

Ex Convict 11

Chapter 11

Her father, stepmother, and Evelyn looked at each other hesitantly.

Her stepmother was about to curse and start pounding on the door, but her husband caught her hand. "Let it go."

Her father shrugged. "Come, let us leave. Perhaps the man was released from prison as well! There are all kinds of people in prison. Who knows why this man had been sentenced to jail?"

Hearing this, Evelyn and her mother exchanged a glance. "Then shall we just let it go?"

Her father hesitated for a moment and said, "Let's wait. If Assistant Director Curtis holds Evelyn accountable in the future, then we'll think of other ways." He didn't have the courage to come in and challenge the man now.

Evelyn frowned. "Had the man just now ... really been in prison?" Although she could not see very clearly since the man's hair was longer on top, she could still notice that he was good-looking.

Particularly for some reason, she felt that the man looked somewhat familiar as if she had seen him somewhere before.

Or was this man also a member of the entertainment circle?

In the apartment, Grace looked at Jay and said, "Thank you." If Jay had not come back, she would have been beaten by her father just now.

"Don't thank me for the help, Sister. Isn't it what I should do?" He pointed at her ankle. "It hasn't healed yet. I'll apply the Safflower Oil for you."

The routine of removing her sock and shoes, rubbing in the oil, and wrapping her foot took several minutes. The whole time, he didn't say a word.

Grace bit her lip and finally said, "Why didn't you ask me what those three came here for?"

"I won't ask if you don't want to tell," he said.

"Actually, it's nothing difficult to say. They are my father, stepmother, and half-sister," Grace said. "But now, they are no longer my problem."

After hesitating for a moment, she asked again, "Didn't you have anything else to ask?"

He should have heard her father scolding her in front of him, saying that she had been in prison.

His eyelashes flickered, then he lifted his eyes. "What do you wish me to ask?"

His dark eyes revealed a kind of strange silence under the dim yellow light.

Grace took a deep breath. She was swallowed by shame and that was something she'd have to contend with for the rest of her life. She was innocent, but that didn't matter. She'd been tried, convicted, sentenced, and had served her time.

“I was sentenced to three years in prison for drunk driving and killing a person, Jay. I was released not long ago.”

Many people would change their attitude when they heard that. After her release, as long as people around her knew that she had been in prison, they would treat her with prejudice and deliberately keep a distance from her.

There was a reason she was working in sanitation.

No one else would hire her.

As she waited for his reaction, for him to say something or judge her with his beautiful eyes, she felt as edgy as she had while awaiting the trial verdict in court.

“Really?” he said indifferently, still concentrating on massaging her ankle.

“That... that’s it?” She blinked her eyes in surprise. “You don’t mind?” she asked.

“Why should I mind?” he asked in response. “As you said, from now on, we only need to care about each other, and there is nothing else to care about.”

Her heart seemed to swell in her chest.

Here, with a total stranger, she found acceptance.

How ironic that her only family, who should’ve loved her unconditionally were completely incapable of this.

Grace smiled as if she had been relieved of a heavy burden. “Jay, I am so lucky to have met you.”

Something flashed in his eyes, but it was gone in an instant.

On Sunday, Lina specifically visited Grace’s apartment. When she saw Jay, she could not associate him with the homeless person that was mentioned by her friend. And she made it a point to say so, in a whisper that wasn’t really a whisper.

Grace groaned and ultimately laughed.

It was true.

Jay looked good. Even in the cheap pants and sneakers and jacket more suited to an old man, there was no hiding his tall frame or strong muscles. His bone structure was too perfect, the kind of polished good looks that only came from surgery or good breeding.

Although he was only wearing an ordinary cotton-padded jacket and trousers and cheap sneakers, Even his too-long hair fell just right so it looked more intentionally styled than overgrown.

He was a handsome man. A kind man.

Grace valued Lina’s opinion, but if her friend had anything negative to say, they’d be the last words on the matter. Just as Jay had defended her, Grace would not let anyone disrespect him in her house.

Lina pulled Grace to the side and asked again, "Are you sure he is a homeless person who has no place to live? Seriously. I can't believe it. He can be a star or model just with his appearance."

"Not all the good-looking ones are suitable to be stars or models," Grace replied.

Lina thought again and realized that it was not easy to make a living in the entertainment circles. That took a certain personality and drive. "As you're stuck with him every day, don't you have any idea?"

Grace rolled her eyes. Wasn't Lina worried before that Jay would do something evil to her? Now, she seemed to worry that she would do something to him instead.

"He is a few months younger than me. I only regard him as my younger brother."

Lina walked in front of Jay. "I'll be frank that you can live here if you want, but you have to promise that you won't mess around and won't lie to Grace. You know, she hates deception, and if you are a liar, I'll call the police and have you arrested!"

"Lina, what are you talking about? Jay wouldn't lie to me," Grace replied in a hurry.

"How long have you known him? Let's make it clear first. Hey, Jay, did you hear that?" Lina said to Jason.

He raised the corner of his mouth and said, "Okay, I know."

He was smiling lightly at the moment, but saying 'I know' wasn't the same as vowing not to lie. She didn't miss the way he evaded her question.

Grace's eyes rounded and she was shaking her head vehemently so Lina dialed back her impulse to interrogate this man. She knew Grace.

Grace had the biggest heart of anybody.

And this man, Jay, was likely just the first of many strays she'd take in.

Lina glanced at Grace. "Cats are easier, you know. Even a dog. They're always loyal."

Jason snorted.

Grace rubbed her eyes, embarrassed.

"Walk me out," Lina said. Slinging her arm through Grace's. "I can see why you keep him around," she said. "He's easy on the eyes. But I don't think he's all he appears to be." She kissed Grace's cheek. "Protect yourself. And call me if you need anything."

Grace shook her head. "I will. Love you."

When only the two of them were left in the room, and the door was closed and locked behind Lina, Grace said, "Don't mind what Lina said just now. She's just worried about me."

"She is your friend. No matter what she says, I won't take it to heart." Jason's expression revealed nothing. She didn't know to take him at his word or if he'd been offended. "Are you getting on well with her?"

“Do you know what a life-saving straw is? When you are drowning, you can’t grab anything no matter how hard you try. At that time, when you are able to grasp a straw, even if this straw can’t save you, it will give you hope so that you won’t despair.” She murmured, “Lina is that straw to me.”