

## Ex Convict 37

### Chapter 37

Jason hugged her.

He lowered his head and gently placed his cheek against her neck. She wasn't kidding about the smell, but beneath the sharp, garbage scent, her skin smelled like her.

Lily had intentionally made things difficult for her today and he'd hated that she was not only upset by Lily's antics but also forced to labor so terribly. She leaned against him, tired and weak. And he hated that too.

"Sister, no matter what odor you have on your body, you don't have to stay away from me."

"But..." Grace squirmed with embarrassment and Jay didn't know if it was because of the way she smelled or his hug.

"Since we've already promised to depend on each other, then what is there to avoid? Does it mean that one day if I smell or sweat, you will deliberately stay away from me?" he retorted.

Grace remained silent for a while. She then took a deep breath and said, "All right, I understand. I won't do it again."

He nodded victoriously. "Come, it's cold." He held her hand and return to the cramped apartment.

"You go shower and change, I will make dinner."

She tilted her head at him, no doubt wondering if he could cook. And she wasn't wrong, he had virtually no experience in the kitchen, but cooking was based on measurements and cooking times. He was an engineer by nature, he understood numbers.

"Go," he insisted, pushing her forward.

Grace went into the bathroom and closed the door.

He rolled up his sleeves and got to work.

She stayed in their close to an hour. And though he'd done a decent job of cooking the meat and rice, by the time she came out and sat across from him, the food had cooled.

Grace didn't seem to notice and she ate with relish.

"What happened today?" Jason asked.

Grace hesitated and she chewed slowly before setting her fork down.

"It's silly, really. And today's event has been blown out of proportion. But given all the people and all the workers and police involved, I'm surprised you didn't hear about it already on social media."

"I don't want to hear about it online, I want to hear about it from you."

"Okay," Grace said and then she recounted the whole story for

him.

Jason listened to her in silence. Once she was done narrating, he asked, "Aren't you angry?"

She chuckled at the question. "There's nothing to be angry about."

"She hadn't really lost a ring, she was just making trouble, wasn't she? Why aren't you angry?"

"Because there's no point in getting angry," she replied. "Do you know Jason Reed?" she asked suddenly.

His expression was a little stunned and his eyes flashed as they studied her. He shifted and his hair covered his face

"He's pretty much the most powerful person in this city. Of course, he's rich. A billionaire or something, and either for his money or influence, people want to curry favor with him," she

said.

"What about him?" Jason said neutrally.

"When I was still incarcerated, because I was charged as the driver who caused his wife's death, there were plenty of people who ingratiated themselves to him by hurting me in prison. If I got angry over everything, then, other than ultimately angering myself to death, there would be no other benefit from it."

She said this offhand while scooping more rice into her bowl. It might have been said dismissively, but his heart suddenly

started to twinge.

Even if she didn't spell it out explicitly, he could guess what she went through in prison. Just as she said, there were too many people trying to curry his favor.

There were even some who'd actually mentioned to him how they had "taught her a lesson" in prison. How did he respond?

He probably dismissed them with a laugh.

After all, this was a very trivial issue for him.

And yet now, he was suddenly feeling somewhat regretful. If he had known then that she was this kind of woman if he had known he would have crossed paths with her, and maybe even gotten along with her like this, would he have let anyone lay a finger upon her in prison? No. Absolutely not.

He might even... not have let her be imprisoned at all!

"Are you okay?" It was as if he had stared at her until he was entranced. She raised a hand and waved it before his eyes.

He abruptly grabbed her hand and felt the rough callouses on her palm.

"Did you suffer in prison, Grace?"

She swallowed hard and looked away. She shuddered and her hand trembled in his as she recalled those horrors.

When she turned back to him, her expression was clear. Grace smiled faintly. "It's all in the past."

And yet the more indifferent she acted, the more his heart ached.