

Ex Convict 106

Chapter 106

Jeremy, his wife, and Grace's uncles suddenly became flustered. Seeing that the police were about to enter the room where "business" had been conducted, Jeremy shouted immediately, "Why are you barging into my place? Are the... are the police allowed to break into my house?"

He and his wife wanted to rush forward, but they were stopped by someone.

At this time, some people found that the door of that room was locked.

At the same time, another car arrived at the door of Jeremy's house. A tall figure got out of the vehicle and walked into the yard. A policeman swiftly went to the man's side and briefed him on the situation.

"One of the doors is locked. It's possible that someone is inside."

As he spoke, the policeman led the man to the locked door.

Jeremy and his wife, as well as Grace's uncles, were looking desperately for any kind of excuse to not open the door.

Jason stared at the door and said coldly, "Break it open."

Immediately, someone took an axe and directly chopped the door down.

"You can't enter! You are trespassing in this house! I will sue you!" However, no matter how loud Jeremy shouted, it was of no use. The moment the door opened, Jason rushed into the room.

Just as the others were about to rush in, a roar suddenly came from inside. "No one can come in!"

Suddenly, the footsteps of the people who had been about to rush in stopped in an instant.

Jason's eyes were blood-red as he stared at the scene in front of him. The clothes on Grace's body had been torn off. She was cowering in a corner, being beaten and kicked by a man who was still smiling.

Her delicate body was curled like a shrimp, and she was holding a broken piece of mirror in her hand, but at this point, she didn't have the strength to fight back.

The only thing she could do was keep herself from fainting. She could only try to stay conscious under the constant barrage of pain.

Fresh, dark red blood continuously dripped down from her palm to the light-colored sheets, making it look as if poppies were blooming.

But the man beating her was still mumbling, "My dad said that if a woman is not obedient, I need to beat her! If I beat her, she will be obedient. So I want to beat you, beat you, beat you..."

The next moment, Jason directly rushed forward and pulled the man away from Grace. He then pushed him to the ground and stepped on him.

His Grace had been beaten by the fool. A hint of murderous intent flashed in his pitch-black pupils.

There was a sharp pain in the chest of Miller the fool as he was stepped on. He wanted to get up but he couldn't move. Even if he was stupid, he still had an instinctive sense of crisis. He only felt that the person who was stepping on him was terrifying, like a God of Death who was going to take his life.

Jason's eyes were scarlet and the killing intent in them was getting stronger and stronger.

All of a sudden, the sound of breathing came into his ears, shaking him awake from that state.

Grace!

He directly kicked Miller the fool out of the room, then he looked at Grace curled up in the corner.

At this moment, her body seemed to be soft, her cheeks.

abnormally red, and there was blood around the corners of her mouth. Her almond-shaped eyes, which had originally been warm, now seemed to have no focus at all. No one knew what she was looking at.

Just like a weak little animal, she was still struggling desperately, wanting to protect herself.