

Ex Convict 871

Chapter 871

She had a feeling that if she did not answer him, he would keep her here forever.

“We broke up, so of course, I don’t love him anymore. Can you let go now?” she said.

“Then who do you love?” he asked.

She did not want to love anyone. She just wanted to be alone.

Raising her almond-shaped eyes, she looked at him and said, “Mr. Hart, it seems that whoever I love has nothing to do with you. When we were on the hill, didn’t you say that we’re only strangers from then on?”

He stiffened. ‘Strangers... Just treat her as a stranger.’ It was really hard when he had to do it.

When he saw her standing awkwardly at the pool table that night, he could not stop himself from looking at her.

Her presence could easily interrupt his insistence.

Even after he heard that she and Jason had broken up, he felt a pang of joy in his heart.

‘Why was I happy?’

‘Am I glad that I have a chance now? That’s ridiculous! There are so many women in Emerald City who want to climb into my bed. Many women would also pander to me and suck up to me. Why should I covetously love a woman who doesn’t have me in her heart?’

‘She’s a beauty, but in the entertainment industry, there are many more women who are prettier than her!’

'However... How I yearn for her!'

Just like how he would somehow feel satisfied if he got to look at her a minute longer..

When did he become so inferior?

"Brian, Grace, what... are you guys doing?" Stella hurried over with a flash of jealousy in her eyes. Feigning kindness, she said, "Brian, did Grace

say something that has offended you? Don't think too much about it. Just forgive Grace for my sake."

Stella's smug performance only made a sneer flash across the corners of Grace's lips.

However, Brian did loosen his fingers and Grace took the opportunity to pull her hand away. Then, she took a step

back. "Alright, I won't bother you anymore."

With that, Grace hurried off.

Brian watched as the slender figure walked further away until she disappeared from his eyes.

Stella looked at Brian with fear in her heart.

The way he looked at Grace's back was like... he was reluctant to part with her.

"Brian, the way you held Grace's hand earlier could easily cause misunderstandings. If Mr. Jason misunderstood, it'll affect Grace's relationship with him," said Stella.

"They broke up," Brian said lightly.

Stella was stunned. 'Broke up? Grace and Jason have broken up?'

In theory, Grace's loss would make her happy, but when she thought about the way Brian looked at her just now, Stella

felt a strong sense of crisis.

“Alright, go on with your filming. I... I’ve got something to do. I gotta go,” Brian said without a spark of interest.

“But...” Stella tried to persuade him to stay, but Brian had already turned around and walked away.

Stella gritted her teeth with resentment. Today was her first acting role. Although she was only playing a small supporting role, it was an easy character for her to shine and impress.

She had asked Brian to accompany her today, saying that it was her first shoot and she was intimidated. Besides

wanting to spend more time with him, she wanted to leave an impression on the set.

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She wanted the rest of the crew to understand her relationship with Brian so that she could put on airs even though she was only playing a supporting role.

Besides, the director would also give her extra scenes if that happened.

She had planned all of this out, and at first, it was going just as she planned.

However... Once Grace came along, everything changed.

‘Especially when Brian grabbed Grace by the wrist... A lot of the crew members saw this. Now that Brian’s gone...!’

Stella could feel the gazes of those around her changing from envy to ridicule and sympathy.

‘It’s all because of Grace!’

from

‘I mustn’t let Grace steal Brian away from me! Brian’s my hope for my future. If I want to live a good life, I have to seize

this chance with Brian!’

Grace went to the prison again the next day to find Pansy Dittman. Pansy Dittman was sentenced to one year in

prison for the accident.

At first, Grace just wanted to try her luck and see if she could sound her out. However, Pansy Dittman immediately rejected her and asked her to leave as soon as she heard Grace was the assistant of the plaintiff's lawyer, saying that everything should be decided by the court.

Before Grace left, she deliberately asked Pansy Dittman if she had been scared by a dog darting out onto the road on the night of the accident. To which she immediately replied, "It wasn't a dog. It was a cat. A cat with yellow and gray stripes!"

Her answer was too quick, too urgent, and too sure. She even said the cat's fur pattern as if to convince people that there was such a cat.

"Yes, it was a cat. I remembered it wrong," Grace said with a smile, but she already had an answer in her mind.

'Sure enough, there's something fishy about this! Pansy Dittman probably took the blame for this. The real driver behind the cause of the accident was probably Elise Dean!'

Grace had been thinking about the case on her way home. Although she had a general conclusion in mind, the law was all about evidence.

'All I have are the witnesses' testimonies and... my speculation.

'These are not enough to form a chain of evidence!

'What can I do to get the police to re-investigate the case?'

Grace still had no idea what to do when she got down from the bus and approached the neighborhood of her

rental house.

Suddenly, two men stopped her. One of them asked, "You're Grace, aren't you?"

Grace was shocked. Looking at the two unfamiliar faces in front of her as well as the aggressive expressions on their

faces, she only found them hostile. As

such, she immediately said, "No."

Unfortunately, her denial did not make any difference. The other guy smiled

and said, "She has some brains, but

we've seen your photos. You're definitely

Grace!"

"It's a pity that some people aren't smart enough and did more than they needed to!"

As they spoke, the two men attacked

Grace.

She wanted to run away, but the pair quickly grabbed onto her. As she

struggled and screamed, one of the men

shouted to onlookers, "My girlfriend and I are just quarreling. Mind your own business!"

The people in the neighborhood were complicated, and most were riff-raffs.

They saw it more as a joke.

As Grace was about to be dragged into

the car by the two men, one of the men who was holding her was suddenly kicked to the ground. When the other man was about to strike back, he was already grabbed by the collar and knocked to the ground.

Grace was shocked. She unconsciously staggered when she tried to walk, but an arm wrapped itself around her waist.

Then, Jason's voice rang in her ear.

"What's going on?"

Grace turned her head and stared blankly at the face before hers. Then, she looked at the two strangers who had been subdued. She immediately came back to her senses. "I don't know them."

Jason frowned. "You don't?"

"Yes," she said, then she looked at him

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and said, "What are you doing here?"

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"I came to see you." As he spoke, he glanced at one of the men who was lying on the ground screaming before looking

at her again. "This man said he's your

boyfriend. Is he your boyfriend?"

There was a sense of danger in his deep voice.

"I told you, I don't know them. How can this person be my boyfriend?"

Jason smiled. "Right. That question was unnecessary."

With that, he went to the man lying on the ground and put a foot on the man's chest, causing him to cry out loudly.

"There are things you shouldn't say. Her boyfriend? You're not good enough!" His cold voice carried a bloodthirsty tone.

The man almost fainted from the pain. He shouted with all his strength, "I... I'm not, I'm not. It's just a joke. I'm not her boyfriend!"

Grace stared blankly at Jason. The way he looked reminded her of how he had saved her on their first meeting.

He was just as ruthless then as he was now.

However, he did not seem to care about anything back then, not even his own life or death.

Now, he cared about a joke. It was as if

it was intolerable for him when someone
joked that he was her boyfriend.

When the man had no more strength to
shout, Jason said to his men, "Go and
find out what's going on."

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"Yes," his men answered, quickly taking
the two men away.

Jason walked back to Grace. "Did they hurt you?"

"No." She shook her head.

He saw a few red scratches on the back of her hand. He then took her hand, asking, "Did they do this?"

She squirmed her hand uneasily, trying to pull it back. "It's just a few scratches. It's nothing serious."

She suddenly stiffened when he lowered his head and his lips touched the red scratches on the back of her hand.

His lips kissed the red marks again and again. Even a few red marks made him
feel distressed.

Grace felt the back of her hand where he
had kissed her burning.

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"You always make me worry. You're always so vulnerable," he muttered, his deep and cold voice making her shudder before she gradually calmed down.

She and he should never have been so close. Even if he had saved her today... "Mr. Reed, thank you for saving me today. I'm going home now."

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As she spoke, she made an effort to withdraw her hand.

However, he held it firmly and said, "Call me 'Jay'."

"This is inappropriate, Mr. Reed. We-"

"Call me Jason." He insisted. "Or do you want to hang out with me here?"

Grace bit her lip and glanced around

from the corners of her eyes. Many people were looking sideways at them right now. If they stayed here, there was going to be a video of both of them put

up online soon.

"Jay!" she blurted out the word with difficulty.

The next moment, he was smiling faintly.

Joy replaced the danger and fury in those beautiful peach blossom eyes...

Grace watched Jason walk into her rental house and wondered if she should move.

However, on second thought, even if she did move, he would still be able to enter her house at any time.

“What do you want?” said Grace as she glared at Jason.

“Are you going to cook dinner?” he asked, looking at some of the vegetables she had bought from the market earlier.

“Yes,” she said.

“Make it for two. I’ll have some too,” he said.

She paused before saying, “I only bought enough vegetables for one. I don’t have enough to make dinner for two. If you’re hungry, you can eat in a restaurant or order takeout.”

“I want to eat your cooking. If there aren’t enough ingredients, tell me what else you need and I’ll just get someone to buy them.”

Grace was silent. Knowing him, if he really decided to do something, then he would make it happen.

The difference was just the process.

‘It’s just a meal. I’ll just treat it as I’m thanking him for saving my life today,’ she thought to herself. Then, with a long sigh, she turned to him and said, “Alright, got it. I’ll make dinner. It’ll probably take half an hour.”

With that, she turned and went into the kitchen to cook dinner.

Grace expertly washed and chopped the vegetables before cooking them.

On the other hand, Jason was looking at her slender figure quietly.

It was as if by looking at her like this, he could feel satisfied again.

These days when he was alone in the empty Reed Residence, his mind was full of her. Every night, he had to sleep in the bedroom that she used to sleep in with the blanket she used and the clothes she did not take with her.

This way, it would feel as if he was
holding her in his arms.

Like someone dying of thirst in the desert, even sniffing her residual scent on these objects made him
feel as if he
could still breathe.

It was not until now that he saw her and
she was really in sight that he felt alive.

It was like finally seeing the oasis in the desert and then desperately trying to get
close to the water...

Grace finished cooking, took the food out of the kitchen, and put it on the
small dining table. Then, she handed the
chopsticks to Jason.

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Jason lowered his head and began to
eat. After a few bites, he looked up at her
and said, "It's delicious, Sis."

Her expression changed. "I'm not your
sis."

"Really?" He smiled. "Isn't it good to
be my sister? I can make you the most
honorable woman in Emerald City. You can have anything you want in Emerald City. No matter how
expensive it is, I can
get it for you."

"What if I want you to stop appearing in
front of me?" she asked.

His eyes gradually darkened. "Are you
that against seeing me?" Even his voice
turned cold.

"Yes." She met his eyes and gave him a

sure answer.

Only by not seeing him could she really forget him and their relationship.

His face darkened, and tension began to fill the air.

Just when Grace thought Jason might leave in a rage, he suddenly smiled again. "I really want to see you, though.

What should I do?"

She choked. She simply could not rebuke him.

"Alright, dig in. I don't want to argue with you when I can finally eat with you. I remember you used to like eating with me. Even if I got home late, you insisted on waiting for me to eat with you," he said.

Grace looked at Jason as he lowered his head to eat again. She felt as if something was stuck in her throat.

She had liked the feeling of having dinner with him because it felt like she was having her meal with a family member.

'Now... Dining together seems ironic.

Grace lowered her head and picked up her chopsticks to eat. She had cooked the vegetables as usual, but she felt like she was chewing on wax.

Neither of them spoke again and there was an eerie stillness in the rental house except for the sounds of eating and chewing.

Finally, when they were finished, Grace looked at Jason. She said, "Alright, we've finished eating, so can you go now?"

"How about you? Have you decided? Do you want to be my sister?" he asked.

She stared at him coldly. "Jason, do you want a woman who dated you to be your sister? Don't you think it's disgusting?"

"Disgusting?" He suddenly extended his long arm and grabbed the back of her head. He put his face close to her

eyes

and said with his breath that was

as fragrant as an orchid, "So what if it's disgusting?"

He did not want to never see her again. Even if he had to use this method, he wanted to keep her by his side.

"I won't love you, but other than that, I can give you everything you want. Haven't you always wanted a family? Then I can be your family-the best and

perfect family. Isn't that great?" His warm breath sprayed on her face.

His muttering voice was like the spell of the devil, making one tempted to say yes.

Grace looked at the face that was right

in front of her. Back then, she had loved

him so much that she would have given

her whole life to this man.

She thought he would be her real family.

However, hearing the word 'family' again, she felt an unspeakable sadness.

Maybe, it was like he said. By being his sis again, she could live without worry for

the rest of her life and gain a lot, but... all these depended on his benefaction.

Once he got tired of playing this family

game, then she would be nothing again.

"No." She gently spat out the word. Her voice was low, but she sounded

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He narrowed his eyes. "Why?"

It was because that was the only dignity

she had left! Though her dignity had

been trampled to pieces now and it was only a patchwork of those crushed pieces, but... She did not want to be trampled on again. "Because you're not the kind of family I want. You can be a creditor, a stranger, or my immediate boss, but there's no way you can be my

family!"

The word 'family' was special to her. It was what she had longed for all her life!

Therefore, there was no way she was

going to let that word get trampled on

here!

He stared at her with his sharp gaze

that looked like a cold blade, seemingly

cutting her raw.

She did not hide from his eyes but looked at him calmly as if she was silently telling

him that he would never be her family.

Suddenly, he laughed out of anger. A beautiful smile appeared on the corners of his lips. "Why don't we make a bet? I bet you'll one day ask me to be your family and ask me to call you 'Sis' again."

She could not help trembling. He said it

with so much certainty as if there would

be such a day!

"That's not going to happen." This was

the answer she gave him.

After leaving the rental house, Jason

walked out of the building. Terrence

was already waiting nearby. As soon as he saw his boss coming out, he quickly stepped forward and asked, "Master Reed, are we going back to Reed

Residence now?"

"Yes. What did you find out from those

two?" Jason replied faintly.

"We only found out that they were hired

to attack Miss Cummins. They were told

to keep her hospitalized for at least a while. However, they've only contacted the payer through phone and the money was paid directly into their account. They've never met." Terrence told him about his findings.

In other words, if they wanted to find out who was behind this, they would probably need more time.

"Keep looking," Jason said coldly.

"Yes," replied Terrence. Then, he and Jason got into the car together.

"Send someone to keep an eye on her so pre

that she doesn't find herself in danger again like what happened today. Also,

check if she's gotten into conflict with

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anyone lately," he said.

Terrence quickly responded again. Looking at his boss' perfect profile as he looked out the car window, he could not help but sigh.

'Master Reed can't get over Grace after all!

'I wonder what kind of magic Grace has. Master Reed can't even get over her or let her go after the breakup!'

After a sleepless night, Grace went to work the next day with two dark circles around her eyes. She told Lawyer Carter about the results of her interview with Elise Dean and Pansy Dittman yesterday.

Lawyer Carter agreed with her.

However, because of the lack of key evidence, they could mention it in court but whether it would be accepted was

up to the judge.

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It was unknown whether the police

would reinvestigate the case.

“I’ll check with the police station again

later,” said Lawyer Carter as he looked at Grace’s dark eye circles. “You’ve been working hard on the case. You probably

haven’t been sleeping well. I’ll give you the day off. Why don’t you go home and have a good rest?”

Grace knew Lawyer Carter had

misunderstood her. While it was true that

she had not been sleeping well, it was

because of Jason.

It turned out that it was easier to get along with Lawyer Carter than she

thought, which was a relief to her.

Now that she had a day off, Grace planned to visit Kyla and Nelson. After all, it would not be long before they left Emerald City.

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She did not expect to see a luxury car pulling up in front of the entrance when

she reached the ground floor of her

office building. A woman dressed in a

high-end designer outfit stepped out of

the car.

It was Stella!

Grace was somewhat surprised. Stella

had now seen her and walked up to her. “Grace, what a coincidence! I was just

about to come looking for you and now

I’ve run into you!”

Stella found out about her cousin

working here from Curtis Row, the man she saw at the club last time. Grace was now working as a paralegal here.

‘So what if she was once the most promising rookie lawyer? Isn’t she just a little assistant now?’ Stella sniggered to herself but continued to put on a show by pretending to display sisterly affection toward Grace. “Have you got a minute? I want to talk to you about something.”

“Is there anything we need to talk about?” retorted Grace. She and her cousin had been at odds since their childhood. Besides, she had been studying and working in Emerald City since then. You could say that they had little interaction with each other, let alone the so-called sisterhood.

“Yes, of course. If you have any business to attend to that might delay your time, I’ll explain it to your firm. I’m sure your firm will not be so unkind as to not give you any time,” Stella said smugly. She seemed to think that the firm would surely do so if she asked.

She did not know that this was all thanks to Brian. If one day she could not rely on Brian anymore, she would be nothing to others!

Grace looked at her cousin’s boastful expression and knew that if she did not say yes, she might indeed barge into the firm later on. Therefore, she said,

“Alright, let’s find a place nearby.”

With a smile on her face, Stella

immediately picked out a seemingly upscale cafe nearby and ordered two cups of the most expensive coffee.

“I know you’ve broken up with Jason, so you probably don’t have much money. It’s my treat today. Brian gave me a black card to spend as I please,” Stella

said ostentatiously.

Grace was quite speechless when

she saw her pretending to enjoy her cappuccino even though she did not like

1.

She remembered that Stella had always

disliked coffee and said that it was like

drinking poison.

Now, she had ordered coffee and was

drinking it reluctantly.

II

“You can order something else,” said

Grace.

“Oh, the coffee’s pretty good. I prefer

coffee now,” Stella said reluctantly. She

disliked coffee but found that many

people in high society liked drinking it, so she naturally wanted to drink it too.

It made her feel like she was on a higher

level!

Grace said nothing more.

After taking a few sips of coffee, Stella

looked at Grace and said, “Grace, we’re

cousins after all. I’m sorry you broke up with Jason. If you need any help, just let me know and I’ll do my best to help you.”

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Then, Stella took a different turn in the conversation. "It's just that Brian once mistook you for the one he was looking for, so I hope you can keep your distance from Brian and avoid any unnecessary misunderstandings between us. We're relatives, after all."

Grace suddenly let out a chuckle.

"Unnecessary misunderstandings? What kind of misunderstandings?"

"You were pulling and pushing with Brian at the film studio last time. It's easy for others to get the wrong idea," said Stella. Then, she added coyly. "I'm with Brian after

now. We haven't announced anything officially yet, but soon..."

Stella spoke with deliberate hesitation, leaving people space for imagination.

"I have nothing to do with Brian, so don't worry about it," said Grace.

"Wouldn't it be better if you could avoid appearing in front of him? Or... I could sponsor you to develop your career somewhere else? You could open up a shop or something. Wouldn't life be easier? We're sisters. I have enough money now anyway. Why don't I give you two million dollars first?" said Stella.

'Two million dollars?' Grace just found it

funny. 'The two million dollars is probably Brian's money. Now, the impostor's going to use the money she got from Brian to drive me-the real deal-out of Emerald City?

'Does she think I'm that easy to fool? Or is she too greedy?'

"If one day Brian finds out you've been lying to him, tell me, would he take the money back?" Grace asked suddenly.

Stella immediately felt a thump in her heart, and her expression gradually grew unnatural. "What are you talking about? What did I lie to Brian about?"

"Was it really you who saved Brian on the hill?" Grace looked at her.

“Of course. Could it be a lie?” Stella said, trying to keep her composure.

“Was it really you who saved him?” asked

Grace.

“What do you mean? Who else if it wasn’t me?” Stella insisted.

Grace looked at her with a sneer. “Sis, do you really think I’m that easy to fool? Do you think I’ll believe whatever you say? You’re not the one who saved Brian.”

Stella’s face immediately paled, but she then said out of anger, “If it wasn’t me, then could it have been you? Do you think it was you just because I told you what happened on the hill when I was a kid? You’ve fooled Brian into thinking you saved his life. What are you going to do now?”

“Sis, the memories I’ve lost have come back, so you don’t have to say that much in front of me. The more you spin this story around, the more ridiculous it seems to me,” Grace said lightly.

Stella stiffened and stared at the person in front of her with disbelief. “What... What are you saying... Did you... get your memory back?”

“Yes. How else would I have known that you’re so good at spinning stories?”

Grace replied sarcastically.

“I... I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Stella insisted. She was not going to admit to being an impostor no matter

what. “Grace, you’re not trying to hook up

with Brian just because you’ve broken up with Jason, are you? You’re going too far if that’s true!”

“Why don’t I go talk to Brian now? What do you think he’ll think?” Grace asked coldly.

“Don’t you dare!” Stella panicked. ‘If Grace tells him, then... Everything I have now will be gone.’

“Why wouldn’t I dare?” Grace laughed.

“Why wouldn’t I dare say things I’ve done myself?”

For a split second, Stella felt cold and began to tremble as a sense of extreme fear filled her body.

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“Sis, you’d better not say these words in my presence from now on. Since you’re Grandma’s granddaughter too, I’ll have to warn you, Brian is not as easy to fool as you think. Sometimes, you’ll only lose everything if you’re too greedy.”

With that said, Grace got up, paid for her cup of coffee, and left the cafe.

Stella sat in the same spot and tried to calm herself with her cup of coffee, but she was shaking so much that she could not even lift the cup.

‘What should I do? Grace has gotten her memory back! If Grace tells Brian...

‘No, no! I must find a way so that even if Grace does tell him, Brian wouldn’t believe her!

‘I must... think of something!’

After Grace came out of the cafe, she took the bus to the place where Mrs. Corbyn and Nelson were now renting. She saw Kyla Corbyn there, and they were packing up their things.

When Nelson saw Grace, he jumped into her arms happily and told Grace that he could go to kindergarten after the

summer was over!

“Have you found him a kindergarten?” asked Grace as she looked at Kyla

Corbyn.

“Yes, I’ve found one. The principal of a kindergarten over there is so kind. She found out about Nelson’s situation, and after a video chat with Nelson, she said she could let him join her kindergarten,” Kyla Corbyn said with a smile.

They finally had a piece of good news

after days!

“When are you going to move to G City? Do you have a date?” Grace asked

again..

“After half a month. I’m looking for a moving company these two days. I’ll let you know when we’ve fixed a date,” said Kyla Corbyn.

Grace nodded.

After hearing the news of their move to G City, the little one’s excited expression

turned to a listless look as his little head

drooped down. “Will you miss me when you can no longer see me?”

Grace kissed the little one on the cheek.

“Of course, I’ll miss you. Besides, I can still see you. We can video chat, and when I’m free, I’ll go to G City to visit you.

I want to take you to the amusement

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park again!”

The little one’s face finally brightened a little at the mention of the amusement

park.

“Will Uncle Harper come with us next time?” The little one had a good

impression of Chase Harper.

Grace hesitated for a moment. It was as

if she did not know how to answer that.

Kyla Corbyn saw her dilemma and interjected, saying, "It depends on whether Uncle Harper is free."

Hearing that, Nelson nodded his little

head and said, "Then we can go

together when Uncle Harper is free!"

"Do you like Uncle Harper so much,

Nelson?" asked Grace.

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"Uncle Harper lets me ride on his

shoulders and brings me to have fun!"

The little one began to enumerate the

fun activities with his fingers and most

of these were a boy's favorite sports that were usually played together by father

and son.

Kyla Corbyn listened as a touch of

sadness appeared in her eyes.

No matter how much she tried to take

over the role of a father, it was a fact

that Nelson grew up without a father.

She had seen the envy in her son's eyes

every time he saw other children with

their fathers.

'But... Martin Weiss wouldn't be a

good father. As far as Martin Weiss is concerned... Nelson should have never

existed!'

Grace saw the sadness in Kyla Corbyn's

eyes, so she quickly changed the subject.

As she was leaving, she looked at Kyla

Corbyn and asked, "How's your injury?"

"It's nothing serious. It doesn't hurt much when I walk now," Kyla Corbyn said with a smile.

"Did Martin Weiss ever come looking for you again?" Grace asked again.

Kyla Corbyn shook her head. Since the day she hurt herself in front of him, he had never appeared in front of her again.

"Just let me know if there's anything I can do for you. I may not be able to do much now, but... Many hands make light work," said Grace.

Kyla Corbyn smiled. "Alright, got it. How about you? How are you lately? That Uncle Harper Nelson mentioned, you and him..."

"We're only friends. Maybe we're not even friends. He's just a former colleague at the Sanitation Service Center." Grace interrupted Kyla Corbyn.

"That man probably likes you."

Otherwise, how could he have the patience to accompany them to the amusement park?

"Kyla, I don't want to think about romance anymore. It's too much of a luxury for me," said Grace.

It was too much of a luxury that she dared not expect to find someone and be with them forever.

After experiencing all this, what was once a girlish romance had been shattered by reality.

Hearing this, Kyla Corbyn said nothing more.

After all, love was also a luxury for her.

Sometimes, it was easy to persuade people, but it was difficult when it came to yourself!

Stella came to Brian's mansion to find him.

When she walked into Brian's bedroom, she did not see Brian but a purple dress

on his bed. The skirt of the dress was lined with tiny flowers made of crushed diamonds and lace, which looked very beautiful. It gave off a feminine and romantic feeling.

Stella might not be a girl anymore, but she had a love for beautiful things.

She could not help but pick up the dress to see how it would look like on her in front of the mirror next to the wardrobe.

'Is it... a dress that Brian wants to give me? Is it a surprise?

'This dress looks like it's worth a lot of money. If I put it on, it'd probably raise my social class. Won't I be like one of those socialites in the city?'

Looking in the mirror, Stella no longer saw herself as the blacksmith's wife from

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Looking in the mirror, Stella no longer saw herself as the blacksmith's wife from

a small town who was bullied by her husband but as a socialite in Emerald

Just then, the bathroom door behind her opened and Brian stepped out, his hair slightly damp.