

Ex Convict 48

Chapter 48

“The management has passed down instructions that we’re not to approve any write-up about Grace Cummins,” the editor replied.

Brian asked in amazement, “Is the Stevens or Atkinson family behind this?” It didn’t make any sense to him. When he had written about Lily earlier on, the editor had approved his news.

However, he was not allowed to write anything about Grace!

“It’s not them. That’s enough, don’t ask any more questions. In any case, if this piece of news gets released, not only will you lose

your job as a reporter, but I will be sacked as well!” the editor said.

Brian rubbed his eyes. To say he was shocked was an understatement. What the editor had said... seemed too much of an exaggeration.

“Grace... is merely a sanitation worker. Who would want to protect her?”

“You’re too young. In this world, there are many things beyond your imagination,” the editor replied with a sigh. He was also puzzled about why Mr. ReedMr. Reed was out to protect Grace.

Meanwhile, as Jason watched Grace putting away the utensils, he

said, “I heard that the woman who told you to search for her ring has gone to the Sanitation Service Center to offer her apologies.”

“Yes,” Grace replied, “but I have given her gift to Claire.”

“Did you see Sean? I saw from the news that he showed up with his fiancée, Lily.” As he talked, he watched Grace carefully for her reaction.

“Yes, I saw him,” Grace replied. She looked calm, as though she was talking about someone who was of no concern to her.

Jason crossed the room toward her. “How do you feel? Did seeing Sean again make you sad?”

When Grace heard the question, she lifted her head to look at him.

"I think I know what you're getting at." She smiled softly. "Jay, are you worried about me? Don't worry. Please. I promise you, I would

not grieve over such a man."

"Worried?" Jason's gaze deepened. Other than being worried

about her, there was something else...

Grace lifted her hand to stroke his head. Recently, she had been doing this more frequently. It was a tender gesture, and he'd be lying if he didn't say that he liked the feel of her hands on him.

Even if it was a touch so innocent as tucking his hair back.

"Jay, Sean is nothing to me. I will not be sad over someone who

doesn't love me. If I were sad, it would mean I still loved him."

Jason searched her eyes for any tell that she was just saying what

he wanted to hear.

"Truly," she said. "I'm glad I no longer feel anything at all when I saw him. And I'm even more glad that I didn't marry Sean back

then."

"Oh? Wouldn't your life have been much easier if he'd supported you? You might be married to him right now and not have to work

a day."

"That's not a benchmark for happiness," she said. "And I don't mind work. What I meant was," Grace said, "if my emotions could fade, then they were not that strong to begin with."

"Hmm."

Her statement rang true to him. And hearing her assert that her emotions had not been strong for Sean, filled him with a sense of relief.

"The accident and everything that transpired...it revealed Sean's true nature. And for that, I am grateful. It was a blessing to know that he was not the man for me."

Jason reflected on her words for a moment. Conflict, hardships, loss...they were what defined us. Grace had been dealt a terrible hand, but she'd risen above it. Maybe not financially, as she was strapped to a low-income job and living in a low-income

apartment, but she was determined to be positive. And happy.

That was more than he could say for most of the people who ran in his circles.

They had money and opportunity. Most of them squandered it with selfish decisions or idiocy.

Still, something of what she'd said had him wondering... "Sister, will you feel sad for me one day?"

It wasn't fair he realized, but he couldn't help it. He wanted to possess her attention-even her negative emotions.

Grace was shocked by the question and she was at a loss for words.

"Will you?" he asked as he bent down, moving closer to her.

As he crowded her, he watched her pupils dilate and the way her pulse skittered at the base of her neck. She sucked a tiny breath.

When her gaze fixed on his, he could see her attraction-and her uncertainty.

"I... what I meant earlier was, if I loved a person, I would be sad. However, Jay, you're my brother..." Grace replied, her mouth dry.

"Can't you love your brother?" Jason asked. "We are, after all, family..."

He used his knuckles to lift up her chin, and he angled closer to her so she'd have no doubt of his intentions...