

Ex Convict 661

Chapter 661

These paintings showed images of her carrying him down the hill or snuggling with him in the woods.

Back then, all they could rely on was each other.

For the first time, he realized that she was so important that he might not be able to live without her.

Only one of these paintings was an exception.

It was not a painting of a child, but the face of a grown woman. The woman in the painting smiled faintly. Her almond-shaped eyes were gentle and serene, but it made people feel comfortable. It was as if being stared at by such eyes would make you feel calm. but also grounded at the same time.

Brian stood in front of the painting, gazing at the person in the painting with his dark phoenix eyes. Pain flashed in his always. indifferent and distant eyes.

If Grace was here, she would discover that she was the person in the painting!

“Why aren’t you her?” his cold voice rang in the studio, but there was no reply.

The woman in the painting only looked at him with a faint smile.

Brian raised his hand and gently stroked the face in the painting. as if he was stroking the woman’s cheek.

If only... Grace was the one standing in front of him now. She would not let his hand touch her face like that.

When he saw her in a wedding dress today, he realized that she and Jason were really getting married.

She would be the wife of another man. From now on, she would only have that man in her heart, and she would bear children for that man.

It would be impossible between him and her!

‘Impossible!’

As the word flashed through his mind, he had a feeling of near

suffocation.

After a long time, Brian left the studio. He said to his servant, "Put away all the paintings in the studio. Also, lock the door. No one is

allowed to enter."

"Yes," the servant answered and did what he instructed.

Brian raised his eyes and looked out the window at the full moon.

Since he had misplaced his feelings, he was simply getting rid of them now.

This should be a simple matter to him.

After all, Grace was not the one he was looking for. He had only put that longing and despair on her!

'I mistakenly fell in love with her because her features bear traits of the little girl from my childhood!' Brian told himself...

In the three days that her grandmother's body was at the Lu family's house, many people came to pay their respects.

However, only a small number of them came sincerely for Mrs. Lu. Most of them wanted to take this opportunity to get close to Stella

Lindsay.

Stella Lindsay certainly enjoyed that feeling.

As for Grace and Jason, Jason once said in front of First Uncle and the rest that he did not want to be disturbed.

Therefore, no one dared to reveal Jason's identity. In everyone's eyes, Jason was just Grace's boyfriend.

Chapter 662

Who was Grace? She had been to prison!

In a small town like this, people had a natural disdain for ex-convicts. Some would criticize Grace, while some thought that Grace should not be here keeping vigil at all. She was a disgrace to the Lu family, so they should kick her out!

Every time the Lu family members heard something like that, they were so afraid that these words would anger Jason. If that happened, he would wipe out the Lu family and they would be too helpless for tears.

Although Stella was now under Brian's protection, Brian had never said that he would protect the Lu family!

On the day of Old Mrs. Lu's funeral procession, Grace stood among the crowd while dressed in black. Her eyes were slightly

red as she had obviously been crying again.

Jason wore a black suit. He stood beside Grace and accompanied her to the funeral home.

The Lu family booked a hall in the funeral home so that they could accommodate those coming to the service.

Grace stood silently during the memorial service. Her tears could not help streaming down her face as First Uncle told the story of her grandmother's life.

Those who loved her had left her one by one.

Her mother left her, and so had her grandmother. Who would leave her next?

She felt a surge of fear in her heart.

Just then, a hand held out a handkerchief to her, gently wiping away her tears.

She stared blankly at the beautiful hand. Its movements were so gentle and cautious as if she was a cherished treasure.

Grace turned her head and looked at Jason who was standing next to her.

Jason... Would never leave her. He would stay by her side and grow old with her.

When First Uncle's eulogy was over, the crowd began to move forward one by one to take one last look at Old Mrs. Lu's body.

However, when Grace was about to go forward, someone suddenly rushed out and pointed at Grace, saying, "You have no right to come forward. You're a disgrace to the Lu family and ought to stay in the corner! Have you not embarrassed your grandmother enough? Do you want everyone to know that her granddaughter is an ex-convict?"

Grace's face paled as she recognized him as one of the men from town who had previously courted her. She was a rookie lawyer fresh out of college and was in the limelight. This man had come to Grandma's house to propose to her, but she turned him down.

After that, he spread rumors about her being snobbish and so on. When she was imprisoned, he and his family liked to talk

about her to everyone in town, congratulating themselves for not

marrying her.

She had heard of this matter but did not make much of it. After all, many people attacked her with gossip.

She just did not expect him to throw a tantrum at Grandma's funeral.

"Whether I have the right is none of your business!" Grace said coldly.

"Then let everybody judge. How dare you be here when you've embarrassed the Lu family! In my opinion, you probably

have something to do with your grandmother's death. Your grandmother was angered by your imprisonment and that shortened her life by a few years..."

Chapter 663

Before the man could finish, he was already kicked to the ground. with one foot.

"Sorry, I couldn't control my foot," Jason said lightly, but his left foot stopped on the man's heart, causing the man to immediately cry out in pain. His face was red, but he could not move the foot that was pressed against his heart.

Seeing this, First Uncle, Second Uncle, and Third Aunt of the Lu family immediately came forward to say, "Mr. Reed, um... You shouldn't be doing this at a funeral."

"It would be disrespectful to the dead if anything happened."

"The man only said a few words. Don't take him seriously, Mr. Reed!"

Jason looked lazily at the three people in front of him. "I think if Grandma saw someone insulting her granddaughter like this, she would probably approve of me doing so, wouldn't she?"

His half-smile sent cold shivers down their backs.

"Of course, of course, she would!"

"That's right. This man is just angry that Grace refused his proposal back then, so he's here to make trouble!"

"This is the kind of person who doesn't have the right to attend the funeral. Grace is our family's treasure. How dare he insult her? My mom's favorite has always been Grace."

All three of them spoke, taking sides with Grace. First Uncle called

for security and drove the man and his family out of the hall.

Those who came to the funeral were stunned. They thought

Grace, who had been to prison, was someone they could pick on

at will. They did not expect her to have such a tough boyfriend.

The man who picked the fight was blue in the face when he was taken away by the security guards. He whimpered as he clutched his chest. They wondered if the bones in his chest had broken!

Seeing the way the Lu family treated Grace, the guests did not dare to treat her like she was a relative who had been to prison. anymore. She was now being treated like a guest of honor, and... It was as if everyone was afraid of upsetting her.

Stella Lindsay looked coldly at Jason and Grace, never realizing that her cousin, an ex-convict, would be so protected by the famous Jason of Emerald City.

Since she had been to Emerald City and attended several upper-class banquets with Brian, she got a better understanding of what was so terrible about Jason.

However, a person like that was so protective of Grace, making her feel a touch of jealousy.

Why was her cousin so lucky? She not only saved Brian when she was a child but was also in a relationship with Sean Stevens back then. Even though she was imprisoned and was dumped by Sean Stevens, Jason fell in love with her after she got out of prison!

This made her feel frustrated, as if she could never match up to

Grace!

"I got a little carried away and disturbed your grandmother's funeral," Jason said to Grace.

Grace shook her head. "As you said, if Grandma knew that people are insulting me like that, she would approve of what you just did."

She knew he was protecting her, even if his actions seemed a little too violent to some. However, that was how the world worked. If you were any weaker, people would push their luck even further.

Chapter 664

Grace learned that from her time in prison!

She stepped forward and looked quietly at her grandmother who lay in the coffin, knowing it would be the last time she could see her. The kind old woman gave her a lot of love after she lost her mother and made her enjoy her childhood.

Grace gently placed the flower in her hand in front of her grandmother's coffin and bid her final goodbye in her heart.

She did not go over when Grandma's body was cremated. She was afraid, afraid that she would not be able to stand the sight of her grandmother's body being cremated.

“Grandma left me after all, Jay. There’s one less person in the world who truly loves me and treats me well,” murmured Grace.

Looking at Grace, Jason said, “I won’t leave you.” “I’ll always be here for you.’

“Yes, I know you won’t leave me, and I... Won’t leave you too,” said Grace. He always gave her peace of mind when she was at a loss.

Grandma’s ashes were cremated and placed in an urn.

The Lu family buried her grandmother in one of the ancestral graves in the village. Before the town became what it was now. and back when it was made up of multiple villages, the people. of Lu village and the other villagers were buried here after they passed away.

Grace respectfully offered incense before her grandmother’s tombstone and bowed three times.

According to the customs in her hometown, at the first burial, if the deceased was an elder, the youngsters had to kneel and bow

to the dead.

After Grace kneeled and stood up, Jason, much to her surprise, also took three sticks of incense and bowed three times to the tombstone before planting the incense sticks into the incense burner. Then, he lowered his body, knelt before the grave, and bowed respectfully to Old Mrs. Lu.

This kneeling and bowing immediately terrified the Lu family who knew about Jason’s identity. After all, with Jason’s identity, he must have never bowed to anyone except the ancestors of the Reed family.

He was certainly showing Grace a lot of respect by doing so!

Stella Lindsay’s face paled again, and she made up her mind that one day, she would make Brian care about her like that too!

When the funeral was over, Grace said to Jason, “Thank you.”

Thousands of words were in her mouth, but only these two words were uttered out.

“There’s nothing to thank me for. She’s your grandmother,” said

Jason. He had looked Grace up and knew the impact the old woman had in Grace’s life as well as how she had protected the young Grace.

The Reed family's cars were waiting in front of the Lu family's house. There were several black luxury cars lined up outside.

As soon as the driver saw Grace and Jason, he got out of the car and respectfully opened the car door. The bodyguards who got out of the car even took another trench coat for Jason to change. out of his black suit.

"Let's go," Jason said to Grace.

Grace nodded. Now that she was done with her grandmother's funeral, there was no need for them to stay any longer.

The crowd in front of the Lu family's house watched as Jason got into the car with Grace by the hand. Then, the row of luxury cars drove away from the Lu family's house. They just thought it was like watching a movie.

Grace, an ex-convict, had luxury cars to fetch her, and it was a lot showier than Stella Lindsay, who they sought after these days.

'Who the hell is Grace's boyfriend?'

Chapter 665

Grace sat in the car, watching the scenery receding on both sides.

She began to hum softly. A beautiful and soothing song filled the air in the car.

Jason raised his eyebrows slightly and waited until Grace had finished singing before asking, "What's this song?"

"Strolling Down the Path of Life. It's an old song. My grandmother loved listening to it. She was the one who taught me to sing it. I used to sing it for fun when I was a kid. I didn't understand much of the lyrics back then, but the older I grew, the more I understand them," answered Grace.

"It's indeed a good song," he said.

"Yes, too bad Grandma can't teach me any more songs," she murmured, looking exhausted.

She had only slept for three to four hours a day. She spent most of her time beside her grandmother's refrigerated coffin or was busy with funeral affairs, so she did not have time to sleep properly.

"Get some shut-eye if you're tired. It's a two-hour drive back," said Jason.

Grace responded, and Jason helped her to adjust her seat to the right angle for a comfortable nap.

She leaned her head back in the chair and closed her eyes, falling asleep after a while.

Jason stared at her sleeping face and took out a small silver bracelet from his chest pocket a moment later.

The silver bracelet was identical to the little silver bracelet Brian carried with him. They were a set.

One was with Brian while the other was in a box of belongings that Old Mrs. Lu left for Grace.

Before she was admitted to the hospital, Old Mrs. Lu had given it to a close friend for safekeeping. She told her friend that if she died, the contents were to be given to Grace.

What an old woman in a small town left in a box was of course nothing of value. They were just some jewelry that Grace's late mother left to Old Mrs. Lu, and she added some of her own jewelry for Grace.

This small silver bracelet was also among the pile of jewelry, looking a little out of place among the others.

He had taken the bracelet beforehand. He was afraid that she would overthink it if she saw the bracelet. The last thing he

wanted was for her to remember her past with Brian.

Now that Stella Lindsay had taken Grace's place and was found by Brian, it was probably the perfect ending to the affair.

Jason stroked the cold silver bracelet gently, his long eyelashes covering the conspiracy in his eyes.

He had always achieved his goals by hook or by crook. He never

thought there was anything wrong with his approach to things, but often in the face of Grace's trusting eyes, he would be left with a heavy heart. Even breathing would become increasingly difficult.

"Don't blame it on me, Grace," he said these five words silently as he clenched the little silver bracelet tightly in his palm...

"Were you brought here by bad guys? Then I'll get you out of here before they catch you again."

"This childish voice sounds like my voice when I was a child... No, it is my voice."

The little girl who looked eight or nine years old was wearing a floral dress and was obviously her when she was a child!

Chapter 666

"What if the bad guys catch you too?" It was a little boy's voice, but she could not see his face.

"No, they won't!" the little girl retorted at once.

The little boy just looked at her thoughtfully without speaking a

word.

After a while, the little girl muttered, "If I get caught too, at... At least we can keep each other company. I'm not afraid!"

The little girl held the little boy by the hand tightly. The pair of silver bracelets on her slim, fair wrist were particularly conspicuous.

The little girl and the little boy ran on the rugged hill road. The little boy was usually well-pampered. Even if he had great motor skills, he had never experienced a situation like this.

The little girl led the way while tightly holding hands.

Suddenly, the boy slipped and began to fall down the hill. Due to inertia, the girl followed suit until her body was stuck in a small branch that grew out of the side of the hill. That stopped them from falling.

The little girl's left hand was still holding the boy's hand tightly. The boy's feet desperately wanted to step on the hillside so that his body did not have to hang in the air, but the slope was so steep that his feet could hardly stand on it.

A look of fear came over the boy's face, then the fear grew stronger and stronger as he feared that the little girl holding his hand would abandon him.

If she let go, she could easily climb back up the hill, while he would fall to the bottom.

Being born in the Hart family, he had received elite education since childhood, and his father had never been afraid

to tell him the dark side of human nature. Therefore, he knew that many people would sacrifice the lives of others for their own.

Besides, he and she were strangers to each other. Even if she wanted to let go of his hand and abandon him, it was only...

Normal.

It was just that he was scared. He was really scared. He was scared that she would throw him off the hill. He did not want to

die. He was afraid he was going to die like this.

"Hey, you..." the little girl said with difficulty.

The little boy looked up with fear in his eyes. Looking at the little girl, he felt as though his whole body was turning cold. Would... Would she let go of his hand? Would she just throw him off like

that?

“Hold on to my hand, or you’ll fall!” a childish voice said.

The voice was like a voice from heaven, flooding into the little boy’s ears. The little girl’s face was now red as she tried her best. The way bean-sized beads of sweat rolled down her cheeks was branded into the little boy’s heart like an imprint.

“Hurry... Hurry up. Hold on to me and don’t let go. I... I’ll take you up...” The little girl struggled to say as she moved with all her might, step by step toward the safety of the hill.

The little boy stared at the little girl, knowing that if she took him with her, she would probably fall off the hill too...

‘Why’s that? Why is she insisting on helping me? Why is she insisting on saving me?’

“I... Don’t even know her name!”

“What’s... What’s your name? You can call me Bryn. My family calls me Bryn...” the little boy said in a mutter, suddenly wanting to know her name.

However, suddenly a protruding stone on which his foot had struggled to step on gave way, and at once, he slid downward.

“Ah!” The little boy’s scream was accompanied by the little girl’s cry for ‘Bryn’

4/4

“Bryn!” Grace suddenly opened her eyes and bounced out of bed. She felt as if she was drenched in a cold sweat. Her back and palms were covered with sweat.

Chapter 667

As soon as Grace touched her forehead, she felt a layer of cold sweat. ‘What’s wrong with me? Did I have a nightmare? The hill in the dream was the hill near the town.

‘Also... Sceneries from the dream...’ She could not help biting her lip.

The sun shone brightly outside the window. It was sunny.

Grace looked at the time. It was almost 11 a.m., and she had slept for a long time. There was a note from Jason on the nightstand.

His handwriting was lanky and strong.

Grace read the note and knew that he had gone to the office early this morning to deal with the company's business affairs that had accumulated over the days, but he would be back to have dinner with her.

Looking at the words on the note, Grace felt a warmth in her heart.

The feeling of anxiety over her dream earlier seemed to fade a little.

She took a change of clothes into the bathroom and took a shower.

As the warm water washed over her, she looked down at her left hand in a trance.

It was as if it was still holding the little boy's hand tightly in the dream.

'Bryn... Brien... Or Brian? Bryen?...'

After all, it was just only a matter of pronunciation.

However, of all the people she knew, the only one with this pronunciation in their name was... Brian!

Besides, the scene in the dream of the little boy and the little girl seemed to be vaguely related to the last dream she had.

The dream was also about a little girl and a little boy trying to run away from bad guys, and the little girl led the little boy along the hill.

She thought it was because Brian had said some strange things, so it made her think and dream about it.

However, what happened this time?

'Why was the dream so clear?' Although she could not see the little boy's face in her dream, the things she experienced in her dream felt as if she had experienced them herself.

However, she had no recollection of such a thing ever happening.

If these dreams were related to what Brian had said... That could not be right. Brian never said anything about the events in her

dreams.

Even if he did, it was between Stella and Brian. Why did she think the little girl was herself in the dream?

A string of doubts continued to circulate in Grace's mind. Suddenly, her head ached again.

With the rushing water, the pain was so bad...

'It hurts... What's going on with me? Am I too tired? Or is it because of something else...'

On the other hand, Brian looked at Stella Lindsay as she walked toward him. With a self-deprecating chuckle, he stepped

forward and asked, "Have you taken care of everything for your grandmother?"

"Yes, it's all taken care of. My ex-husband called me and said he's willing to divorce me. Thank you," said Stella Lindsay.

Chapter 668

"It's nothing. If it's what you want, of course, I'll do it for you,"

Brian said lightly.

"That's very kind of you, Bryn," said Stella Lindsay.

The word 'Bryn' made Brian feel a pang in his heart. When she uttered the word, he somehow found it irritating to his ear.

"Call me Brian from now on. Bryn is just a childhood nickname," said Brian.

"Sure," Stella Lindsay replied obediently.

Speaking of which, it was Grace who told her about the name

Bryn. When Grace was a child, she came home with her dress in tatters and said that she had saved someone. No one in the family believed her and they all thought she was lying to cover the fact that she was being naughty. As such, they beat her for it.

However, Stella Lindsay was curious as a child and went to ask Grace about it. Hence, she knew how Grace had saved the little boy called Bryn.

Otherwise, when Brian found her, she would not have succeeded in pretending to be Grace.

Of course, what was more important was that Grace later developed a high fever that could not be treated at the hospital in town. She was transferred to the major hospital in Emerald City for treatment.

After curing her illness, Grace completely forgot the memories of that day.

No one cared at the time. She only lost a day's memory, which was a trivial matter to the adults. Plus, Grace did not even know she had lost a day's worth of memories.

Even Stella Lindsay did not know that Grace had forgotten that day until she overheard the adults mentioning it when she was a child.

Therefore, in the end, apart from the little boy, Stella Lindsay was the third person who knew what happened that day.

This was the chance God gave her to make it up for her! At least, this was what Stella Lindsay thought to herself.

As for Grace, it would be best if she did not remember it.

Lina Sweeney specifically asked Grace out. "Has your grandmother's funeral been taken care of?"

"Yes." Grace nodded her head.

"Did you see your father?" asked Lina Sweeney.

Grace shook her head. Even at her grandmother's funeral, her father never showed up. Of course, no one could get in touch with her father at all. Ever since her father and stepmother moved away from Emerald City, it was like they had disappeared. No one knew where they went.

Of course, if she really wanted to know, she could just talk to Jason and she should be able to find out.

However, she did not want to know. Her father, stepmother, and Evelyn were no longer family to her.

Maybe Jason was her only family from now on.

Lina Sweeney was speechless about her best friend's father. "Are you going to mourn now that your grandmother's dead?"

If she were to mourn, she must not marry for a certain period.

"Yes, I'm going to," said Grace. Although she was only a maternal granddaughter and according to some customs, she was considered an 'outsider, she did not feel like an outsider and naturally wanted to mourn for her grandmother.

"How long are you going to mourn?" asked Lina Sweeney.

"A year, I guess," replied Grace.

Chapter 669

"A year?" Lina Sweeney gave a low cry. "Then your wedding with Jason will also be postponed a year?"

Grace nodded. "I haven't talked to Jason about this yet. I'll talk to him tonight and see what he thinks." However, she had a hunch.

that he would agree.

It seemed as if he had agreed to every request she made ever since they started dating.

Lina Sweeney looked at her friend's haggard face and suggested. "Why don't we go to the shopping mall? Hadwin Stephenson asked me to accompany him to a meeting. He said he's ordered a set of clothes for me to pick up at the shop in the shopping mall near here."

Lina Sweeney did not want to be noticed at all at such conferences, banquets, and so on. However, Hadwin Stephenson kept dragging her to them as if he was addicted.

The most infuriating of all was when she argued that she was busy at work and needed to work overtime or something, the fellow would only smile and say it did not matter. Then, she would get a call from her superior who said she need not work overtime.

Needless to say, she knew Hadwin Stephenson had talked to the boss of her company.

They got to the nearby mall, and Lina Sweeney approached the shop to pick up her clothes with Grace.

Of course, the clothes Hadwin Stephenson chose were not ordinary brands. It was a first-tier luxury brand where even the most basic clothes cost tens of thousands of dollars. Clothes that cost hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars were common in the shop.

Lina Sweeney told them Hadwin Stephenson's name, and the sales assistant immediately put on a smile on her face. She graciously took the clothes out for Lina Sweeney to try on. If the clothes did not fit, they could modify it.

"Wait for me here, Grace," said Lina Sweeney.

Grace nodded. "Sure."

She was browsing the shop when she heard a voice coming from the shop entrance behind her. "Aren't you spending too much buying me clothes and bags here, Brian? It doesn't matter if I use something worse."

"Now that we're here, just buy some good stuff. Take whatever you like," the man's voice rang in response.

"You're so good to me, Brian." Stella Lindsay smiled sweetly.

"You saved me once, so I owe it to you," said Brian as he lightly looked away. However, when he saw the figure in the shop, his body stiffened suddenly.

Even just the sight of her back made his eyes warm.

Then, through the glass wall in front of the figure, Brian's line of sight met a pair of almond-shaped eyes.

'He's looking at me!' Grace looked at Brian's eyes through the glass wall and could sense that he was looking at her.

When she looked at Brian, she could not help thinking of the dream she had last night. She never saw the face of the little boy in her dream.

However, judging from the little girl and the little boy's experience in the dream and the fact that the little boy was called 'Bryn', she felt as if the little boy in her dream was him!

Stella Lindsay followed Brian's gaze and saw Grace too. Her expression could not help but change instantly.

Stella Lindsay then smiled again and said, "Grace. I didn't expect to bump into you here."

Grace turned around to look at Stella Lindsay. "It's quite a coincidence."

"Are you here to buy clothes? It just so happens that Brian said he was going to buy me some clothes and bags. Please help me choose them," said Stella Lindsay.

As Stella Lindsay spoke, she lovingly linked arms with Grace in a sisterly manner.

A stranger might think the two of them were close.

Chapter 670

"I'm just here with a friend. If you want to pick out some clothes, you might as well ask the salesgirl for help," Grace said lightly.

Stella Lindsay embarrassedly looked for a salesgirl to help her choose some clothes.

Brian walked to Grace's side and said, "Don't be too sad about your grandmother. Everyone is born, gets sick, and dies. Someone in this world will always leave first."

Grace looked up at him. 'Is he... Comforting me?' His lanky body was now clad in a dark graphite gray suit. His handsome face had

a placid, indifferent expression.

The entertainment industry's crown prince was known for his indifference and his behavior of changing one girlfriend after another.

No one knew who the next girlfriend would be.

'Could it be Stella?' Grace suddenly came up with the idea. After all, Brian's previous girlfriends were, by definition, substitutes for Stella.

The real one was now found, and Stella seemed to have divorced.

"What are you thinking?" His voice rang out of the blue.

"Nothing," said Grace. There was no need to talk to him about what she was thinking. Besides, it was not her business to know exactly what would happen between him and Stella.

However... There were still doubts in her mind. 'What was that dream all about? Does the boy in my dream have anything to do with Brian?'

The little boy in the dream held the little girl's hand tightly as he fell down the hill. She could still feel the shudder and fear even after she woke up.

It was a far cry from the indifferent man in front of her.

Grace only pressed her lips together slightly before saying. "When you were a child, did someone call you..."

"What?" he asked. Just then, Stella Lindsay held a bag and in Brian's direction, she asked, "Does this bag look good, Brian?"

The bag was a limited edition, and she had seen videos of people showing it off online, saying that only the truly rich could buy it. There were a bunch of people bootlicking and complimenting it.

If she had this bag, she could show it off on the internet too!

Just then, Grace spat out the word, 'Bryn'

Brian's eyes were subconsciously looking toward Stella Lindsay after hearing her voice.

However, when he heard the word, his body immediately stiffened.

His pupils constricted instantly, and his breathing seemed to have stopped suddenly. The word 'Bryn' seemed to have traveled across time and space, coinciding with the sound in his memory.

He stared at the person in front of him. "What... Did you say?"

"I mean, did everyone call you 'Bryn' when you were little?" repeated Grace.

The next moment, Brian lunged forward, grabbed her arm, and asked, "Why do you ask? Why are you calling me that?"

His fingers were so tight that she felt only a pain in her arm and could not help frowning. "I... I was just..."

"What are you doing, Brian?" asked Stella Lindsay as she rushed to the scene.

Brian seemed to have come back to his senses immediately. After seeing Grace's slightly anguished face, his fingers loosened slightly, but he continued to grip her arm.