

Ex-Convict! 4357

Chapter 4357 Gone

Harley said, "You don't need to apologize to me, you didn't do anything wrong."

"But my father..."

"That's your father, not you. Besides, didn't you just try to stop your father?" she said, her gaze falling on the red swelling on Calvert's face. She raised her hand and gently touched the swollen area.

Calvert's body suddenly shuddered, looking somewhat helplessly at the other person.

"We need to apply some medicine quickly, or it might swell up even worse tomorrow," Harley said. "Do you have any medicine. at home?"

"I do have some. The ointment you gave me last time, I haven't used it all up yet," he quickly replied.

"That's good," she said, pulling her hand back. "Let's go then."

Calvert hesitated for a moment. He didn't want her to see him in such a mess. But now, it seemed like she was witnessing his disarray once again, and, he was powerless to do anything about it.

In the end, he took the step, heading towards his own home,

Harley walked alongside him, taking in the surroundings as they moved.

She had only seen such an environment in movies and TV shows but had never personally been there.

Dark and dilapidated, even the air seemed to emit a musty smell, making one feel quite uncomfortable.

But this was where Calvert lived.

At the entrance of Calvert's apartment building, Calvert said, "I'm here, thank you."

This was a very run-down six-story apartment building, it didn't even have an elevator.

Harley looked at Calvert in front of him: "I walked you to your doorstep, the least you could do is offer me a glass of water. I'm a bit thirsty."

"Huh?" Calvert was a bit flustered, "You want to come into my house?"

"Is that not okay?" Harley retorted.

Calvert wanted to refuse, but the words seemed to be stuck in his throat, unable to come out: "It's not that I can't, it's just that my place is a mess."

"It's okay," she said.

Just now, as Harley was walking with Calvert, she suddenly became curious about what Calvert's home might look like.

He moistened his lips, murmuring, "Alright then."

Calvert was speaking as he led the way, with Harley following behind.

"By the way, is there anyone at your place now?" she asked. curiously.

"No, it's just me and my father living at home, and he's at the hospital now," he said.

"And what about your mother?" she asked.

His expression fell a bit, “My mother is no longer with us.”

Harley was taken aback, then immediately apologized with a full face of regret, “I’m sorry, I didn’t know your mother had passed away, I...”

“She didn’t die!” Calvert interrupted her, pausing in his steps and turning to look at her. “She left, abandoned me and my father. She couldn’t stand this filthy environment and left this place. As for where she is now and what kind of life she’s living, I have no idea!”

Harley stood there, staring at the person in front of him, illuminated by the faint moonlight filtering through the hollowed-out wall by the stairs.

When Calvert said this, his face was calm, or numbly silent, as if he was talking about someone completely irrelevant.

Harley suddenly regretted bringing up this topic: “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have asked you that question.”

“You don’t need to apologize. A lot of people here know about this. It’s not a secret,” Calvert said, continuing to ascend the stairs.

A moment later, the two of them entered that small room in the

Calvert’s house!