

Ex Convict 32

Chapter 32

Grace had not been expecting to come across Lily again so quickly.

Lily looked the same as when Grace had met her for the first time all those years ago.

She was tall and thin in the way only actresses could be. Her skin had a perfect glow. Meticulously applied makeup, haute couture clothes, expensive designer handbag...

She looked every bit the actress and fiancée to one of the richest men in the city.

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If not for either of those things, she was still the only daughter of the Atkinson family and a socialite in her own right.

Even then, when Lily permitted others to rip out her nails, she was still dressed exquisitely. Her expensive and branded clothes stood out in the dark prison.

She looked so radiant and glamorous, then. And now.

It was also this city socialite, highly esteemed by everyone else, who'd made it her goal to see Grace tortured and abused. There was a moment when Grace understood Lily's plight. Jennifer, Lily's sister, had died. But it was an accident!

Lily hadn't even been close to Jennifer. They were related, but

for Lily to be so vengeful, so focused on hating Grace at every turn, even years later, it made no sense.

Maybe if Grace had been unrepentant. But that wasn't the case. She deeply regretted the accident.

Annabelle, who was accompanying Lily, also noticed Grace and immediately sneered. "I was wondering who this is. Isn't she the perpetrator who killed Jennifer? This sure is karma. I can't believe she's now here working as a sanitation worker."

Grace's complexion paled and she remained silent. She lowered her head and continued to sweep up the rubbish that had fallen around the dumpster.

"She sure is thick-skinned," Annabelle said. "If it were me who had killed someone's sister, I'm afraid I would cry bitterly as I knelt down and begged for forgiveness. I can't believe that some people would see it as not a big deal," Annabelle taunted further.

Grace took a deep breath and slowly raised her head. She looked at the two of them and said, "I've already paid the price." She held the broom in front of her, a physical barrier to encourage these two women to keep their distance.

There were surveillance cameras all around the building— it was a government building-but government officials could be bought, as she'd learned in the course of her trial and when she'd been tricked into delivering the papers to Mia.

“I was incarcerated for three years over an unwarranted accusation and my lawyer license was suspended. I suffered

through all sorts of hardships in jail and could only be a sanitation worker after being released.”

“Oh, poor you,” Annabelle mocked. “You have a shit job. Big deal. You’re alive, aren’t you? While Jennifer is dead!”

“You think you’ve paid the price? It was only three years in prison and you think that’s the price?” Lily asked coldly. “It should’ve been a life for a life.”

“What do you want now?” Grace retorted calmly. “I’m already living the worst life possible. I have no family. No friendships. Everything I’ve worked for was taken from me. Did you come here to gloat? I can now say that I have nothing to my name, and therefore I have nothing to lose.”

Lily stared at her, making a sweep from the top of Grace’s messy head to the bottom cuffs of her neon orange sanitation worker uniform.

In three years’ time, the woman’s originally dark and long hair had withered and yellowed.

Lily could still recall the first time she had met Grace and had been surprised by her hands. They were smooth and fair, and the nails were meticulously manicured. They had seemed even prettier when holding a pen.

However, this pair of hands were currently not holding a high-quality fountain pen but a rough and dirty broom.

“It seems like your hands have not been completely crippled!”

Lily said, huffing coldly. “We were too gentle with you last time.”

Grace tensed, her hands clutching the broom and tightening.

“Grace, you have nothing to do with Sean anymore. Do you understand me? Don’t let your younger sister make a fool of herself by trying to get close to him again. If she does, you’ll both pay the price for it. And next time, I’ll see that you don’t even have hands to hold.

it happens again, don’t think of holding anything with your hands ever again!”

Lily thought of the projection ads that depicted Sean’s proposal being taken down, and she resented Grace with all her heart.

When they had found out that the person behind the ads being taken down was Jason, the Stevens family had been like birds startled by the mere twang of a bow-string. They were unsure if Jason had done it because of Jennifer’s death and was still taking his anger out on them. They had originally thought that when Jason had agreed to attend the two families’ engagement dinner, he had not minded the marriage between them, but now they were not so sure...