

Ex Convict 80

Chapter 80

When she said his name Jason's whole body stiffened.

"Do you hate Jason Reed?" he murmured.

She sighed and said, "Everyone in this City knows him. When

I had the car accident, Jennifer Atkinson was Jason's fiancée. So, of course, I was not going to get out of it easily. How many people want to curry favor with him? How many people think that by hurting me it'll gain them favor with him?"

Grace's eyes took on a faraway look. "Who knows... maybe

if that accident had involved someone else. Someone other than Jennifer Atkinson, I could have won the lawsuit. Would I have been spared from being in jail for three years and

experienced all those things? Maybe." Her eyes were so earnest when they met his. "I didn't drink and drive, Jay. I

wouldn't do that. I still can't understand how the evidence

could corroborate that sort of thing."

Jason knew the ins and outs of the case intimately.

She was not angry or sad, but the faint self-degradation she showed made him feel very guilty.

Perhaps half of her pain was because of him.

He squatted in front of her, staring at her bent hands. "It I had

known that you would suffer so much, I would have protected you three years ago."

This sentence had nothing to do with the game but was something that had come from the bottom of his heart.

He hated thinking that this woman had suffered because of him. He was cold, yes, but he also considered himself

fair. He wasn't cruel. And Grace had been tortured for no

other reason than that he might bestow some favors on her

tormentors.

The thought sickened him.

Back then, he hadn't cared one way or the other. But now that he knew her. That he believed her when she said it was all an accident... it opened something in his chest that made him ache with regret.

"I know that you would have defended me," Grace said. She patted his hand. "Alright, let's not talk about this." Grace smiled again and lifted her hand to rub his dark hair.

It seemed that she had been doing this more and more frequently recently.

Lina entered the hallway and paused beside them, she shifted

her feet awkwardly. "I, uh, got the medicine," she said

to the two of them. "And Dr. Craigge included two other prescriptions which we can fill once we get you home."

"Thank you, Lina," Grace said.

"I'll go get the car from the underground parking lot. Jay, help

Grace to the entrance and wait for me."

"Alright," Jason agreed.

He slid his arms beneath her legs.

"J-Jay, what are you doing?"

"It should be obvious, no?"

"They have wheelchairs, you don't need to carry me."

"The walking boot they give you won't suffice. You should probably have crutches." He hefted her into his arms and

moved like he intended to carry her back into the hospital room to argue for said crutches from the doctor.

"No, no," Grace said. "I'm fine. I just need some rest."

"Exactly," Jason agreed. "That means rest from walking," he said simply, as if it explained everything.

"I'm too heavy for you to carry me like this!"

Jason laughed. "Don't be absurd. You hardly weigh anything."

It's true. He noticed that the other night too, when he lifted her from the table and moved her to the bed.

She tensed in his arms. "Relax, Grace," he whispered. "I won't drop you."

"I know," she said.

Then she rested her head against his chest.

Jason felt his heart beat pick up. Her scent. Her nearness. Knowing she was all right when he'd been left thinking the worst... it all sent the blood in his body rushing to his head.

Jason's eyes were filled with a tenderness that he didn't even know was there.

Grace lifted one hand around his neck and clung to him.

He lifted her higher. Held her closer.

His lips brushed the top of her head.

"Thank you for coming for me, Jay."

He made some noncommittal sound and then walked out of the emergency room and headed for the hospital entrance.