

Ex Convict 85

Chapter 85

Jason studied Grace who was still in a deep slumber. He felt marginally better having had the doctor examine her. But

seeing her so still and lifeless, it was like the vice around his chest wouldn't loosen.

"Grace, wake up."

She didn't move.

"Sister, you have a fever and you need to take this medicine."

Still nothing.

He set the glass of water on the table and grabbed the pill. Problem was, he didn't have enough hands to hold her up, hold the glass and insert the pill into her (m outh).

He tried to coax her once more. "Sister, open your (m outh)." He placed the medicine in his hand by her rather dry lips. "Be good and take the medicine."

However, she subconsciously pursed her lips tighter. He could not even get the pill in, let alone have her swallow it.

Jason muttered a curse. Her body was hot to the touch and she'd continue to dehydrate if he couldn't bring her fever down. Maybe he should just call an EMT and get her back.

into a hospital ward, at least they'd be able to run an IV and administer more drugs intravenously.

But even as he thought it, he knew she hated being in the hospital and that such places brought bad memories for her.

It wasn't so different for him.

"Come now, Sister, help me." He made sure his voice was soft. Without any of the command or desperation he was feeling.

When she seemed to relax, he adjusted his hold and put the pill into his own (m outh) with a sip of water. Then he lifted her up and tilted her head. Holding her gently, he coaxed her (m outh) open with his own lips. He used the tip of his tongue to press the pill inside then he allowed the water into her (m outh). He angled her head back.

"That's it, swallow for me."

When her throat moved, he took another sip of water and repeated his efforts.

The press of her soft lips against his, the feel of her tongue, it brought to life everything inside him.

She curled into his embrace and he held her close.

He wanted more. Of course he wanted more. But given the circumstances, that was just a reminder of how mindless this

woman made him.

She was scarcely conscious, burning up with fever, and still he craved her like a drug.

His lips pressed into a straight line.

“Grace...” he mumbled softly, calling her name.

Suddenly, she seemed to sense him and gradually opened her eyes. Her misty gaze landed on him.

He was slightly stunned and felt an unexpected wave of anxiety at that moment. Would she resent that he had kissed her? His heart sank. Had he taken advantage of her in some way?

He then saw her open her (m outh) and give him a s illy smile. “M om, I’ll be good. I want M om to sleep with me.”

He was speechless and could not help laughing. “Grace, it’s Jay. I’m not your mother.”

She smiled bigger and her big eyes were glassy.

She was delirious. The fever confused her enough to have her think she was seeing her mother.

While at first he was ... not offended, just feeling, awkward at her mistake, it dawned on him, that in fact, it was an honor.

Grace’s mother had passed away early.

It wasn’t ‘him’ that was like her mother, but the same sense of security and care.

The corners of Jason’s lips subconsciously rose. “One of us lost a father whilst another lost a mother when we were young.

We’re truly quite similar.”

“M om, won’t you stay with me? I’ll be good. Very, very good...” Her eyelids were half-open, her cheeks were flushed red from the fever.

His heart broke a bit for the child she had been, alone, and

so eager for affection. He knew full well how her father and step-family had treated her. They'd made their position very public that they denounced her.

"Please don't leave me," she whimpered.

"All right." He could not refrain from answering her. He opened his palm to hold her hand and placed it next to his cheek. He gently rubbed his cheek against her palm and softly said, "Go to sleep. I'll stay with you."

The irony wasn't lost on him that he'd spent hours trying to get her to wake, and now he was telling her not to.

Only then did she close her eyes and fall asleep once again. Her slumber was not as uneasy as before and so long as he touched her and held her hand, she seemed to be at peace.

Jason silently studied her. Grace was... beautiful. The longer he was in her presence, the more her steely strength and gentle nature endeared him. The flush on her face only accented the shape of brows and (m outh). He caught himself staring at that (m outh), thinking about the softness of her lips, and the way that barest kiss had made him want more.

His feelings for her were growing.

The more time he spent with her, the more he could not imagine his life without her in it.

He didn't know what that meant for his future.

And he didn't want to.

"Dad! M om!" Zoe hastily went to complain to her parents the next day. "Yesterday, Brother hit me because of Grace! He

took her side over mine-and Lily was there too. How could he embarrass us like that?!? And you have to know that Lily was furious. It was like he was picking that piece of trash ex over Lily!"

Sean's expression was grave as he sat in the Stevens.

residence's living room. He paid no mind to his sister's complaints as his mind was full of the actions Jason would be taking to retaliate for Grace's injury.

"You came across Grace yesterday?" their father asked.

"Yes, we did," Zoe replied indignantly. "She's just a road sweeper but she shopped at the mall and even entered a luxury store! And Sean had the nerve to try and buy her off! He wrote a huge check-"

"That is enough!"