tranquil. Furthermore, her curled eyelashes had cast a shadow on her

eyelids.

Jason looked at Grace's sleeping face obsessively as if looking at her would give his heart a sense of peace and satisfaction.

Nevertheless, after a while, Jason took a blanket from the lounge next to him and gently used it to cover Grace.

He used to think that wanting someone would be a straightforward thing for him. However, he now realized that he did not want to use any power to win over the heart of the one he wanted to be with; he wanted her to be with him willingly. Her words, the look in her eyes, and her actions could cost him a sleepless night.

“When will you fall in love with me? How long will you keep me waiting?” he murmured. The only response he got was the silent air that circulated the office.

When Grace opened her eyes, she awoke to a familiar ceiling. In an instant, she quivered and abruptly sat up, trying to recover from her daze.

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She... She actually fell asleep!

“You’re awake? Would you like to sleep a little longer?” Jason’s voice sounded.

Grace was startled and looked up at Jason. “I...I fell asleep. Why didn’t you wake me up.”

“You were sleeping so soundly, so I wanted you to sleep a little longer,” Jason replied.

“But, I said I was going to visit Nelson. I overslept...” Grace said as she picked up her phone and checked the time.

Fortunately, it had just turned 3 in the afternoon, so it was not too late for her to go.

“There’s still time to go to the hospital, I’ll accompany you there right now,” Jason said as he got up and put on his coat. Then, he walked toward Grace.

Grace nodded and thought about the way she had slept earlier; it must have messed up her hair. So, she took out the hairbands on her hair and grabbed a handful of hair before hurriedly retying her hair into a ponytail.

Grace did it extremely quickly, and the whole action only took her five to six seconds to complete.

Jason witnessed the whole scene and was slightly stunned. “Do you always fix up your hair that fast?”

“Not really. I used to take half a day to do it and then when I was in prison...” Grace stopped halfway through her sentence.

Her past of being in jail was not a fond memory for both of them.

"I'm sorry," Jason said dimly.

"No... It's nothing. You're not the reason why I was sent to jail,"

Grace hurriedly responded, trying to resolve the uneasiness at the moment with a relaxed tone. "Although life in prison.

was quite bitter, it still allowed me to see people's true nature. I now know who are the ones that are genuinely kind to me,

and the ones who merely have masks on their faces."

Otherwise, it was possible that she would still be immersed in self-righteous love and affection.

Jason's eyes darkened imperceptibly. He said to Grace, "Are you not afraid that I'm also wearing a hypocritical mask in front of you?"

Grace stared at Jason for a moment before laughing. "I have nothing now. Is there a need for you to wear a mask? If you

are, you'd have a reason for it. Nevertheless, I don't think there's any reason for you to do so."

"Yeah, you're right." Jason smiled faintly and took her hand as he said, "Alright, let's go."

Grace did not know that his biggest goal was for her to love him. He was afraid that once she found out some of his secrets, she would leave him.

Hence, he swore he would never let her find out some of the things that had happened. He would bury all of them up...

Grace and Jason arrived at the hospital and found Nelson's ward.

The ward was better than Grace had imagined. It was a single ward, and it was spacious.

However, Nelson seemed to have fallen asleep by the time they arrived at the ward. Thus, Grace placed the toys she had bought specifically for Nelson on the bedside table in hope that Nelson would see them as soon as he opened his eyes.

When Kyla Corbyn saw that Jason and Grace had come to the ward together, she was slightly taken aback.

Although she had always known Jason's name, she had never really seen him. Furthermore, there were almost no photos

of Jason online, so it was difficult for ordinary people to know

what he looked like.

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Even though she had always been with Martin Weiss since the beginning, she had never seen Jason because the Weiss family and the Reed family never had any business deals. Now, she had bumped into Jason twice in just two days.

It seemed as if he was constantly by Grace's side.

Kyla Corbyn recalled Jason's warning to her, and she looked at Grace's gaze while feeling puzzled. For people like Grace to be loved by someone like Jason, she contemplated whether it

was a misfortune or a blessing.

Nonetheless, she still hoped that Grace would ultimately find

happiness.

"Ah, by the way, I forgot to buy some fruits. I recall Nelson telling me that he wanted to eat pomegranates while he's in the hospital," Grace said as she searched her phone for places to buy pomegranates.

Of course, what Grace meant was that Nelson had expressed it to her in sign language.

"No need for that, Grace. You've already bought toys for Nelson. I'll get pomegranates for him later," Kyla Corbyn

retorted quickly.

"It's okay, I'll be quick. I saw a fruit stand at the entrance of the hospital and there should be some pomegranates there. I'll go down and come back up real quick," Grace continued, "I have to do it since I promised Nelson."

After she finished her sentence, Grace hurriedly left the ward.

Thus, Kyla Corbyn, Mrs. Corbyn, and Jason were left in the room.

Mrs. Corbyn was aware of Jason's identity due to her daughter's explanation the day before. At that moment, she

felt slightly uncomfortable being in the same ward as such a powerful man. Hence, she merely pretended to look at her

grandson.

As for Kyla Corbyn, she took the initiative to say, "Young

Master Reed, would you like some tea?"

"No need," Jason replied indifferently. His eyes fell on Nelson who was still asleep on the bed. "This child, does he belong to you and Martin Weiss?"

The simple sentence shocked Mrs. Corbyn and Kyla Corbyn. Additionally, Mrs. Corbyn flew into panic as she almost

bounced off her chair.

As for Kyla Corbyn, she was much calmer than her mother.

She looked at Jason and said, "Is that what you learned from investigating my background?"

"Yes, but the information I have is just an inference based on time. Moreover..." The corner of Jason's lips curved upward. "The most interesting part is that Martin Weiss doesn't seem to be aware that he has a son."

"..." Kyla Corbyn pursed her lips and said with slight difficulty, "Nelson is my son alone. From the beginning, Martin Weiss had never wished for Nelson's existence, so he has nothing to do with him. Young Master Reed, you said you wouldn't interfere with affairs concerning Martin Weiss and me. Therefore, I hope that you won't say anything about Nelson to anyone."

"Please, Young Master Reed!" Mrs. Corbyn exclaimed

anxiously. She even got up and ran to Jason's side, making a gesture as if she would kneel and beg the other party.

"Mom," Kyla Corbyn hurriedly stopped her mother, fearing that her mother's temporary urgency to plead would make Jason unhappy.

"I've said before that I'm not interested in matters concerning and Martin Weiss. However, Grace seems to... like the kid," you Jason said as he glanced at the little guy on the hospital bed.

"He's lucky that Grace likes him, so it can be regarded that he

has helped himself out."

Mrs. Corbyn was a little confused when she heard the second half of Jason's sentence, but Kyla Corbyn understood what he

meant in a heartbeat.

Before this, she wondered why the hospital suddenly had a

specialist to give Nelson a consultation. Not to mention, they were given a considerable discount in terms of medical fees. Rehabilitation training was also arranged by the hospital and all she needed to pay was a small amount of money.

It was like was a gift from the heavens, but was it as simple as she and her son got lucky?

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Frankly speaking... The real reason was because of Grace, right? Had Grace asked for Jason's help? Was that the reason why all of it was possible?

At this moment, Grace returned to the ward with a bag of pomegranates in her hand.

"Alright. When Nelson wakes up, if the doctor allows it, he can go ahead and eat these," Grace said with a big smile on her face.

"Thank you, Grace," Kyla Corbyn said, her eyes were slightly red.

"It's just a bag of pomegranates," Grace replied, thinking that the other party's red eyes were due to them being worried about Nelson's condition. "Nelson's surgery was a success, and he just needs to adapt to the cochlear implant, Kyla. There is no more danger, so you don't need to worry; everything will be fine."

"Yeah, everything will be fine." Kyla Corbyn nodded.

Before this, she had thought of herself as Grace's savior as she was willing to allow the latter to work in her store when

the other party was in a difficult situation. However, in actual fact, Grace was her savior!

If it were not because of Grace, Nelson would never have been able to receive such treatment.

Nelson was still asleep when Grace left the ward with Jason. "I'll come to visit Nelson next time," Grace said as she waved goodbye to Kyla Corbyn and Mrs. Corbyn. Shortly after, she and Jason arrived at the parking lot of the hospital.

However, just as Grace was about to get into the car, Jason reached out his hand and took her directly into his arms.

"Smile at me."

"What?" Grace was confused.

"Smile at me, just like how you did in the ward before," Jason said. Most of the smiles he saw of hers were shy and timid; he

rarely saw bright ones like the one she had worn in the ward.

At that moment, Grace's eyes were so bright and beautiful

that he found it hard to look away.

"Don't I usually smile at you?" Grace asked, "Why do you want me to smile so suddenly?"

"Because you smiled very beautifully, so I wanted to see you smile again," Jason replied in a low voice. His voice carried a

tone that seemed like he was coaxing a child as he asked,

"Will you smile one more time, Sis?"

Grace could only feel the blood in her body seemingly rush to

her face once more. "There's... a surveillance camera here!"

In other words, their every move was now perhaps being

watched by someone on the other end of the surveillance

camera.

"So what?" Jason's eyes were burning with passion and were full of longing. "Smile one more time, Sis. I want to see your

smile one more time..."

Grace's heart... had begun to pound as she stared at Jason in a daze. The desire in his eyes made her want to satisfy him.

There it was... a smile on her face that was as bright and magnificent as the sun... it was stunning...

After leaving the hospital, Grace was not expecting Jason... to really take her to the food street.

Initially, they were merely passing by the street full of food stalls, and she had said out of nostalgia that she had not been there for a long time. Consequently, Jason parked the car

nearby and brought her straight there.

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"Do you really want to take a stroll here?" Grace was still somewhat incredulous.

"Is there something wrong?" Jason retorted, "Didn't you also take me to a night market last time? It's similar to this place."

"But, I didn't know your identity at that time," Grace said. If she had known he was Jason, she would not have taken him to the

night market to buy clothes.

"What's the difference? No matter if it's in the past or future,

I'm your Jay." Jason looked at her thoughtfully.

That look on his face... Ugh, it was like nirvana to Grace! "Then... you go ahead and take a stroll." She pursed her lips. Nevertheless, she still followed him around the food court.

In the past, when Grace was still in college, she used to visit the place often with her classmates. However, once she started working, she naturally stopped frequenting it.

Later, after being in jail for three years and being released, she struggled to find food and clothes. What more was the idea of taking a stroll in the area.

It was already evening at this time, and the crowd in the area was gradually beginning to build up. Grace and Jason walked around and bought snacks and skewers as they filled up their stomachs.

It was a food street market, but there were also many other stalls that sold clothes, accessories, gadgets, and knick-knacks.

Each item was priced cheaply and affordably; most of the people who were shopping around the area were students.

As they walked, Grace noticed that many young women had a tendency to look at Jason from time to time. In the eyes of the ordinary women, Jason was a handsome guy who's looks were comparable to top idol stars.

When she went to the night market with him previously, his bangs were let down, and they almost covered his eyes. This time, Jason had combed his bangs backward. Consequently, his forehead was revealed, and it made his handsome face even more apparent.

When the two passed by a hair accessory stall, Grace said, "By the way, I need to buy a few hairbands." The hairbands she had were losing their elasticity.

Moreover, the hairbands she usually bought were cheap ones that were sold at around five bucks for a bundle of them.

Grace would usually buy them online. However, now that she could buy them at a stall, she might as well buy them here.

Jason glanced at the hairband on Grace's hair, and upon taking a closer look, noticed that the white rubber band within the black colored hairband had made its way to the surface.

Grace squatted down in front of the stall, looked at the hair ties for sale, chose the cheapest one, and started bargaining

with the stall owner.

However, before she could finish bargaining, Jason pulled her

up to leave.

“Hey, I’m not done negotiating on the price yet,” Grace said.

“I’ll buy it for you,” Jason said. There was a trace of constraint in his tone. He had never noticed that the rubber bands she

used were cheap and had become worn out.

Nevertheless, even though hair ties were dirt cheap, she still had to bargain with the stall owner.

All of a sudden, there was an indescribable feeling in his

heart.

“But I...” Grace wanted to say something, and Jason halted his footsteps abruptly. Jason turned his head around and asked,

“Grace, is it really that hard for you to accept something from me?”