

Ex Convict 114

Chapter 114

"But... you're wearing..."

Only then did he realize that the outfit he was wearing was the same one that he had worn the day before for dinner with his grandfather.

"If I were the Jay she knows, I wouldn't be able to afford to wear things like this.

"However, after all that we went through last night, I don't wish to conceal my identity anymore. After all, I'll have to tell her who I really am sooner or later. If I do it now, it'll just be a bit sooner than originally planned.

"And once she knows my real identity, it'll be easier for me to take her under my wing."

"Even if I'm dressed differently, I'm still Jay, right?" he asked, with a faint smile as he looked at her.

At that moment, even if Grace had been an idiot, she would have been able to sense that something was wrong. She realized that there were some things that were not as she had originally imagined.

"You're not a homeless person?"

"I'm not," he confessed.

"Then... why did you pretend to be a homeless person?" A feeling of having been deceived rose within her and she glared at him. Her two hands clenched tightly to the bedding covering her and her fingers trembled slightly.

"The younger brother who I thought was innocent and had no one to depend on is not at all what I thought. It had been my own wishful thinking from start to end.

"It's just as Lina said. I knew nothing of him and yet I rashly brought him back home.

"And if he isn't really a homeless person, why was he staying with me in that cramped rental apartment? What do the days that we spent living together mean to him?"

"I didn't pretend. You made an assumption and I didn't correct it," he argued.

Grace paused slightly, and for a moment, she did not know how to refute him.

"Then... then why did you still live with me? You have a house!" she exclaimed as she glared at him.

"Because it felt good living with you and..." he said and raised

a hand to lightly smooth out her rather messy hair. "Back then, you were the one who 'wanted' me. That's why I stayed, okay?"

Grace bit her lip as her face paled and reddened repeatedly.

"That's right! I was the one who took the initiative from start to end!"

She pushed back the covers, wanting to get out of bed and leave the place, but as soon as her feet touched the floor, her body suddenly weakened and she fell forward.

It was as if her legs had turned to mush, devoid of energy.

He stretched out his arms and caught her. "The drugs in your body haven't been completely discharged yet. You were suffering the whole night yesterday, so I'm afraid you don't have any energy for now."

His reminder caused her to suddenly recall the incident that had happened the previous night. "Last night... I was drugged by my uncles and then...they took me over to Miller's house."

Grace's face paled instantly. "After that, I... I was carried into Miller the Fool's room. Then... they closed the room door and the fool lunged at me..."

"Last night, I..." Her lips trembled and her entire body shiverrea.

He lowered his head to study the woman in his embrace. "At this moment, she's just like a small and weak animal. She looks so fragile, as if she couldn't withstand a single blow. She's so goddamn... pitiful."