

Ex Convict 119

Chapter 119

“Her tears always make me feel a sense of helplessness. It’s as if I would be willing to do anything to make her stop crying.”

Grace cried out loud and suddenly leaped into Jason’s embrace, bawling noisily.

She could not explain why she had done such a thing at this time. And yet, when she hugged him with her face pressed to his chest, it was as if she did not need to suppress herself and she could release all the hurt in her heart without fear.

Jason lowered his head and studied the woman sobbing in his embrace. He hugged her gently, letting her cry her heart out.

Grace didn’t know how long she had been crying for and when it ended, it was as if there were no more tears for her to shed.

Jason used a tissue to gently wipe the tears from her face. “Sister, can you tell me what really happened?”

“It’s Grandma,” she said as she sniffled.

“Did she come to you to beg for leniency?” he asked, his gaze darkening slightly.

“No, Grandma just asked if I was fine and told me to ignore my relatives, saying that they should be locked up for as long as they deserve,” Grace replied in a nasal tone.

Jason was rather surprised. “Your grandmother is a good woman.”

“Grandma is very good to me,” Grace murmured. “It just never occurred to me that Grandma’s treatment of me would be so good. She is willing to be at odds with the entire family in the name of upholding justice for me.”

“What about you? Do you want to let your relatives go?” Jason asked.

Grace raised her gaze and stared fixedly at the man before her.

Jason continued, “If you want to let them go then I’ll inform the police station to do so. If you want to punish them, I can get a lawyer and make sure they rot in prison for the rest of their lives.”

He spoke casually, as if this was a very simple matter to him.

Grace was slightly stunned. "I studied law. I know that once the nature of the crime changes, the charge will also be substantially altered.

"But no ordinary lawyer would be able to win a case like this. To really ensure that my relatives would stay in prison for the rest of their lives, only a few truly exceptional lawyers would be able to take this to court!"

"Who are you?" Grace asked. When the question slipped out, she could feel her heart thudding from nerves and she even subconsciously held her breath.

Grace's long lashes trembled slightly and when Jason noticed that her hands were anxiously clenched into tight fists, he could not help frowning. He reached out to lift her right hand, which was wrapped in bandages, and pried open her

clenched fist.

"Sister, you don't have to be so nervous. Clenching your hand like this will only make it harder for the wound to heal," he said, noticing that blood had already seeped through the bandage around her palm.

It appeared that her wound had been torn open when she had clenched it into a fist just then.

Jason pressed the button to call for the nurse.

The nurse arrived shortly and when she heard of the situation, she hurriedly removed the bandages from Grace's right hand. The wound on Grace's palm which had been caused by the mirror shard during the previous night's incident was bleeding incessantly.

The nurse applied some medicine on the wound to stop the bleeding.