

Ex Convict 431

Chapter 431

She held her breath. 'Does his current expression mean that...

he was angry?'

"You said that you want to be independent and you want to continue to work as a helper at the small restaurant because you don't want to rely on me. Fine, there is nothing wrong with that." He took in a deep breath. "But even a regular boyfriend should be able to give his girlfriend anything he wants, right? Do you even treat me as your boyfriend?"

Grace bit her lips and could not find a reply to his questions.

"Grace, I know that you don't want to rely on me, but that doesn't mean that you need to reject the things I give you,"

Jason said.

He wanted to give her a good life. He did not want her to be worked up over even a single penny. Although he knew that her actions were based on her past experience with him he still could not help but feel this way. Some things needed a long time to change.

Even so, the anger within his chest that he tried hard to suppress still erupted.

The only problem was that his anger was more toward himself.

If he had not allowed things to progress the way it did and if only he was willing to give the justice she wanted, she would not have ended up this way.

He had destroyed what used to be her life. He turned her from a lawyer with a bright future to someone with a criminal record. He pushed her to experience life's perils that she now had to calculate prudently each penny she earned to make sure she had enough for the next day.

Grace took a deep breath and said to Yijason, "Okay, I understand. Then please buy me some hair ties."

To be honest, she was indeed too calculative with him at times. She was afraid that she would make the same mistake as she did with her ex. She did not want to be a parasite that only took, thus she wanted to do it all with her own strength.

However, they were now boyfriend and girlfriend. She did.

not need to be so calculative with him over small items. If

she continued to be so calculative, it would only widen the distance between them.

Jason then pulled Grace to look at other stalls that sold hair accessories. However, nothing caught Jason's eyes.

Finally, he took her to a hair accessory shop inside the shopping mall adjacent to the Food Fest Street.

Grace took a look and noticed that a regular black hair tie without any trinket already cost 50 dollars here. Although the quality was good, it was still expensive for a hair tie.

Jason took a few glances and realized that there was no better choice. Thus, he reluctantly said, "We'll take this. Give

me ten of it."

"Ten?" Grace got a shock. Ten of them would cost 500 dollars.

"Didn't you want to buy ten earlier at the street stall?" he asked curiously.

"..." "That's because it cost 5 bucks for ten pieces, so it's cheaper than buying a single piece. That was why she usually bought ten in a go.

However, after some time, Jason felt that merely buying these ten hair ties was not enough. He asked the shop assistant to choose a few more hair accessories. "Do you see anything that you like?"

Every girl had a secret spot for beautiful things. Grace naturally liked these hair accessories. However...

"These are too expensive. Besides, I don't have much opportunity to wear these because of my job."

Usually, one needed to put on some nice makeup with

matching clothes to use such hair accessories.

"Then I'll just have to create the opportunity for you to be able

to use them. As for the price, you can only have such concerns

when the price of the item I want to buy for you is half of my

wealth."

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With that said, he turned to the shop assistant. "Pack these

up."

The shop assistant was more than happy and immediately packed up all the hair accessories with the receipt ready.

Jason paid for the items and took the bag containing the hair accessories. Grace said nothing to protest because she understood that this was a gift from his heart.

If she rejected it, it might make him feel uncomfortable instead.

“Let’s buy some clothes and shoes,” he said as if he was on a shopping spree.

“But I have shoes. We don’t need to buy more.”

“But I want to see you dressed beautifully. Don’t you girls have a saying that men earn money for the women to spend? Besides, you used to buy me clothes and shoes last time too.”

Okay, she had nothing to refute against this statement of his.

However, she was worried that he would splurge on those luxury brands. Thus, she said, “Then can I choose what I like?”

“Okay.” He smiled slightly.

As they strolled through the mall, Grace found some clothes and shoes that she liked.

She tried them on and thought they looked good. Furthermore, the price was not steep.

Right now, she was dressed in a beige long dress. She looked like she was on a summer vacation. She was even wearing matching colored sandals.

It had been a long time since she dressed like this.

As Grace looked into the mirror, she was a little dazed. It was as if she was seeing her old self again.

The only difference was in the aura she was giving out now compared to in the past.

She was like a sharp spear that had been kept away in a dark and humid corner, becoming rusty and dull after its former glory days.

Grace saw the gaze in her eyes through the reflection in the mirror. The current her had a gaze that was different from when she just came out of prison as well. She no longer looked

so lifeless and dull. It was as if the mist covering her gaze was gradually dissipating.

Was it because of Jason? Was it because he brought her hope for the future?

If it was in the past, she would find that hilarious. How could someone who made her lose all hope become the same person who was giving her hope?

“Do you like it?” His voice rang beside her ears.

She was stunned and realized that he had walked up to her. He was now standing behind her, looking at her reflection in

the mirror.

Their gazes met through the reflection on the mirror.

“Um, n-not bad,” she said. His gaze lit up, making her blush a little.

“I think it’s nice too.” His lips approached her earlobes as he whispered. To him, she had inexplicably become more and more beautiful which made him find it hard to avert his gaze.

Her ears reddened as her heart began to beat erratically. “Th-then I’ll take this. Let me change out of this.” She wanted to hurriedly get into the changing room to change out of this dress.

However, the next moment, he suddenly grabbed her by the wrist.

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She gave him a weird stare. “What’s the matter?”

He pursed his lips, and the clarity in his gaze returned.

Subsequently, he smiled and said, “Nothing. Go get changed.”

With that, Jason released his grip.

After Grace went into the changing room and closed the door, Jason closed his eyes for a moment. The next time he opened them, the lust in his gaze was completely suppressed.

Earlier, he had wanted her there and then!

His craving for her seemed to be getting out of hand lately. However, he could not do anything now. It was difficult enough for her to allow him near her, so he could not risk frightening her away.

She was like a careful little animal that was alert and timid. Each step she took was with much caution. He needed to use his patience to let her dismiss the caution she had in her heart toward him and wait for her to learn to rely on him.

Only that way could she fall in love with him, and only that way would she not leave him!

He had to be patient... Patience...

Only because he wanted to earn her love!

When Grace changed into her original clothes and shoes, she came out of the changing room to see Jason with his head lowered slightly. His expression seemed to be solemn.

"What is it? What are you thinking about?" she asked him.

He looked up and smiled. "Nothing." He then took the clothes and shoes that were in her hands to pass them to the cashier

so that he could make the payment.

Just when they were going to take the elevator, a young girl suddenly ran over and stood in front of Jason. "Hello, my name is Judy Dixon. I'm currently a sophomore student at Shen

University. Can we exchange numbers?"

The girl had a youthful and sweet look. She had straight black hair that draped loosely over her shoulders. She was dressed from head to toe in branded goods that emphasized the curves of her figure. She looked like she came from a well-to-do family.

Jason coldly glanced at her and rejected. "No."

"Is it because of her? Is she your girlfriend?" Judy Dixon openly pointed her finger at Grace who was standing next to Jason.

Jason squinted his eyes. A sense of danger rose within his gaze that made Judy Dixon shudder. At the same time, it also heightened her desire to win him over.

She was a beauty that every boy in her class wanted. She had plenty of suitors trying to woo her, but she was not interested

in any

of them. It was rare that she found a man she was

interested in. She did not believe that she was not able to win

him over.

For Judy Dixon, she was way better than the old and unfashionable woman standing next to him. Even if the woman had a pleasant look, Judy Dixon could tell that the woman lacked a proper skincare routine. Plus, her hair was limp and dull. Her clothes were so regular too.

"Even if she's your girlfriend, you can still choose. How would you like to date me? I'll make a very good girlfriend!" Judy Dixon confidently said with her chin up.

Usually, most men would take up her offer as they liked her innocent yet direct attitude.

At the same time, a girl next to Judy Dixon who was around the same age as her said, "Judy is our campus' prettiest girl. Plenty of men are chasing after her at school. This is my first time seeing her making the first move."

In other words, the girl meant that Jason should feel thankful

for it.

A confident smile was plastered on Judy Dixon's face. She was sure that even if the man rejected her, he would only be doing so reluctantly. That way, she could ride on her victory and get

his number. As for the woman next to the man, she did not

even spare her a look.

'This kind of woman is no match for me.

'Even if the woman decides to go all wild and scold me, I have

my ways to shame her till she has no place to hide.

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What Judy Dixon never guessed was that the woman whom she assumed would go all bonkers did not even say a word. Instead, she merely looked at her calmly. The man she was interested in spoke first.

"Scram!"

Judy Dixon widened her eyes in disbelief. This was the first time someone ever used such a word at her.

"You..." Judy Dixon's face reddened from embarrassment while Jason pulled Grace along into the elevator.

Judy Dixon wanted to follow them into the elevator, but when she saw the icy cold stare Jason gave her, her body shuddered and her feet seemed to have grown root. She was unable to

move.

It was only after the elevator door closed that Judy Dixon's friend, Jillian Waters, no longer held back her tongue. "This

man has such poor taste. Does he know how to speak properly!"

Judy Dixon gritted her teeth in hatred. She had never been mocked by anyone before. All these while, she was always the jewel in someone's hand. She had never received such

ill-treatment!

She looked at the elevator that was heading down before stopping on the first floor. She quickly pulled Jillian Waters to take the other elevator to the first floor as well. They quickly chased across to see the pair heading toward the nearby

parking.

Judy Dixon said, "I'll drive the car over. You help me keep an

eye on them."

"Oh, okay..." Jillian Waters said. They might be good friends, but the Yan family was a stronger family than hers. Judy Dixon was the princess of the Yan family. Therefore, Jillian Waters was more accurately known as Judy Dixon's underling.

Judy Dixon hurried over to where her car was parked and drove out. She wanted to tail the couple to their home. Once she had their address, it would be a breeze to find out their identities.

She was going to snatch the man from that woman and make the man regret his earlier words.

When Judy Dixon drove out, she received a call from Jillian Waters. She drove over to where Jillian Waters was. The latter then swiftly got into the car and said to Judy Dixon, "It's that Bentley in front. They got in that car."

Judy Dixon was rather stunned as she looked at the Bentley

that was not too far away. It was waiting at the traffic light. 'They got in that car?'

"You didn't get it wrongly, did you? That car?" Judy Dixon read

the car number plate that she saw.

"It's that car." Jillian Waters nearly wanted to raise her hand to make an oath to prove that she had not seen it wrongly. "Both

of them got into that car."

Judy Dixon's expression fell. She had seen many luxury cars. If it was a regular luxury car, she would not be too shocked, but that was a limited edition car that cost a few million. Plus, you may not get it even if you had the money.

'This couple has such a car? No, it probably belongs to the man. That woman does not look like someone who can afford

this car.

Judy Dixon continued to tail the Bentley. Regardless, she was going to find out the identity of that man.

In the other car, Jason looked at his rearview mirror and realized that he was being tailed. He stopped at the traffic light and called a number. He immediately said, "Someone's tailing my car. A white BMW, car number plate..."

Grace, who was in the passenger seat, was shocked to hear that. "There is a car tailing us?"

"I think so. They've been following us for some time."

"So, you gave a call to..."

"The head of the traffic police department."

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Cough! She nearly choked on her saliva. 'Did he... give a direct call to the traffic police chief? I don't think many within

Emerald City can do that.

When the red light turned green, Jason continued to drive.

This time, Grace began to take notice of the car that Jason mentioned through the rearview mirror.

Although there were a few cars in between them, there was indeed a car that kept following them.

Suddenly, Grace saw a police car approaching. It forced that car to stop by the roadside. Then, two policemen got down

the car... Grace could not see anything else from the rearview mirror.

'This police car was sent out by the chief police?' Grace was shaken by the revelation. She also had a further understanding of Jason's influence in Emerald City.

Under the stern glares of the traffic police, Judy Dixon. reluctantly took out her identity card and driver's license. She wondered to herself why she was so unlucky.

She did not recall breaking any traffic rules, so why was she

chosen to be pulled over by the police?! The car she had been following was nowhere to be seen now!

However, she had asked Jillianto snap a picture of the car

earlier. She just needed to snoop around to find out who the owner of that car was.

After the police left, Judy Dixon called her cousin to help her find out the identity of the car's owner.

Her cousin had a lot of connections, thus it was easy for him to investigate.

What she had not expected was within less than ten minutes, her cousin urgently called her to question, "Judy, who is the person you're trying to investigate?"

"Why? Is there a problem?" Judy Dixon curiously asked. She merely wanted to search for a car owner through his number plate. What trouble could there be?

Her cousin anxiously replied, "Of course, there's a problem.

The owner of that car is written as 'top secret' in the system.

In other words, only certain officials can have access to that data. Nobody else has the right to find out about it. How did you offend such a person?"

Judy Dixon was puzzled. She had a look of disbelief on her face. She looked in the direction where the car had long

disappeared, and her emotions were in turmoil.

'Who is that man?!'

When Grace and Jason returned to Reed Residence, Jason received a phone call. After the call ended, Jason informed Grace, "The car that was tailing us earlier was the two women we met at the elevator."

"It was them? Why do they want to tail..." Halfway through her sentence, she paused as she realized that the reason the girls followed them was none other than because of Jason.

She used to have a female classmate who had a crush on a bus driver. That classmate would take the bus that the driver drove until he finished work. Then, she would follow him from behind to find out his home address.

After thinking about such actions, it came off rather creepy.

"If they try to do it again, things won't end so easily," Jason said. Then, he looked at Grace and asked, "How about you? What are your thoughts about today's incident?"

She blinked her eyes a few times and thought about it before saying, "I think it's... rather normal that girls have an interest in you." After all, with his looks, he was no doubt a chick

magnet.

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Even without taking into consideration his identity, his looks alone were enough for women to line up.

However, her answer set off a flash of disappointment in his eyes. "Don't you feel jealous?"

"Jealous?" She was stunned.

He was staring at her as if he wanted to see through her. After some time, it was as if he finally accepted a certain reality and sighed. "You're heartless. I would've been happy if you said that you're jealous."

Grace bit her lower lip. Jealous?... Earlier when that woman called Judy Dixon approached Jason while looking like she'd have no problem winning him over, was I jealous? She even looked at me with eyes full of disdain...'

She did not know the answer to that either. It was as if at that moment, she did not think about jealousy. She just knew that Jason would not accept that woman.

Was it because she believed that... Jason was hers? Her trust toward Jason had unknowingly... grown so much?

That thought made Grace secretly shocked.

"Grace, when will you be jealous because of me? Let me see that you care about me..." He bent his waist and caressed her

cheek with his cheek.

If he was the only one in the relationship who would feel

jealous... That was not right. It was as if this relationship was filled with inequality, like only his emotions would be affected

by her and not the other way around as well.

However, perhaps there was no fairness when it came to a romantic relationship.

Perhaps... there would always be one who loved deeply while the other less...

Grace remained silent. She did not know how to answer him. If one day she felt jealous because of him, would that mean that she... no longer trusted him as much?

Jason had arranged for a health checkup for Grace the next day. That night, she went to bed early. The next morning, she saw Jason holding the clothes and shoes he bought for her yesterday. He said to her, "Wear this. I've asked the helpers to wash them already."

'He's so efficient. Grace was taken aback.

The clothes that Jason brought for her was a set of casual clothes that were easy to wear and remove, suitable for today's purpose of going for a health checkup. As for the shoes, it was a pair of casual shoes that did not have any shoelaces. She just needed to slip them on and off.

Grace was shocked by Jason's thoughtful behavior. It was obvious that he had not randomly picked a set of clothes from those she bought yesterday. He had given it some thought.

Grace took the clothes and went to the bathroom to wash up and change before she put on the shoes.

When she came out of the bathroom, Jason was staring at her, mesmerized.

"What's the matter? Is there something wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing. It's just rare to see you dressed like this."

Grace looked down at her clothes. "I used to dress like this back in university." In university, she liked to dress casually as she felt more at ease.

However, when she started working, she had to dress in work attire most of the time due to the dress code. During her free time, she would go on dates with Sean Stevens. Sean Stevens

did not like her to dress so casually, thus she seldom wore this style of clothes anymore.

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Now when she thought about it, her wardrobe back then only had her work attire and the kind of clothing that Sean Stevens liked. She hardly had any clothes that she truly liked.

It seemed that she did not do many things for herself in the past. Most of the time, she was busy trying to please other people.

"I wish I had known you earlier," Jason mumbled.

he had known her earlier, perhaps they would have a better start. She would not need to go through three years of jail time and he would not need to be afraid of certain truths that she may find out.

Grace felt that Jason's gaze contained plenty of emotions that she did not understand.

"Alright, let's go." He took her hand and they went downstairs. As she was going for a health checkup, she had to fast until she was done at the hospital.

Jason led Grace to the car. He noticed that she was using the hair tie he bought for her yesterday. It was a simple black hair tie, but it was better than the one she was using yesterday where the inner white rubber band was already exposed.

It made him feel much more comfortable.

She was such an important person to him, yet he never took note of these before? The thought of him noticing her hair tie yesterday made him once again feel a sense of heartache.

He never experienced such emotions in the past. She was the only person who could make him experience the disappointing feeling of 'I'm so filthy rich yet I still let her wear such worn-out hair ties'.

If she had not gone to prison, all these would not have happened.

It could be said that he was not the sole cause of her current poverty, but he was part of it.

"Is this hair tie good?" Jason casually asked.

"Not bad," Grace replied. The price was rather steep, but its quality was undoubtedly much better than the ones she used to buy from the roadside stalls.

"That's good. Later, I'll get someone to buy a few other brands for you to try and compare. That way, you'll know which is better."

"There's no need for that. Those we bought yesterday can last me a long time," Grace immediately responded.

"Consider it as me trying to spoil you a bit. Can't I? It's normal for a boyfriend to buy things for his girlfriend regardless of

the amount, isn't it?"

Grace's heart skipped a few beats as a sense of sweetness

rushed out from her chest.

'Spoil me a bit? It seems that other than my mother, nobody else has ever said that to me. Not even Sean Stevens. When she was with Sean Stevens, he did buy her some branded goods, but he had never said those words.

However, at that time, she assumed that his mere action of buying her branded goods was him spoiling and loving her.

Now when she thought about it, perhaps Sean Stevens merely wanted her to dress in something that could match his status.

Although she kept telling herself to be strong and rely on herself for everything, deep within her heart, she still wished that someone would spoil her once in a while.

At the hospital, Jason brought Grace to the health screening center. Jason had booked a VIP package, so she did not need to queue up. Instead, they just went straight to the VIP section.

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When they arrived at the VIP area, there was a

person-in-charge waiting for them. All Grace needed to do

was to follow the nurse.

Grace followed the nurse to draw some blood, take an x-ray, and go for an ultrasound scan among others. Jason waited

patiently for Grace at the VIP lounge.

While Grace followed the nurse through all the various

departments, she saw a few that had a long queue.

The nurse explained to her that those were people from other organizations who were here for a check-up. Thus, it was

rather crowded.

Just as Grace followed the nurse toward the ultrasound room, a few of the other rooms had a long queue, but the nurse led

Grace to another door that had no queue outside.

"Grace!" Suddenly, a voice called out Grace's name.

Grace turned around to see who it was. She saw Andrea

Schwartz in one of the queues.

Grace was taken aback. She had not expected to bump into Andrea Schwartz here. 'Is she here for a check-up as well? That means...' Grace took a look at Andrea Schwartz's queue to see a few familiar faces from the law firm she used to work

1.

What a coincidence. Her ex-colleagues from that law firm. were here for a check-up today as well.

Andrea Schwartz said something to the person next to her and left the queue as she dashed over to Grace. "I didn't think

I'd see you here. Are you here to deliver food?"

"No, I'm here for a check-up."

"Check-up..." Andrea Schwartz took a look at Grace. Grace did not dress like she usually did when she delivered food.

She looked much more youthful now. "That's true. You haven't done a health check-up since you came out. You should do a proper check-up now."

Then, Andrea Schwartz pretended to be kind and sighed. "The queue is rather long today. I was thinking of letting you jump into the queue with me. That way, you can save time. But if I do that, it'll be unfair to those behind me. I'm truly sorry."

Grace found it hilarious. If Andrea Schwartz was truly apologetic, she would not have mentioned it at all.

"There's no need to feel sorry for it. I don't plan on jumping queues either," Grace said.

The nurse next to Grace suddenly said, "Ms. Cummins, can we go to the ultrasound room first? The doctor is waiting for you inside."

"Okay," Grace answered and followed the nurse to the nearby ultrasound room.

Andrea Schwartz was dumbfounded. What just happened? Why did the nurse lead Grace into the ultrasound room? She had enquired earlier regarding why that room had no queue. The hospital staff informed her that the room was not for regular patients.

If that was the case, why was Grace entering that room now?

Andrea Schwartz returned to her queue with a gloomy face. Her colleague who was in the queue asked her, "Andrea, is that the senior who used to work in our firm but was sentenced to prison later? Is she here for a check-up as well? Why isn't she in the queue at the back? She went straight into that room!"

"Who knows?" Andrea Schwartz pursed her lips.

“Andrea, is that senior now a food delivery person after she came out?” That colleague curiously asked as she had heard

such rumors in the law firm.

“Yes. She has delivered food to our law firm a few times. Let me order food from her shop again on Monday. Consider it as me giving business to her workplace.” Andrea Schwartz smiled, but in her heart, she decided that she was going to embarrass Grace on that day.

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‘Grace shouldn’t have always tried to one up me in the past. Everyone took her as a hotshot in the law firm that they

treated me like I was invisible.

‘Now, I’m going to make Grace ‘famous’ again. I’ll let everyone at the firm see how their best female lawyer is living her life

now.

‘I’ll let them know how wrong they were in the past!’

It seemed that this was the only way she could appease the anger in her heart.

At that moment, a nurse walked past. That colleague asked the nurse. “Earlier, one of your hospital staff said that regular patients can’t go into that ultrasound room, but I saw a nurse leading someone into that room. What’s going on?”

“Oh, that should be our hospital’s VIP package customer” the nurse replied.

“VIP package? How much does a VIP package cost?” That colleague was taken aback.

“That depends on the package chosen. The cheapest cost a

few thousand while the expensive ones can go up to a few

hundred thousand. If you want to find out more, you can head

to the sixth floor. There is a special counter for this.” The nurse

then left.

The colleague looked puzzled and turned to see Andrea Schwartz who was equally shocked by what she heard from

the nurse.

“Andrea, are you sure that the senior is only doing food delivery?” The cheapest package already cost a few thousand bucks. It was not something a regular person could afford.

“How is that possible!” Andrea Schwartz exclaimed as her face contorted. “How can she be a VIP package customer!”

“But didn’t she enter that ultrasound room for her check-up?” That colleague mentioned.

At that moment, some of the other colleagues from the firm looked over at Andrea Schwartz.

Andrea Schwartz realized that she had lost her poise. She tried to recompose herself before forcing out a smile to that colleague. “There must be a misunderstanding.”

Inside her heart, she could not help but wonder what was going on. ‘How did Grace afford to buy the VIP package?! Where did she get the money!’

Inside the room, the radiologist was performing an ultrasound scan for Grace. When it was time to scan her uterus, the doctor frowned.

“Ms. Cummins, have you had a bad trauma to your abdomen before?” the doctor asked.

Grace’s heart shuddered. “Yes, I’ve received treatment for it back then. The doctor told me that my uterus suffered badly and the damage is irreversible.”

In other words, even if she were to take good care of her health and take medications to regulate her body, her body would never completely recover. Furthermore, she had been in prison. After getting out, she did not have the luxury to properly nourish herself.

“Do you have children?” the doctor suddenly asked.

“No...” Grace felt a sense of disappointment when she said that.

Back then, the three years in prison brought her from heaven down to hell. The fact that she could not have children was like sending her to the deepest level of hell.

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That was the darkest period of her life. She felt that there was no meaning for her to live on. If not for Lina who frequently came to visit her, she would not still be alive right now.

The doctor sighed. "Let the gynecologist have a look at your report and see if there is anything we can do."

"Anything we can do?" Grace was stunned for a moment. "Are there any other ways?"

"You're still young. We can't tell you that there's no chance at all. Besides, in medicine, nothing is absolute."

Somehow, hope began to bud within Grace's heart. Even if she knew how small that hope was, it was still hope, was it not?

If there was a way for her to treat her uterus, did that mean she could have a child?

When she thought about it, Jason's face appeared in her mind.

If she could have a child, then the father of the child would be...

"Alright, we're done. You can get up." The doctor's words interrupted Grace's daydream.

She immediately got up from the examination bed and adjusted her clothes. She could feel her rapid heart rate because of her earlier thoughts.

She... wanted to have a child with Jason?

Grace followed the nurse out of the ultrasound room. She did not need to wait for her report as everything would be collected and sent to her consulting doctor. That doctor would then go through her report and decide which specialist needed to see her.

What Grace did not expect was that Andrea Schwartz, who was still in the queue, would once again approach her. She loudly questioned, "Did you buy the VIP package for your health check-up? Aren't you working as a food delivery person? How did you afford to buy such an expensive package?"

Grace looked at Andrea Schwartz like she was a joke. The latter was acting as if she was a prosecutor whose questions Grace needed to answer.

"I think that's my personal matter. I don't need to explain it to you." Grace mocked.

Andrea Schwartz realized that her tone earlier was rather overbearing. Thus, she put on an act. "I'm just worried about you. You've just come out of prison. What if you make the wrong move and have to face the law once again? You know

that we lawyers are more sensitive about these things.”

Grace coldly looked at Andrea Schwartz, making the other woman feel rather sheepish. “Why... are you looking at me like that?”

“Nothing. You just look as if you hope that I’ll have a run-in with the law again,” Grace said.

Andrea Schwartz nearly choked on her saliva. “H-how can that be. We... We’re ex-colleagues. Of course, I wish you well.”

“Is that so? But you always like to mention my past in prison. in front of others, as if you wish that everyone will know about this part of my past,” Grace said without beating around the bush.

Andrea Schwartz’s complexion reddened in embarrassment.

Her colleagues from the law firm were among those in the queue. They were all focused on the drama happening, so they heard what Grace said as well. Subsequently, some of them had a look of a certain realization in their eyes. They all continued to wait for the drama to unfold further.

“I... That’s because...” Andrea Schwartz wanted to make up an excuse, but the problem was, she could not think of any.

“A lawyer should know that the law enables a person to be sentenced with a crime from an objective manner. Even if that person has done thousands of crimes in the past, it doesn’t

mean that this time, that person is guilty. But when it comes to you, it seems as if you’ve decided beforehand to label me as

someone guilty. This is not how a professional lawyer should act,” Grace coldly said.

Her brutal words made Andrea Schwartz’s complexion redder.

Grace had raised doubts about her professionalism, yet Andrea Schwartz could not find a way to refute.