

Ex-Convict! 4358

Chapter 4358 The Gap Between Classes

The Calvert's house was even more rundown than she had imagined, with a musty smell walling through the air.

When Calvert turned on the light, Harley surveyed the room. Many of the old pieces of furniture looked somewhat damaged. There were quite a few cabinets with only half a door, or with door handles that were one half there

Such living conditions could have been described as extremely liars. However, when one looked at Calvert, it wasn't possible to associate him with such an environment

Calvert himself had an excellent physique. Even when he was dressed in ordinary, cheap clothes, he exuded an air of elegance, like a noble prince fallen on hard times

"My place is a bit modest," Calvert said, seemingly a bit embarrassed

"Do you plan on moving to a different house in the future? Harley asked. After all, no matter how you look at it, this place doesn't seems quite suitable for comfortable living

"Once I graduate from university, if I have the means, Ill move away from here," Cakert said, then chuckled self-deprecatingly. "But it's also possible that I might never be able to leave this place. After all, it's hard to cross social classes. Many children of the poor remain poor forever."

"Why would you thank that? Harley asked, looking at the other person in confusion

"What?" He was taken aback

"A child born into poverty doesn't necessarily have to stay poor forever Isn't the reason she said. going to college to change your fate?"

She knew very well how hard it was for an ordinary person with no family background to get into her current university and receive a full scholarship

Given Calvert's family situation, he could only afford to attend this university if he received a full scholarship

Upon hearing her words, he shuddered slightly, lowering his head and murmuring. "I guess it was in high school when I thought good grades could determine a lot of things. But when I got to college. I realized I was a bit naive,"

Most of his classmates around him were weakly and influential people

Calvert slowly began to understand that in the eyes of those people, he was nothing more than a clown. Even though he had good grades, he had no background, and his family was poor. Trying to change his own fate was just too difficult

Even though some girls were drawn to Calvert because of his looks and tried to win his favor, they only saw him as a temporary source of amusement. They didn't really intend to have a long-term relationship with him

"I think having good grades is great, it shows you're smart," Harley said. "Someone as intelligent as you, as long as you're willing to work hard, you're bound to succeed."

Calvert suddenly froze, slowly lifting his head. What came into view was Harley's handsome and radiant face, showing not a hint of insincerity

"Thank you." It took Calvert quite a while to say that.

"By the way, what happened to the ointment I gave you last time? Harley asked.

"Over here" He walked over to a worn-out cabinet and pulled out an ointment from inside.

“You’ve got a wound on your face. You’d better apply something to it quickly. That way, it might not be so noticeable tomorrow,”

“Alright,” Calvert responded, only to find Harley’s gaze still firmly fixed on him.

He was stared at to the point where he started to feel a bit embarrassed.