

Ex Convict 118

Chapter 118

Just then, Mr. Kelleigh's urging tone rang out at the other end of the phone. "Why aren't you asking Grace to rush to the police station to withdraw the case so that our children can be released!?"

"Released? Why should they be released? They've committed such an evil act, they should be locked up for as long as they deserve!"

"They're your own children! Do you have to do this for a person who doesn't share our family name?"

"What are you talking about? She's my daughter's daughter!

Her mother isn't here so this old woman must support her!"

"Are you doing this so no one will care for you when you're old? Or are you going to depend on your granddaughter who has been to prison to provide for you and attend your funeral?"

The two old people continued their argument as if they had forgotten that the call was still connected. A moment passed before her grandmother realized that the phone was still on and said, "Grace, are you still there?"

"I'm here," Grace replied.

"I'm relieved to know that you're fine. Your uncles, aunt, and cousins must have been blinded by money to commit such an immoral act. You don't have to withdraw the case. Lock them up for as long as they deserve!" Grandmother exhorted in a stubborn manner and immediately hung up the phone.

Grace clutched the phone and started sobbing uncontrollably. "I had thought that Grandma was calling me to ask me to let go of the incident and not look into it. I thought she wanted me to ask the police station to release those people.

"I really never expected that Grandma would be calling to support me!

"It's just like when I was young and Dad left me at Grandma's and I was bullied by the other kids in town. When I was snivelling, Grandma would tug my hand and ask me to take her to look for the bullies.

"Grandma would say, 'Grace, don't cry. Grandma's here. Grandma will support Grace. We shouldn't bully others but that doesn't mean we should be bullied by them!'

"Grandma would reason with others for my sake. If she couldn't reason with them, she would even roll up her sleeves

and act like a crazy woman.

"And yet, I found her so adorable when she acted that way. In everyone else's eyes, I was just a kid who had lost their mother and turned into a child from a previous marriage after Dad married my stepmother.

“But in Grandma’s eyes, I was always her darling.

“Grandma always said, ‘When Grace is all grown up, I’ll be able to live in comfort! And yet, when I grew up, I went to jail just when I had become able to let Grandma live in comfort.

“At first, when Grandma heard the news of my incarceration, she was stricken with illness and struggled before recovering

a little last year.

“Grandma is well aware that if she stands by my side, she will be opposing Grandpa. She’s bound to fall out with the family and might not even be able to stay in that house any longer, but she still chooses to stand with me.”

A constant stream of tears rolled down her face, dripping onto her hands, the bedcovers...

When Jason entered the room, he saw Grace hugging her phone and crying incessantly.

He frowned hard and hurried to her bedside. He held her face in his hands and asked, “Sister, what’s wrong? Do you feel ill?”

Her eyes were misty with tears as she studied the man before

her and shook her head.

However, her response only made him more worried. “Sister, what happened to make you cry like this? Tell me. No matter what it is, I can help you solve it.”

He dried her tears with his hands and when his fingers touched her tears, he could feel his fingertips burning.

“Her tears are so warm to the touch, they’re scorching hot.”