

## Ex Convict 89

### Chapter 89

Grace tried so hard to control the direction of her thoughts. She had been the one to call him brother, to relegate him to such a role. Why would she think he would want to kiss her? Why would someone so handsome and so valiant want her in such a way?

“Do you want me to move?” he asked with his lips a hair’s breadth away from hers.

Was he asking her to move toward her or away? And what if this wasn’t what he wanted? Would that ruin everything

between them?

“Hmm,” he murmured and it was as if the vibration crossed the short distance between them. She felt it. And her whole body hummed with it. “You don’t know what you want.” He shrugged and stepped away.

Sensing she’d offended him in some way, she tried to explain, “It, uh, feels weird standing too close,” Grace said. And it was true. After the last few years, she had not been intimate with anyone. She’d kept everyone at a distance. Having him so close to her... it unnerved her.

“All right then,” Jason said easily and removed his hand. He

took a step back and tidied up the things on the table.

She let out a sigh of relief and stroked her own cheeks, which felt warm.

“By the way, Sister, just now when we were standing that close, did you want to kiss me?” he asked unexpectedly,

stunning her.

Grace blinked owlishly and blushed. Had he read her mind? Was he gauging her reaction because he’d felt it too?

“Uh,” she sputtered.

“Is it a very hard question to answer?” he asked with a slightly

arched brow.

“I... I, of course...”

“If it were you, I would allow it,” he replied, cutting off her sentence. “I don’t like other women kissing me, but if it were

you, it would be okay.”

Sunlight shone into the room through the narrow glass

window and landed on him.

This man was everything she'd ever wanted or needed. And she longed for him.

And was he admitting that he wanted her too? At least for a  
kiss?

Her hand went to her mouth, and touching her lips, they felt swollen, overly sensitive. As if just thinking about his mouth on hers had made her body physically anticipate it.

She knew she should tell him no, that they were as brother and sister, and that what they had was good. She shouldn't risk their relationship by talking about kisses. But the words stuck in her throat and as she continued to stare at him, she

caught herself nodding at what he'd said instead.

In the afternoon, Grace had nothing to do and swiped through her phone, coming across news relating to Zoe. The news stated that Zoe had been brought to the hospital late last night. She had allegedly offended someone who had ordered one of her legs to be fractured. Once it healed, there

was no guarantee that there would be no residual effects.

Therefore, it appeared as if Zoe would be absent from the engagement dinner between the Stevens and Atkinson families, which was to be held in several days' time.

The paparazzi who had published the news had not discovered who Zoe had offended. However, the Stevens Family's position on the attack was vague and they refused to comment on it. The reporter also went on to say that they had not reported the incident to the police, which some speculated to mean that they accepted this event.

Then the reporter took it one step further, suggesting that the person who Zoe had offended was from a more influential background than the Stevens Family. Which was really saying something, because everyone knew the Stevens Family was not shy about airing their grievances.

Grace skimmed through the news feed, seeing the articles running on multiple sites. Then she unconsciously raised her head to glance at Jay. When she was injured, he'd said that Zoe should pay the price.

But she couldn't believe that Zoe would actually face any consequences.

And yet she did. Her right leg was broken. And someone had leaked the photos from her ride in the ambulance with her leg elevated on a splint.

Was this a coincidence? Or perhaps...

"Sister, why are you looking at me like that?" Jason asked as he suddenly lifted his gaze to look at Grace.

She shook her head.

"Zoe is injured and hospitalized." Grace relayed the details of the news to Jay.

"Isn't that good?" he retorted.

"I just feel that everything you say is accurate," she said. "Like when you said that the projection ads of Sean proposing to Lily would be taken down, they really were removed. This time you said that Zoe would pay the price for tripping me down the escalator and she really had an accident. Well, I don't know that I'd call it an accident, since someone physically broke her leg."

She thought about it and said, "I feel as if whatever you say will come true."

Jason's face was smooth as a lake for many seconds, then his lips curved into a crooked smile. His expression somehow exasperated and amused. "Sometimes, I don't know whether to laugh or cry with you," he mumbled.

"Huh?"

He smiled fully. "Then if whatever I say will come true, do you have a wish that you would like to come true?"

"Me?" She shook her head and said, "I don't have dreams I wish to come true." She thought to herself, "Because I clearly understand that those dreams are beyond my grasp."

"Do you not want to find a benefactor?" he asked. "If you did that, no one would bully you, and everything you wish for could be easily attained."

She chuckled lightly. A benefactor? That was such an antiquated term. The most a girl could hope for these days was for some sugar daddy to pay her rent, and Grace had no desire to be anyone's mistress.

"No, I don't think there will be any benefactors in my future,"

she said lightly.

"What if there could be, what would you need?"

She shrugged. "If I can make sure I have enough to eat, a place to sleep and clothes to wear, that would already be great. But, brother," she said gently, "These 'benefactors' you speak of, they want young, pretty things to keep under lock and key. And have you forgotten that I'm a street cleaner? What man would ever take a liking to me?"

"What if a man really did take a liking to you?" he asked.

