

Ex Convict 98

Chapter 98

When she said this, she didn't notice that her Jay had frozen.

for a moment.

"Would you like to see Jason?" he asked.

"I'm not sure why." She shook her head as if struggling to find

the right words. "That's really nothing for me to think about. He and I are people from two completely different worlds." She said, "However, his back figure in a suit is a little bit similar

to you. You're both tall and strong. I think if you put on a suit, you would look even better!"

Jason pressed his lips together, not saying a word.

She added, "Let's save up some money. Next spring, I'll buy you a suit. You can wear the same suit if you need a formal suit for an interview."

"What would you say if you were to meet Jason Reed one day?" he asked suddenly.

Grace suddenly fell into silence. After a long time, she said with a self-deprecating smile, "I would beg him to let me go."

He was a little surprised. "Just that?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Don't you want to tell him that you were wronged back then? Don't you want him to reverse the verdict for you?"

"That's useless. Back then, for me, Lina ran to his office building and begged on the ground for him to see her. But, he never showed up. When I was in prison, I never stopped writing letters to beg him for mercy, I also mentioned several times that the death of his fiancée had nothing to do with me. I begged him to stop the others from hurting me. But was all useless. My letters and requests for mercy were never answered," she said with a bitter smile.

These events were painful for her.

His face was gloomy, and even his eyes became dark and deep.

Grace patted his hand. "Well, let's not talk about these things.

It's all in the past. At least after I got out of prison, Jason did not seem to want to take revenge against me. And I'm grateful for that. Otherwise, I may not even be able to stay at the

Sanitation Service Center," she said.

He suddenly picked up her hands, which were covered with calluses, and put them in his palms, rubbing them a little bit to keep her warm.

If he had known this would happen, he wouldn't have turned a blind eye to her all those years ago. He wouldn't have allowed

her to be thrown into jail, and he wouldn't have allowed those people who tried to please him to lay their hands on her in

prison.

However, if in the future, when his identity was exposed in front of her, he would not be able to agree to her request.

"I'm sorry," he muttered.

"What?" She was puzzled.

"That your hands feel so cold because you're trying to knit me a scarf and gloves." He then whispered to himself, "Also... I won't let you go for the rest of my life."

He would make it up to her. He would give her the best of everything. He would make her the most enviable woman in the City and wash away all the dirt on her body. But he would

never let her go!

Over the next few days, Grace lived a somewhat leisurely life. She knitted and browsed the web all day long, which gave her a long-lost feeling of being relaxed and having nothing to do.

The wounds and bruising were also getting better day by day.

Every day, Jay would carry her to the small park in the neighborhood to bask in the sun for a while.

And every time, when some old people in their community saw them, they would look at them with eyes filled with tenderness.

She supposed that it did all look quite romantic.

Here she was being carried around by a tall, strapping, handsome man.

"Your boyfriend taking you out for a walk again?" tssked an old lady who liked chatting with them in the park. But the woman smiled so mischievously as she said it. And Grace couldn't help but giggle too.

"Yes, ma'am. He sure did."