

## Ex Convict 67

### Chapter 67

Grace breathed a sigh of relief. "That's great. You've finally woken up."

Woken up? When had he fallen asleep?

One moment he'd been in Grace's arms. Soaking up her strength and scent. The next, he must've drifted off to sleep and the memories seized him.

Wait, no. That wasn't entirely right.

They'd chatted more after dinner. Then each taken time to wash up and change for bed.

He'd lay down on the cot and counted her breaths until she fell asleep.

Jason rubbed his eyes, the events of the evening coming back to him in short order.

He'd not had a nightmare like this in a long time.

In his dream, he had knelt down in front of the woman and begged her... Was it because he had talked about that woman tonight that he had had such a dream?

Jason raked a hand through his hair. He exhaled a long breath and lowered his head only to find that the button of his pajamas

had been unbuttoned, revealing his chest. "My clothes are..."

Grace saw the direction of his gaze and she pursed her lips as if she was embarrassed. "Because... you were shouting that it hurts so much. I was afraid that something was wrong with your body... So, uh, I just went ahead and unbuttoned your shirt to see if anything was wrong."

He stared at her, and her face slowly grew redder.

"But I can assure you, I... I didn't even have the time to look before you woke up, so actually, I didn't see anything," she hurriedly explained, but the more she explained, the odder she sounded.

And the brighter her cheeks glowed.

"It doesn't matter even if you see. You can look at my body," Jason said.

She was blushing so hard, and it was quite adorable, actually.

"Your body... does it h-hurt anymore?" It took her a long time to stutter out this sentence.

"Mhm, it doesn't hurt anymore." He lowered his head and began to button up his pajamas.

She tried her best to keep her gaze above his neck, but she accidentally caught a glimpse of his chest, and then suddenly pulled down his pajama top again.

“Hey-you are hurt!”

She stared at his chest. There was a scar right above his heart. Although the scar was already faint, Grace could still tell that the wound had definitely not been a minor injury back when he had received it.

“What’s wrong with you here...”

“It’s just a small injury,” he said in an indifferent manner.

She bit her lower lip with her teeth and raised her hand to touch the scar gently. While he had been sleeping, he had been crying out in pain, and her hand had accidentally touched this area. Was he in pain because of this injury?

How bad was he hurt back then? Grace felt as if her own heart was being wrenched.

“How did you get hurt like this? When did it happen?” she murmured.

His body stiffened slightly. It had been many years since he had been injured, and other than the doctors, no one else had touched his wounds. She was the only one... It was as if all the blood in his body was pumping into the area near his heart. Beneath her touch, his heart was beating faster than usual.

“It’s been a long time. It’s no longer painful,” he said.

She was slightly relieved, and only then did she suddenly notice their current positions seemed to be a little inappropriate.

“That’s, that’s good. Hurry up and button up or you’ll catch a cold.” With a blush on her face, she quickly moved her hand away.

All of a sudden, the temperature in his chest seemed to fall, and he suddenly felt empty in his heart.

He buttoned up his pajamas slowly. “By the way, when I was dreaming, what else did I say besides crying out?”

She hesitated for a moment and said, “Just... you kept shouting “Mom, don’t go.”

His body stiffened; his hands gradually clenched into fists, and his nails dug into his palms.

She looked at him and couldn’t help reaching out her hand to touch his cheek. The coldness from his face seeped into her fingertips.

“Jay,” she called out in a low voice.

He slowly raised his head.

His eyes looked as empty as they had been when he had spoken to her about his parents. Some wounds never healed. They only festered with time.

This man, for as stoic and resolute as he claimed to be, he was still suffering.

And it tore at her heart.

