

Ex Convict 88

Chapter 88

Zoe had barely finished her threats when the stranger grabbed her arm. He held her in place and with his other hand with the phone, he snapped a photo of her.

"Delete that, this instant!" Zoe screamed.

But the big man ignored her. He turned to the men behind him. "Break her right leg. In the video, she stuck out her right leg."

"What... what does that mean?!"

Zoe was frightened. She looked for a way out, but there was none, and the men were closing in.

A moment later, an anguished wail rang out in the private room...

When Grace woke up the next day, her fever had gone down.

Jason said, "Ah, there you are. Luckily the fever has settled. If not, I'd have to carry you down to the hospital today."

"I... had a fever last night?" Grace mumbled.

"Yes, you had a fever and you said plenty of things in your fevered state," he replied.

Oh, that didn't sound good. She felt a flush creeping up her face that had nothing to do with being ill. "What... what did I say?" She really hoped she didn't say anything inappropriate or anything that she shouldn't have.

"You said that you'd be more obedient, be a good baby, and that you wanted me to stay by your side," he said with a rare hint of playfulness in his gaze.

It took her a second to process what he'd said, and then she laughed. She'd obviously been delirious.

"However, Sister, don't worry. Even if you aren't a good baby, I'll still stay with you," Jason replied unhurriedly.

Grace's face was still red but she stared at Jason in astonishment.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"You're...joking with me." She smiled thoughtfully. "I keep feeling that you're... uh, slightly different from before. And when I get to see this lighter side of you, I know something's

different.”

He was stunned, as if he had also just been made aware of his transformation.

“You have changed me,” he said softly.

He stared fixedly at her and then suddenly leaned forward, his lips inches away from hers.

“Ah!” she shrieked. She subconsciously wanted to take a step back but had forgotten that she was having difficulty moving.

His hand caught her waist in time and he pulled her even deeper into his embrace.

She dazedly studied him. With his face so close to hers, she could see the flecks of gold in his dark eyes and the perfect lines of his brows and lips. His eyes really were breathtakingly beautiful, even his lashes were long and curved to draw all

attention to that part of his face.

She was so close she could see herself reflected in his pupils.

“Sister, do you like my past self or my current self?” Only when his voice suddenly rang out by her ear did she abruptly snap

out of her trance.

At that moment, both of their faces were very close, and the tips of their noses were almost touching each other. If they were any closer, their lips... would touch.

His breath fanned against her mouth and his arms tightened around her. It ... it was as if they were about to kiss!

Grace opened her eyes wide and felt as if her brain was short-circuiting.

“Sister?” His voice resounded once again.

“Ah, of course your current self... is slightly better. It feels as if we’re closer,” Grace hurriedly explained.

“Uh... Jay, please let

go of me, I won’t fall down. We’re a little too close right now.”

She could almost hear her heart beating wildly.

His lips curved seductively. “Is it bad to be close?” he retorted as he drew closer still.